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JOURNAL

The magazin
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July, 1960

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MR. AND MRS. DAVE GARROWA

Daddy brought us u
to be religious...and th
has made our lives happ

HOW AMERICA LIVE

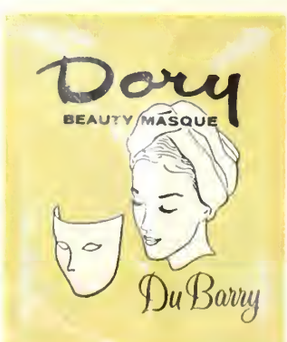
Novella

A GOOD BLACK DRESS - 5 WAYS



by DUBARRY... helps you look years younger!

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Out of the sea comes the Dory Beauty Masque . . . now accepted as the greatest cleansing and firming cosmetic ever devised! Long the secret of the seemingly ageless beauties of Europe, it works on a wholly unique and effective principle. One reason for its effectiveness being alginates, derived from marine algae, key to Dory's unprecedented flexibility! Like no other cosmetic mask! Dory lifts *up and off* like a veil. Your face feels refreshed, toned and firmed - looks smoother, softer - with just *one* treatment! Continuous use brings long-lasting beauty benefits. Discover Dory without delay. See for yourself . . . there is now a way to look years younger!
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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

July, 1960

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VOL. LXXVII NO. 7

JOURNALITIES



Kaatje Hurlbut

A *Perfectly Horrible Week* (page 56) the fictional experience of KAATJE RLBUT, who leads a double life. "With ee children in school, I write from ht until noon; housekeep from noon til evening. Then we read, talk or re at the fire. How do I manage two s? I do little else and I hurry!"



John McClelland

Sweet success story of artist JOHN cCLELLAND: "Born in Atlanta, Geora. Three years in the Air Corps. udied painting with Jerry Farnsworth Cape Cod. Married an Atlanta girl d now live in Connecticut. Have pes that our daughters, Susan and irk, will soon save a few model fees." e illustrated *A Legacy*, page 12.



Jean Freeman

JEAN TODD FREEMAN, JOURNAL associe editor, wrote this month's *How merica Lives: That Old-Time Religion* age 115); also the short story, *Tamack* (page 46). She is a Mississippirn Ea-terner via Mt. Holyoke College, oet and a great admirer of horses and en when she can find time for them.

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Cover Photograph of Margie Regan by John Engstead

Hat Designed by Vincent-Harmik

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BORDEN'S
VERY BIG ON FLAVOR





Mix a HOOLA COOLA with
BORDEN'S BUTTERMILK
says Elsie, The Borden Cow

Borden's Buttermilk refreshes *naturally*, has important food elements that tone up summer faded digestive systems. Here's a colorful way to enjoy it—in tangy coolers. Get some soon.

HOOLA COOLA
To each cup of chilled Borden's Buttermilk, add one large scoop of your favorite Borden's sherbet—pick a tropical flavor such as orange, lime, lemon or pineapple. Brighten with food coloring and stir or beat 'til creamy smooth. Garnish, serve —and listen to the "Mmmm's"!



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LETTERS
our readers write us



A WOMAN FLEES IN THE NIGHT

WASHINGTON

A gold star to you for publishing "A Shocking Story" (April JOURNAL). Unless the public is aroused, little will be done to correct the shocking laxity in releasing the mentally ill prematurely. The precautionary measures you recommended are good for large municipal areas. But even rural areas are no longer safe. Could you stress in bold, black type the necessity of KEEPING DOORS LOCKED IN PRIVATE HOMES?

North Bend — MRS. CARL SATER

VIRGINIA

You fail to suggest an obvious and effective solution; the woman should have had a firearm available for instant use. A pistol shot (aimed or unaimed) would have served two purposes: it would have frightened the intruder away, and it would have served as an alarm signal. Our present laws and attitudes discourage the use of firearms for self-defense. But if rape cases are increasing, why not give women the right and power to protect themselves?

Lorton — W. C. HALL, *Brigadier General, U. S. Marine Corps, Retired*

MASSACHUSETTS

I too was attacked, threatened with a knife and gun, bound, gagged and choked to unconsciousness. Subsequently I was represented by the district attorney's office, and I was left feeling further degraded and helpless. The public loudly condemns violence in comics, TV, movies, etc., but at the same time gustily turns to newspaper pages for sordid details of those criminally assaulted. Why can't legal procedures be handled with less public display? Wouldn't justice be more completely served if society not only assumed the responsibility of rehabilitating the criminal offender, but at least offered psychological assistance for those offended against?

Boston — *Name Withheld*

COLORADO

You've set progress in mental health back a hundred years. What about the many, many former patients who have quietly taken their places in society and are leading useful lives? Most of them are less dangerous than some of their neighbors who have never been institutionalized!

Denver — EUNICE W. BROWN

● JOURNAL *editors were among the first to fight for humane care of the mentally ill and for progressive methods of rehabilitation. Protecting the public against the criminally insane is equally important.* *ED.*

MAINE

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Dear Editors: Lost: sixty minutes that were known as the children's hour. It was a special time which families set aside each day to spend with one another. It was a time for reading aloud; for games; for sharing the things that happened to you and the thoughts that came to you. It was a precious pause in the day's occupation; mightn't it be good for us—and our children—to find it again? Sincerely,

Portland — MRS. CHARLEMAGNE TOWER

INDIANA

DEAR EDITORS, SHE BEGAN . . .

Dear Editors: I wonder how many women came to a slow burn when they saw "I'm So Glad To Be a Woman" (February JOURNAL).

I've come to the conclusion you people live in a bird world! Either that, or you're all happily young and unmarried, or married "career-girl" types with someone else to wash your dirty dishes. The model who posed for your article is indeed lucky, lucky, for she is just as lovely as any woman could hope to be. I can almost smell her—*Muguet des Bois*, I'll bet.

But I'd bet my last dollar—and that is just about what I have till payday—that those hands of hers didn't polish that brass, or wash those sheets! And how do her sheets get a wild-fern fragrance? Mine usually smell like bacon because they have to hang overnight in the basement to dry, and cooking odors have a way of rushing straight down the stairs. And show me a *Hausfrau* who has the time to keep her hair bleached (does she, or doesn't she?) and put on mascara and eye shadow yet! My eyebrows haven't been plucked since my baby was born!

Nor does she look the type to scrub floors or burn trash in freezing weather. And is she perhaps the same one who

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

LET'S PLAN A...

Chick-n-que!



CHICK-N-QUE SAUCE

½ cup MAZOLA Corn Oil
½ cup lemon juice or vinegar
¼ cup water
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon paprika
1 tablespoon minced onion

Measure ingredients into bowl. Let stand about an hour to blend flavors. As a *marinade*, arrange chicken in shallow pan; pour sauce over all and let stand one hour. Turn chicken occasionally. *As a basting sauce*, brush pieces with sauce before grilling. *To barbecue*, broil slowly; turn and baste frequently. Cook until tender and browned. Allow 1 to 1¼ hours on outdoor grill, 35 to 60 minutes in oven broiler.



Chick-N-Que or barbecue, the flavor secret's in the sauce. So be sure you use pure golden light Mazola® Corn Oil.

When you barbecue or fry with Mazola, foods turn out lighter . . . crisp and golden outside . . . tender, juicy inside. And *no* other oil is more digestible.

Mazola Pure Corn Oil is lighter than any other leading brand of salad and cooking oil because it contains less heavy saturated fat.

No other leading oil is richer in poly-unsaturates than Mazola Corn Oil. And, it's *never hydrogenated!* That's why Mazola is your *golden guarantee* of crispier, lighter fried foods.

Your doctor will tell you about the special nutritional benefits of corn oil in your daily meals!

OF ALL LEADING BRANDS. ONLY MAZOLA IS CORN OIL!

How new BAN guards against "nervous perspiration"

What causes perspiration?

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension more offensive than the odor caused by physical exercise?

Do deodorants have to irritate the skin?



BAN's lotion formula is gentle enough for the softest feminine skin.

Read the facts about a remarkable new deodorant—called BAN®—that stops odor all day—and is gentle to your skin, besides.

What causes perspiration?

Medical science recognizes two different types of perspiration.

1. Thermal perspiration: This is caused by heat or exercise—and comes from relatively small, widely distributed glands.

2. Nervous perspiration: This is caused by emotional or nervous tension. The offensive odor it produces comes primarily from larger, more powerful glands in the underarm area.

Why is the odor caused by nervous tension so offensive?

The larger, more powerful glands that cause nervous perspiration are *constantly* building up secretions that "spill over" at the slightest everyday anxiety.

Getting the kids off to school—hearing the baby cry suddenly—being caught in a traffic jam. Any of these common situations can trigger nervous perspiration.

And nervous perspiration produces *even more offensive odor* than the hardest physical exercise!

How does new *BAN* guard against nervous perspiration?

Amazing Ban contains *22% more protective ingredients* than the average leading deodorants. Ban protects against perspiration caused by heat, by exercise, *and* by nervous tension.

Ban helps keep underarms dry. Stops odor *all day*—even the offensive odor caused by nervous tension.

Do deodorants have to *irritate* the skin?

Many women feel that deodorants have to be harsh and irritating in order to be effective. This is simply not true. They don't. In fact, one of the ingredients in Ban is akin to the body's own soothing oils and emollients. Ban is *gentle* to all types of normal skin.

Today there are no less than forty-seven deodorants that *look* something like Ban—that have tried to copy its unique roll-on design. But Ban is still far and away the deodorant most Americans trust. No other deodorant has duplicated the *formula* of Ban.

You can purchase Ban at drug stores, most food, variety and department stores.



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



AS A HEALTH-AID... Just add a cup of Arm & Hammer Soda Bicarbonate to a tub of water and...relax

YOU feel you are enjoying a luxurious alkaline bath at a health spa . . . yet all you do is dis-lve one cup of Arm & Hammer soda bicarbonate ommonly called baking soda) in a tub of warm ter . . . lie back and relax. Soda baths are so sooth-g doctors recommend them for the relief of itching in; sunburn and other skin irritations.

Try a fresh-up soda bath whenever you feel hot d tired. No need to rub or scrub. The gentle action the soda leaves your skin marvelously clean and sweet. You feel cool and fresh all over. Keep Arm & Hammer soda in your bathroom. Buy several packages at your food store today.

BABY'S PRICKLY HEAT—Soothe baby's sensitive skin by adding 2 tablespoons of Arm & Hammer soda to his bath. Soda baths help relieve diaper rash; they are recommended by doctors to stop irritation.

SUNBURN—INSECT BITES—POISON IVY—Take a soda bath, then apply a paste of soda and water to badly affected areas. Cover with wet cloths.

**In certain areas, such as metropolitan New York, the same high quality soda is sold under the name COW BRAND.*

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Illustrated booklet describes accepted ways to use soda bicarbonate for good health, baking, cleansing. Mail coupon now.



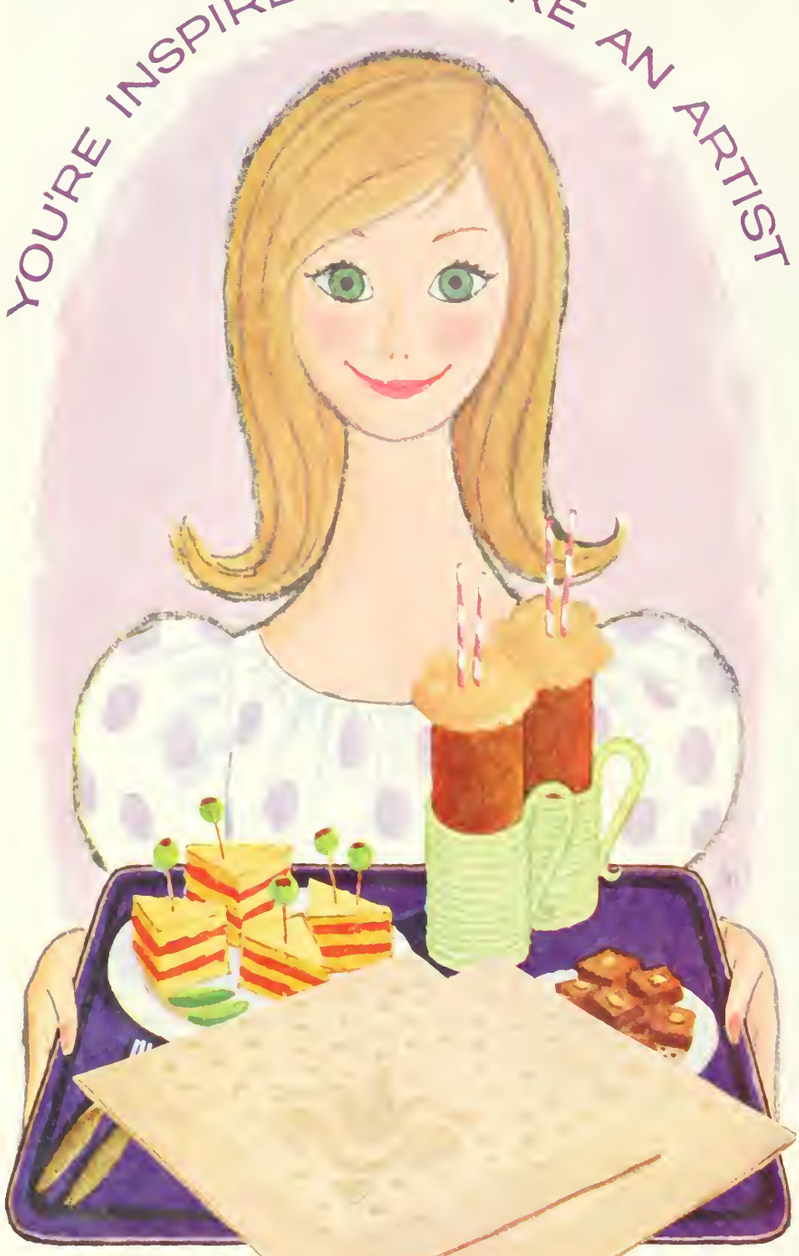
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

stands all dressed up, in high heels, with one hand on her hip, and smilingly pours cleanser into a toilet? That's *all* that's really needed?

"Our lives are blessed with such freshening variety!" You could at least spare us the mockery of that! Drag out of bed at 6:30 A.M., prepare breakfast, pack lunches, wash eggy dishes, make beds, wash clothes, iron clothes, scrub the floors, and the never-ending battle with dust, dust, dust! Freshening variety? Mine is every other Friday when my husband is off, and grumblingly babysits for an hour or two so I can go out and do the grocery shopping, go to the bank and pay the bills.

I could go on and on, but I'm sure by now you know how I feel. I've read and loved your magazine for years, but *this* is fulfillment?

Nuts! Sincerely,
Gary SHIRLEY B. SHEDLAK

NEW YORK

SEEDS OF GOOD WILL

Dear Editors: I love flowers, but hate to plant them. So I buy seeds and ship them to state hospitals and prisons. It's good occupational therapy for the inmates; I have fun; and the world is made prettier. Want to help?

Sincerely,
Bronx DALE FORSYTHE

ILLINOIS

LABELS FOR POISONS

Gentlemen: The American Medical Association is delighted to hear that LADIES' HOME JOURNAL shares our concern about the serious threat posed by improperly or inadequately labeled packaged hazardous chemical substances not now specifically regulated.

In one year, almost 1500 deaths resulted from accidental overexposure to such products, either in the home or on the job. Fully one quarter of these fatalities occurred among preschool-age children. Furthermore, it is conservatively estimated that nonfatal poisonings affect another 150,000 to 250,000 persons every year. These are shocking statistics for a cause of injury and death that is largely preventable.

To help remedy this situation, the A.M.A. has sponsored a bill (H.R. 7352), now before Congress, requiring manufacturers of potentially toxic substances to indicate plainly on the label the appropriate warning statements and to list hazardous ingredients. In this way, users would be forewarned of the necessity for handling these chemicals with care and of the importance of keeping them out of reach of small children. Listing ingredients will be of great help to the physician when an accidental poisoning does occur, since he will be able to pinpoint the toxic substance or substances and prescribe accordingly.

We are also recommending that the printed instructions be supplemented by picture symbols (such as the familiar skull and bones for poisons or a flame for inflammable substances) for easi recognition.

The need for uniform labeling la was clearly indicated in a recent estima showing that fully 80 per cent of household and commercial chemic products (dyes, varnish and paint movers, cleaning agents) need some for of precautionary labeling.

The American Medical Associatio strongly urges individuals to take t few minutes necessary to write the congressmen supporting this importa lifesaving legislation (H.R. 7352).

Sincerel
F. J. L. BLASINGAME, M.I
Chicago *Executive Vice Preside*

THAT SORORITY QUESTION

CALIFORNIA

Reader D. M. Wright (May JOURNA states that only when we are made to fe that others are "better" do we becom irritated. "Better" in what way? Havir more money, influence or beauty doesn make one man better than another in m view, yet these are the criteria upo which a prospective sorority pledge often judged. The "better" the sororit the more selective. The members a apple sorters who choose the big shin ones, leaving the dull, small apples fo whatever fate awaits them. The texture flavor and crispness, all found inside are overlooked. (I was a member.)
Duarte MRS. CHARLES G. NASSI

OHIO

These organizations do have good i them. However, few teenage people hav attained the maturity to handle the ev which is also in them. Growing up, i itself, is a hard enough job without de liberately added handicaps.
Columbus MARGARET E. GOODWI

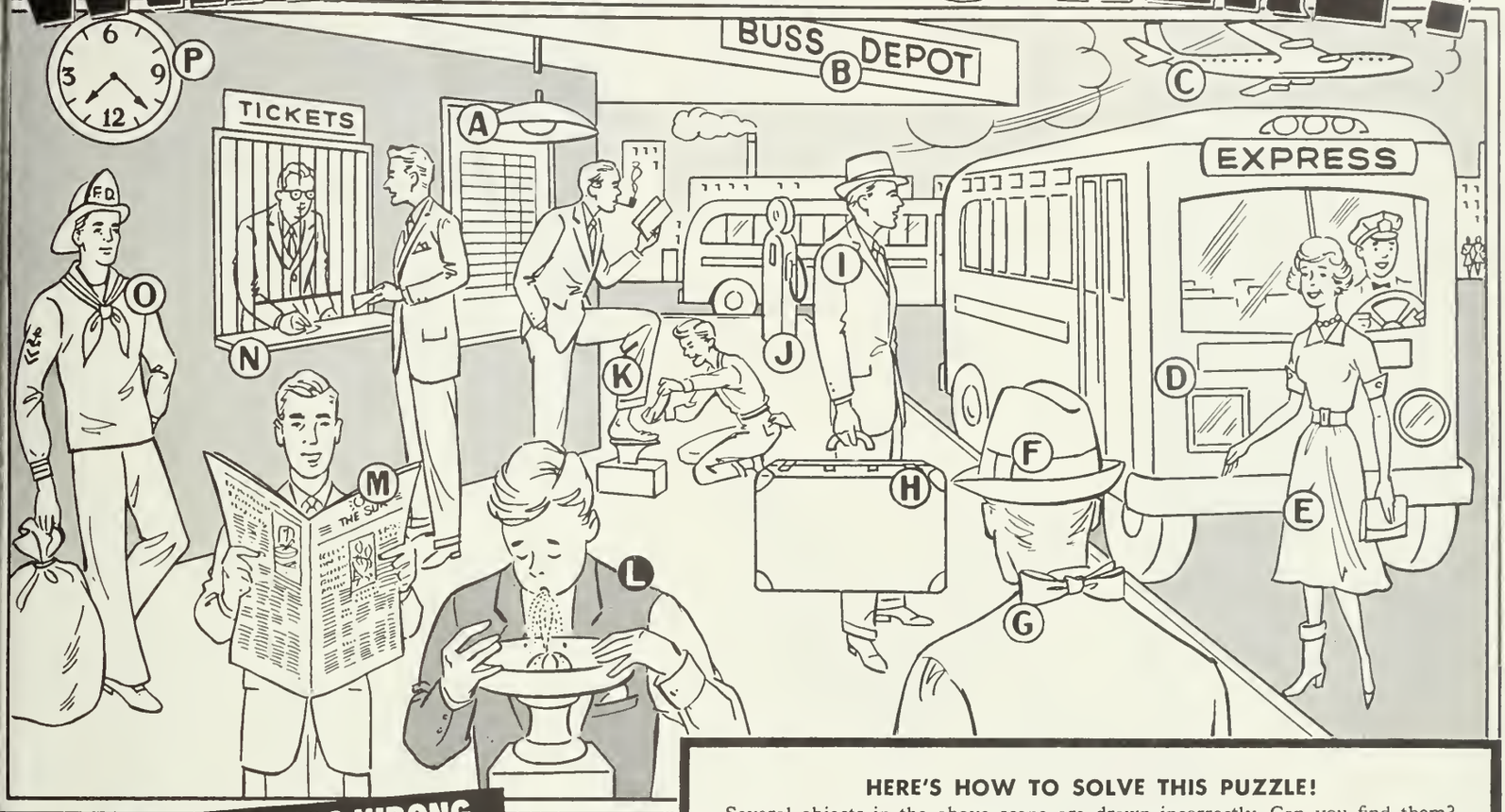
VERMONT

There is truth in the statement: "Peopl who are willing or able to live up to thi higher standard are always acceptabl any place in the world"—*provided they stick to their own kind.* Provided the never question the assumption that higher *social* standard is automatically higher standard of values. Provided the never wonder if the kind of leadershi this world needs is best developed b emphasizing acceptability and conform ity. Is it the big fraternity man or th brain in "creep" house who will some day make that breakthrough in cance research that we all long for so desper ately, for example?
A College Town A FACULTY WIF

FLORIDA

I hope when my daughter is grown sh can enjoy a sorority. I hope I have in sight enough to help her attain the char acter that will make her a good sorority member—or to accept nonmembership True, there is not room for all. But le us not fall into the fallacy that becaus all cannot share an experience, none must have it.
Maitland MARY P. BUCHE

WHAT'S WRONG HERE?



FIND 8 THINGS WRONG IN THE SCENE ABOVE AND

WIN THIS DELUXE $1.50 SLIM NOTE PAD

WITH BLACK AND SIMULATED GOLD

Ball Pen IN AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOX



A beautiful, practical prize! Hard tan cover, made of washable grained leatherette, richly embossed in red and gold. Plentiful supply of fine white note paper. Built-in loop holds the beautiful black and gold color, smooth-writing ball point pen in place. A guaranteed $1.50 retail value, yours FREE when you answer our puzzle.

OR

FIND ONLY 5 THINGS WRONG AND

WIN THIS NEW $1.25

BOX OF 21 BEAUTIFUL

ALL-OCCASION

GREETING CARDS



Brand new original designs in 3 favorite sizes. Stunning colors, rich decorations, gold bronzing, delightful sentiments—all combine to make this an exquisite Greeting Card Assortment. 21 cards and 21 matching envelopes—for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Get Well and other occasions. Guaranteed $1.25 retail value.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE!

Several objects in the above scene are drawn incorrectly. Can you find them? (Look carefully, this puzzle is tricky. All the objects are identified by a letter, but not all of them are wrong.) Here's a hint: the boy lettered "L" has only one sleeve on his jacket. Now find the other mistakes and put an "X" through each letter in the coupon that refers to an incorrect object. The gift you receive depends on the number of mistakes you discover. Cross out either 5 or 8 letters in the coupon and mail for your FREE GIFT!

YOU CAN MAKE $50–$100–$500 AND MORE IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

We are running this puzzle test to find alert, ambitious people who want to make money easily and quickly, without experience. Simply show friends, relatives and neighbors beautiful new Artistic Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards. The original designs, rich colors and wide selection are truly remarkable ... and they are amazingly low in cost. 50 Name Imprinted Christmas Cards for only $1.50; deluxe 21 card assortments as low as $1.00; and many other tremendous values that sell themselves. You can make all the EXTRA MONEY you need with our exclusive Greeting Cards, Personal Stationery and unusual Gift Items.

GET YOUR FREE GIFT NOW!

We'll send you the beautiful Slim Note Pad and Ball Pen (guaranteed retail value $1.50) or the Deluxe Greeting Cards (guaranteed retail value $1.25) ABSOLUTELY FREE if you answer this Puzzle Test. With your FREE GIFT we'll send FREE Christmas Card and Stationery Imprint Samples, complete instructions on how to make money in your spare time, and Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards ON APPROVAL, to be paid for or returned if not satisfied.

HURRY! SEND YOUR PUZZLE SOLUTION TODAY!

Don't wait if you are going to try for your FREE Slim Note Pad or FREE Box of Greeting Cards. While you have the puzzle before you, solve it and rush coupon to us. We reserve the right to reject entries dated 60 days after the date of this publication. Only one entry to a family. Write to:

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HERE'S MY SOLUTION (CROSS OUT 5 OR 8 LETTERS)

Ⓐ Ⓑ Ⓒ Ⓓ Ⓔ Ⓕ Ⓖ Ⓗ Ⓘ Ⓙ Ⓚ Ⓛ Ⓜ Ⓝ Ⓞ Ⓟ

Rush my FREE Gift—also FREE Samples of Name Imprint lines, Spare Time Money-Making Plans, and Christmas and All-Occasion Greeting Cards ON APPROVAL, to be paid for or returned if not satisfied.

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Dorothy Shuler
Eileen Tolchin
Natalie Schram

Who Are The Aged?

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

I say the "aged," not the "old," beeause in bureaucratic and sociological language "old" is now an obsolete word.

I don't like the word "aged." Reams of adulatory poetry has been written to or about the "old," but I can't think of one written to the "aged." Shakespeare (who died in his early 50's) detested age, and on numerous occasions compared it, most unfavorably, with youth. (One of his sonnets declares, "Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee.") Robert Browning (when he was 52) wrote, "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be"—which was, to say the least, optimistic.

"Aged" thus has the connotation of decrepitude which "old" does not. People speak of "gay old blades," but not of gay aged blades, and of "spry old ladies" but never of spry aged women.

How old *really* are individuals? Mrs. Anna Eleanor Roosevelt will be 76 in October of this year.

Justice Learned Hand was 88 in January. His mental vigor, precision of thought and expression, interest in and knowledge of contemporary books and events are surpassed by very few of his fellow citizens.

Sir Winston Churchill, by all clinical estimates, should have been in his grave long since. He will be 86 in November; was on his way to 66 when he became Prime Minister, First Lord of the Treasury and Minister of Defense for five of the most grueling war years in British history. He nearly broke the nerves and health of numerous young seeretaries. Sir Winston defies doctor's orders. Though no physician would recommend smoking to a man who has had three strokes, or even one, he still enjoys his Havanas; and although there are various views about drinking, he follows his own, which is that champagne and brandy are good for him. His biography shows that he has lived every moment of his life to the hilt.



Ilona Smithkin, who sketched this wistful girl in red pastels, is known best for her portraits and impressionistic oil studies of nudes. Born and educated in Germany, she also studied at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris and at the Art Students' League in N. Y. Her studio is in Greenwich Village.

Gen. Charles de Gaulle, President of France, will be 70 in November. He is, like Churchill, a soldier, an intellectual, an artist, and a patriot for whom France is a grand passion. Franee, rent end to end and on the verge of civil war, ealled him from his long retreat to save the nation because, literally, no one else eould do so. Too old to take up such a burden? Ninety per eent of his prestige in France rests on the virility of his *character*. He makes no concessions to political opportunism; when he says "no" he means exactly that.

Nowadays the aecent is on youth, and many people believe we should choose a young President. I shall not here express my



preference for any candidate, nor do I believe his years should be determinant.

But what of the record of relatively young heads of great states in contemporary times? All of them were dictators.

Stalin became Secretary General of the Russian Communist Party at 42. He gradually absorbed all the powers of the state, killed his own leading colleagues, and sent millions to slave camps where they perished, initiated policies that led to the death of millions of peasants, made military blunders that nearly lost the war in Russia, and when he died was in an advanced condition of paranoia. This is the testimony of his survivors and successors, among them Mr. Khrushchev.

Mussolini came to power at 39. He did some tremendous things for his country, but by a fatal misjudgment and against the wishes of almost all the Italian people (he was convinced of a German victory) took Italy into a disastrous war, and perished at the hands of his own countrymen.

Hitler came to power at 43. Quite apart from the horrors that he perpetrated as a result of his racial theories, he precipitated a war, against the advice of his ablest staff officers (aided by the agreement with his fellow dictator Stalin), which reduced Germany to a shambles. He died a theatrical suicide, unmourned by anybody.

These men were not only corrupted by power and ambition. They made errors of judgment, fatal or near-fatal to their nations. They lacked *wisdom*.

This is not to say that wisdom is confined to people well past middle life; but if one can generalize at all, there does seem to be an "age of discretion."

If how old one really is depends on many factors besides chronological date, several things are almost universally true. Although vital energy is immensely stronger and more durable in some people than in others, somewhere in the 60's energy, and especially physical energy, manifests a decline. An enormously greater percentage of our population reach the age of 60 than did thirty or forty years ago, but the life expectancy over 60 for *men* has increased startlingly little—by only about two years. For *women* it has extended notably—old cemeteries which record family histories of fathers' burying a succession of wives and their children, born one after another, year by year, are from a past epoch.

There are health needs peculiar to the old, and the question is to what extent these are adequately being dealt with on a private, public, semipublic or philanthropic basis.

How many of the aged are able financially, or with the aid of financially able close relatives, to take care of their own health needs? How many need only partial assistance and how much? What kind of assistance do they need? What assistance is already available?

There is almost unanimous opinion that all existing forms of aid for the old are inadequate and need reconsideration. As I write, it is most probable that some legislation will go through Congress before this session adjourns—perhaps before this article appears. The Democrat-sponsored bills are backed and have been nationally publicized for months by the most powerful pressure groups in and out of Washington—the CIO-AFL and the Americans for Democratic Action.

For these organizations, whatever Federal health legislation is introduced will be only an entering wedge. Their goal is socialized medicine, on the model of many European countries. Whatever one argues for or against this, one thing can safely be predicted. The cost of modified Federal health insurance for the old cannot be accurately computed. Insurance experts and the experience of all countries with which I am familiar testify that costs will not be covered by the fraction of a per cent to be added to payroll taxes. Everywhere people tend to abuse services falsely described as "free."

Whatever Federal old-age health insurance is offered will not be available to some 3,000,000 adult persons who are not covered by Social Security or any other Government retirement scheme.

It will furnish no service to elderly people in a mental or tuberculosis hospital.

It will probably furnish no services physician or nurse performed in one' home or place of residence.

It will not be related to need.

It will predictably overcrowd hospita nursing homes, both of which are the expensive places in which to be ill, no r who pays the bills.

It will be a blow to insurance compar which many thousands of old people equities.

In short, it will create new problem leave many basic ones unsolved.

What is the economic status of the ol

It is statistically true that a conside percentage of people over 65 have incon not more than $1000 a year. But the takes no account of other assets, or of these oldsters are living, or of the incon close relatives able (where necessary) to tribute to their support.

A larger proportion of them are living one or another of their children than doing so a generation ago. To an unk extent such living facilities are, by f agreement in exchange for financial co erations. A parent or parents with a hom has become too large for their needs or c ity to manage may deed it to a son or dau in exchange for the right to share it, contributing from a small income to its ning expense.

And this is not all that thousands of contribute. Where both a son and daug

PROCESS OF EROSION

By ANITA RASKIN

Shoes rub at the toes,
Shirts fray at the collars.
As the pants knee goes
So go the dollars.

in-law, or daughter and son-in-law, are w ing outside the home, mother often do large share of the housework and is an un baby sitter. Older people in good health to be idle, and nothing ages them more qu than uselessness.

The actual economic status of people 65 has just never been satisfactorily br down. If it is true that a considerable centage are poor in relation to other groups, it is just as true that they form a high percentage of the richest people in country. Where wealth is not inherited, viduals who amass fortunes usually beg do so around the age of 50, and thereafte fortune, if wisely invested, grows by itsel

Compulsory government health-insur plans may be excellent for low-wage-salary countries where government ser supplement otherwise very inadequate fa incomes.

It does not follow that they are the means for dealing with this social proble the nation with the highest per capita inc and one which on average, is keeping w advance of the cost of living—to the ri which Government spending is the chief tributory.

It may be that we are drifting with ab the inevitability of a law into an all-embra welfare state, ever more centralized, wher anonymous bureaucrat governs all, with and more responsibilities removed from states, communities and free institution this vast and so diverse nation.

If so, we shall be moving farther and fa from the American way, and into a mo form of feudal society.

The welfare state is a copy of Euro systems in countries which have quite traditions and experiences from ours. A icans have always been an inventive pe Should we not be able to invent social pol that are better for us than European sys sparked by socialist parties?

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1/8 tsp. salt
1 qt. ice cream

Mix butter, sugar and vanilla thoroughly. Sift flour and salt together. Add to butter mixture and blend. Chill 30 to 45 min. *Heat oven to 400°* (mod. hot). Pat dough evenly into ungreased 9″ pie pan. Flute edge. Prick. Bake *10 to 12 min.*, or until lightly browned. Cool. Just before serving, fill with ice cream and top as desired.

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By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M. D.

Tell me, doctor...

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names used are fictitious.

"Mrs. Manchester, I wish you would see one of my specialist friends about that lump. There are times when we like to have another expert opinion even about doing a biopsy, when it's a matter of breast lumps."

"Mrs. Manchester is on the phone, Doctor. She has discovered some lumps in her breasts—she insists on seeing you today. She sounds nearly hysterical."

The doctor had a crowded schedule. But he remembered Mrs. Manchester's tendency to worry, and her childlike faith that "Doctor" could make everything right. "Let's try to work her in. Cancel my luncheon engagement if you have to."



ABBOT MILLS

When he saw Mrs. Manchester's tragic face a little later that day, the doctor was glad he had asked his secretary to make a place for her. However, he took time to glance over her case record, as in a routine visit. "It has been quite a while since you've been in to see me, Mrs. Manchester," he remarked genially.

"I have been feeling very well, Doctor. I hadn't the faintest intimation there was anything wrong until ——" Her chin quivered. "I had just read about the way a woman can examine her breasts, for lumps, and thought I would try it. There they were!"

"I'll take a look at those lumps in just a minute, see what the situation is," the doctor said soothingly. "But first I'd like to ask you a few questions. Have you noticed any pain or tenderness in your breasts lately?"

"They have felt a little tender, at my period times mostly."

"If I remember correctly, you were not able to breast-feed your babies. Is that right?"

"Yes. I never had enough milk to make it worth while."

"Have you noticed any kind of discharge from your nipples?"

"What would it be like?"

"The discharge I have in mind is usually yellowish or greenish, a thin, sticky fluid that you would notice on your clothing. Sometimes, though, there are traces of blood, making the color red or pinkish or brown. That's rather more important."

"Does a discharge like that mean cancer?"

"Only rarely. Though any nipple discharge not connected with pregnancy calls for immediate investigation."

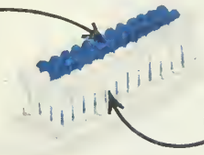
"Well, I haven't noticed any kind of secretion from my nipples since my last baby was tiny."

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The doctor nodded as though Mrs. Manchester's answer was what he had expected. "Suppose you go along to the examining room now. Mary Ann will help you get ready."

By the time they were back in the consulting room, Mrs. Manchester was much calmer. "I didn't dream you would examine me all over!" she exclaimed. "Do you always go through all those tests for something like lumps in the breasts?"

The doctor laughed. "I guess that's a sort of obsession with me. But in my particular specialty, I feel I must check everything that may have any bearing on a patient's difficulty. And I hadn't looked you over for some time. Anyway, my examination established that your troubles are entirely local. Aside from the breast lumps, I can't find anything wrong with you at all."

"You really dug your fingers in under my armpits and above my collarbones, Doctor. Why was that?"

"Those are the areas where secondary growths usually appear first when there is malignancy in the breast. You probably know about metastasis—the process by which cancer spreads. The lymph glands in those two places are very apt to pick up the cancer cells, if any are going through the system. Your lymph glands seem absolutely clear."

"Oh, Doctor, does that mean we've caught it in time? The cancer can be cured by removing my breasts?"

"I think the news may be even better than that," the doctor said with a chuckle. "It may not be necessary to remove anything at all."

"But I thought you always removed lumps from breasts!"

"We do if there is the slightest reason to think they may be cancerous. But the lumps you pointed out don't suggest malignancy at all. You are forty-five. Around this age, and sometimes earlier, there is quite a common tendency for a woman's breast glands to undergo some rather harmless changes. Small sacs of fluid, like little cysts, may develop. The condition is called fibrocystic disease, or chronic cystic mastitis. Usually several lumps are clustered together, or there may be a general area of lumpiness. They may appear in one breast or in both, as in your case. Actually, it's a little better if they do appear in both. Fibrocystic disease seems to be more prevalent in women who haven't been pregnant or nursed babies, though it can occur in others too. It is a common cause of persistent pain or tenderness in the breasts. It doesn't seem to predispose to cancer. We have to watch it, though, for it may cover up or confuse the diagnosis of true cancer nodules."

"When my sister was sixteen or seventeen, she had a lump removed from her breast. The doctor suspected cancer, but it proved to be just a cyst."

"Girls of that age or even younger occasionally do have harmless lumps. Generally they are simple cysts, with less of the fibrous development that occurs in older women. But breast cancer occurs in girls and young women, too, though infrequently. The doctor was probably right to get that lump out."

"She never had any more trouble, I know. Are my lumps due to this condition you mention?"

"Those you found have every characteristic of the harmless type," the doctor told her. "But there is one little lump in the outer extremity of your left breast—you had overlooked it—that has me puzzled. In most ways it is like the others, but not entirely. It is sort of special. I'm glad you came in so promptly to let me check it."

Mrs. Manchester, who had become quite animated, looked woeful again. "Do you think that one is cancer?"

"No, I don't think it is. But there is more reason to watch it than the large fibrocystic areas. For one thing, it is off all by itself, whereas the other lumps are more or less grouped together. It is not tender to the touch, like most of the others. Also, it is just the tiniest bit fixed. That is, it doesn't move about as freely in the surrounding tissue as the others do."

"You don't like its *not* being painful or tender? That seems very strange!"

"One of the bad features of breast cancer is that it *doesn't* hurt in early stages. Hence cancer cells often may be disseminated rather widely before they are discovered. I wish more women knew that. It's a reason why they should examine their breasts periodically, and report to the doctor immediately if they find any lumps. Mrs. Manchester, would you think it peculiar if I asked you to see another specialist about that particular lump? I can't quite decide whether or not I should do a biopsy. I would like to see what Doctor Schenley has to say about it."

"Doctor, if you would like to do a biopsy, go ahead. Your opinion is good enough for me."

"I appreciate that, Mrs. Manchester, and it makes me especially anxious not to put you to unnecessary bother and expense. My difficulty is that the differences between that one lump and the harmless ones are very slight and vague. And biopsy, in the case of breast lumps, involves rather more than a simple biopsy elsewhere—in the cervix, for instance.

BUT YOUR SOFT VOICE

By WILLIS EBERMAN

Where is your voice that once was
in this room?
Silence is here. There is not any
trace
of your once-laughter; nor is your
loved face
ever to be found again. . . . I heard
that doom
was clarion: this place is like a comb
devoid of bees, of humming, that
the lace
of wind threads endlessly; yet I can
trace
something of you above the amber
loam:
movements of leaves are yours;
gesture of vine
against the sunny wall; the attitude
of birches on the hill. . . . All these
are yours.
But your soft voice will never sound
again,
in any room; and only in my blood
can it be heard upon my spirit's
shores.

"First of all, the lump has to be removed. That is easy in itself. But we also have to be all ready to go ahead with a major operation if the lump should prove to be malignant. This advance preparation means a good deal of fuss and bother and a fair amount of expense, even though it shouldn't prove necessary to proceed with the major operation."

"But Doctor, it's just one little lump. We've caught it early and you don't find any signs that it has spread. Wouldn't it be enough just to remove the lump?"

"Yes, if it proves to be benign. That is to say, if it is nonmalignant. But if any malignancy were found, regardless of how small or apparently localized, we would have to proceed immediately to remove the entire breast with some of the adjacent tissues.

"When a lump is suspicious, the trouble and expense of being ready to proceed with a major operation are well worth while. But we doctors frown on putting patients through it without any good reason. I have known of surgeons who would remove every little breast nodule they happened upon. Just last week, a surgeon in a local clinic was criticized by the surgery committee for doing a great many breast biopsies, when the condition always proved to be benign. The other doctors thought he operated too soon and too often for the welfare of his patients. I don't want that kind of reputation.

"I don't believe this particular lump is malignant. On the other hand, we must take no chances. So I will really appreciate it if you will go to see Doctor Schenley. I don't think he will charge you. We have a friendly exchange system about cases in which either of us has some doubt."

The doctor was rather more pleased than surprised when Doctor Schenley advised waiting and watching the lump for two months before doing anything about it. At the end of the waiting period, he examined Mrs. Manchester's "special lump," as they had come to call it. He said at once, "We are going to take that lump out day after tomorrow. This time I don't need another opinion. I am still willing to wager it isn't malignant. But it is a little bigger than it was and it is a little more fixed in the surrounding tissue. I'm not going to feel easy until I have had a look at it."

In the hospital two days later, Mrs. Manchester was given a very light anesthetic—one of the special barbiturates—injected into an arm vein. The lump was removed in a matter of minutes through a small incision, then turned over immediately to the pathologist. The tissue was frozen quickly, and cut into incredibly thin slices. While the patient remained under the light anesthesia, the slices were stained and examined thoroughly. In exactly twelve minutes the report came back: no cancer.

The incision was then closed with unusual care, by very fine stitches underneath the skin. This was to eliminate stitch marks. The breast was bandaged with elastic adhesive to prevent further bleeding by pressure. Such bleeding might cause later swelling, or even infection.

When the doctor entered her hospital room that evening, Mrs. Manchester was finishing a hearty supper. "Your nice resident gave me the good news as soon as I came out from under the anesthetic," she said happily. "He said you told him to."

"I was sorry I couldn't be here myself when you woke up to let you know there was no malignancy," the doctor said, "but my office was jammed. Of course we still haven't heard from the permanent sections, just the immediate frozen sections."

"Do you mean there's still a chance that I have cancer?"

"Not really, Mrs. Manchester. Once in a great while we pick up cells in a permanent section that had been missed on the frozen section. But I'm not a bit concerned in your case. As a matter of fact, I was sure there was no cancer in the lump as soon as I took it out, just from the way it looked and felt. I'm going to send you home tomorrow. I hope you aren't too upset because the operation proved to be unnecessary after all?"

"Don't give that another thought, Doctor! You didn't rush into it, and you had to be sure. The truth is, I'm glad the bothersome old lump is out." She looked down at the bandaged area. "I suppose I will have an ugly scar, and my breast will look kind of deflated, the way my sister's did after her lump was taken out. But that's a lot better than having a cancer, and losing a whole breast!"

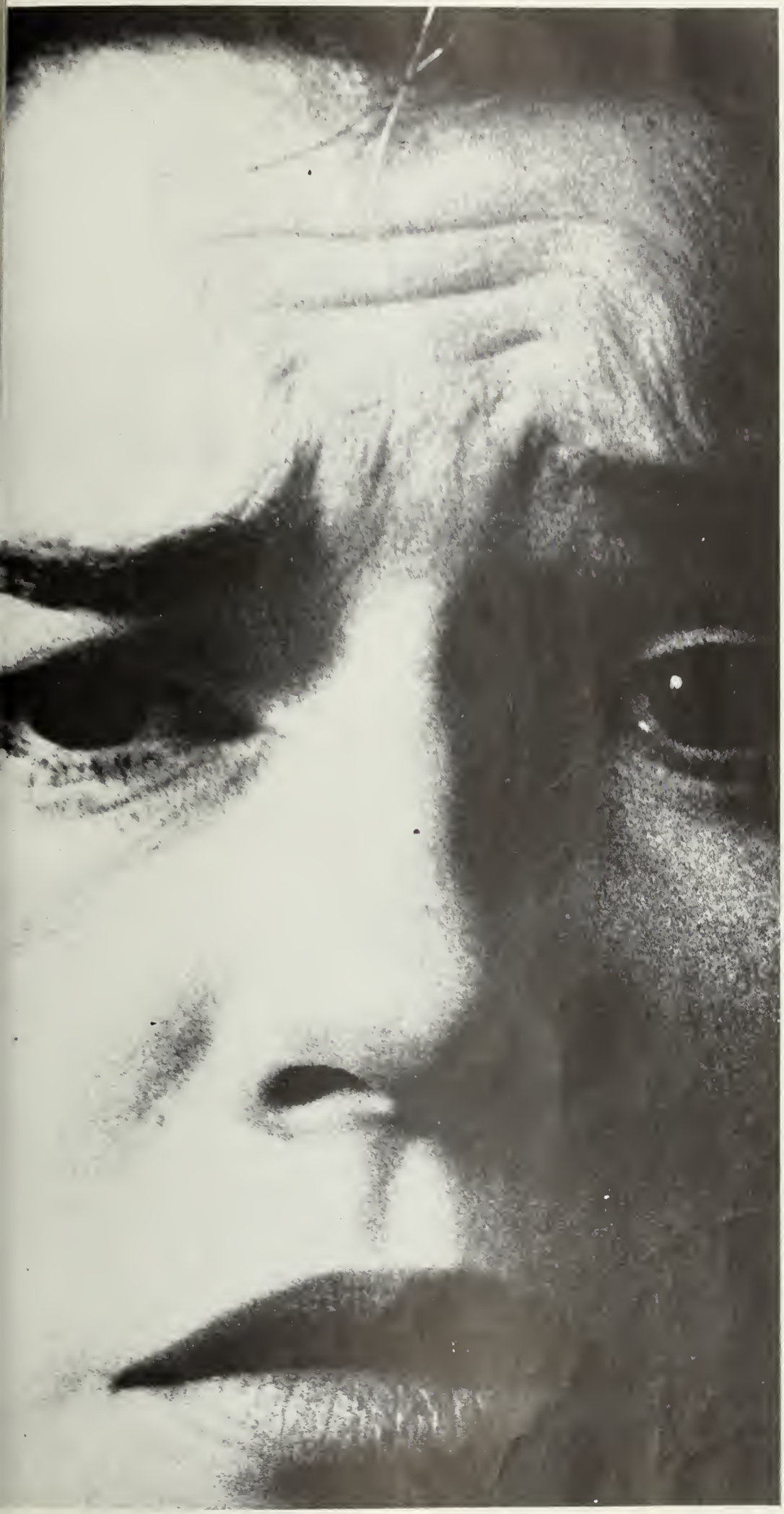
The doctor exclaimed warmly, "Mrs. Manchester, you are wonderful! But if the way your breast is going to look is all that bothers you, you can forget about it. I took special pains to avoid the things you mention. Don't be concerned if you have a little dark drainage for a day or so. Too, the tissue may feel thickened and sort of hard under the scar for several weeks, months even. But after healing, the scar will be almost invisible. The breast tissue will fill in and restore the normal contour and consistency. There will be hardly any signs of an operation."

"It's good to know that not all breast lumps are malignant, Doctor. I feel I've been pretty lucky."

"But a good many breast lumps *are* malignant, so they should never be ignored. You will come in regularly from now on, won't you, Mrs. Manchester? We'll watch all these local troubles carefully. Then none will have a chance to get really worrisome."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses "desterilization" of males.

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Preparing for the honeymoon

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

Does premarital intercourse during engagement entail risk?

Yes, as shown by the fact that 15 to 20 per cent of brides are pregnant on their wedding day.

ASK YOURSELF:

Do We Agree on Our Children?

Beyond the love and affection that parents give to their children, nothing is more crucial to adolescent stability than the agreement of father and mother on matters of training and guidance. Think carefully before answering "Yes" or "No" to the following questions:

Do you both agree on:

1. ***The children's religious training?***
2. ***Methods of discipline?***
3. ***The home duties they should perform?***
4. ***Hours they should go to bed?***
5. ***Supervision of the TV programs they watch?***
6. ***Their choice of friends?***
7. ***Special privileges they receive?***
8. ***Their use of the telephone?***
9. ***Manners and actions while eating?***
10. ***Their money allowances?***

Are you and your husband:

11. ***Happily married?***
12. ***Free from serious conflicts?***
13. ***Agreed on standards and ideals?***
14. ***Sharing freely with your children?***

Credit one point for each "Yes" answer to the first ten questions, but count *two* points for each "Yes" to questions 11 through 14. Important as general agreement on the children is, their well-being may still be in doubt unless you and he are in personal accord with each other. Total scores of 15 and higher are very good; but if your score is 10 or less, discuss each "No" answer with your husband to see what can be done about it.

WHEN THE BRIDE-TO-BE IS ILL INFORMED ABOUT SEX

"John and I are to be married next month and naturally we both want to be happy. He is twenty-five and I am twenty-two. Waiting for the honeymoon has been hard for him, but I have insisted that we keep our feelings under control until we have the right to be two people in one. My worry is that I won't meet his expectations, because I believe that love is mostly a meeting of minds and not nearly as sexual as he thinks.

"I've tried to talk to my mother about it, but she is shocked by my questions. Except for telling me about menstruation and pregnancy, she never explained anything to me or discussed sex.

"John has tried to discuss it with me, but I know if I show any interest it will get too personal. I'm not cold, but he hints I am inhibited. I hope you can help me and other girls to get ready for the honeymoon."

Laura is overestimating the importance of the honeymoon as either a portent or the foundation of successful marriage. She feels that ultimate happiness for herself and her husband depends on their success in adjusting to each other, particularly sexually, during the honeymoon.

Actually, the honeymoon is a unique interlude between two ways of life, remote from the realities of either. Though the bride and groom have abandoned the single role and become a married couple, they have not yet assumed the full responsibilities of their new status.

Laura's letter indicates somewhat less sophistication than is usual among engaged girls. This may be because she has never enjoyed the kind of relationship with her mother that permitted them to discuss intimate matters. Since we know from research studies that the lack of a confidential mother-daughter relationship constitutes something of a handicap to a bride in achieving a satisfactory sexual adjustment, we will confine our suggestions to Laura (and others like her) largely to this area. In doing so, however, we do not intend to imply that the sexual adjustment is separate and distinct from the rest of marriage; on the contrary, it is only one aspect of the total relationship, and it will both influence and be influenced by all other elements of the marriage.

Consult a physician. A premarital medical examination is required by law in most states, but is desirable in any event as an opportunity to discuss methods of family planning and to raise questions concerning anatomy, physiology or the reproductive process. Many doctors are qualified to comment helpfully on the psychology as well as the physiology of sexual adjustment.

Read several books recommended by qualified advisers—your physician or minister, or a recognized expert. Reading will give you new information and insight; equally important, it will help you to consider the matter of sexual adjustment in marriage impersonally and objectively.

Accept differences in the sexual reactions of male and female. The male usually has greater sex drive and more easily attains satisfaction than the female. The bride who recognizes and accepts this fact has already taken a significant step toward adjustment.

Recognize the mutuality of the sex relationship. Neither can attain true satisfaction without the co-operation, good will and generosity of the other. Exclusive preoccupation with self on the part of one partner precludes a satisfactory adjustment for either. Compromise is invaluable, in this as in all aspects of marriage.

Encourage communication. Do not let diffidence or false modesty restrain you from talking over with your future husband this vital and most intimate aspect of your marriage. If, like Laura, you are somewhat inhibited, discussing a book you have both read may offer a more comfortable way of approaching the subject.

So long as a young couple can talk about their problems, exchange views, try new approaches and make compromises, no difficulty need be classified as hopeless, whether it concerns sex, finances or in-law relationship. If Laura bears this in mind, she will be well prepared for the honeymoon—and for marriage.

TOO-EARLY DATING

"I'm at my wit's end. Tom is just past 16, but he has his driver's license, and he expects to use the family car for his dates three or four nights a week no matter what our plans. At 14½, Jane is out on a date every weekend night and often for school affairs in between. She and Tom seldom get home before midnight—too late for Jane especially—but if we protest they say everybody else does the same. And already Patty is beginning to date, though she isn't even 13. It seems to me they're trying to live like adults before they're old enough, but I don't know how to stop it."

Though Mrs. Baker mentions several specific problems (use of the car, late hours, choice of friends) note that all are associated with dating, and particularly with dating at an early age. Like many another mother, she is confused and bewildered by her responsibilities to her children, who have begun dating much younger than was common a generation ago, in her own girlhood.

Authorities agree that the custom of dating serves useful purposes. It helps the individual to mature socially by providing opportunity to understand the opposite sex. It contributes to personality development by encouraging the individual to cultivate traits and adopt behavior that will enhance social acceptance and popularity. It offers a chance to make friends with both sexes through paired group activities. Finally, varied dating experience gives the individual standards of judgment when the time comes to choose a mate, and offers training in adjustment to the personality of another.

To some extent, most boys and girls can benefit from these functions of dating from fifteen on. But informal everyday school contacts are probably just about as effective for young teenagers, and certainly much less hazardous.

Though age and maturity are not the same, they tend to go together. Maturity is characterized by both willingness and ability to accept responsibility. Assumption of responsibility involves knowledge, judgment, standards and resources, attributes which the young teenager has not had time to develop. Irresponsible dating is competitive, exploitive and destructive. Unless your child has demonstrated a responsible attitude, too-early dating is likely to result in inconvenience and embarrassment at best, serious trouble at worst.

How can parents control the situation? Probably they can't completely control, but they can modify and guide. The pressure of "all the others do" is hard to withstand, but if the mother has established a relationship of confidence and trust with her children, her counsel will at least be heeded (if not always implicitly carried out). Beyond that:

Give in when you conscientiously can, stand firm when you must. You must do the first if you are to do the second.

Welcome your child's friends. This will serve the double purpose of acquainting you with your son's or daughter's associates, and providing an alternative to formal dating.

Avoid criticism. Don't force your child to *defend* an undesirable acquaintance by expressing your disapproval.

Be interested but not inquisitive. Ask a friendly general question—"Did you have fun . . . do anything special"—but don't demand a play-by-play account.

Above all, give generously of love. The adolescent desperately needs attention and affection. It is an established fact that extremely early dating, going steady and premature emotional involvement are much more common among teenagers who have had inadequate affection at home.

The adolescent who is made to feel loved, wanted and needed has no urge to find a premature substitute for adult appreciation.



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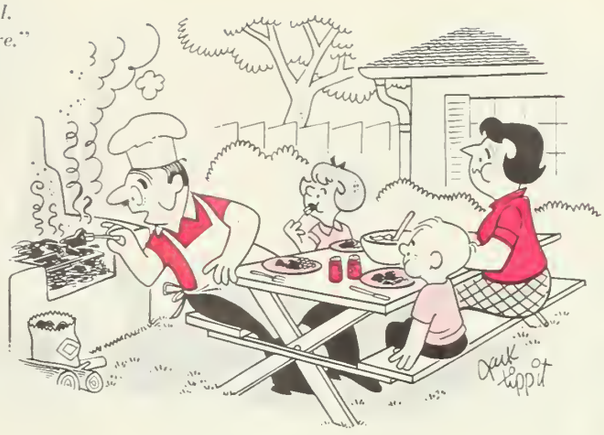
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"You're right, Helen. . . .
We are eating the charcoal.
The steaks are still in here."



There's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

Our block's brightest teenangel clarifies why
e helps his pa and ma with chores this summer vacation.
I want to keep 'em alive," he says, "so they can
upport me in the style to which they've accustomed me."

I'm keeping my French artificial geraniums in the
ving room all summer," brags Betty Comfort shamelessly,
rapping an heirloom gravy spoon for a June bride.
They look so real I'm tempted to water 'em."

We'll vacation in the Yorktown-Williamsburg-
Bull Run hotbed of history this summer.
By a pleasant coincidence, our young flier and
his family happen to be stationed nearby.

've learned more about Henry VIII, his six wives and
heir times in six installments of a JOURNAL serial
han in high-school and college history. Yet
doubt the heroine was quite so pretty as Henry
nd the illustrator, Coby Whitmore, seemed to think.

Even if they de-emphasize football, each student
ought to grow good enough as participant
in one sport to fascinate him all his life.
(We have four men of seventy
in our town who play fair tennis.)

My wife cunningly hides a boudoir color picture of
Marilyn Monroe in our folder of bills to pay. Thus she
chemes to focus my attention monthly on our finances.

like to astonish our young ones with a bizarre titbit.
ike the news that Nome, Alaska, is farther west
han Honolulu. It awes 'em more'n a long lecture.

What a difference twenty pounds make!
I realized it fully when my 1959 tennis shorts
kept falling down at the River Club
the first time I played tennis in 1960.

My Dream Girl hesitates to let me install a TV set in her
bedroom, even as a birthday present. "My resistance to
uch goop," she says, "is lowest when I'm lying in bed."

Another feminine foible husbands resent jealously:
heir wives' adoration of doctors. They quickly detect a
esemblance to the late czarina's devotion to Rasputin.

"I'd better draw up a new will,"
muses Peter Comfort, mixing a batch of weed
spray. "It makes me feel important, and
it always stimulates my Betty's solicitude."

Our town's teachers demur to a written English
heme daily. They'd have to spend nights and
veekends correcting 'em. No solution?
Like finessing students or parents to pitch in?

"Those bloody dispatches from South Africa,"
says the autocrat of our luncheon table,
"make us Americans pretty smug about Dixie's
gentler approach to the same problem."

I gained less weight during seven days in
New York than during a three-day visit at
my wife's alma mater. (She thinks the pretty
coeds affect my appetite.)

I confessed to a lovely matron at a potluck party that
the suit I had on was twenty-one years old, made
at Brooks in 1939. "First pair of pants with zipper
they ever made!" I recalled proudly.

What a red-letter day when Debbie Reynolds
brought her mom to our garden for tea!
I discerned Debbie was the last Hollywood
star who never sassed her ma.

My wife smiles at my whimsey to display my books
in book ends in related clusters, as she displays flowers
in vases. (I can find 'em quicker that way too!)

Every time we slope off for a swim in
the old quarry I think of Teddy Roosevelt
diving off a ninety-foot cliff.
This I admire just short of emulation.

In one week came letters from faraway
readers in Africa and New Zealand, and from an
American matron in Argentina who's writing
a new cookbook in Spanish.
(I crave a simpler bouillabaisse recipe!)

At a back-yard picnic with six recent college graduates,
we agreed that juniors and seniors need phys ed
worse'n freshmen. (We voted to make it compulsory
all four years, and for graduate students especially.)

We marvel at the acumen of cherubs and
teenangels at our door to sell nuts, cookies, candy
and tickets for lofty causes. They manage
to catch each of us alone, and sell us
each separately, unbeknownst to the other.

My Dream Girl, who dearly loves chocolate-nut sundaes,
is refusing desserts this summer, so she can get into
her slim gold-aluminum swim suit for her daily plunge.
Eyes at the old quarry are critical.

. . . When we get phone calls from both coasts
on holidays and anniversaries (instead of small
arms around our necks).
. . . Or our redhead's one-year-old paints
the kitchen wall with her squashed banana.
. . . And Junior undertakes to build
a new house, where I merely remodeled an
old one thirty-three times,
. . . And we worry more about their skiing or flying
than they ever worried about me overseas.
. . . Or our youngest agrees to study law
before he becomes a teacher.
. . . And my Lady Love buys me the gaudiest golf-bag-toting
cart in town (with sitter attachment) for my birthday.
Then I discern the true flavor of happy marriage
is not molasses but bittersweet.

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a skinned elbow?
Mother always says
it's for burns...



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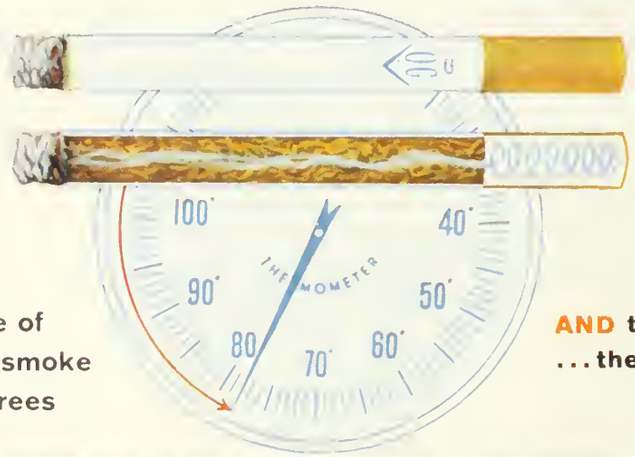


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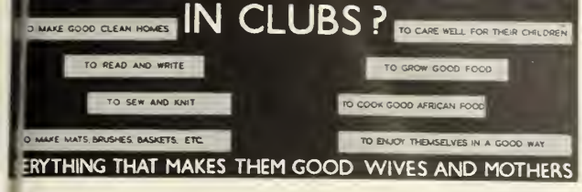
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EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

We witnessed a miracle

UNICEF at work for children in Africa

By MARGARET HICKEY

The children of all nations are appealing, but the small, bright-eyed youngsters of Africa have a special charm, heart-tugging and unforgettable. Traveling across their vast homeland (Africa is nearly four times the size of the United States), Beatrice Gould and I went "on safari" to see how UNICEF, the United Nations' own world-wide agency for children, helps them grow to healthy adulthood. Everywhere they greeted us in low, humming voices; sometimes we heard the Swahili "*Jambo, jambo.*" Gay, rollicking children romped the mission schoolyards; subdued, weaker ones waited in crowded hospital corridors. So many alluring little faces—how many would finally reach maturity?

The mortality rate for children in Africa is still unbelievably high (over one third die before the age of three); they must fight ravaging diseases such as yaws (induced by conditions of poverty and filth and disfiguring the sufferer), malaria, leprosy, sleeping sickness and tuberculosis. Even more widespread is the constant danger of *kwashiorkor*, a severe protein-calorie malnutrition occurring between the ages of one and three years. But actually seeing the rapid advances made through the work of the United Nations Children's Fund (UNICEF) was like witnessing a miracle. Since 1959, nearly 5,000,000 mothers and children in Africa have been benefited by the UNICEF programs (the World Health and Food and Agriculture organizations help). These programs we were able to glimpse against the beautiful scenery and animal life.

At Mulago Hospital in Kampala, where Makerere College has established its first chair for the study of children's tropical medicine, we saw a dramatic illustration of just how this world-wide concern brings almost-starved waifs back to life and health. A little CONTINUED ON PAGE 28



There's not enough mother's milk for two. Since the baby's arrival, the child at right has experienced near starvation, as witness his bloated, swollen belly. It's to prevent such conditions that UNICEF milk is used.

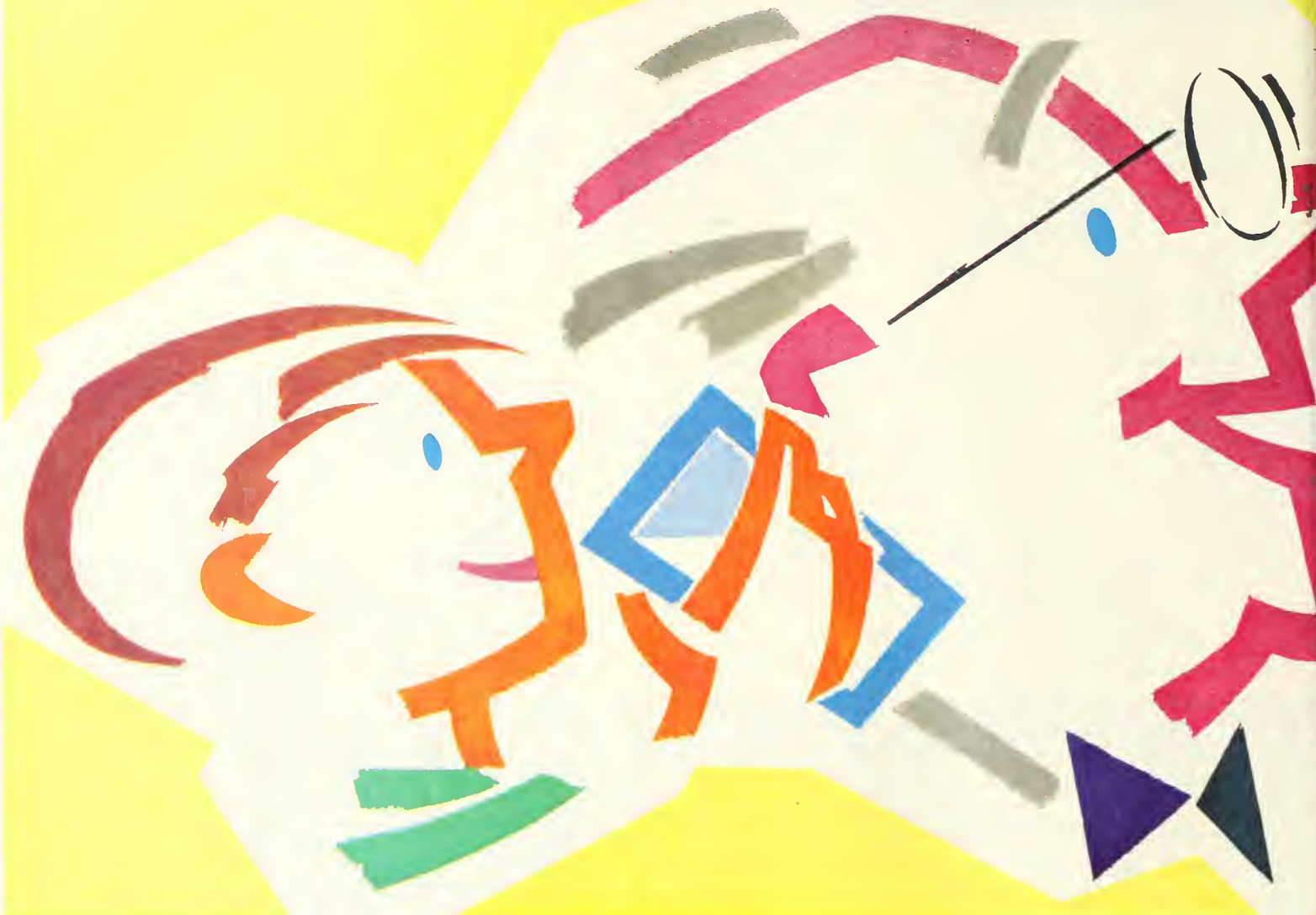


At the women's club UNICEF reaches mothers with instruction and demonstration in homemaking projects. One village mother teaches all the others what she has learned of child care, cooking, planting crops.



Traditional way of cooking on stones on the floor is still a common cause of accidents. But women are now learning to build mud stoves high enough to prevent a baby crawling on floor from pulling steaming pots of food onto itself.

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Calcium Starved

28 CONTINU



"Young or old, it's a good thing for diet to be calcium rich...The outstanding food for calcium is milk," says U.S. Department of Agriculture

whose studies reveal that, regardless of income, millions of American families are not getting enough calcium in their diet. Calcium is indispensable to the proper function of nerves and muscles, including the heart. Lack of calcium can retard the growth of children, and cause bones to become brittle in older people. Calcium starvation is serious... its slow degenerating effects may be hidden for years.

ADULTS NEED MILK. "Our ability to absorb calcium decreases after middle age and our milk intake should increase...," says an authority in the Journal of the American Medical Association.* The National Research Council recommends 800 milligrams of calcium daily for adults and 1,000 to 1,400 milligrams for children, depending on age.** This is the amount of calcium in three to five glasses of milk.***

*Source: Dr. Genevieve Stearns, "Human Requirement of Calcium, Phosphorus and Magnesium," Journal of the American Medical Association, February 18, 1950, vol. 42, p. 478ff.

**Source: "Recommended Dietary Allowances," Revised 1958, National Academy of Sciences—National Research Council.

***Buttermilk, skim milk and other milk products also help provide the recommended daily dietary allowances of calcium.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

boy of six, weighing less than 20 pounds, had been brought in from a rural health center with only the faintest flicker of a pulse. His skin had the typical grayish cast of advanced malnutrition; his hair had a reddish tinge; the bloated belly gave a macabre appearance to his slat-thin skeleton. Yet blood transfusions (thanks to the Uganda Red Cross) had renewed his weak heartbeat to life-sustaining regularity and he was now receiving the liquid milk-protein diet supplied by UNICEF through a fine polyethylene tube taped to his scalp. Many such children are seen every day at this modern hospital. They show growth failure, edema (pitiful swelling of the feet and lower legs), wasted muscles, often accompanied by painful skin rashes and open ulcers.

"Our most difficult task is to reach these children before they are permanently damaged," explained Dr. D. B. Jelliffe, who is the first UNICEF professor at Makerere College. "The tragedy of the African mother is that she loves her child so much, yet is so often completely ignorant of the essentials needed for normal growth and nourishment. The average mother breast-feeds her baby until her supply of milk is exhausted or cut off by another pregnancy. When this occurs, the child under two years may literally die of starvation because other suitable foods are not offered to replace mother's milk."

To bridge the almost impossible gap between knowledge and need, UNICEF is assisting 31 countries and 13 territories in Africa. Born of the postwar emergency which threatened the lives of millions of children with famine and neglect, it now brings health and nourishment to children by encouraging their own governments, voluntary organizations and, most of all, the people themselves to help themselves. Millions of Americans give directly to UNICEF through Halloween Trick or Treat contributions, purchase of Christmas cards; our Government, through funds and surplus foods. Our JOURNAL safari took us to places where, because of the UNICEF dollar (joined with two, three or even more from the country or local community), a child can reach for a glass of milk; a young trained midwife packs her kit on her bicycle and speeds away; children, playing in the schoolyard of a leprosy village, are receiving treatment that will save them from a disease which starts so often in childhood.

Every type of aid and help given by UNICEF has as its purpose the improvement of the lot of children. The spotlight now is on a network of simple buildings, each labeled "Health Center." Although the organization of maternal- and child-health services varies from country to country in Africa, the most workable plan depends on village centers and subcenters, directed and helped from urban hospitals or public-health offices. The centers range in type from the small country maternity hospital, cool and quiet, with the Irish Sisters of the Apostles in charge, to the crowded single-room dispensary at Jos in Nigeria, where expectant mothers sitting on the floor listen intently to simple health rules in their native dialect. There are over 400 of these rural health centers, 800 village outposts and 93 town health officers assisted by UNICEF in all Africa. Even so, midwives, health visitors and the too few doctors must travel hundreds of miles over rough and almost uncharted terrain to see that pregnant mothers and young children get food and medicine.

Threatened with a milk famine because of the curtailment of surplus stocks from the United States and Canada, UNICEF is pushing local production of safe milk and other protein-rich foods which can be distributed at low cost. We visited a new modern processing plant in the high plateau country. Along jungle roads, handsome Fulani women carry on their heads in gourd calabashes milk from their tribal herds to outlying collection centers. At the central processing station another local product is added—to one part milk powder, three of powdered groundnuts, one of Nigeria's main crops.

"It is not just poverty which is the problem," Dr. E. E. Ecoma, maternal and child-care specialist, explained during our three-day tour in Nigeria with him. "It is helping the women to understand how to make the best use of foods available. The basic diet here is yams—something like potatoes—with a sauce of groundnuts or red beans, mixed with oil. This, properly cooked, with powdered milk added, is very adequate. The mother can be taught to widen the variety of foodstuffs which she grows in her garden. But this knowledge is slow to be accepted in the remote rural areas."

Even in these far villages, however, women realize that a mysterious agency somehow brings nutrition within the reach of their families; they even know it by its strange alphabetical name. Under medical supervision at mission hospitals or health units, dried skim milk is distributed in 4½-pound units (amount sufficient for a month) in plastic bags. Mothers are instructed to add the milk to cooked vegetables which have been prepared for the adult family and to boil the water they use if they mix the milk to drink. The water supply of many rural areas is contaminated, and is a constant danger to the families depending on it.

The mobile health teams still crisscross the jungle, wade deep in malarial swamps or climb halfway up the mountainside in the disease-control projects: the malaria control in Nigeria; tuberculosis control in Kenya; leprosy in Uganda. UNICEF provides the penicillin, syringes, blood-testing supplies and the vehicles with the blue medallion—the symbol, too, for first aid or quick transfer to the hospital or health center.

Under special UNICEF grants health centers also train desperately needed auxiliary medical personnel, as they are called, to help those who have spent long years abroad getting ready for the work now made possible by their own new governments.

Doctor Ecoma himself is typical of these young people. Educated at a Scotch Presbyterian mission school, he won the coveted Cambridge Certificate before leaving for seven years at the University of Edinburgh with two years' residency, still two more years at the University of Calcutta for maternal and child care. He took us to Aba's training center (in Eastern Nigeria) for maternal and child-care health visitors and midwives, where we met Mrs. Catherine Chukwuka, the sister in charge.

Slim, crisp in her starched uniform, she is typical of many young African *women* trained abroad. Born in villages or under the hot roofs of overcrowded towns, they know how difficult life still is for women. With technical help, valuable supplies (drugs and equipment) these young women at Aba and other training centers (Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya have them too) are working against a tragic deadline of pain and suffering. To meet it, they have begun a domiciliary type of service for pregnant women.

Delivery at home means much more than safeguarding mother and child; it means education of the whole family. In nearby Aba, where as many as 600 people live in a city block, expectant mothers are visited once a month during the first seven months of pregnancy, then twice a month until delivery. Each visit is an opportunity for the health worker to suggest improvements in simple sanitation and housekeeping. The patient learns to tidy her room, keep in readiness the articles needed for delivery. The young midwife, cheerful and friendly, is addressed as Miss or Mrs.; no "mamma" or "auntie." Most important of all, the mother is told how to reach the midwife on duty at the health center when her time is near.

After the birth (in the home unless there are complications) the worker visits the new mother and baby twice a day for the first three days, watching for puerperal infection, instructing in ways to keep the new infant clean and healthy.

Speaking the dialect of the village (often an unwritten one), African women with such training bring lifesaving knowledge. Consider the conditions under which homes are established, families started, life carried on in the rural areas. Mud-and-wattle rondawels with thatched roofs are the typical dwellings. The rondawel has no window, no cross ventilation, no entrance or exit save one doorway. Possessions are hung from the roof in goatskin bags; privacy (such as it is) is achieved by a partitioning curtain. Polygamy is still the rule in many places, but each wife is supposed to have her own rondawel for herself and her children.

The women till the land, plant the food, keep the gardens weeded and the harvest picked. They also fetch the firewood, carry the water (sometimes the source is miles away), cook the meals and care for the children. Somehow knowledge of nutrition and sanitation must be brought to them, the desire must be awakened to learn more and more—to help themselves and their families.

UNICEF is also reaching these women through homecraft and mothercraft activities sponsored through clubs, training centers, informal teaching from mother to mother. In the churchyard, at the village health center, under the shade of convenient trees we saw these practical demonstrations in homemaking projects. A village woman will show others what she has learned about baby care, cooking or planting.

This movement, called "*maendeloe ya wanawake*," literally means "the natural leadership of women." UNICEF has given its support to government community-development programs for a two-year period in Uganda, Tanganyika and Nigeria. These programs offer a new kind of classroom to which mothers come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

VACATION FOR TWO

By DIANA CHARLTON VAN DEUSEN

We pulled the suitcase from a shelf
and particles
Of dust danced in a shaft of light.
We quickly packed
Vacation clothes and wedged in
toilet articles
Without a check list. We would
buy the things we lacked.
We gaily joked! Our children
played behind
The suitcase; they would stay
with grandma. They were small
To take with us. We told them we
would try to find
Some gifts. Our four-year-old
requested a new doll.
Our son said he would like a
bigger Teddy bear.
We did not think about the
children much that day.
New sights refreshed us; we had
time to spend or spare
As we desired. How nice that we
could get away!
That night, we opened up the
suitcase on a chair
And found a doll face down upon
my folded blouse;
A Teddy bear was wrapped inside
a shirt with care.
Our eyes met, and our thoughts
raced back to our own house
Four hundred miles, where two
small children were in bed
Without their favorite toys. My
husband found, as I,
That there had been no clothing
left behind. Instead,
We missed two treasures we could
not go out and buy.

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DR. SPOCK TALKS TO MOTHERS

"If parents act as if the handicapped child were a regular child except for the defect, other children will tend to accept him on the same basis."

Can a handicapped child be cared for at home?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

Two months ago I discussed a number of different factors which may contribute to the distress which parents feel when they have a handicapped child: sympathy with him; a sense of responsibility in having created him; the reawakening of all kinds of guiltiness left over from their own childhoods; new guilt which sometimes comes from an impulse to turn away from the child. Then the attitude of the diagnostician may play a part. If he is stern in manner, or emphasizes the categorical difference between this child and others, or suggests sending the child away from the family, he may intensify the parents' feelings of shame.

All of us to a greater or lesser degree will try to avoid or at least postpone accepting the diagnosis. We may even put off the treatment and rehabilitation measures that are urgently recommended because we can't acknowledge the fact yet.

Some of us will gladly spend more money than we can afford or is fair to the family. We will travel to another continent if there seems any hope. We will take our child to someone we half suspect is a charlatan if we can half believe his promises. These are the responses of those of us who solve our problems through going into action. Any action seems better than none.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION

The handicapped child (this one was born with an open spine and hydrocephalus) should not be confined at home because parents are sensitive about strangers' tactless remarks.

Others of us will be inactivated instead—almost paralyzed—by a depression in which we endlessly, fruitlessly reproach ourselves. Eventually our mental self-punishment atones for the sense of guilt and we can begin to function more constructively.

Some of us will be affected in another human pattern. When we have received a deep hurt and can see no way to escape it, we may surrender to it. In a sense we embrace it. By thinking of ourselves as victims of an inexplicable fate we can avoid the sense of responsibility—for the future as well as for the past. We pity ourselves and we ask others to pity us. Insidiously we learn to get a grim kind of satisfaction from our suffering. This weakens and delays our impulse to find a more constructive solution.

In time the shock of any kind of family crisis wears off, and as parents we settle down to live with the situation. It is much the same whether there is a handicap in the usual sense, or whether the problem is marital or financial or one of delinquency. This is the stage where the difficulty is either coped with or left unsolved. This is where the basic strength and resourcefulness of the parents really count.

There are two extremes which tempt us. The first is to dedicate every hour of our lives, and the main concern of the family, to the care of the handicapped child. Our uneasy consciences may urge this course. It will make us feel more comfortable emotionally, at the end of each physically exhausting day. But what should make us realize that this is a mistake is simply to ask the question: "Would this degree of concern be wholesome if the child were entirely healthy?" Of course it wouldn't. We've probably all known a family in which the parents' only topic of conversation, only excuse for existence was an idolized only child, or we've read about the rearing of some child prodigy. The child who is such a focus of attention is forever being waited on, dragged here and there, groomed, talked about, urged, cautioned, drilled.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 33

RINGING UP BABY®



HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE

a place in the sun for your little one

With summer upon us, you'll want to sun your little ray of sunshine. Points to remember for happy basking:

TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE. Start with 2 minutes a day, divided between tummy and back. Increase 2 minutes a day. Limit exposure to 30 minutes no matter how tan you think baby is. Free-wheeling toddlers need watching too.

POSITION IS EVERYTHING. Place baby so the top of his head is toward the sun to spare his eyes. A pad on the ground makes a better spot for sunning than baby's hot carriage.

BATHING BEAUTIES are usually gry, but occasionally little tites lag during warm weather. ncourage appetite interest and keep 's mealtime disposition sunny, otating different kinds and colors od. Easy as 1-2-3 with over 50 er Strained Foods to choose from. pecially processed to please your 's palate and preserve the utmost in ious food values.

'T FORGET that fruits and s are especially appealing in mer. Gerber offers 10 luscious fruits, reshing juices.



FRESHER COURSE" FOR TODDLERS

tbs. Gerber Strained Egg Yolks
n of Gerber Strained Orange Juice
cup cool milk 2 tsp. sugar
d with rotary beater. Serve on spot to a happy tot.



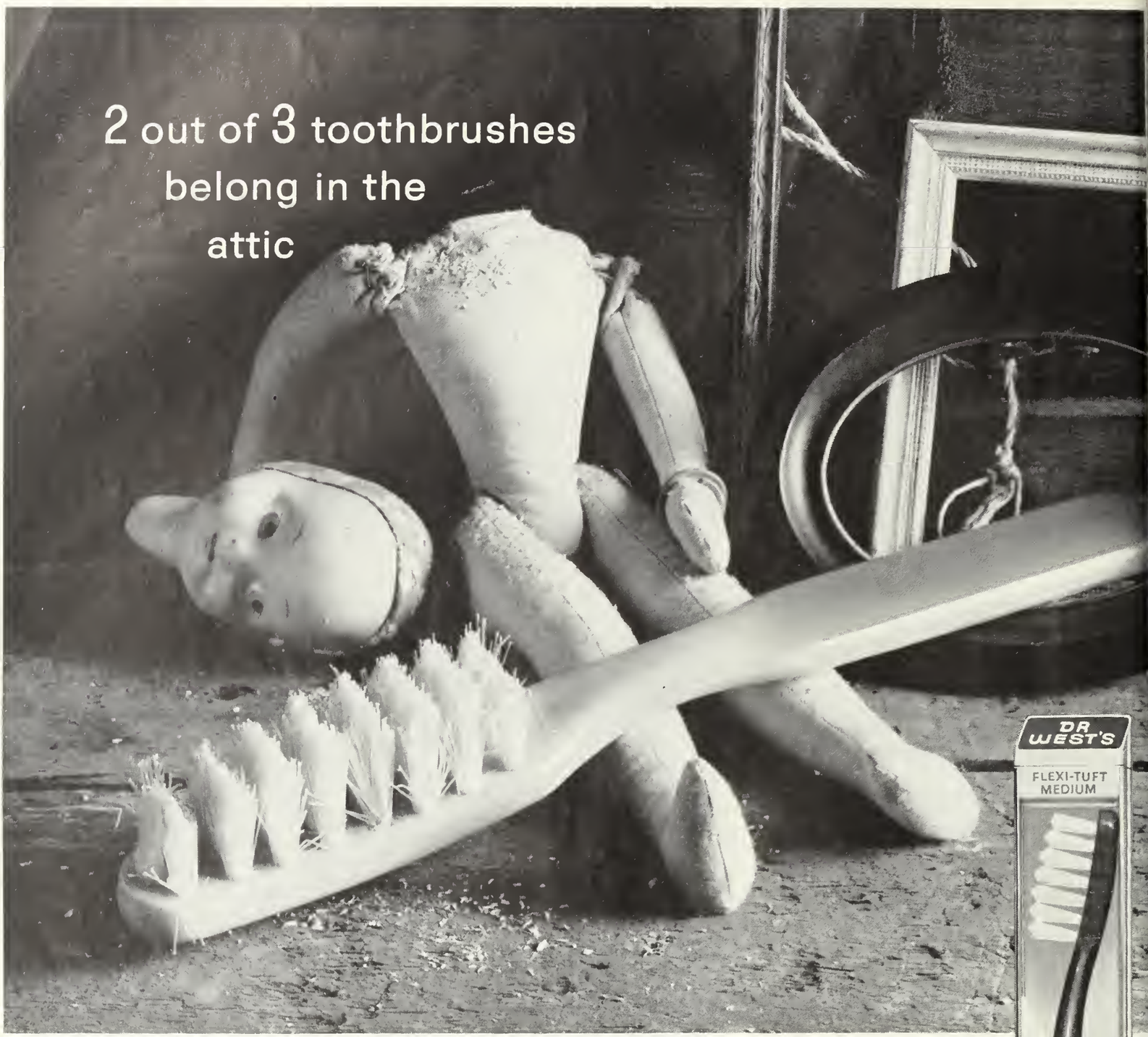
SHORT-SHORTS (1) For the ng baby: soakers double-duty ely as trunks for sunning ions. (2) For the older tot: if le overalls get worn in the knees, p off the legs to make a sun-suit.



NOTE FROM DAN GERBER. According to nutritionists, your baby needs all the essential amino acids (among the substances that make up protein) to maintain a normal growth pattern. Gerber High Protein Cereal is a good example of a single food which provides these amino acids. In developing this special cereal, our research staff spent many months studying the protein values of various ingredients. Those selected offered an appropriate combination of protein factors. Gerber Baby Foods, Fremont, Michigan.

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5 CEREALS · OVER 100 STRAINED & JUNIOR FOODS

babies are our business...our only business!®



American Dental Association survey finds 2 out of 3 toothbrushes have outlived their usefulness—can't clean teeth right.

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Time to get a new DR. WEST'S "GERM-FIGHTER" BRAND

The Toothbrush That Won't Pass Along Germs!

No other toothbrush cleans so well—protects so safely as a Dr. West's. Designed to reach every tooth surface—inside, outside, in-between. Famous non-wilt bristles. The entire brushhead "inoculated" not to pass along germs. A choice of *three* shapes all in new fashion colors to brighten your bathroom scene.

ONE'S RIGHT FOR YOU!



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

Excessively devoted parents are a bore to heir relatives and friends. They must be a ore to each other, even if they don't recog- ize it. If there are other children in the family ney may be so overawed by the parental edication that they dare not protest. But, nderneath, they can't avoid resenting the hild in the center of the stage. Most impor- ant of all is the fact that the child who is the ocus of all the commotion is being cheated f his opportunity to acquire independence, ociability and charm. He can't really enjoy eing constantly fussed over, but he has no ay to fight it, and each year he has less mpulse to try.

Much the same principles apply in the case f the handicapped child. Overconcern is un- holesome for him, for his brothers and sis- ers, and for his parents. Its only use, really, s as a tranquilizer for the parents' uneasiness.

The other extreme is less dramatic. Studies ave shown that many a handicapped child as fewer playthings, picture books, parties, ewer stories told him, fewer trips to the shop- ing center, fewer excursions to museums and oos, than his brothers and sisters. This is not ecause his parents are not concerned about im. Quite the contrary. Rather it is that their nner preoccupation with his basic problem

THERE ONCE WAS SUCH A MARRIAGE

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

There once was such a marriage
Of greentown girl and boy.
Not all the lights of Paris
Could scintillate their joy.

It opened casement windows
Upon as fair a dawn
As shining roofs of Paris
With all the stars still on.

causes them to be less aware of his actual resence, his occupations of the moment, his mmediate needs and moods.

The subject of playthings reminds me of how often parents of a retarded child ask just what toys and activities will be appropriate nd beneficial for him. In the case of un- handicapped children, I as a pediatrician have been asked thousands of different kinds of questions, but almost never about what kind of toys and play equipment to buy. Parents know what to get, just from watching their own and other children play, and from re- membering their own childhood delights. The same guides would serve as well in the case of a handicapped child. What blocks the parents must be the feeling of strangeness and over- concern, and the mistaken assumption, fos- tered by our overdiscriminating civilization, that this child is in an entirely different cate- gory. It is like the adopting mothers of the blind babies I spoke of two months ago who said with such definiteness, "I wouldn't know how to take care of a blind child."

Another factor that plays a part in the in- frequency with which handicapped children go outside the home is, of course, the parents' sensitivity about the stares and remarks of strangers. This reminds me of the touching story a mother told me about her two-year-old son who had been born with only one hand. The mother shrank from taking him out in public. But his six-year-old sister had been delighted with him from birth. She wanted to take him along, not only on special excur- sions, but every morning and afternoon when she went out to play with friends. The mother had come to ask me, among other things, whether in the long run it would be better to protect the young child from the crude curi- osity of the public or to expose him. It was easy for me to see that the sister's attitude— that the child was completely acceptable, won- derful—was a better armor against the tact- lessness of outsiders than concealment.

Every child has to learn to accept the mean- ness of the world, if only because he is taller or shorter, or has red hair or pronounces some word differently. How he accepts this will depend largely on how he accepts himself as a person. If he is self-conscious and inse- cure, the mildest teasing may shatter him. This in turn invites more persecution. If he is outgoing and fun-loving, taunts roll off his back. The other kids quickly realize that he is worth a lot more as a pal than as a victim.

Where does any child acquire his sense of himself? Primarily from the way his parents view him. Whether they consider him weak or husky, attractive or unappealing, good or bad, pathetic or terrific, he will tend—other things being equal—to accept their view. This impressed me so startlingly when I began to work in a crippled children's home during college vacations. I had assumed, in my inno- cence and smugness, that all cripples and their parents would be sad. Instead, the children ranged all up and down the scale—just like noncripples. Some were mopey. But others, with equal handicaps, were hearty, sociable eager beavers. Some were great swimmers and ballplayers, despite crutches, splints and wheel chairs.

The same principle applies to what brothers and sisters think of a child's handicap. Obvi- ously when they are very young they don't think anything. But as they grow up they take their cues first of all from the parents. If the parents can act as if the handicapped child were a regular child except for the defect, love him, enjoy him, expect his best efforts, require his co-operation, punish him when punishment is due, feel no great embarrassment about him, the other children will tend to accept him on the same basis. I'm not going so far as to claim that if the parents' attitude is ideal, brothers and sisters will never feel em- barrassment. Children vary greatly in their self-consciousness, even in the same family. Adolescents are particularly touchy—often for no valid reason. They may become ashamed of the family car, of the color of the paint on the front door, and especially of their parents. But still there is no need for parents to as- sume—ahead of time—that their children will be disconcerted or maladjusted by having a handicapped brother or sister in the home.

It's good for brothers and sisters to see that the handicapped child is expected to conform, be polite, be generous, be helpful. It's even more important for the child himself. This is what really convinces him that he's a regular member of the family.

But then, what about the special privileges that any handicapped or sick child must have? And what about treats and ordinary pleasures that the rest of the family enjoy, but which one child must be denied for one practical reason or another? I've often been asked the latter question even about children who had such strictly medical problems as diabetes or celiac disease, both of which require restric- tions of diet. I think the reason parents feel so baffled about how to manage these in- equalities of treatment is not that they don't have horse sense, but that their troubled feelings get in the way of their horse sense. After all, when the children in a family are all healthy, a sensible mother doesn't have to search her soul about making different rules, based on age and sex. She doesn't feel guilty when she sends the younger ones to bed early or tells her twelve-year-old that he can't smoke, like his eighteen-year-old brother. Of course all children will argue at least a little about privileges, because they are all lawyers. But they won't feel lasting resentment if the parents' attitude is one of assurance. You may well answer, "But the fact is I *am* uncertain and troubled about what is fair." I'm only saying that if you are able to remember, each time you make a ruling, that what will bother the child is not the decision itself but the hesitancy or guilt you show in giving it, it will encourage you to be a bit more masterful than you would have been otherwise.

A question that usually looms large in the case of the severely retarded child is whether

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it would be better for him to stay at home, or live in a school elsewhere. Parents often assume that this must be answered first. Some professional advisers in the past have given the impression that to send such a child to boarding school is always the right decision, and that it should be made promptly. In my limited experience there are few parents in a position to make this decision in a hurry. Their feelings are so stormy at first that they are unable to think. Besides, they have little basis for knowing, yet, the answers to such vital questions as: What will the care of the child at home mean to the parents and brothers and sisters as the family matures? Will the child make progress and be happy with the schooling which is available locally? Will companionship be available as he grows? And how satisfactory are the boarding schools which are available? It takes time and living with the actual situation to find answers to such questions. To decide them hurriedly, on a theoretical basis, is as foolish as when an eighteen year-old declares pompously, "I will want to marry, four or six years after graduation from college, when I am earning a good salary, some girl who is slender and a brunette, about five feet seven inches, who is a good pianist, a good bridge and golf player, who wants to have two children but will not feel tied down by them."

No woman can do more than guess whether the care of a handicapped child will, in the long run, make her increasingly tense, or will give her a sense of fulfillment and self-confidence such as she always lacked before; whether the growth of the child in the home will, in fact, prove disturbing to the other children or whether it will foster their generosity and co-operativeness, and strengthen the solidarity of the family. The adequacy of school facilities, in the neighborhood or far away, will change from year to year.

In earlier decades the very special training that is necessary for blind and deaf children was available in very few schools, so a majority of the children throughout the country who sought it had to go to these schools as boarding pupils. This not only necessitated separation from family at an early age but intensified in the child the feeling of being set apart from the rest of the world. In recent years there has been a strong desire on the part of many professional people in these fields, and of parents, to make these facilities available in all cities, as part of the public-school system, so that more pupils could continue to live at home and go to a "regular" school.

Furthermore, in local schools which have had special classes for children with various problems such as impaired hearing, visual defects, crippling conditions, slow learning, there has been an increasing effort on the part of educators to have these pupils join regular classes as much as is sensible, so that they will be used to associating with unhandicapped children and think of themselves as ordinary human beings in most respects.

The organizations established by parents themselves in recent years to tackle the challenges presented by various handicaps have been beneficial in many ways. They have raised impressive sums of money for research and services. They have forcefully presented to school boards and government officials the need for special facilities. They have conducted educational programs for their own members. Most important of all, they have provided a meeting ground where parents can share common problems, learn from one another's solutions, feel they are no longer alone.

I believe that the most important need of any family with a handicapped child is a wise counselor to guide the parents—not just briefly but regularly and for an indefinite period. The parents often need opportunities to discuss the best ways to carry out the specific recommendations made by the physician or other specialist. They will certainly need counseling in the everyday management of the child as a person, and of his brothers and sisters. And they need help in straightening out their own thoughts and emotions. Despair is often overpowering at first and prevents clear thinking. There is usually lots of anger, whether it is recognized or not, whether it's against the diagnostician, or the spouse, or the child, or fate, or God. After the feelings settle down there is still resentment against the professional adviser, who can't ever help the parents to help the child as much as they would like, and who always seems to the parents to be expecting them to accept a situation that is still really unacceptable.

Anger is sometimes helpful in getting action, but it is a disturbing emotion. It will interfere with the course of the family's progress, until it can be put to work. If it is suppressed and hidden, it needs to be got out into the open.

A counselor can give a parent help in sorting out and outgrowing his self-reproaches, which interfere so often with the sensible handling of the child. Most of all, the parent needs someone who will understand him and sympathize with him and accept him as he is. This will help him overcome the common feeling of being apart from other people.

Usually it is the mother who most wants counseling, because the job of managing the child twelve to twenty-four hours a day falls on her shoulders. Women are also more able to ask for assistance when they are in trouble. Men are less natural in this respect. They have been brought up, in America at least, to feel they are confessing inadequacy if they ask for help. Even in such small matters as when they get lost in driving on country roads, they will balk against stopping for a minute to ask directions of a farmer. They have also been brought up to be ashamed to show their feelings. Even when faced with serious problems they often recommend to their wives that the best course is to muddle along. But we shouldn't be fooled by them. They do have feelings and they need assistance in facing unusual crises too. Once they swallow their pride, once they get over the hump, they will co-operate. There's lots of reasonableness and levelheadedness in them, which is valuable.

> We can do more good by being good than in any other way.
>
> ROWLAND HILL

Who can give parents the understanding and advice they need? There's no one answer. There are too few such people in any field. The minister, the priest may be ideal if he is an accepting person, especially if the parents' doubts involve their religious beliefs. The family doctor may be the right one.

Some of the best boarding schools for handicapped children and some local schools with special classes have social workers or visiting teachers whose main job is to provide counseling service to parents.

Most cities have one or more family social agencies (usually classified as Catholic, Jewish or Protestant) whose workers have been selected and trained to understand the various problems of parents.

Clinics which have been established for specific handicaps—blindness, deafness, retardation, cerebral palsy, polio, muscular dystrophy, heart disease, diabetes, nephrosis—usually have social workers on their staffs nowadays who know about the particular difficulties which parents face in these conditions, as well as the universal problems of family life.

Even if a hospital has no special clinics, it will probably have a general clinic for children, and a staff of social workers to give guidance to parents. The nurses of a city health department or of the Visiting Nurses Association do a lot of counseling with mothers and fathers.

For families who live far from cities there may be a county health department, with nurses on its staff who will help parents in carrying out treatment of a child and in tackling their other problems. If there is doubt about where to get assistance, one can write to the Department of Welfare in the state capital, which will have a directory of clinics and social agencies, and may even have social workers who visit different localities.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



One simple change will make a remarkable difference in these deviled eggs...cross out "salad dressing"....specify

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Actually, Miracle Whip is *more* than a "salad dressing." It is a truly *different* dressing, luxuriously rich and smooth...and so *wonderful* tasting.

To make Miracle Whip, Kraft uses more expensive ingredients and more of them—plenty of good country eggs and the very best salad oil.

And Kraft combines these fine ingredients in a special way that gives the creamiest, smoothest texture imaginable.

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New from Pillsbury

For people who are



NEW
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CAKE MIXES

A deeper, darker chocolate flavor_with twice as much of it

Nothing says lovin' like something from the oven and Pillsbury says it best!

lose to crazy about chocolate

Pillsbury *Deluxe*

DOUBLE DUTCH DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE MIX

(Worthy companion to America's best-liked chocolate cake, Pillsbury Chocolate Fudge Cake Mix.)



NEW!

If your family is close to crazy about chocolate, as so many otherwise normal families are, it is now relatively easy to get yourself covered with glory and Dutch Chocolate kisses.

You start with this new Pillsbury cake mix that has what must be one of the world's longest names—Pillsbury Deluxe Double Dutch Devil's Food Cake Mix.

You get a deeper, darker chocolate flavor and twice as much of it.

This comes from almost two full ounces of pure Dutch cocoa.

You wind up with a cake that's darker and moister than any chocolate mix cake you've ever baked. To say nothing of a highly approving family. Get some and prepare to be approved.



THIS MUCH MORE PURE DUTCH COCOA

Almost two full ounces of pure, rich Dutch cocoa—imported from the world's best chocolate-processing land—fill this cake with fabulous chocolate flavor. See how much more you get.

EVEN THE BATTER LOOKS DIFFERENT

Because of the extra cocoa that gives your cake much more chocolate flavor than any you've made before, the batter looks so rich and dark, you can hardly wait till the cake is baked.





Over the years, America's best-liked chocolate cake

BE REALLY REFRESHED... AROUND THE CLOCK!



RECIPE: 1. Stuff hot franks with coleslaw. 2. Roll franks in slice of mustard-spread bread. Fasten with wooden pick, brush with melted butter, brown in hot oven. Garnish. 3. Mix relish into canned baked beans, pile into sliced franks. 4. Garnish hot franks with dill pickle and sash of pimiento, all enclosed in a bun.





KING-REGULAR

At cook-out time...serve these Extra-Fancy Franks with King Size Coke and be really refreshed! Only Coca-Cola gives you that cheerful lift... that cold crisp taste that brightens any bite. Sign of Good Taste

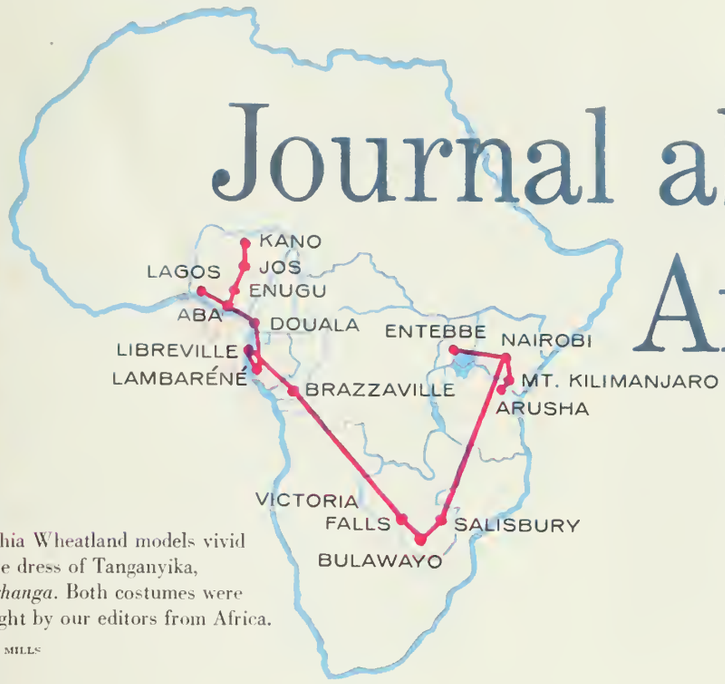
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Journal about Africa



Cynthia Wheatland models vivid native dress of Tanganyika, the *khanga*. Both costumes were brought by our editors from Africa.

ABBOT MILLS





ABBOT MILLS

Beatrice Gould holds back her skirt to show the three or four folded petticoats worn by women in Buganda under their *bisuti*. Basket illustrates beautiful native handcraft.

By BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD

In the wide equatorial belt from ocean to ocean, below the Sahara, primitive Africa is changing: from mud huts and witch doctors to houses with windows, and maternity and child clinics; from nakedness, eating and sleeping on the earth, with the diseases dirt and ignorance can bring, to mosquito nets, boiled water, simple sanitation.

"Independence" and "freedom"—watchwords of the political struggle—have been in some places quietly achieved; in others they are still revolutionary. Moving toward the dream and the realization of self-government, Africans suddenly find schools, literacy, European skills and knowledge crucially important.

Many Zulu houses still hoist a white flag over the thatch roof when there is a marriageable girl—a bride—for sale. This bride now in changing Africa may bring a better bride price if she is educated.

Women's clubs, thousands of them fanning out from community-development or rural health centers, government backed, often aided by UNICEF. Y.W.C.A. and Red Cross, are the centers where African women meet and learn. Bright-eyed young mothers with babies tied to their backs, smiling grandmothers wrapped in one piece of cotton, glowing black-skinned marriageable girls walk miles to study nutrition, child health, sewing, reading from elementary primers in Ibo, in Hausa, in English.

Margaret Hickey and I, during our month in Africa, visited many such village clubs, in the green jungles near the Cababar coast, in fertile Uganda bright with flowering trees and flower-colored dresses, on the rich coffee-growing slopes of Kilimanjaro, in Tanganyika. Here we saw an unforgettable pattern of a society which needs help from women who have new knowledge. Here we were movingly aware again of the deep truth: when you educate a woman you educate a whole family.

We landed in Kano, Northern Nigeria, in Midwestern Africa, at 6 A.M. after an all night sit-up jet flight from London. By 9 A.M. we were in purdah. Kano is an ancient brown city, mud-walled, Moslem, important as a trading center since early camel trains crossed the Sahara in the great days of Timbuktu. We visited pretty, plump women in harems, sometimes the proud first wife, sometimes the petted third; two that day were 13 and 15. Each lived apart in her own room, surrounded by her dowry—her possessions, her only wealth. In mud cottages, a few bowls, a cooking pot or two. In richer homes, of traders, headmen, there were six or eight aluminum kettles, vacuum bottles ranked round the room, brilliantly flowered enamel plates and bowls papering the walls, European cups and CONTINUED ON PAGE 100



Margaret Hickey is welcomed with smiles and outstretched hands by day-nursery children in Kampala Housing Development.



Some African houses raise a white flag when they have a bride for sale. This bride will now, in many places, bring a higher price if she is educated.

50 years ago in the Journal

In July, 1910, Jack Johnson became the first Negro heavyweight champion of the world. His mother's pithy comment, "He said he'd *bring home the bacon*," became part of American slang. Gum-chewing youths had a new hit song: *Oh, You Spearmint Kiddo with the Wrigley Eyes.* Open sleeping porches were all the rage, and Marie Dressler gave her one hundredth performance in Tillie's Nightmare.

Wrote A Plain Country Woman in the July, 1910, JOURNAL, *"I look at the girls of today swinging along bareheaded, their corset covers with pink ribbons shining boldly through their transparent 'peek-aboo' waists, their thin skirts outlining their figures, and I wonder where it will all stop."*

"Is it correct to eat corn right off the cob?" Willie worries. "Yes; however, the ear should be held in one hand only, not balanced between both."

"Turkey red for porch pillows will stand sunshine and laundering better than anything else. Buy several wire frying baskets, plant them with moss and ferns, and hang them about the porch."

Household hints: "When making pies in hot sticky weather, fill a bottle with ice water and use it for a rolling pin. The pastry will be delicate and flaky."

"Business Girl's Vacation: All the wardrobe you will need is a blue serge suit for traveling, a black taffeta tailored dress and a dainty white one, a white linen skirt, sweater, black oxfords, high boots and a Panama hat."

"When serving afternoon tea on the porch, a pretty screen may be made of a folding clotheshorse covered with wire netting. Attach to the netting fresh roses, daisies, feathery asparagus or wild flowers—charming!"

"Barbara: The dotted veil drives many a girl to the oculist."

You know how Wom

Janice was no longer the loving girl he'd married, and Neal, puzzled and resentful, was unable to understand what had changed her. He hadn't done a thing—perhaps that was the whole trouble! By CATHARINE BARRETT

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE NOVELLA

The tailor made one more chalk mark. "That will do it, Mr. Buckley. It will be ready for you any time after one tomorrow."

Neal Buckley looked at his image in the full-length mirror. He was a moderately tall man of moderate good looks. *I'm thirty-nine years old,* he reminded himself chidingly—because he was aware that the pleasure he felt in the new suit was absurdly boyish.

Well, it was a handsome suit. It ought to be; it cost three times as much as any he had ever owned. And brown. Janice didn't like brown.

He took off the brown suit and got into his dark gray one again.

On the way home he caught himself up abruptly: he had begun to rehearse in his mind what he would say to Janice. He set his mouth firmly. *I'm not going to explain to her. I'll just say I liked the material and I ordered the suit made up. After all, if I'm going to take trial cases, I have to give some thought to my appearance. Next month the Humphrey case comes up.*

On the surface it seemed simple enough. Humphrey had called and asked him to take the case against Pryor Company for breach of contract; it would mean a jury trial. And Neal had said he would. Then later, he had passed the tailor's window, seen the wool material—brown with indistinct threads of tan and an occasional fleck of orange—and had ordered the suit.

All through law school he had intended to do trial work, but after he got out of the Army he acquired this practice and it was all office work—wills and contracts and titles and taxes; and when, later, he had been asked to take trial cases, he had declined and turned them over to someone else. *Why?*

And why, then, should he suddenly say yes to Humphrey? Neal shrugged. He had just felt like saying yes, that's all.

That telephone call, last Thursday—did that have anything to do with his ordering the brown suit? "Captain Buckley?" the hearty twangy voice had asked over the wire. "Sergeant Zimmerman reporting, sir."

"Zimmie!"

"Yes, cap'n, ole sarge himself." Zimmie explained that he was in town until the next morning; he was handling a line of hardware, and when they assigned him this territory he figured it would be a swell chance for looking up his old captain. "Believe me, I haven't forgotten you," Zimmie said, "but I'm not much good at letter writing."

Neal grinned. "I remember." When they were in the Pacific, and later in Japan, Neal, as company commander, had received repeated inquiries from a Polly, a Marie and an Ada, from Zimmie's mother and the Red Cross, all wanting to know if Sergeant Harry Zimmerman was (a) alive.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

EN AARE



Janice loved me once," Neal told self. "But now, whether she knows it or not, she despises me."



FOR THIS FAMILY, CLIMBING TO THE CREST OF THE CONTINENT ON THE 4th OF JULY WAS A LABOR OF LOVE.

a Legacy



The Fourth of July is a stone on a mountain in Montana; no, not a stone, but a cairn each year rising higher and higher as grandfather and grandmother, their seven children, their twenty grandchildren—and now their great-grandchildren—lay stones carried not only from Montana, but from Georgia, California, Wisconsin, Maine and Florida. For ours is an American family, scattered to all points of the Union, and each year those of us who will climb search through all the months for exactly the right stone.

The cairn stands on the Continental Divide at the point where great-grandfather looked down and saw the land he wanted to claim as his own. As you look down, you can see the ranch with its back up against a limestone canyon and its skirts spread out over the bench and coulee land of the Missouri River.

Great-grandfather had walked the land looking for a place to ranch. But grandfather had ranched the land, had seen Montana change from territory to state; and it was he who gave the rest of us to know that the United States was not to be comprehended in the pop of a firecracker or the flare of a skyrocket. And it was he who sent to Scotland for a stone to be a marker for great-grandfather, and it was grandfather who took his children and climbed the Continental Divide to lay that stone as the first of the cairn.

The day of the climb was born each year in a blaze of sun; I have never known it to rain. Those old CONTINUED ON PAGE 130

By MACKEY BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCCLELLAND

THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS BACHELORS

— *who are they?*



Toni Sailer's life story is fabulous and meteoric. Son of an Austrian tinsmith, he entered the winter Olympics in 1956, won 3 medals for his skill at skiing within a week. Received 3300 fan letters that month. Retired from competition (after 7 medals), he has made 5 motion pictures, owns a hotel in Kitzbühel, a textile factory in Milan. He is 25 and 5'11". Last winter in Japan, in New York in April, he is likely to be on any continent.

KEYSTONE PRESS



Besides being a cousin of Queen Elizabeth, the Duke of Kent is also cousin of the Duke of Edinburgh. Tall, lean, with an exuberant disposition, he will be 25 in October. Has no large personal fortune, but owns Coppins, magnificent country house. In London, he lives in Kensington Palace. Like his Cousin Margaret, he enjoys the theater, rock-'n'-roll dancing, and has a flair for fashion innovation. An officer in the Royal Scots Grays, he is now eighth in succession to the throne.

UPI



Michael Rockefeller, best man at his brother Steven's wedding last August to pretty Anne Marie Rasmussen, who came to U.S. from Norway as a student, is youngest son of Nelson Rockefellers; one of only twins in entire family. Michael is 21, was graduated from Harvard last month. Although a multimillionaire's son, he still shines his own shoes (as the Rockefeller children always have). Great interest: modern painting.

EUROPEAN



John Fell Stevenson, who was the Aga Khan's roommate when they were both undergraduates at Harvard, has traveled almost as much as his famous father—to Alaska, Formosa, Southeast Asia, and thirteen European countries including Russia. The youngest of Adlai Stevenson's three sons, John Fell has worked as purser on a Pacific Ocean liner, now is employed in a real-estate office in New York City. He is 24 years old, and likes dancing, especially to the rhythm of Latin-American dance bands.

Whatever your definition of glamour may be, personal charm, good looks, wealth and an assured place in topmost society are generally accepted—in varying degrees—as part of the compound. In the forefront of other candidates for the list of the world's most glamorous bachelors are the ten young men on these pages.

Maybe there is somewhere an inconspicuous undergraduate, hard at work over textbooks, who—with a flash of the Teletype news—will become world-famous, as did a Harvard undergraduate known to his classmates as "K" three years ago with the announcement that he was to succeed his fabulous grandfather, the Aga Khan III, as spiritual leader of 20,000,000 Moslems of the Ismaili sect. It was the Aga Khan III who at an annual ceremony received his weight in gifts of gold, platinum and diamonds from his followers—in 1946, $2,200,000 to match his 253½ pounds avoirdupois.

Maybe there is a young man of twenty-two, completely unknown, who within a week will become world-famous as Toni Sailer did by winning three Olympic championships in that space of time in 1956. Before long he had won four more Olympic medals, and "the world's greatest skier" is a title generally accorded him.

The glamorous bachelors on these pages are among the ones best known in the world. All are young. Almost all of them are tall (six feet or more). All have money, and three are millionaires. Four of them attended the same university—Harvard, where two of them were roommates. Two can assuredly offer their brides a crown, royal jewels, and a palace in which to live on strawberries and cream. Several of them are friends. All travel widely and might be seen in almost any part of the world.

Maybe across the street from you tomorrow?

TONI FRISSELL



Handsome Douglas Burden, member of the U. S. world-champion ski team of 1954, has had offers from motion-picture studios and is now studying at actors' school in New York, on winter weekends teaches skiing at Sugarbush, in Vermont. He is the son of William Douglas Burden, naturalist, scientist, owner of Marine Studios in Florida, California and Monaco. Douglas Burden is 28 years of age and 6'4" in height. He attended Middlebury College, in Vermont, and also Columbia University, and spent two years in Canada developing mining interests which he owns.

COMBINE



The girl Crown Prince Harald of Norway marries will have, besides a future crown, royal jewels and, as a home, one of Europe's most elegant palaces. She will, on state occasions, be served on the magnificent gold dinner service valued at between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 and may entertain on $1,500,000 royal yacht, Norge. Likely bride for the young crown prince: Princess Alexandra, sister of the Duke of Kent, who was photographed with Harald at royal ball in Stockholm last March. Harald is 23 years of age and 6'3" tall. He has completed his training at the Norwegian War College.

UPI



In addition to winning five world championships for figure skating, Dick Button has a law degree from Harvard and is a member of the Washington, D. C., bar. (His Olympics' point total is reputedly the highest in history.) He has appeared as an actor and as a panelist in a number of TV shows, starring in the television spectacular, "Hans Brinker." He is also a singer of more than average ability, and during the last two years has played leading roles in "South Pacific" and other musical comedies in summer-stock productions. Versatile Dick Button is 31 years old and makes his home in Englewood, New Jersey.

The Aga Khan IV is 22, 6' tall, Harvard '59 (straight-A student, on varsity soccer team). Serious-minded, he does not like girls who are too frivolous. Of one Radcliffe belle he said, "She's like the foam on a glass of beer." (He neither drinks nor smokes.) Rather shy but, as he puts it, "Girls talk to me. I don't know them very well, but those I do know are good friends—platonic, of course." Karim is the Aga Khan's given name. His most influential adviser: the Begum Aga Khan, grandfather's widow, who controls bulk of an incalculable fortune.

UPI



EUROPEAN



Prince Raimondo Orsini, 28, a member of one of Europe's most distinguished families, gives lavish parties at his Italian Renaissance palace, attended by such fashionable guests as Soraya, former queen of Iran. He enjoys night clubs, Riviera resorts. Orsini family has provided 5 popes, 40 cardinals and 21 saints to Roman Catholic Church. Prince Raimondo's home is Villa d'Este at Tivoli.

KEYSTONE PRESS



By royal standards, Greek Crown Prince Constantine's family is poor, living on yearly $383,000 for all expenses. Constantine, 20, is 6'2". Last year spent 6 months in U.S., made a hit with cadets at Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, rode horseback in fox-hunting region of Pennsylvania where hotel telephone operator said, "I think the crown prince is a living doll." Constantine is an officer in Greek army, navy and air force. In photograph he dances with a general's daughter in Athens.

TAMARACK

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

"Twenty-three and not married!" Mrs. Ferris said. "And not only not married but not even aware that not being married is anything to worry about, if you follow me, Monroe. Now tell me frankly, don't you think that's abnormal?"

"I'm not married, and I'm twenty-six," said Monroe.

"That's entirely different: you're a man." Mrs. Ferris paused to take a sip of coffee, regarding Monroe narrowly over the rim of the cup. She decided that he had changed since he had been living out in Houston. He had always been tall, whip-thin, pale as milk the way some dark-haired people are, with deep-sunk eyes that could look a hole straight through a wall. And he had always had that easy, disarming grin. But now he seemed . . . controlled; was that it? She put down the cup and smiled. Yes. Steadier. All those years when he was growing up, practically in her back *yard*, she had felt obscurely nervous around Monroe, as though he trembled on the verge of some gigantic explosion which she, or Lucretia—*anyone*—might set off. But now, she felt, he had managed to get all that intensity and vitality under control: if he exploded, it would be deliberate.

"—— and then there you are in Houston, living on that lovely farm your uncle was considerate enough to leave you in his will, with all those beautiful horses, and riding around in jodhpurs and polished boots ——"

"Dusty boots," Monroe corrected with a grin.

"—— shouting orders at everyone in sight and *exuding* glamour. No, Monroe, I hardly think you need to worry about getting married; I am only surprised that you have managed to stay single this long. Houston girls are *noted* for their beauty," Mrs. Ferris said sternly.

"I'm not worried," Monroe said. "And I'm not complaining about the Houston girls." For a moment his uncomfortably direct eyes shifted; he looked out the window with an expression Mrs. Ferris could only describe as reminiscent. She felt cross. "I wouldn't call the farm glamorous, though—man, I work and *work* on that place and believe me there are CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

YOU HAVE TO SEARCH WITH ALL YOUR HEART—



SHE HADN'T KNOWN THAT
SOON ENOUGH.

Summer Fashion Ideas



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Today entertaining is gay and impromptu, the table looks new and colorful. Try a little daring, use the unusual with the usual. For example, left: a piece of flower-printed yard goods, at $1.25 a yard, makes the prettiest tablecloth of the summer. Fill in with sky-blue glassware, fuchsia napkins, white plates.

Right: pink, yellow and pale-green color scheme delights all eyes. Copies of antique lattice plates can be had for a few dollars. Pink demitasse cups, $1.75, match the finger bowls. Goblets, $2.25, are two-toned. All this charm is easy to achieve and not at all costly. Also, doing it is part of the fun of being a woman.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN *Fashion Editor*

...imagination more than money

patio...

This table (below) bright with marigolds uses two table runners, one silk, one cotton. Mexican pink napkins and ruby goblets (only $1.50 each) make a South Sea artist's color scheme. Gay fashion for gold in the gold-glazed salad bowl and gold-tipped knives and forks. Pastel flower pottery plates and matching coffee cups and saucers.



...dining

A bright touch opposite: each chair lacquered a different color. Chinese fish plates, $1.75, go with stainless-steel knife and fork (copied from old silver). Blue glass mugs, bright yellow glass candleholders (for $2.00). The flower container is split-level.

Summer Ideas for Gay Table Settings

outdoors



TABLE BY JOHN VESEY

A bright red or yellow casserole from the kitchen ($13.95) makes an original centerpiece for the simplest garden flowers. Captivating contradictions: Roman-striped glass goblets and finger bowls on china plates, $1.25 — and 69c red napkins.

Youngest, easiest, most-fun way of entertaining is the buffet: the chance to use the gayest, least expensive arrangements — paper, plastic, straw, bright ceramics and pottery. Here we have the individual-tray fashion, each a different color in straw, with paper plates (14 for $2.00), plastic flatware (service for 6 for $9.50), and a flowered pottery bowl for $10.00.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





PHOTOGRAPH BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Cool and beautiful, this marble-top table set with pale greens and mauves combines graceful leaf-shaped Italian glass bowls and plates ($2.50 each) with antique glass cups and saucers. Place mats are hand-painted canvas, shell-shaped. Napkins echo the flower shades, and the blue cup and candles introduce a new color.

indoors

Today famous old china is copied for a song, and the rarest antique looks right with contemporary linen and glass. Copies of the old Meissen plates can be found for $1.00 to $2.00; the chocolate pot, $8.00. The plaid Belgian linen cloth is $4.98, and an extra one can be used to cover chair seats.

TURN TO PAGE 138 FOR PRICES OF PLACE SETTINGS, AND HOW-TO-DO-IT IDEAS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST



MR. & MRS. DAVE GARROWAY

By GLADYS HALL

Dave Garroway recently paid tribute to his wife, Pamela, when he said, "After four years of marriage, our only tribulation is that we don't have much time together."

On NBC–TV's *Today*, Garroway is relaxed, easygoing, leisurely, soothing. When he does a commercial, or interviews a guest, there is no feeling of urgency. Yet those who know him best will tell you that an acute sense of time with a compulsive need to make the most of it drives Garroway's life. Garroway agrees. Recently, for example, Dave decided that people chitchat too much when they get together. So now the Garroways meet once every other week with similarly minded couples to listen for two hours to someone especially knowledgeable in a particular field. One of the guest speakers was Tom Lamphier; subject, guided missiles. Another was novelist Stuart Cloete; he talked about Africa. A token fee of $10 per couple was given to the speaker's favorite charity.

Slim, chic, 5′ 5½″ Pamela Wilde (the former Marquise de Coninck) and 6′ 3″ 210-pound, wholly masculine David Cunningham Garroway first met at a weekend house party. For Pamela it was love at first sight. "I suspect," she says, "my emotions were showing. For just before dinner my hostess whispered that she was seating me next to David at table. 'Please,' I said, 'seat me opposite him. My full face is better than my profile.'"

Dave later told Pamela that he, too, was attracted at first sight.

"I can only say," says Pamela now, "there was no indication of it that first frustrating evening. Not one word did we exchange, either during dinner or after it. Three days later, however, he called me for a date. Twenty-six months after the first date (David was very cautious) we were married at City Hall in New York."

Dave describes himself as a very adjustable man. Before his marriage he was wont to say, complacently, that he had never owned a foot of ground in his life. Projects and problems to which the houseowner is heir were not for him, he bragged. Today the Garroways own two houses. One, a remodeled brownstone in New York's East 60's, is described by Dave as a "weird little house 105 feet long and 13 feet wide. It has been suggested that we name it Garroways' Narroway." The other is a Westhampton, Long Island, beach house on the ocean, "or in it," Dave says, "since any day now I expect to hear that it's been washed away."

Actually, the "weird little house" in town is a four-story, twelve-room-and-six-bath dwelling with room and to spare for the Garroway family, which includes sixteen-year-old Paris, Dave's daughter by a previous marriage; eleven-year-old Michael, Pamela's son by her previous marriage; two-and-one-half-year-old David Cunningham Garroway, Jr., and Joey, a long-haired dachshund that occupies a built-in doghouse in Michael's room. "A crazy dog," Dave says, "absolutely mad. Barks at people who are not there; or—a spine-chilling thought—*are they?*" Although they have a housekeeper, and a nurse cares for Dave, Jr., Pamela does the family cooking.

"Dave would be very unhappy," she says, "any other way. He likes the personal touch, not a wife who supervises. He offers to help but, having been brought up in France, a man in the kitchen makes me uncomfortable. Besides, my happiest time of the day is the cozy married-feeling hour I spend in the kitchen while David sits in the living room reading his evening paper."

Pamela, as eager as Dave to put time to good and fruitful use, enrolled last September for a premedical course at Columbia University. She hopes, eventually, to specialize in adolescent psychiatry. She also acts as Dave's personal manager in every area except that of the *Today* show. She is in total charge of the family finances.

Garroway's salary from NBC is $300,000 a year, which, after taxes, gives them approximately $50,000 "for keeps." Dave (whose first job was that of tourist guide for NBC at $65 weekly) considers it exorbitant. "On the show," he says, "I inform, I exhort. I sell. I record the breathless passing of time. I amuse—sometimes. I philosophize. A potpourri of talent, if you like, for which, I nevertheless maintain, I am terribly overpaid."

Minimizing his own importance Dave calls the show "a massive undertaking, requiring the daily efforts of from thirty to forty people to get it off the launching pad." For his daily associates on *Today*, Florence Henderson, Jack Lescoulie and Frank Blair, Dave has one word: "Inexpendable."

Generally speaking, the Garroways' daily schedule is as follows: Since *Today* is taped, Dave sleeps until 8:30 A.M. instead of getting up at 4 A.M., which was his rising hour for many years. After breakfast of cold sliced oranges and grapefruit, he plays with Dave, Jr. Pamela plans the day's menus and does her ordering. Or they watch the last few minutes of the *Today* show together. Young David accepts the phenomenon of seeing his father simultaneously in the substance and the shadow with more amusement than awe. At 9:45 Dave leaves for the studio, where he puts in a better-than-eight-hour day, finally taping the show that will be aired the next morning at 7:00. He is usually home by 7 P.M., hears young David's prayers, tucks him in for the night and then spends half an hour or so with Mike and Paris, while Pamela is in the kitchen getting dinner. At 8 he and Pamela have a cocktail together, then family dinner with Paris and Mike at 8:30 or thereabouts.

Except for going to a Broadway opening once or twice a month during the season, the Garroways spend their evenings at home. They have many acquaintances, but, they state flatly, no friends, nor do they feel the need of them. "When we get an hour out of schedule Dave says, 'It's kind of precious.' We guard it carefully. We sit and talk. Or we may go out and have a date—dinner in some small café, perhaps, which is kind of fun. It is essential to be husband and wife, as well as parents and breadwinners."

After Pamela goes to bed, Dave, who suffers from insomnia, reads. Never novels; they are "time-wasting." Books on nuclear warfare, astronautics, political economy, books about reality in the world today, three or four a week. Or he works at any spare hour of day or night on one of the many projects upon which, a skilled do-it-yourself workman, he is permanently engaged. Last spring he built a bomb shelter in the basement of the town house, and on the roof of the Westhampton house an observatory dome which houses a 16″ Newtonian telescope.

During the past months two things of warm significance have come to pass for the Garroways. The papers that make young Michael legally Garroway's son finally came through; and Paris, who, except for summer vacations in Westhampton, had formerly lived with her mother in St. Louis, came east to stay. "This in no way reflects upon the remarkable job done by my first wife," Dave was at pains to explain. "But the time had come for Paris to widen her horizon. New York offers her the opportunity."

"Where there are children of diverse parentage," Pamela says, "there are problems. Paris didn't accept me as her father's wife right away. Nor did Michael accept Dave as his father. But if you are mature, and kind enough, you can solve the problems and heal the wounds of the young. David has a particular talent for kindness in that he is aware of the problems and needs of others, whether or not the problems have ever been his problems, or the needs his needs. For example, as an only child Dave never had the occasion to know how the birth of a new baby affects an older child, yet he is aware that in the circumstances children do suffer, and are in need of help. Accordingly he spent every evening while I was in the hospital after Dave, Jr., was born, with Michael. They had dinner together every night, played records, had wrestling matches, watched TV. For a time Michael did have an emotional problem, but thanks to Dave he also had the ability, as events have proved, to come to terms with it.

"If I could use one word for Dave, it would be 'wise.' His heart is wise."

Dave Jr. sometimes catches taped "Today" show with Dave, thinks two daddies funny.



JACQUES DEMARECEAUX

Dave has close relationship with his now adopted 11-year-old Michael, Pamela's son.



ABBOT MILLS

Paris, Dave's 10-year-old daughter by previous marriage, has joined family this year.

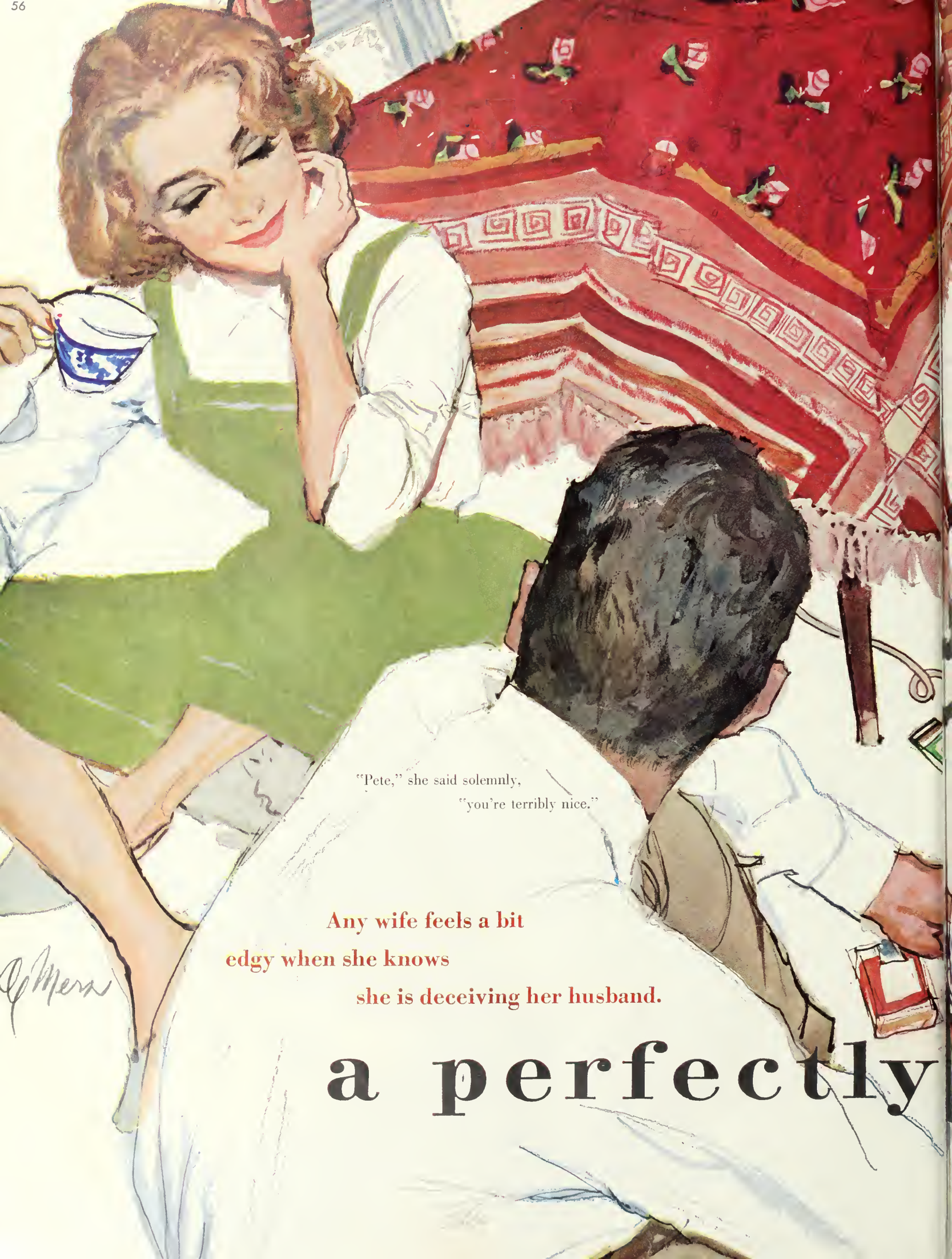


MARTIN SCHWEIG

Dave says, "One of the essentials is to be husband and wife as well as parents."

ABBOT MILLS





"Pete," she said solemnly,
"you're terribly nice."

Any wife feels a bit edgy when she knows she is deceiving her husband.

a perfectly



By KAATJE HURLBUT

horrible week

Peter Northam always walked home from the station when the weather was fair. After a forty-minute train ride he enjoyed the walk, especially on Friday when, with a feeling of weekend leisure, he slowed down to a stroll. Today the week-long rain had cleared and the spring evening was lit to a soft brilliance by the late sun.

As he strolled under pale trees and past flower beds, his thoughts touched less on clients and problems and the insurance business in general and more on the house that sprawled on the corner up ahead, and on Joyce and the way she laughed or got mad or the way she slept; and on the children: how Jimmy and Tommy held their little boys' world so precariously against their younger sister, Flo—so small, Flo, whose weapons ranged from dispassionate logic to earsplitting shrieks.

Approaching his corner, he could see the picket fence before he saw the house. He was proud of the fence: it made a safe yard for the children and added immeasurably to the appearance of the property. He gave Joyce full credit for it. It was one of those things he had said they couldn't afford, and she had said, "But the value is so much greater than the cost." Well, he had managed it. Value, he found, had a way of working in your favor.

As he came abreast of the house, he glanced toward the garage beyond and noticed that Joyce, as she sometimes did, had backed the car in. "The Penny Saver," she called it. He didn't care what she called it: it was a good, economical little car. Its headlights, low and close-set, stared morosely out of the gloomy interior.

He had put his hand on the gate when he remembered to go around to the back door. If he went in by the back door the children would say, "Daddy's home!" But if he went in by the front door, they would say, "It's only daddy."

In the kitchen he found the three of them being dogs, crawling on all fours and barking. He had forgotten about the dog—a stray that had wandered by three days before, forlorn and starved. There he lay in the corner. Joyce, standing before the open refrigerator holding an eggplant and a bottle of bleach, turned and gave Peter a long, dark, cloudy stare. Then she put the bleach and the eggplant in the refrigerator and nudged the door shut with her elbow.

The children didn't notice him until he closed the back door behind him.

"Daddy's home!" Jimmy, who was seven, announced it and Tommy, a year younger, confirmed it: "Daddy's home."

"Hi, kids," Peter said, and Flo said, "Hi, daddy. We're not kids. We're dogs."

The dog's eyes were not visible, but the cascading eyebrows went up and he walloped the floor with his tail and let his eyebrows down again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



EUROPEAN

Looking over the President's Shoulder

"The old place quieted down so much you couldn't believe it was the same place." Life in the White House with the Trumans (after the Roosevelts) was punctual, orderly. But hot rolls had to be *hot* to please Mrs. Truman.

By ALONZO FIELDS

The Trumans moved into the White House in time for the President's birthday, May 8, 1945, and Elizabeth Moore, who was then the head cook, baked a cake for the President. It was rather funny, for the kitchen had never baked a birthday cake in twelve years: for that matter, no hot rolls, doughnuts, coffeecake or breads either. Sometimes they made popovers for breakfast. Otherwise a local bakery supplied all the breads; hot rolls at the White House meant warmed-over bakery rolls.

President Truman was so pleased with his birthday cake that after dinner he wanted to see the cook and personally thank her. But Elizabeth and her crew had cleared out as soon as the cake had been sent up. Next morning I told her, with a long face, that the President had wanted to see her the night before about the cake she had baked.

She said, "Oh, Fields! What happened? What was wrong with it?"

"You baked it," I said. "Don't you know?" Then I pulled up a chair and said, "Girl, take this seat before you faint. The President was so pleased he merely wanted to thank you personally."

She found it harder to believe that the President wanted to thank her than that something was wrong with the cake. So on his way to the office next morning the President did stop by the kitchen and met the whole crew. This was the first time a President had been in the White House kitchen since Coolidge, and he was in

CONTINUED ON PAGE

1960 by Alonzo Fields



Always just behind the President. Alonzo Fields at his post in the state dining room.

Queen Elizabeth, "a charming, angelic-appearing young woman," was still a princess when she and Philip were White House guests in 1951. Trumans entertained at state dinner and reception. When Philip, in shirt sleeves, was late for breakfast with Elizabeth, Fields admired his audacity.



Preparing the great horseshoe table for state dinner. Alonzo Fields directs his staff. The Lenox plates are Truman china, white trimmed with gold and green to match green walls. Tall gold epergnes hold fruit. flatware is gold. Room was redecorated after restoration of White House completed in 1952. In Pres. Theodore Roosevelt's day walls displayed stuffed animal heads, his hunting trophies.

White House guests, though they didn't know it. To a family from one of Washington's worst housing areas—such as this one "within sight of the Capitol"—President Truman yearly sent Christmas dinner with turkey roasted in White House kitchen. This gift was always anonymous.



U.P.I.

"Don't let yourself look dated" was our first thought for Barbara McCraine, whose Powers-model look of 1943, despite its glamour then, seemed passé for her today. Bringing Barbara up to date was a simple matter of giving fresh and current touches to her hair, make-up, clothes. We believe any imaginative reader can do the same thing for herself.

REMODELING AN OLD MODEL

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor



As Barbara looked during her modeling days in the 1940's. The bride picture is from an old JOURNAL. *The hairdo is lovely, but after 15 or 20 years a girl needs a change!*

CUSHMAN-LAUMAILLET





ROGER PRIGENT

Here's Barbara as she arrived at our Beauty Workshop asking for help.

Wayne, New Jersey

Dear Mrs. Norman:

I have been reading your beauty articles with great interest. I was a Powers model during my college days, and did quite a bit of work for you and Mrs. Cushman. Enclosed are some pictures to refresh your memory.

I am thirty-four years old now and my hair is graying rapidly. I need a more flattering hairdo, I'm undecided about make-up, and would appreciate some help with clothes.

Of course I'm very busy with my husband, home and two young sons, leading an active suburban life with Cub Scouts, P.T.A. meetings and all the rest. But that's no reason to let myself go. Can you help?

Very truly yours,
BARBARA LUFF MCCRAINE

With basic good features to start with (lucky girl!) Barbara McCraine nevertheless looked "old hat" when she arrived at our Beauty Workshop. As you see in her picture on this page, her hairdo was neat but unexciting. Premature gray hairs mingling with her ashy-blondness produced an over-all drab look. Black in dress did nothing to counteract her monotone fairness, especially since Barbara confined her make-up to a minimum of powder and lipstick.

Barbara's "after" picture, on the opposite page, was taken on the same day five hours later. Here are the steps she took to her livelier, lovelier look.

A new, more flattering color for her hair. As a fashion model, Barbara's natural corn-silk-colored hair was her prettiest feature. With the passing of time, however, her hair lost much of its youthful luster, and the color faded. In addition, the early sprinkling of gray drabbed down Barbara's color even more.

Not wanting to appear bleached, yet reluctant to settle for gray hairs at her age either, Barbara asked her big question: "What color should I choose?" Our suggestion: a soft honey-blond, rich enough to serve as a flattering setting for her fair skin, yet close enough to her *own* coloring to avoid the problem of ugly "growing out" periods between touch-ups. (Any effort to duplicate the corn-silk color of her teens and early twenties was purposely avoided because that excessive paleness, now, would look

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

With flattering current-looking hairdo, livelier make-up and more becoming clothes colors, Barbara emerges, once again, as an All-American beauty, 1960 style.



THE GIRL IN THE *Romantic dress* MADE IT HERSELF



This romantic organdy blouse has a double cape collar and a matching flower. The beautiful skirt is black-and-white-checked taffeta with a woven ribbon stripe in cherry red. Vogue Design No. 5052.

Black-and-white surah silk ma this enchanting Nina Ricci design The front bodice is blac lace. Vogue P.O. Design No. 14



Are You a Pioneer?

A Big, Happy Birthday

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear——, happy birthday to you!" You're supposed to fill in your name here, because I'm honestly singing this to you, and I do mean *you*. Because you and I and about 179,999,998 other people celebrate on July 4th a birthday that belongs to every single American.

This year when our Uncle Sam has 184 candles on his birthday cake, there will be 50 states to give him parties, backyard pin wheels and skyrockets. Now on these pages for the past eight months it's been the custom for *you* to ask *me* questions, but having to set down answers in black and white has made me do a powerful lot of thinking. So I'm turning the tables. I'd like to ask *you* a few questions. I've got a feeling our Uncle Sam's very life, and whether I'll be singing *Happy Birthday* to our great-grandchildren when Uncle has 244 candles on that cake, may depend on *your* answers.

Have You Ever Been Really, Deeply Moved by Pure Patriotism?

I mean moved like chills running up and down your back and tears coming to your eyes? I have. And it's a thrill, believe me.

Three of these occasions are still etched in my mind, and I get a lift just remembering them. One was a Memorial Day Parade in a small town in New Jersey. One was the national convention of 4H Clubs in Chicago. One was the Soap Box Derby in Akron, Ohio.

I had never seen a Memorial Day Parade before. Shirley and I sat in a neighbor's yard and watched the marchers come down the side street from under the shadow of an arch of trees into bright sunshine, under a vault of brilliant blue sky—uniforms, color, flags, a real community spirit reflected in a thousand faces, many of them those of my own neighbors.

Every local organization was represented: churches, civic clubs, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, veterans in uniforms worn proudly in our defense, some of them before you and I were born. Many of them we knew: busy housewives who gave their little spare time to service, volunteer firemen who worked all day at regular jobs and helped put out fires whenever they happened. I couldn't help that shiver along my spine, or that quick smart in my eyes when I realized that they, and millions like them, make America. They *are* America!

And that word—*volunteer*. In many other lands, the word is *compulsory*. In our land it's the essence of freedom. Service comes from the heart.

In Akron at the Soap Box Derby there were more flags and more music, but again the stars of the show were the people. This time boys up to 15 years of age, who had been encouraged by industry and the American climate to put forth their best. Each one started with an allowance of $12.50 with which to build a racer. Each boy had to start from scratch and make a dream into a reality. There they were, more than 100 boys, each a champion in his home town, at the meeting of champs, while 75,000 Americans cheered their efforts.

So you blame me if I felt that thrill again? In America, even at the age of eight, your dreams can come true.

And then in Chicago I saw the 4-H Club winners gathered for their national awards. The two and one quarter million members of 4-H Clubs learn to become "good, productive citizens" and try to "make the best better, grow more, preserve more, use more." Boys and girls raise their own cattle, sheep, hogs and chickens. The girls are homemaking whizzes. Here again were young American champions, not selected for popularity or looks but being honored because they had distinguished themselves through dedication and hard work *that they chose to do.*

I had been invited as a guest *speaker*, but of course we got around to singing, and when I led them in two of their favorite songs I got those thrills and chills again (I can see why it's called Patriotic Fever). Doesn't it give you a dash of red, white and blue flu to ask yourself, "Where is life so free?" Or to think that here, from ocean to ocean, *we are lords and not slaves of our land?* Brother, if you've been taking it for granted, wise up!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

Pat Boone talks to teenagers

The Ol' Pioneer Spirit: an 1870 cartoon, "The Two Young Giants," shows Ivan and Jonathan (Russia and America) reaching for Asia by opposite routes. That's Hawaii (this month she adds the 50th star to our flag) Uncle has his hand on.



CULVER PICTURES

The MISTRESS of MELLYN



BY VICTORIA HOLT

"Wait until morning!" he mocked.

"Do I look the sort of man who would wait until morning?"

He kissed me as I had never dreamed of being kissed.

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS 1 3 • I, Martha Leigh, a young gentlewoman, was governess to Alvean TreMellyn, eight. Alvean's mother, Alice, and her lover, Geoffrey Nansellock, I was told, had been killed while eloping. Nansellock's brother and sister, Peter and Celestine, remained close friends of Alvean's handsome, wealthy father, Connan. Gossip said he would marry beautiful Lady Treslyn when her old, sick husband died.

Connan paid scant heed to Alvean and, in the horse show for which I schooled her, she recklessly bade for his attention. But her horse stumbled and Alvean's leg was broken. Though Connan was more considerate now, I understood his indifference. Alvean was not his child. She was Geoffrey Nansellock's daughter. So, too, was Gilly, strange wraithlike granddaughter of Mrs. Polgrey the housekeeper.

I longed to bring happiness to this house. But it was not pity alone which held me. For I was haunted by the inescapable image and mystery of Alice. She was dead, yet I *felt* her presence, and *heard* her anguished cry. *"You must not go. . . . Help me!"*

And there was Connan. Connan, whose smile had many meanings, whose Christmas gift was Alice's diamond brooch. I knew then . . . I was in love with someone quite out of my world. *I was in love with the Master of Mellyn.*

PART 4

I had dined in the middle of the day in the small dining room with Connan and Alvean, the first meal I had taken with them in this intimacy. We had eaten turkey and plum pudding and had been waited on by Kitty and Daisy. I could feel that certain significant looks were being directed toward us.

"On Christmas Day," Connan had said, "you could not be expected to dine alone. Do you know, Miss Leigh, I fear we have treated you rather badly. I should have suggested that you should go home to your family for Christmas. You should have reminded me."

"I felt I had been here too short a time to ask for a holiday," I answered. "Besides ——"

"In view of Alvean's accident, you felt you should stay," he murmured. "It is good of you to be so thoughtful."

Conversation in the small dining room was animated. The three of us discussed the Christmas customs, and Connan told stories of what had happened in previous years, how on one occasion the wassailers had arrived late so that the family had gone to church and they had to wait outside and serenade them all the way home. I kept reminding myself that it was merely because it was Christmas that I was sitting here. That after the festivities were over I should revert to my old place.

But I was not going to think of that now. Tonight I was going to the ball. Miraculously I had a dress worthy of the occasion. I had a comb of amber and a brooch of diamonds. It would be quite unlike that occasion when I danced in the solarium.

I took Connan's advice that afternoon and tried to rest so that I might stay fresh until the early morning. Much to my surprise, I did manage to sleep.

Daisy brought me a cup of tea at five o'clock. On Mrs. Polgrey's instructions, she told me.

"I've brought 'ee a piece of Mrs. Polgrey's fuggan to take with it," she said, indicating a slice of raisin cake. "If there's more you do want, 'tis only for you to say."

I said, "This will be ample."

"Then you'll be wanting to get ready for the ball, will 'ee not, Miss?"

"There's plenty of time," I told her.

"I'll bring 'ee hot water at six, Miss. That'll give 'ee plenty of time to dress. The CONTINUED ON PAGE 86

© 1960 Victoria Holt



MENU I

LITTLENECK CLAMS WITH CAVIAR
ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS
ZUCCHINI PROVENÇAL
GREEN SALAD
BUTTERMILK DRESSING
BAHAMIAN LIME SHERBET
MERINGUE KISSES
ICED COFFEE — BLACK

(PLANNED FOR 8—
554 CALORIES PER PERSON)



LITTLENECK CLAMS WITH CAVIAR

48 small littleneck clams on the half shell
8 teaspoons red caviar
4 teaspoons slivered fresh horse-radish
8 lemon wedges

Place 6 clams for each serving in crushed ice. Top each with a little caviar and a sprinkling of horse-radish. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 8 servings. 86 calories per serving.

ROCK CORNISH GAME HENS WITH CELERY-MUSHROOM DRESSING

8 thawed, frozen Rock Cornish game hens
Salt Pepper
9 tablespoons butter, melted
4 cups coarsely chopped celery
4 cups coarsely chopped mushrooms
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon rosemary
½ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅔ cup coarsely chopped water chestnuts

In a large skillet, melt 1 tablespoon butter. Add celery, mushrooms, 2 teaspoons salt, rosemary, thyme and ⅛ teaspoon pepper and simmer until celery is tender. Add water chestnuts. Stir until evenly mixed. Place hens on a tray, backs up. Brush evenly with 4 tablespoons melted butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil 12 to 15 minutes. Remove hens from tray and spread dressing over bottom of tray. Place hens on top, breast side up, and brush with 4 tablespoons melted butter. Broil until golden brown. Turn oven temperature to moderately slow, 325° F., and bake 20 minutes, or until very tender. Baste occasionally with the pan juices. Makes 8 servings. Garnish with radishes and parsley. 231 calories per serving.

ZUCCHINI PROVENÇAL

6 cups sliced zucchini
8 tomatoes, peeled, cored and diced
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon sugar or ⅛ teaspoon liquid sugar substitute
2 cloves garlic, crushed
¼ teaspoon thyme
⅛ teaspoon basil
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Mix together zucchini, tomatoes, salt, sugar, garlic, thyme, basil and pepper in a saucepan. Simmer very slowly until the zucchini is just tender, and flavors blended, about 40 minutes. Makes 8 servings. 60 calories per serving.

delicious food to get thin on

Littleneck clams jeweled with red caviar . . . golden Rock Cornish game hens . . . cool Bahamian lime sherbet . . . meringue kisses. Sound like a dieter's dream? It is—a luxurious dinner that's actually *low in calories* (and frankly, more a matter of mathematics than magic). We've subtracted calories and added glamour to a trio of menus designed to delight the dieter and produce dramatic results without drudgery.

A winning luncheon for weight watchers begins with a beautiful broth, this one an amber essence of chicken adrift with chopped fresh mushrooms and dots of chervil. For the entrée: cool, lean slices of beef, their savor sealed beneath a tarragon-scented glaze. To add excitement, a spicy sauce, piquant hearts of artichoke, a magnificent medley of fruit, cooked and curried. In the third menu, equally elegant: an array of vegetables *au naturel*—slim stalks of celery, for example, carrot and turnip strips, and radishes—made all the more delectable for a dipping in hot anchovy sauce. To follow, sweetest young shrimp simmered with tomatoes and herbs, and a luscious salad: plump strawberries, green grapes, succulent grapefruit sections wreathed with cantaloupe crescents and topped with a frost of coconut flakes.

What a lovely way to lose weight! Our formula (both foolproof and fabulous) simply substitutes fascination for frustration in the diet.



STUART-FOWLER

MENU II

CHICKEN BROTH WITH MUSHROOMS AND ALMONDS
BEEF EN GELÉE
SPICED BEEF SAUCE
ARTICHOKES À LA GRECQUE
HOT CURRIED FRUIT
COFFEE—BLACK

(PLANNED FOR 8—
544 CALORIES PER PERSON)

GREEN SALAD WITH BUTTERMILK DRESSING

⅔ cup buttermilk
½ teaspaan grated leman rind
2 teaspaans vinegar
2 teaspaans chapped fresh chervil
2 teaspoons chapped fresh tarragan
Salt Pepper
2 quarts mixed greens

Blend buttermilk with lemon rind and vinegar. Add chervil and tarragon. Seasan ta taste. Let stand 30 minutes. Tass with greens. Makes 8 servings. 24 calaries per serving.

BAHAMIAN LIME SHERBET

2 envelapes sugar-free lime-flavared gelatin dessert
1 cup hat water
½ cup sugar
3 cups liquefied nanfat dry milk
½ teaspaan grated lime rind
¼ cup lime juice
3 large peaches, peeled and sliced

Dissalve gelatin in hat water. Add sugar, milk, lime rind and juice. Mix well and freeze until firm. Remave and break inta pieces in a cald bowl. Beat until pieces are completely braken and mixture is fluffy. Freeze again until firm. Serve with peaches. Makes 8 servings. 130 calaries per serving.

MERINGUE KISSES

1 egg white
Pinch salt
⅓ cup superfine sugar
¼ teaspaan vanilla

Beat the egg white with the salt until stiff but nat dry. Add sugar gradually, a tablespaan at a time. Beat after all the sugar is used until the mixture stands in stiff peaks and the sugar is dissalved. Fald in vanilla. Shape with a pastry bag ar tube inta 24 small spiral cones, ar shape them with a spaan an a well-greased baking sheet. Bake in a very slaw oven, 250° F., far abaut 45 minutes until they are dry but nat brawned. Makes 2 dazen meringues. 23 calaries per serving.

delicious food to get thin on continued

CHICKEN BROTH WITH MUSHROOMS AND ALMONDS

8 cups chicken broth
½ teaspoon orégano
1½ cups chopped mushrooms
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Salt, pepper
¼ cup toasted slivered almonds
2 tablespoons chopped fresh chervil

Skim all fat from the chicken broth and simmer with orégano and mushrooms for about 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. This will vary with the type of chicken broth used. Add almonds and chervil and serve immediately. Makes 8 servings. 47 calories per serving.

HOT CURRIED FRUIT

6 (8-ounce) cans artificially sweetened mixed fruits
¼ cup brown sugar
2¼ teaspoons curry powder
½ cup yoghurt

Place fruit and liquid in a large skillet. Sprinkle with sugar and curry powder. Heat gently until warmed. Do not stir; baste from time to time. Serve hot with yoghurt. Garnish with mint. Makes 8 servings. 85 calories per serving.

BEEF EN GELÉE

One 7-pound boneless shell roast of beef
Salt, pepper
4 cups water
2 envelopes gelatin
3 (10½-ounce) cans consommé
2 teaspoons dried tarragon or 4 teaspoons chopped fresh tarragon
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 bunches fresh chervil
Lemon peel
Truffles

Rub meat with salt and pepper. Roast in a slow oven, 300° F., for about 2 hours, or until a meat thermometer inserted in the center of the meat registers slightly less than 140° F. If you like your meat rare, be sure to remove from the oven before the thermometer reaches "Rare," as the meat continues to cook after being removed. Chill meat well, trim off all fat and slice into pieces about ½" thick. Soften gelatin in 1 cup cold water. Heat consommé, 3 cups water, tarragon and lemon juice for about 10 minutes. Strain and stir into gelatin mixture. Stir until gelatin is dissolved. Cool until quite sirupy. Arrange meat slices on a rack on a tray. Spoon some aspic over meat to form a thin coating. Decorate as you wish with sprigs of fresh chervil and slivers of lemon peel and truffles. Coat again with thickened aspic and chill. If aspic gets too thick to pour at any point, reheat a little. Pour remaining aspic into a shallow pan, chill and chop or dice. Garnish platter with radishes and chopped aspic. Serve with spiced beef sauce. Makes 8 servings. 311 calories per serving.

VEGETABLE STICKS WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE

2 large carrots
2 celery hearts
1 red pepper
1 green pepper
½ yellow turnip
8 radishes made into roses
4 (2-ounce) cans flat anchovies, drained and washed
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed

Cut all vegetables except radishes into strips. Crisp in ice water until ready to serve. Sauce: Heat anchovies, vinegar and garlic over low heat, stirring until a smooth sauce is formed. Arrange vegetables in crushed ice and serve with hot anchovy sauce as a dip. Makes 8 servings. 92 calories per serving.

SPICED BEEF SAUCE

½ cup bottled chili sauce
¼ cup minced water cress
⅛ teaspoon liquid pepper seasoning
2 teaspoons prepared horse-radish

Mix ingredients, chill and serve cold. Makes ¾ cup sauce. 22 calories per serving.

SHRIMP AND SCALLOPS CALABRESE

1 tablespoon butter
3 cloves garlic peeled and crushed
1½ cups chopped onion
¾ cup grated carrot
3 large ripe tomatoes, peeled, cored and diced
¾ cup beef broth
3 tablespoons lemon juice
4 teaspoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
Pinch cayenne
⅛ teaspoon crushed saffron
5 pounds raw shrimp, cleaned and shelled or 2½ pounds raw shrimp, cleaned and shelled and 2½ pounds raw scallops
½ cup chopped parsley
3 tablespoons flour
¼ cup water
4 cups cooked rice

Melt butter in a large skillet. Add garlic, onion and carrot. Cook over low heat for about 10 minutes. Add tomatoes, broth, lemon juice, sugar, salt, pepper, cayenne and saffron. Cover and simmer gently for about 15 minutes. Add shrimp, or shrimp and scallops, and parsley and simmer 10 minutes. Mix together the flour and water and stir into the mixture. Cook five minutes longer. Serve in soup plates with rice. Makes 8 servings. 358 calories per serving.

ARTICHOKES À LA GRECQUE

3 (15-ounce) cans artichoke hearts
¼ cup vinegar
1 bay leaf, crushed
4 sprigs celery leaves
¼ teaspoon thyme
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 medium onion, peeled and chopped
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 slices lemon

Drain artichokes, reserving liquid. Simmer artichoke liquid and remaining ingredients 15 minutes. Strain and pour hot marinade over artichoke hearts. Cool. Marinate 3–4 hours. Drain. Serve with meat. Makes 8 servings. 79 calories per serving.

FRUIT SALAD

1 cantaloupe
2 cups strawberries
1 large grapefruit
2 cups seedless green grapes
2 cups thinly sliced pineapple
2 tablespoons shredded coconut
8 lettuce leaves

Remove seeds from cantaloupe and cut into crescent-shaped pieces. Trim off rind. Wash, hull and slice strawberries. Peel grapefruit and cut into sections. Chill fruit. To serve, arrange on lettuce. Sprinkle with coconut. Makes 8 servings. 100 calories per serving.

MENU III

VEGETABLE STICKS
WITH ANCHOVY SAUCE
SHRIMP AND
SCALLOPS CALABRESE
FRUIT SALAD
ICED TEA

(PLANNED FOR 8—
550 CALORIES PER PERSON)



SAUCE IT!

—the good and easy way with *Campbell's Soup*

Let Campbell's Soups add creamy goodness and rich, full flavor to your favorite meats and vegetables. See how easy it is to make delicious main dishes everyone will enjoy.



Chicken Divan. Arrange 1 lb. broccoli, (or 10-oz. pkg. frozen), cooked and drained, in shallow baking dish; top with 3 to 4 servings sliced, cooked chicken. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup with ⅓ cup milk; pour over all; sprinkle with ½ cup shredded Cheddar cheese. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) till lightly browned, about 10 min. Or broil about 5 inches from heat, for 8 min. 3 to 4 servings.





Tuna Croquettes. Mix 2 cans (7 oz. each) tuna, drained and flaked, ¼ cup Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup fine dry bread crumbs, ¼ cup finely chopped onion, 1 egg (beaten), 3 tsp. lemon juice. Make 8 croquettes; roll in crumbs. Cook in 2 tbsp. butter. Sauce: Blend remaining soup, ⅓ cup milk, 2 tbsp. mayonnaise; heat; pour over; top with parsley. 4 servings.





Creole Hamburgers. In saucepan, cook ½ medium onion, sliced, and ½ medium green pepper, sliced, in 2 tbsp. shortening until tender. Add 1 can Campbell's Old-fashioned Tomato Rice Soup, ⅓ to ½ cup water, ⅛ tsp. whole thyme. Cook over low heat about 10 minutes. Stir now and then. Makes about 1⅔ cups. Serve over sizzling hamburgers. There's a tempting main dish the youngsters are sure to go for.



Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*

TIMELY TIPS ON WATER SAFETY...



Boat with Safety. If possible, you should take a course in seamanship and master all the "traffic laws" of the waterways. Keep these important points in mind:

Before going out always check the weather forecast. If storm warnings are up, stay ashore.

When two motorboats meet head on, both should bear to starboard, i.e., right.

When near swimmers, operate your boat at dead slow. And don't speed near wharves, fishing boats and sail boats.

Never overload a boat. Should it swamp or tip over, don't panic. Cling to it, keep calm and wait for help.

Never go boating without approved life-preservers for everyone aboard.



Swim with Safety. "Always go in the water with a buddy." Stick to this rule at all times.

Until you're an expert swimmer stay out of deep water and swim only where there are life guards or with someone trained to give artificial respiration. Learn the new lifesaving technique. It is described and illustrated on Metropolitan's first aid chart, offered below.

Never force a child into the water, until he is ready to take the plunge. Around water—even shallow water—watch a young child constantly.



Dive with Safety. Skin diving demands the utmost skill, caution and good equipment. Don't attempt it unless your doctor finds that you have the physical and emotional stamina for it.

Plan your dives. Always be sure where you're going, how deep and how long you can stay under. Avoid outgoing tide.

Whatever you do, be prepared. Don't take chances or play practical jokes on others—especially unskilled swimmers. It's the skilled, courteous person able to cope with any emergency, who really enjoys the wonderful world of the water.



Can your child swim? Parents who wish to give their children swimming lessons should see the film, "Teaching Johnny to Swim." It covers the basic elements of swimming and water safety. This motion picture was contributed as a public service by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company to the American Red Cross.

To arrange a showing in your community, call your local Red Cross chapter.

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REMODELING AN OLD MODEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

artificial and hard.) The choice of color, as you see in Barbara's "after" picture, is becoming and natural-looking.

Barbara's all-out eagerness for a fresher, more youthful appearance prompted her to try permanent hair coloring, even though she knew it would be costly and time-consuming. "I would be all thumbs about tinting my hair at home," says Barbara, "and I'd hate to run the risk of getting a harsh, unbecoming color!" Aside from monthly touch-ups, she will have to treat herself to weekly hair-conditioning treatments to counteract the drying effects of the bleach.

For women who are wary of permanent hair coloring, but who would also like to brighten, deepen or slightly lighten the color of their topknots, there are temporary rinses in capsule, liquid or spray-on forms. (The spray-ons are handy for "streaking" or "tipping" hair too.) These colors are made with vegetable dyes, wash out with each shampoo, and are harmless. The newest "temporary" rinses are those designed to last through from five to eight shampoos before reapplication is necessary.

Hairdo up to date. Even more dramatic than Barbara's new hair color is her new hair style. From the old one-length bob, Barbara's hair was cut and shaped in layers all over her head. It was then set on rollers for the fullness, high sweep at the forehead, and deep soft waves at the sides. See how much more gracefully this style frames her face. (It even flatters her figure, since it makes her appear taller and slimmer.)

Make-up light, bright, right. Without sp attention, Barbara's potentially striking c ing gave way to a faded monotone look. fresh difference in her "after" picture re from discovering how quickly and e make-up *can* be applied.

To provide pretty contrast between skin hair, Barbara wears a creamy liquid mak in a pinky-beige shade. To cut applica time in half, we suggested using a clean sp (instead of finger tips) to spread the c evenly and lightly over her face and n Another timesaver: a roll-on mascara. bara's shade is navy blue, chosen to inte the blue of her eyes. An eye-shadow stick the shape of a miniature lipstick) takes guesswork and smudging out of using shadow. Barbara's shade is a soft turqu blue chosen to further intensify and brigl her eyes. Fadeaway eyebrows take on nee color with a soft eyebrow pencil in a medi brown shade. By having a slight lift pencile at the top-center arch, Barbara's newly sha eyebrows add more dash to her appearar Final touches: a light dusting of powder, stick lighter and brighter than before.

Colors to do something for you. As woman grows older, her hair and skin to change, if only imperceptibly. Where st black was dramatic for Barbara in her ea twenties, it became harsh later on as her s and hair lost some of their youthful vital See how the soft pink, in Barbara's "aft picture, adds a glow to her appearance. S ilar effects can be achieved by adding a to of pretty color to a basic dress shade such navy, black or gray. Pale yellow, clear t quoise, pinky mauve, softest shades of blue brilliant greens all add lovely accents—ta your pick, depending on which shades the most for *you*. Add them, a touch at a tir in a scarf or earrings, a decorative flower, l or lovely blouse.

TAMARACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

plenty of times I wish ole Uncle Mon hadn't been quite that generous. And I haven't got but one horse that's any good. Marsh Hill Troubadour."

"What a pretty name," Mrs. Ferris said doubtfully. "Well, back to Lucretia ——"

"Where *is* Lucretia?" Monroe asked, and Mrs. Ferris frowned.

"Where indeed? Not two hours after her plane gets in from New York, she's dug an old pair of jeans out of the bottom drawer where I could have sworn she'd never find them, and has vanished into the woods with Lochlan and Duff at her heels, and they will all three come back covered with cockleburs and probably ticks." She sighed. "I had so hoped Lucretia would come home sophisticated."

"She still studying ballet?"

"No, she is not studying ballet," said Mrs. Ferris. "Monroe, you are at least three years behind. The ballet craze didn't last a year, and after that it was drama school. Oh, I cannot tell you the trouble we have had with Lucretia! Do you know that her father and I were complacently sitting here in the living room one night under the impression that Lucretia was applying herself to her acting when the Joe Lamberts burst in from their trip to New York and told us—with a certain amount of relish, I might add—that they were sightseeing in one of those Bohemian night clubs in Greenwich Village, and there was Lucretia singing with the band? In black tights."

Monroe burst out laughing. "She always did say she wanted to sing with a band."

"She wanted to do a lot of things," Mrs. Ferris said grimly. "Well, by the time I could get a plane reservation and fly up there, she had been fired—I can't imagine how she got the job in the first place. Of course I firmly intended to drag her back to Mississippi, by the hair if necessary, but somehow she persuaded me to let her study music in earnest. So now she is enrolled at Juilliard."

"You hope," said Monroe, looking amused.

Mrs. Ferris said firmly, "No, I'm almost sure she's still at Juilliard; she's determined to become a famous composer."

There was silence for a moment, as th both tried to visualize Lucretia as a famo composer. Monroe shook his head dubious

"Yes, I agree." Mrs. Ferris sighed. "A that's why I was so delighted when y dropped in, Monroe. I said to myself rig away, 'If anyone can make Lucretia listen reason, Monroe can; after all, he is like *brother*.' Why, you taught her to ride, a helped her with geometry, and brought h home from that country-club dance wh Pokey Palmer got so infatuated with that g from the Delta and just left Lucretia ——

"I'd forgotten about *that*," said Monroe.

"And maybe *you* could show her, Monro that it's high time for her to stop wasting h energy on these mad enthusiasms and sta concentrating on men and marriage." H voice trailed off; she looked at Monroe sadl "When I think of all the boys she has let sli through her fingers. Tommy Lambert. Georg Ernest Askew. Pokey Palmer. All here in town and from good families. To say nothing the men she has met in New York. But wi Lucretia give any of them a chance?"

Monroe frowned, drank the last of his co fee, and leaned back in the chair, stretching hi long legs out comfortably. "Might hav known it would be a mistake to stop by here," he said gloomily. "Had these two week planned; I was going to fish all day and part all night. Now here I am, involved with th Ferrises as usual."

"But you're like our son!"

"I'm not sure that's such an advantage," said Monroe, getting up. "Look; I haven even seen Lucretia in three years, I can't guar antee she'll listen to me, but O.K., I'll give it a try. Long as it doesn't interfere with my fish ing," he added, grinning. Mrs Ferris got up too, and walked with him to the door, where they both stopped abruptly. "Here she comes now," Monroe said, "and mad look at her run! Must be a rattlesnake cha[illegible]er."

They both stood back from th[illegible]as Lucretia burst through, muddy, [illegible]evel[illegible], breathless, and obviously in the gr[illegible]me violent emotion.

"Mother!" she cried at once. "What p pened to Tamarack?"

"Tamarack," Mrs. Ferris repeated [illegible] eretia, don't let those muddy colli[illegible]

ook, darling, here's *Monroe*. Isn't it
rful to see him? He just got in from
on this afternoon."
retia swung around and threw Monroe
stracted smile. "Monroe, how great,"
id. "Look, mother, I went all through
sture and down to the creek and he isn't
You've got to tell me this instant where
he didn't *die*, did he?" Her voice rose
nately. "Tamarack didn't die!"
. Ferris looked quickly from her daugh-
Monroe, who was standing stiffly aside,
jammed in his pockets and a faint
staining his cheeks. "Lucretia, really!"
id impatiently. "No, of course Tam-
didn't die. Your father can tell you all
it when he gets home. Now calm down
ave a cup of coffee with Monroe; after
u haven't seen each other in three years
know you have lots to talk about."
addy can tell me!" Lucretia's stormy
rightened, she whirled and ran into the
They heard her at the telephone dialing,
en her rapid intense voice.
s. Ferris went to the door and ordered
ollies out before she risked looking at
oe. "You see what I mean," she said.
es," said Monroe. He sat down on the
nd lighted a cigarette; he looked partly

SONG

By JOHN IRVINE

hen first my love lay in my arms,
Oh, little did she say,
ut looked too deeply in my eyes
And wept, and turned away.

nd yet, for that sweet moment's
grace
Of ecstasy and pain,
bartered all the deep heart's peace
I shall not know again.

sed and partly annoyed. "Who is this
arack, anyway? Or what?"
A horse. Lucretia's horse which she has
only about four times since he was born,
use she was in New York. Tamarack was
ing Larch's foal, you remember that
ly black mare that died? Well, Lucretia
d Larch so, she wouldn't hear to selling
arack even though it meant her father and
d all the responsibility of taking care of
and seeing that he was exercised and ——"
And so you gave him away, without con-
ng me or anything!" Lucretia cried from
hall. She came into the living room and
into a chair, looking at her mother re-
chfully.
Darling, be reasonable. We didn't exactly
him away—didn't your father explain?—
imply thought it would be better for Tam-
k to be ridden regularly and loved and
d for, so we let Puss Turner have him be-
se she and her husband are both just crazy
ut horses. Now doesn't that make sense?"
ucretia looked dubious. "But you didn't
write me! When did this happen?"
Let's see, it must have been about two
rs ago. We didn't write at first because it
a temporary arrangement—actually it was
time I had to go see about your singing in
night club, and your father was so busy,
it seemed such a clever idea to let Puss
e Tamarack while I was away. Then she
Percy were enjoying him so—well, Tam-
k stayed out there a month, and then an-
er, and then it was a year. I suppose we
ught we *had* told you."
Two years," Lucretia said incredulously.
onroe, how would you like it if someone
e away *your* horse?"
Monroe, pleased at being spoken to, said he
ught it sounded like a pretty good idea.
he only thing is, I never did think Puss was
y reliable," he added reluctantly. "I mean,
's one of these speed demons who think the
y way to ride a horse is at full gallop."

"*What!*" cried Lucretia, leaping from her chair horrified.

"Now, Monroe, Puss Turner is a perfectly lovely girl," Mrs. Ferris said rapidly, sending frantic signals across the room to Monroe, who had already realized his mistake and sat with closed eyes, braced for a storm.

"Speed demon," Lucretia repeated. "Why, Tamarack is a *gaited* horse, not a race horse!" She looked about her wildly for a moment and then snatched the car keys up from an end table. "Tamarack's probably ruined," she moaned. "Oh, I'm going to kill that Puss Turner. Kill her!" She marched out the door and slammed it very hard. In a minute they heard the car start up with a great deal of unnecessary racing of the motor.

"Well, I guess the time she spent in drama school wasn't wasted," Monroe said. "She learned how to make an exit, all right. You think I better follow her out there, in case Puss needs protecting?"

"I think," said Mrs. Ferris with a small smile, "that is an *excellent* idea."

When Monroe walked into Puss Turner's living room, he knew at once that something was very wrong. Lucretia no longer looked angry, but she was pale and, if Monroe knew anything about women in general and Lucretia in particular, about to cry. Puss, on the other hand, seemed both embarrassed and defensive. They both looked up when he entered, and cried out his name—Puss with obvious relief at the interruption, Lucretia with such anguish that his heart turned over.

"Monro-o-o-oe!" she said, dragging it out like a dirge. "Puss hasn't *got* Tamarack."

"I was just trying to explain to Lucretia," Puss said rapidly and nervously. "I feel awful about it, but the fact is Mrs. Ferris didn't make it *clear*, I mean didn't say anything about wanting Tamarack *back*, and I just assumed she was only too glad to get *rid* of him, having to feed him and curry him and all that, so when Percy said, 'All that horse wants to do is trot ——'"

"They gave him away," Lucretia said heartrendingly.

"Well, we were building this house, and had so much expense, and then with the twins I didn't have any *time* to ride, so when Percy said ——"

"'All that horse wants to do is trot,'" Monroe finished, and thought, *Speed demons.* "O.K., but who did you give him to?"

"Andrew," Puss said. "You know our old yardman? Well, he got too old to work, so daddy fixed him up with a little place out near Marsh Hill—actually, Monroe, right close to where you used to keep all those ponies. Andrew's a lay preacher, and the church is about five miles away, so we thought he could take care of Tamarack and ride him to church, and he really does get a big kick out of it. I mean, the other Negroes mostly ride mules, and here's Andrew with this fancy saddle horse."

"That's nice for Andrew," Monroe said. "But what does Tamarack do from Monday to Saturday? Pull a plow?"

Puss flushed. "Really, Monroe. I expect if Tamarack does anything, he just eats grass and gets fat. Andrew is crazy about horses."

"That's what mother said about you and Percy," Lucretia said sadly, getting up. "No, Puss, don't look offended. I'm not blaming you and Percy; after all, I should have kept better track of my horse. Monroe?"

"Sure, I'm coming," said Monroe. "Look, we'll drive out to Marsh Hill and take a look at Tamarack and see if he's O.K. How about that?"

They left Puss still looking half guilty and half angry, and walked out to the two cars. "We'll pick up yours later, all right?" Monroe asked, and Lucretia climbed into his car without a word and sat disconsolately regarding her muddy loafers. She looked small and pathetic, Monroe thought, with cockleburs stuck to her jeans, her checked shirt pulled out from the narrow belt, a wisp of fair hair hanging over one eye, and her mouth turned down. He felt a wave of tenderness, and then a surge of irritation.

"I wish you could see yourself right now," he said. "You've got a smudge of dirt on your cheek and your hair needs combing and I bet

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you haven't put on any lipstick since you left New York."

Lucretia, startled out of her misery, turned and stared at him. "We're not going to a *tea dance*, Monroe; we're just going to see an old colored yardman. Andrew won't care how I look."

Monroe pressed down on the accelerator. "And I reckon it doesn't matter what I think?"

Lucretia began to laugh. "Oh, Monroe, you're so funny. Why, you've seen me looking worse than this a million times." She looked out the window and said more cheerfully, "Well, at least Tamarack's got a pretty place to live. Look at all those pine trees!"

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They were driving up Marsh Hill now, across land that had been in Monroe's family for generations, and they held quiet, looking appreciatively at the pines swinging gray against a sky faintly stained by the failing sun.

"Over there is where you used to keep your ponies, isn't it?" Lucretia asked suddenly, pointing. "How many did you have, anyway? Forty?"

"Fifty, about," Monroe said, steering carefully around mudholes.

"And you weren't more than twelve when you started breeding and selling them," Lucretia said thoughtfully. "Everybody said what an enormous success you were going to be. But then you never even *tried* to be a brilliant lawyer or a doctor or go to Europe or anything, you just kept on farming. The trouble with you, Monroe, is you're so one-way; you don't have any ambition."

"Not by your standards," Monroe said evenly. "By your standards, anyone who doesn't go to New York to be a ballet dancer or an artist or one of those atonal composers is totally lacking in ambition."

"Now don't tease," said Lucretia.

"I'm dead serious. I just think your standards are cockeyed. I've got a good, working farm, and I've got a couple of gaited horses, and one of them—Marsh Hill Troubadour—may be good enough to show in New Orleans this fall. I don't have a lot of money, but I care about what I'm doing, and I think I'm doing it well, and I believe that's just as important as studying to be a famous composer."

"Oh, you take everything so literally!" Lucretia said. "Right now I don't care if I'm a famous composer or not. Right now all I want to do is find Tamarack."

"If that's true," said Monroe, "then I think you might benefit by being a little *more* one-way. Looks to me like you're every which way at once."

By this time they had bumped along the dirt road to its end, to where it ran against a barbed-wire fence and stopped. Monroe said, "I don't know where Andrew's house is, but he probably keeps Tamarack in the field here—it's the only part that's fenced."

He held the barbed wire apart while Lucretia crawled through, and they walked over the springy grass, whistling and calling. They saw two shaggy brown ponies that jerked up their heads and galloped away, and farther on, near the barn, they saw a horse grazing.

"There," said Monroe. "There he is."

But Lucretia shook her head. "No, that's not Tamarack," she said.

"You sure? After all, you haven't seen him for a couple of years."

Lucretia sighed elaborately. "I may not can tell you Tamarack's exact height or how long his tail is, but I do know he isn't a gray. Tamarack's *chestnut*."

"Well, let's look in the barn."

But Tamarack wasn't in the barn; he wasn't anywhere. Lucretia trudged doggedly on, across the pasture and under the fence again and into the pine woods and across a little creek and through another field. It was getting dark; she tripped on a clump of huckleberry, and Monroe put out his hand to steady her.

"Listen," he said. "We're not going to find Tamarack or Andrew or anything in the dark, except maybe a snake. You come on back to the car now; we'll clean up and go somewhere for dinner, and I promise to drive you out here tomorrow morning. O.K.?"

"All right," Lucretia agreed reluctantly. "Only I don't think I want to go anywhere for dinner. I'm just going to go straight to bed. I'm too depressed about Tamarack to care about having *fun* or anything, Monroe."

Monroe opened his mouth, and then shut it. *O.K.*, he thought. *We'll find this horse first, that's the way she wants it. Then we'll see.*

Just as they reached the car, a shooting star curved across the sky. Lucretia grabbed his arm. "Quick!" she said. "Make a wish!"

Instinctively he shut his eyes and wished. When he opened them, Lucretia was smiling happily. "Now I *know* we'll find him!" she said.

At first Andrew acted innocent. "Tamarack," he said. "Don't know no horse name Tamarack."

"All right," Monroe said patiently. "Maybe his name was Buster. Or Ole Red. You know what horse I mean, Andrew—the one Mrs. Turner gave you to ride to church on."

"Please, Andrew!" Lucretia begged.

"Miz Turner." Andrew screwed up his old face in a frown, looked at the sky, looked at his feet, looked everywhere but into their faces. "Miz Pussy Turner?" he said finally.

Monroe exploded. "Andrew! How many Mrs. Turners ever gave you a horse? Think, now."

Andrew thought. "Seem like it coming back to me. They used to be a big red horse out here, sure enough. Ain't here now, though. That red horse been gone maybe one, two years." He peered at them cautiously. "Fact is, Mr. Monroe, seem like I done sold that red horse."

"Sold!" Lucretia gasped, but Monroe motioned her to hush.

"How come you sold him, Andrew?" he said mildly. "Why, I heard you were so proud of that horse you couldn't hardly stand it."

"Yes, sir," Andrew agreed vigorously. "That was a mighty fine horse. That horse start singlefooting down the road, everybody better look out! Never seen a horse could beat that one."

"Then why did you sell him?" asked Lucretia, baffled.

Little by little they coaxed the story from Andrew. Yes, sir, he rode that horse to church every Sunday. Yes, ma'am, wasn't nobody didn't stand around in the churchyard with their eyes popping out and their mouths hanging open when he rode up, in his long black

When a man gets too big for his breeches, his hat doesn't fit either.

coat and creased pants, with that big red horse chuffing and snorting and chomping on the bit. Look like he couldn't hardly help parading up and down a few times, so everybody could get a good look. But this one day, when he was tipping his hat to the ladies and nodding to all the gentlemen ——

"And acting an even bigger fool than you are ordinarily," Monroe put in.

Andrew gave him a hurt look. "I expect you right, Mr. Monroe. Well, sir, that big red horse lay back his ears and rared up and before you can clap your hands, ole Andrew's setting in a mudhole."

Monroe burst out laughing, and even Lucretia had to smile. But then she said severely, "That's no reason to sell a horse, Andrew—just because he threw you."

"No'm," said Andrew. He sighed. "Reckon not. But I never did hear the last of it. Look like every time I got on that horse, they was somebody cutting his eyes at me and grinning. Got so I was right sensitive about it."

"Well," Lucretia said helplessly, "well, I guess I understand, Andrew. But who did you sell him to?"

"Man name Gophe," Andrew said. "Come from Wiggins."

Lucretia and Monroe nodded, got up from Andrew's porch steps where they'd all been sitting, and started off to the car. But Monroe couldn't resist hollering back, "I hope you got a good price for him, anyway. I guess you know he was out of Leaning Larch by Black Commander and would have brought maybe seven hundred dollars at auction."

As they drove off, he noted with satisfaction that Andrew was standing like stone on the steps, his mouth hanging open and his eyes popping.

"I'll find Tamarack if it's the last thing I do!" Lucretia vowed, blinking back tears. "You hear me, Monroe?"

"I hear you," he said. "That's all I *have* heard for the last four days," he added.

"He couldn't just vanish off the face of the earth!" she exclaimed. "But where is he, then? Where's Tamarack?" And, counting on her fingers, she rattled off the places where Tamarack wasn't. "First we go to Wiggins, to find Gophe, and they tell us Gophe got run out of town for bootlegging; so we have to ch into Harrison County. Find him the bootlegging merrily away, only he's Tamarack off for a mule. A mule!" I repeated, indignant.

"He had to have *some* kind of an pull his whisky cart around," Monr reasonably. "And you heard him- arack didn't like being hitched to a rick wagon, and just about kicked it to piec

"I cannot conceive of Tamarack ki Lucretia said. "Well, so Gophe trad off to that man in Lumberton, that Kiddy Carnival. So off we go to Lumb

"Instead of going to the lake to wat said Monroe.

"And the carnival turns out to be affair with a rusty Ferris wheel and a that didn't even scare *me*, and four s ponies—and that man had been renting rack out to children! It's a miracle n them got thrown before he decided Tar was eating too much and sold him ——"

"To Mrs. Hiram Guthrie," said M "Now there was a nice old lady. I be horse had a fine time pulling her little around, with ribbons braided into his and bells jingling. Too bad she got too drive any more."

"And that tacky mercenary niece o sold him to that awful Henry Lee Sugg the traveling rodeo, and we spend a whc trying to track down the rodeo ——"

"A whole day which turned out to day my Great-aunt Kate came through on her way to Atlanta, and particularly w you to have lunch with her."

"—— and when we find the rodeo," tia swept on, "we find out Henry Lee has given up trying to teach Tamarack to like a cow pony, and has sold him t Lucky-O Dude Ranch on the Gulf Coa we have to drive *all the way to Biloxi*."

"And here we are, so we might as enjoy it," said Monroe. After all, he the it wasn't such a bad place to be. True en they had spent all afternoon poking thr the stalls at the Lucky-O Dude Ranch now, at sundown, they were having din Liveoaks, and he was pleased with his pano and the view of the deserted stret sand and the choppy gray water; and more pleased at the prospect of going the Surf-and-Sand to dance. Lucretia looking very pretty in her light green st dress, and he didn't really mind knowing she probably had her shoes off under the t He buttered another hot biscuit and "You haven't eaten a bit of your shrim molade, Lucretia. How do you expe have strength for dancing if you don't eat

"Dancing!" she said. "How can you t about dancing? What we ought to do straight on to New Orleans this very min

Monroe put down the biscuit. "Lister you know how big New Orleans is? know how many horses there are in New leans? Do you realize we don't even k the name of the man the Lucky-O I Ranch sold Tamarack to?"

Lucretia bit her lip; she looked worrie know it's going to be hard," she said. we do know Tamarack was sold in April we have to do is find out who bought a h in April, and ——"

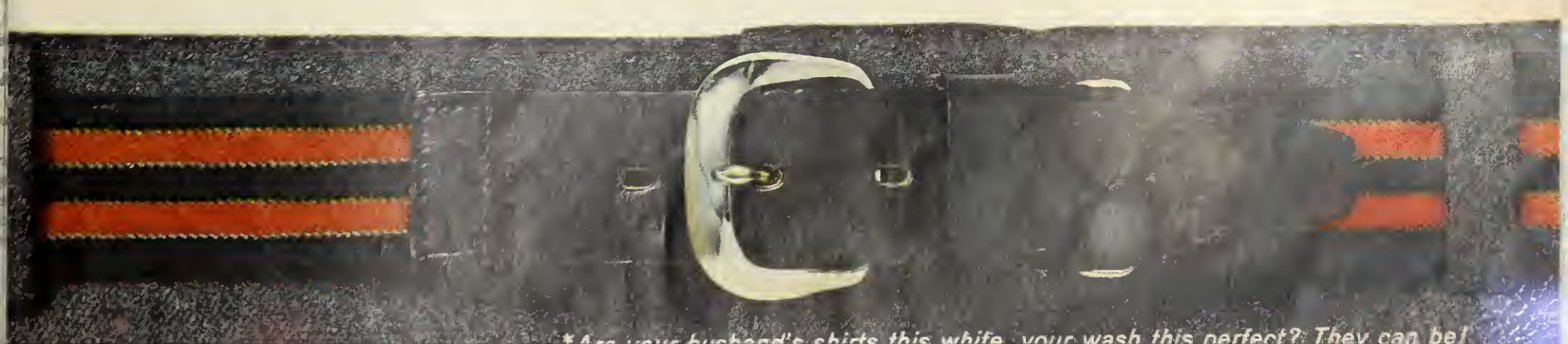
"You listen to me," Monroe said. don't even know that Tamarack's *in* New leans by now. Andrew said he was in Wig and Gophe said he was in Lumberton Mrs. Hiram Guthrie's niece said he wa Picayune and Henry Lee Suggs said Biloxi the dude ranch said New Orleans and the in New Orleans will say Baton Rouge the man in Baton Rouge will say Tucson, zona. I have driven you all over South Mi sippi, but if you think I am going to drive to *Tucson* ——" He broke off, surprise his own anger.

Lucretia stared at him. "Monroe! Yo not going to give up, are you?"

"I'm just tired of hearing about Tamar from morning till night," he said as calml possible. "If Marsh Hill Troubadour him got lost I'm not sure I'd spend as much t traipsing around the countryside after hin

CONTINUED ON PAGE

This shirt was washed in blue Cheer*



*Are your husband's shirts this white, your wash this perfect? They can be!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

you have spent on this crazy Tamarack that pulls whisky wagons and throws poor old darkies into ditches and wears ribbons in his mane."

"What's the matter with you?" cried Lucretia, looking alarmed.

"I have asked you to go fishing with me, swimming with me, and out to the club to dance," said Monroe, sweeping his plate aside and leaning both arms on the table. "But all you want to do is hunt for Tamarack. I have got to go back to Houston one week from today, and I haven't caught one perch or gone to one party, and what's more I have probably lost all my friends and insulted all my relatives by ignoring them entirely. All I have done is drive you around, and you are so busy looking out the window in case Tamarack might just happen to be standing at the side of the road you never even look at *me*."

"At you?" Lucretia said. "I'm looking at you right now."

"And I'll tell you what you see. You see a chauffeur, that's all."

"Now you're being silly," Lucretia said. "You know I can drive a car—have had my license since I was fourteen. If you don't want to help me find Tamarack, then you most certainly don't have to. I'll find him myself."

She had turned pale; she dropped her napkin on the table, stood up, and walked out to the car without speaking. He followed her, and stood for a moment on the oystershell drive, looking at the white sand and the dark, gently lapping water until his anger drained away and left him feeling tired and obscurely cheated. There was a new moon up, just a crust, and the night was mild and windy.

"We could go swimming," he said through the car window.

"People don't go swimming with their chauffeurs," she said stiffly.

The drive home was interminable. To break the silence, Monroe turned the radio on, and Lucretia, perversely, began to sing. She had a light, pleasant, unremarkable voice, and he found himself wondering what sort of songs she had sung in the Greenwich Village night club, and how she had looked in black tights. He turned the radio off.

At last they pulled up at her house and stopped. Through the open windows they could hear the pine trees soughing, a sad, lonely sound. Monroe cut the ignition off and sat motionless; Lucretia sighed; they could hear the click, click of the car cooling off. Lochlan and Duff paced sedately out of the darkness and stood waiting, guarding, at the end of the flagstone walk, their plumy tails waving softly in welcome.

"I'd better go in," said Lucretia.

Monroe got out instantly and opened the door for her with a flourish; he was still annoyed. But when she came out into the moonlight, her shoes in her hand and her face pale, tired, he suddenly drew her into his arms and kissed her. She dropped the shoes.

"Why, Monroe," she said, slowly drawing back. One of the collies barked—Lochlan, he thought; but it was an encouraging bark. "Monroe, I don't understand you at *all*. What did you do that for?"

He felt confident and masterful. "Never mind," he said. "Just tell me. Are you going to get up tomorrow morning and pack a picnic lunch and spend the day with me at Lake Shady? Or are you going to go crashing after that horse again, all by yourself?"

Her face changed; her brows drew together. "I'm going to look for Tamarack," she said. "All by myself." She whirled and ran; she was halfway to the house before she remembered her shoes, and came back more slowly. "What I don't comprehend," she said, not really angry now, but simply curious, "is why you came along with me in the first place. I mean, if you didn't *care* whether or not we found ——"

"Tamarack," finished Monroe. "And if I hear that name one more time ——"

It had been a long time since he had lost his temper completely; now he felt the familiar symptoms: his hands clenched, his head was light, he was caught up in a sort of dreadful exhilaration. "If you don't know by now why I let myself be dragged into this lunatic horse hunt," he said, "then you won't *ever* know, because *I'm* not going to tell you, and you are so blind you would walk straight into a stone wall and knock yourself out and still not believe it was there."

"Have you lost your mind?" said Lucretia, looking fascinated.

"Your mother said I could straighten you out," he rushed on. "Well, you can just tell her I give up. I absolutely give up. You are so far off in this make-believe fairy-tale world in which you are a ballet-dancing heroine composing symphonies with one hand and rescuing imaginary horses with the other, you can't see what's real and what's two feet in front of your nose."

"Tamarack's real," Lucretia said.

"No, he's not. He's got wings on his feet and a horn on his head and a plaited tail."

"He's a five-year-old chestnut gelding with two white socks and a blaze face and a rack that needs working on!" said Lucretia, and burst into tears.

"Cry away," said Monroe. "You go chase your Pegasus, and I'll go back to Houston to Marsh Hill Troubadour. If you ever catch him, you can fly over and wave at us."

He slammed into the car and roared off, not looking back, not letting himself think of her standing there barefoot, crying, with the pine trees sighing over her and only the collies for comfort. He held hard to his anger, driving too fast, heading out into the country, heading toward Houston. His thoughts skipped and skidded. *Let her cry. Who cares? She's not crying about me. All she cares about is that horse she hasn't even seen in three years. Probably wouldn't recognize him if she fell over him. What did she say? Chestnut gelding with two white socks and* ——

"Oh, no," he said aloud.

—— *and a rack that needs working on* ——

Monroe took his foot off the accelerator and stared down the empty road as though tranced. When the car had coasted almost to a stop, he pulled it off onto the grass and sat for a long time in silence.

"I don't believe it," he said softly. Nevertheless, he pulled out his wallet, dragged out a faded snapshot, and held it under the dim lights of the dashboard. After a while he started the car again and drove on down the road, driving steadily now, headed toward Houston.

It was so unusual for Lucretia to be *listless* that at first Mrs. Ferris refused to credit what her own eyes told her. Lucretia drooped; she thought, *It's only the heat*. Lucretia languished; she thought, *She's working out that symphony in her head*. Lucretia sighed; she said, *No, that was a yawn—she stayed up too late last night reading*.

By the third day she could no longer ignore it.

"Ever since you got back from New Orleans," she accused, "you've been moping. Is it just Tamarack you're brooding about? Is that all?"

Lucretia was lying in the hammock; she lifted her face, as forlorn as a wilted chrysanthemum. "I didn't even expect to find Tamarack in New Orleans," she said. "I never will find him, because he's not real, he's Pegasus, that's what Monroe said." And she closed her eyes wearily.

"Pegasus," repeated Mrs. Ferris, frowning. "Yes. Well, where *is* Monroe?"

"Gone back to Houston," said Lucretia in a dead voice.

"Houston!" Mrs. Ferris gave a little cry, and sank down in a wicker chair. "Are you sure?"

"Oh, and I don't *care!*" Lucretia said with sudden heat. Her bare foot came out of the hammock, she gave a violent push, and the hammock swung crazily. "Let him *stay* there. But yes, I'm sure," she continued, obviously trying to hold her voice steady. "I finally called his mother because I hadn't heard from him and I thought, well, suppose he had a *wreck* or something, and was in the *hospital*, he was certainly driving like a maniac that night. But his mother said, no, he hadn't had a wreck as far as she knew, he had simply gone back to Houston. That very same night. Phoned her from some filling station between here and Purvis, didn't even bother to go back for his suitcase. Just roared off to Houston."

Mrs. Ferris sorted all this out. "That night you got back from the Gulf Coast? Lucretia, you didn't do anything to *make* him leave?"

Lucretia didn't answer. She let the hammock swing back and forth, back and forth, all the while staring up at the sky, where the tips of the leaning pines met in a green arch. At last she asked, rather pathetically, "Mother, do you think I'll ever be a famous composer? You reckon I am just wasting my time up there, studying harmony and counterpoint and all?"

Mrs. Ferris managed not to smile. "What do *you* think?" she countered.

"Well, the funny thing is," said Lucretia. "I'm not sure I want to be a famous anything. I'm not even sure I want to go back to New York."

"Darling," Mrs. Ferris said cautiously, "have you ever thought about—oh, marriage, for instance. Having a family?"

Gradually the hammock slowed and stopped. "Why, yes," Lucretia said. "Actually I've thought about it a lot. Just these last days. That's why ——"

It was at this critical moment that they heard Monroe's voice.

Lucretia might have learned in drama school how to make an exit; Monroe knew instinctively how to make an entrance. He had left his car and the small van parked behind the arborvitae, and managed to get the big chestnut horse down the ramp with a minimum of commotion. "Steady, hoy. Easy now, Troubadour," he soothed, and led him across the lawn so quietly that not even the collies barked. He was almost up to the front porch before he hollered for Lucretia.

She came flying around the side of the house, calling, "Monroe! You're back!" Then she stopped dead, the color drained from her face; he thought she might faint. "Tamarack," she breathed. "You've found Tamarack."

"Only I've been calling him Marsh Troubadour," Monroe said.

She raced across the grass and flung arms around the horse's neck; he jerked startled, and tried to rear. Monroe pulled down. "Look out, now, Lucretia!" he "Good night, you don't expect him to you!"

"Oh, I don't!" Lucretia cried happily. I know you don't remember me, you sill horse, but where did you *come* from? Mo where did you find him?"

"I told you," Monroe said. "He's M Hill Troubadour. I bought him last spri New Orleans, worked on his rack, showed in Houston and won the junior stake, s him in Dallas ——"

"I don't believe it," Lucretia said, starin him.

"I didn't either, at first. But it was enough to check. All I had to do was call Orleans and find out the fellow I bought from had got him from the Lucky-O R Ranch in Biloxi. After that, there wasn't thing else to do but go to Houston and him and bring him back to you." He dr deep breath and put the reins in her h "And here he is."

"But he's your horse now," Lucretia tered.

"I'm giving him back to you. You can s him in Madison Square Garden, teach ballet, do anything you want with Maybe you can even paste wings on his and teach him to fly."

He gave Troubadour a hurried, awkw pat, and started off toward his car, not da to look back—not at his horse nor Lucretia. But he didn't get any far than the camellia bushes before Lucret voice stopped him.

"Wait, Monroe!" she called. "Ple please wait!"

He waited. And she came crashing into arms, and Tamarack-Troubadour came cra ing into them both, so that for a moment t were all three tangled up with Mrs. Ferr prize Pink Perfection. Then, before he co stop her, Lucretia dropped the reins and g her horse a solid slap that sent him shying snorting off across the lawn.

"Lucretia Ferris," he said, "do you m to say I'm going to have to chase that ho *again?*"

"You can chase him all you want to," said. "I might even help you, later on. right now, I think that horse has come tween us once too often."

After a while, Mrs. Ferris, who had start to follow her daughter out to welco Monroe and had then made a tactful retre cautiously emerged from around the side the house. She took care not to disturb L cretia and Monroe, still locked in a gratifyi embrace in the middle of her camellias. B down by the crepe myrtles she caught Tam rack, and tied his reins to a pine tree.

"I don't know who you belong to now, what your name is," she said, brushing t pink petals from his mane, "but I expe you're worth keeping."

RHYMES FROM YOUNG MOTHER GOOSE

By C. S. JENNISON

Higgledy, piggledy,
What? Again!
Baby's toys are out of the pen.
THIS time, baby
Can shriek and glower.
. . . Mommy has lost
Her pickup power.

A PERFECTLY HORRIBLE WEEK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

Peter laid his briefcase and the evening paper on the table. He watched Joyce for a long moment, not so much looking at her as studying her with an inner eye engineered by eight years of experience, and decided, after due reflection, to take the defensive position his findings indicated and to advance only with extreme caution, if at all. He was not ignorant of the theory that the best defense is an attack; he regarded it as a good theory, as long as you thought of it first. Well, he hadn't. He knew that dark, cloudy stare.

He wondered if it was possible that Joyce had smashed the exhaust pipe again, and experienced a pang: he was beginning to feel protective toward the little car. He decided the law of averages was in the car's favor an dismissed the idea. The thing to do w draw Joyce into the open, because she w deadly in ambush. He wondered idly why always noticed how pretty her neck was whe she was mad, and decided it must be the wa she held her head.

He gave himself one final instruction as h removed his hat and smiled politely at he *Don't laugh.*

"Good evening, ma'am."

With a box of detergent under her arm an a can of cleanser in her hand, she was pawin among the groceries on the counter. He con cluded that she was probably looking for th bleach.

She turned. "You're home early," she sai accusingly.

"Nope," he said cheerfully. "Same time a usual, my dear."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Summer's newest bath-time beauty secret



The new wrap tells you— it's the new Lux!

New Lux with skin-purifier added

New Lux helps keep your skin clear...all over —keeps you bath-time fresh...all day!



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Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees you'll love new Lux—or money back!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

"Oh? And I suppose that makes me *late*. Well, don't worry. Your dinner will be on time."

With his hand he smoothed a grin from his face. "It's a darned good thing. That's why I rushed home: to eat."

Disdaining his levity, Joyce lifted her chin higher and said with acid courtesy, "Sit down and have a cup of coffee while I finish putting things away. Marketing took longer than usual."

He stood watching her as she poured the last of the coffee from an electric coffeepot. It didn't quite fill the cup. She unplugged the pot and set the coffee on the table. He waited until she turned away and then, grabbing her by the arms above the elbows, he kissed the back of her neck. (She had never slapped him, but he could never rid himself of the feeling that she might.) She shook off his hands and once more began to search among the groceries on the counter.

Peter sat down and tasted the coffee. He winced, replaced the cup in the saucer, and pushed it away. "The bleach," he said, "is in the refrigerator."

She mastered a startled expression, glanced at him with displeasure and, as if condescending to a tiresome half-wit, she opened the refrigerator, removed the bottle of bleach and put it away under the sink.

As a safeguard, Peter put his hand over his mouth and went on watching her. At last everything had been put away except a box of drinking straws; she picked that up and looked at it. She glanced at the refrigerator, made and checked a movement toward the dish cupboard, looked at the breadbox and then, furiously, she snatched open the knife drawer, threw the straws among the knives and slammed the drawer shut.

Grim-faced, she flung herself into the chair opposite Peter and glared at the cup of coffee. She picked up the cup, took a sip, made a face and pushed it away.

"Children," she said sternly, "go out and play."

They paid no attention to her.

"Children!"

Still on all fours, they were growling, lying down to sleep, rousing suddenly to listen, alert and snoot-faced, at imagined noises. The dog was awake now, according to his eyebrows, and watched them contentedly.

"Children!" Joyce spoke sharply.

"We're dogs," Flo said and growled elaborately.

"Dogs!" said Joyce.

"What?" All three of them answered her.

"Kindly go outside and play. I want to talk to your father."

Flo had lately advanced to the age of automatic argument. She sat back on her heels and calmly folded her hands. She said, "Well, he's your father too, isn't he?"

Joyce said shortly, "No. He's my husband."

"But he's not *my* husband," Flo said patiently, prepared to see it through. "He's my daddy, so how can ——"

"Flo, go outside with your brothers, and do it *now*."

Flo began crawling toward the door. "Well, they're your brothers too, aren't they?" she asked reasonably.

"No, stupid, we're not," Jimmy said.

"You are so brothers," Flo said. "Everybody says so. Even mommy."

Jimmy looked baffled. "Stupid!" he said.

"Take that dog with you." Joyce pointed at the dog. He raised his nose at her and wagged his tail.

"We're all dogs," Tommy said. "Come on, Curly. Here boy, come on."

"Here, Prince, here, Prince," Jimmy called.

"Come on, Susan," Flo called. "Come on, boy."

"What," Peter asked, "is the dog's name?"

"It's Prince," said Jimmy.

"It is not," Tommy said. "It's Curly."

"The dog's name," Flo stated, frowning fiercely, "is Susan."

"You can't name him Susan," Jimmy said to Flo. "He's a boy."

"Ha, *ha*, stupid," Flo said triumphantly. "He is not a boy. He's a dog!"

"Go," Joyce said with dangerous quiet. "Now."

Tommy whined and pawed at the door. Peter reached over and opened it and, when the four dogs had filed out, closed it.

"Why can't they agree on a name?" Peter asked.

"Why can't they agree on anything?"

"Well, to save an argument, you could name him."

"Why should I?" she snapped. She was sitting with her chin propped on her fists, looking, he thought, much like Flo. The same fierce frown. "He's not *my* dog."

He decided to draw her fire, just a short volley, to see where it would come from. He said quietly, somewhat confidentially, "Joyce, if you will clear up just one small point for me, I'll—uh—apprcciate it."

"Well, what is it?"

"Are you mad at me or Joe?"

"*Joe?* Joe who?"

"The dog."

Her eyes ignited and she drew a deep breath, held it, and said between her teeth, "This has been a *perfectly horrible* week."

He relaxed a little, just a little, and said in a voice he hoped was noncommittal without being unsympathetic, "H'm. Tough week, eh?"

But she only nodded grimly and was s

He drummed his fingers on the table stopped abruptly when he saw her t

"Well," he said. "H'm."

Silence.

He sighed. "All right," he said, "I giv What happened this week?"

"Haven't you been around?" she snap

He looked at her steadily for a mi "No," he said, "except to eat and sleep. rest of the time I've been loafing aroun office, neglecting my family. And tonight going out and blow my pay check on b and women. As usual," he added.

It worked.

"For one thing," she said furiously, "it rained and rained and *rained*. And a r is lodged in the clothes dryer and I've got laundry piled up to the ceiling. And Jir has entered the second-grade poster cor about good health habits or something a can't *convince* him that he might *not* win his heart is set on it. And Tommy found a of praying-mantis eggs on Monday and lo And do you know *where* he lost it? Under radiator in his bedroom and it's *hatched*. Tl are about ninety million tiny praying mant creeping around the room! And on top that, the dog came! That ridiculous, hairy dog who sits around giving me sneaky lo from under his eyebrows and flopping his tail at me."

When she stopped for a gulp of bre Peter said, "I thought you were going to t phone the pound."

"Oh, you did. You *thought*, did you! N *that* was a contribution! It happens that I phone the pound. Today."

GENIUS: a promontory jutting out into the future.
VICTOR HUGO

"Well?"

"Nobody had reported him missing," said shortly, not looking at him.

"Yes. Well?"

"They—they said they'd take him off hands," she finished quickly, tensely rega ing the coffee cup. "I said I'd call them bacl

Peter considered a moment. "You do want to locate a possible owner before they ah—'take him off your hands'?"

"Locate!" She stared at him as though had lost his mind. "Locate? If we can't affc to keep a dog, as you have so often point out—and goodness knows it costs *lit* enough—how can we possibly afford to r ads in every newspaper in the state trying locate an owner for a stray dog? I think," s added, "you must be crazy."

"All right. All right," he said soothing "Did you call them back and tell them come get the ——"

She interrupted him furiously. "What you think I do all day? Sit around the tel phone chatting interminably with long-wind dogcatchers? Why do you think I'm late wi marketing and late with supper and la with . . . everything? With everything that happened this week and all I've got to do, haven't time to turn around! You and yo eight-hour day! And your five-day week! Ar furthermore," she plunged on, "if that smar aleck little car of yours had the exhaust pi in the right place, it wouldn't get itself smashe every time I back into a curb!"

He felt the quake of uncontrolled mirt begin inside him. He clamped his teeth t gether for a minute and said softly, "Joyc you didn't. Not again."

"I did!" she said. "On Wednesday."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't you notice?" she said. "Any way, I knew you'd be perfectly furious."

He shook a little, but frowned and said "Well, I am. I'm mad as ——"

"Well, you're not as mad as I am," sh yelled, and just as he exploded into a shout c laughter she burst into tears.

She jumped up from her chair, sobbing, an he followed her, wondering why, when woman cries in the kitchen, she always goe to the sink. As soon as he put his arms aroun

What every baby dreams of—

going "bye-bye"... saving Mommy money, too!



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she dropped her hands from her face and
d between his neck and shoulder. He
ed a long, peaceful sigh.
Practically everything that's happened this
k has happened before," he said presently,
ing her ear and temple. "Except that con-
nded dog."
That's just the trouble," she sobbed. "Ev-
hing—evcrything—over and over. Your
r little car. I'm so stupid."
Sh-h. Just cry," he murmured soothingly.
felt lightheaded with victory. Uncondi-
al surrender! And he hadn't fired a shot.
the sobs and sniffs thinned out, he said,
w listen, swectie. After a while I'll get
se bugs upstairs with the vacuum cleaner;
e aren't many in one egg case—less than
undred. After dinner I'll take the wet
hes to that place downtown and have
m dried. And I'll call the repairman for the
er and I'll have a talk with Jimmy about
tests. Monday I'll leave the car at the shop
n I catch the train and pick it up that
t. And I'll attend to the dog."
Oh Pete, stop being so *nice*."
Now sit down and read the paper or some-
ng, and, if you'll let me, I'll cook supper."
Darling." She hugged him. "I wouldn't
k of it. You're tired; and anyhow, you
uldn't want to outrage a good sirloin
k, would you?"
Peter considered. "Frankly, I wouldn't."
"You read the paper," she said and kissed
mouth, "and I'll hurry dinner. You must
starved. And while the potatoes are getting
art, I'll run up and swoosh up those bugs;
cleaner's upstairs so it won't take a minute.
I could think of before was bug spray and
re out of it."
When she had lit the oven, she dumped
ne potatoes in the sink and began scrubbing
m. "Pete, don't worry about Jimmy. I've
ked to him about doing his best and letting
o at that, and he just needs time to let the
a sink in."
"O.K., baby, if you think so."
She put the potatoes on the oven rack, set
temperature and closed the oven door.
en she stood up and faced Peter.
"Pete"—she dropped her eyes—"I'm so
ribly ashamed about the exhaust pipe. I
omise you I'll never do it again. If I can
lp it."
He suppressed a laugh and winked at her.
"orget it, baby. I told you I'll take care of it."
She looked horrified. "Oh, you *mustn't*! I
d it and I'll get it fixed. I'll take it to the shop
the morning when I go down to get the wash
ied. And, incidentally, I've already called the
pairman; he'll be here Tuesday." She started
t of the kitchen but paused in the doorway.
By the way, you'd better mention disposing
the dog to the children. Sort of explain it,
u know." She smiled at him and hurried
stairs.

It wasn't until she had snapped off the
cuum cleaner that she was able to hear the
rrible noise from below. She ran down-
airs at full speed and rushed into the kitchen
find the children clutching the dog and
ying as if hearts and lungs might burst,
hile the dog, after a frantic struggle to raise
s head from out the encircling arms, con-
ibuted a prolonged and blood-chilling howl.
When Flo caught sight of her mother she
rieked, "Daddy's going to make the dog-
atcher steal Susan!"
"Don't let daddy send Prince to the pound,"
mmy wailed. "They'll kill him!"
Tommy was moaning, "Poor Curly, poor
urly."
Pete, stricken, utterly defeated, stood with
is back to the wall, trying hopelessly to make
imself heard. "Kids, listen, kids, I didn't
ean it, it's all a mistake. Kids, listen ——"
Joyce fell on her knees and managed to
ather all three children and the dog in her
rms.
"Hush, all of you. Hush! Did you hear
laddy? He says he is not going to send him
o the pound. He's going to stay right here;
e's *our dog*. He's our own little Timmy."
"Who? He's who? What's his name?"
"His name is Timmy," said Joyce.
"It is? Who told you? How do you know?"
"Because I just know," Joyce said con-
dently. They had stopped crying and listened
with interest. "I had a dog just like him once, long ago. He was all scraggly with only his nose showing and his name was Timmy." She took the dog's face in her hands and kissed the silky patch in front of one ear. "Yes, he was," she crooned absurdly. "He's just like my old Timmy."

"Timmy," the children cried delightedly and hugged him until he groaned.

"Yes, but daddy said ——" Tommy began loudly in new alarm.

"Sh-h!" Joyce said hurriedly, and rushed on: "You know perfectly well daddy wouldn't do such a thing and anyhow it was my idea and—and I changed my mind and I didn't mean it in the first place so just hush, all of you." Breathless, she sagged.

"That's right, kids. It was just for laughs," Peter said and looked at Joyce without humor. She gave him a desperate glance, colored deeply and looked at the floor.

"It's almost time for Lassie," Jimmy said, looking at the clock. "Hey, I bet Lassie is Timmy's favorite TV program. Come on, Timmy."

They left her abruptly. Still kneeling on the floor, she eased off her knees and sat. She sighed wearily.

Peter sat down on the floor in front of her.

"Look at me," he said. "If you can."

"I can't," she said, gazing steadfastly into a corner. "I loved him from the minute I saw him."

He gave her a long, speculative stare. "That was some maneuver, sweetie!" His shoulders shook with profound, silent laughter.

"Pete," she said, "you're terribly nice."

"Think so? I don't know," he said, shaking his head. "I don't know what I am. There may not even be a word for it. But whatever I am, I seem to be working out all right. All I need," he said, taking her chin in his hand, "is a little expert help."

Quickly he kissed her. It wasn't the time to laugh. END



Fresh Cream Deodorant lasts and lasts and lasts!

No wilting with wonderful Fresh . . . the cream deodorant with a "Perfect Balance" of gentleness and effectiveness. Fresh Cream pampers your delicate skin, yet protects you because it's a deodorant and an anti-perspirant, too!



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HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Midsummer Additions

For warm summery days now and the many on the way, Mollie Farnham, Barbara J., looks pretty and cool. She adds easy-to-wear and easy-to-care-for cottons which add up to a minimum of fashion $'s. Mollie makes three new additions to her wardrobe, and the total for all is less than $20.00. Taken separately, any one of them would be a cool morale booster for a midsummer's day. By BET HART



© VOGUE



For early morning or to slip into before bedtime, Mollie chooses an aqua cotton peignoir. The tiny, almost nothing-of-a-sleeve and yoke are in white eyelet. $7.95.



Mollie adds a turquoise bow to the peignoir. The matching ribbon goes through the side seams and ties at the front to make a pretty waistline.

PEIGNOIR BY EVELYN PEARSON

Mollie's first addition: a blue-and-white-striped sleeveless cotton that wraps to the back and ties. The apron effect is in a gaily printed chintz. Both this and the pretty neckline are outlined with blue rickrack. Price of first investment, $7.95.



The coolest addition colorwise: lemon-yellow cotton. For easy July sewing, Mollie chooses Vogue's "Easy to Make" Design No. 5044.* For a summer's evening, she adds white jewelry and gloves, black patent belt and shoes. Dress to make costs Mollie $2.90.

*For other views, sizes and price, see page 1



Another day, she can accessorize with two additions from last month: her denim play shoes, gold-and-white pin. She adds a white scarf at the waistline.

WRAPAROUND BY JACK NACHMAN



"TECNIQUE Color-Tone"

All the ease and gentleness of a fine color rinse...but look, it lasts up to 8 weeks! Blends naturally...no drastic change, no artificial look!

EVER BEFORE, a hair color with rinse mildness plus long-lasting venience; *it conditions, too! Tecnique* ly touches your hair with high- ts, and accents its natural color . no drastic change, only new uty. Always *your* own color is re. But unlike a rinse, *Tecnique* tly penetrates hair to last up to eeks, often longer.

TOUCH-UP PROBLEM, won't sham- out, streak or rub off. *Tecnique*, ike ordinary rinses, tints and s, never looks less than beauti- fully natural. Exclusive ACTOGEN, a mild creaming agent, works color into individual hair strands instead of just coating the surface. *Tecnique* also blends in with new hair growth —never a tell-tale "dye line."

TECNIQUE WILL:	TECNIQUE WON'T:
• *Highlight, accent natural hair color.*	• *Need touch-ups (never a "dye line").*
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CONDITIONS, TOO . . . fine oils add luster, make your hair soft to the touch and easy to manage. Apply *Tecnique* any time . . . even right after a permanent . . . use it for years and never see hair go harsh.

ADDS THE ACCENT your hair needs for true *natural* beauty—the just-right dash of auburn, spicy brown or glowing gold. Shampoo-simple, you *can't* make a mistake, color action stops automatically. 12 shades to choose from . . . at all leading drug and department stores (also available as a moderately-priced salon service). Satisfaction guaranteed. SHULTON, 630 5th Ave., NYC. Price 2.00 plus tax.

"TECNIQUE Color-Tone"



. . . a glimmer . . . a gleam . . .
soft color glows in your hair

ARE YOU A PIONEER?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

HAVE YOU GOT THE FRONTIER SPIRIT?

Wernher von Braun, our foremost missile expert, looks on the conquest of space as the new frontier for young Americans. But he recently said he was "profoundly worried as to what has happened to the American frontier spirit." Now I don't think anybody's questioning our courage or daring. What seems challenged is our ability to face sacrifices or hardships in order to keep in the space race. In other words, are we too soft to care?

The question was put to students at Pierce Junior College in Southern California this way: "Do you think the present generation is too materialistic?" Sally Loeffler, a pretty coed, said, "Yes . . . it is a terrible thing to discover that we spend more time collecting and redeeming Blue Chip stamps than we do in prayer." A negative answer from another student was, "I can't see anything wrong with my mother using an automatic washer rather than a bar of soap and a scrub board. So what's wrong with stereo, a car, a TV set, nice clothes, and so on?" But Sally makes a good point. I'd say there is absolutely nothing wrong with stamp collecting or TV, but it's a question of the order of their importance on your scale of values. To have the true American pioneer spirit, you have to put God and prayer ahead of stamp collecting and your country ahead of television sets.

Did you ever wonder about the "Early Americans"? Who they really were? How they really felt? Well, I've got news for you. You're finding that out right now. Because we, you and I, are the "Early Americans."

I wish I'd thought that up myself, didn't. I heard Conrad Hilton, who pion $5000 from a little hotel in Texas to a w spanning hotel empire, say it. "We're a n in its youth," he said. He meant that France was 184 years old Charlemagne w even born; England at the same age hadn been swallowed up by the empire of J Caesar; at that point in Ireland's hi Saint Patrick was just driving the last sn out of old Erin.

To me, Uncle Sam is just in his teens someday I'm going to draw Uncle Sam see him. He probably won't look so wise distinguished as he does in top hat and but he'll look like a lusty young man, w is the way he appears in my mind. Some to me, Uncle Sam is still having growing p And you and I are growing up with him has all the vigor, stamina and imagina that *you and I have*, and no more. If we the spirit of "Early Americans," Uncle S be weakened by those modern viruses o difference and materialism.

Let's look at the record of how far w come—and how fast. It can inspire us to up the momentum. It can also show us s of the growing pains we've lived through some that still knot and ache.

The year the Pilgrims landed at Plym the estimated colonial population was 2 I *pass* that total population on the wa work in the morning. At about that time of culture took a dim view of the New W Samuel Purchas wrote, "America is younger brother, and hath . . . almost no heritance at all." Yet sixteen years after Pilgrim landing, Harvard College was foun and three years after that the first docun in English was printed in America. Tw years later, the estimated colonial popula in the New World was 27,947 and New Y City was already developing its unique sonality. On Manhattan Island there w twenty different nationalities and sects spe ing eighteen different languages. And tho there were as yet no Blue Chip stamps, N England wives were delighted when the p of shoes was regulated by law: "Five pe half penny a size for all plyne and woo heel'd shoes, and about seven pence half pe a size for well wrought 'French Falls.'"

Fifty years after the Pilgrim Fathers' rival teenagers were functioning normally thirty young men were arrested for wear their hair too long and an ordinance in Sale Massachusetts, regulating church attenda required "All ye boyes of ye towne are pointed to sitt upon ye three paire of sta in ye meetinghouse, and Wm. Lord is pointed to look after ye boyes upon ye p pitt stairs." Girls sat with their mothers. even then they were having trouble getti young people to go to church.

When the Declaration of Independen Uncle Sam's birth certificate, finally came. was first published in the *Pennsylvania E ning Post* under the title: "A Declaration the Representatives of the United States America, in General Congress Assemble The *Post* sold for "only 2 coppers" and t four-page paper devoted its entire front pa and the first column of the second page displaying our passport to freedom.

Twenty years before the Declaration of I dependence, there were over a milli colonists in America. When the peace trea was signed ending the Revolutionary W there were 2,781,000. On Uncle Sam's 184 birthday this year, there are 3,686,736 B Scouts alone in the United States. Son growing, yes?

The "younger brother" hath much inhe tance now. And to keep growing and gettin stronger and wiser and more mature, what required is that you and I keep alive the spir of "Early Americans." Are there any thin our forefathers did, whether they landed o the *Mayflower*, pioneered the West, came earl or late, whether they sacrificed, sweated offered their lives for our principles, are the any of these things that you and I couldn or wouldn't do? If there are, then Unc Sam's in bad shape. If not, then he's stron ready for anything including the conquest space; in fact, just entering the fullness manhood.

How does a mother know which Antiseptic is best for everyday cuts, burns, scrapes?



Among the hundreds of antiseptics sold today, Mycitracin, with its 3 powerful antibiotics, gives you a new way to guard against skin infection in minor cuts, burns and scrapes.

Nearly every day, a young mother has to treat minor cuts, burns and scrapes. At this point, she has a problem. If she uses tincture of iodine, it's so harsh it may burn tender tissue—if enough is used to destroy all the bacteria. Should she use mild solutions or salves? Better than nothing, of course, but often not effective.

What, then, should be done?

For best protection, follow these simple steps:

1. If the wound is serious or fails to heal, a doctor should be consulted.

2. Minor cuts and scrapes should always be washed with water and mild soap. Most bacteria will wash out with the dirt. (Do not wash a burn.)

3. After washing, apply a nonirritating antiseptic agent to fight bacteria and cover the wound with a sterile dressing. The modern antiseptic should be a non-burning ointment containing antibiotics powerful enough to destroy bacteria promptly. Mycitracin, Upjohn's sting-free antiseptic, is just such a product.

No single antibiotic destroys all bacteria. Mycitracin contains 3 antibiotics—Neomycin, Bacitracin and Polymyxin B. The antibacterial action of the three combine to give you greater protection. Neomycin, for example, destroys 20 of the 22 bacteria most likely to cause infection in skin injuries. Bacitracin and Polymyxin B are included to protect against those bacteria on which Neomycin has no effect. In this way, Mycitracin creates a zone free of infectious bacteria around the injury, and keeps it that way as long as it is applied.

The ointment base is important, too, since it keeps the antibiotics in contact with the injured area much longer than a liquid. Mothers also appreciate the fact that Mycitracin's ointment base is stainless, odorless. Its triple antibiotic strength . . . its sting-proof, soothing formula, makes this new antiseptic a must for your medicine chest.

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Medicine designed for health . . . produced with care. **Upjohn**

THE UPJOHN COMPANY, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



OU HONESTLY KNOW

a little
almost nothing
a very great deal about our form of government and the other forms that threaten it?

al-life drama enacted early this year in or high school in New Brunswick, New made a deep impression on me. You have read about it. A social-studies r, Ewing McKown, suddenly an- ed to a class of thirty seniors, "The s supreme." . . . "People over sixty- ust be exterminated for the good of the . . . "Anyone defending democracy in lass will be punished." . . . "A dictator- s the best political system, and the in- al is only an insignificant cog in the machine." The twenty-eight-year-old r allowed no one to smile, talk, cross n the classroom. The students stood at ion to recite, and if anyone differed in on with Mr. McKown, he had to copy for word editorials from local papers. w, this teacher hadn't tapped out men- "I was searching for some way to make arianism come alive, to show some of its ness." And so, when the class voted its val, they began a live experiment: tarianism practiced and propagandized American classroom. (Totalitarianism, e way, is the system in which govern- is boss—completely.) But at the end of weeks the class was in an uproar. Using informer" and "traitor" methods, the er set up a realistic spy system and even- one girl, according to Mr. McKown,

Of two evils, choose neither.
C. H. SPURGEON

n actually to believe her parents were ming on her. When Mr. McKown cli- d his performance by insisting that only state religion should be allowed, the vol- erupted. But this teacher had done his First, he taught thirty young Americans alue what they had formerly taken for ted, and, as one seventeen-year-old said, aught me how very little I really know it democracy."

ven if they don't use the ingenious tactics wing McKown, our schools, newspapers, azines, every modern agency for com- ication, try to see that we know "a very t deal" about our form of government—only because we've got the greatest, but use you've got to know about it. You're t's *you!*

he difficulty with us, when we find we w only a little about democracy, is that igh the facts are shouted to us from every rter, *we* have to supply the listening ear the imagination.

o you see that though the word "freedom" lies the right to "volunteer" as those won- ul marching folk I saw in the Memorial parade had done, it also implies the right it back and "let George do it"—and that ough of us relaxed into this attitude Uncle would lose his hands and feet, his heart brain?

Ve all know that George Washington had adventure with an ax and a cherry tree. We w him as the Father of our Country, the who stood up in a rowboat crossing the aware; but do you know what he said be- signing the Constitution, which the great glishman, Gladstone, said was "the most nderful work ever struck off at a given time the brain and purpose of man"? Conven- President Washington said, "Let us e a standard to which the wise and honest repair; the rest is in the hands of God."

You and I hold up that standard—a Con- ution that proposes to "form a more per- t union, establish justice, insure domestic nquility, provide for the common defense, omote the general welfare, and secure the ssings of liberty." Wow! What an order! ere I go running that fever again! Thrills d chills! How's your temperature?

As far back as the landing of the *Mayflower*, William Bradford wrote of its passengers: "They knew they were Pilgrims . . . so they committed themselves to the will of God and resolved to proceed," from which statement they drew their title "Pilgrim Fathers" as well as leaving us a record of the source of their strength. As recently as three hours ago when I paid for a fresh haircut I "committed" our country to God, because it says on every coin in my pocket, on the dollar bills you or I spend, "In God We Trust."

Mr. McKown's social-science class boiled but didn't explode until his pretend propaganda stepped on the students' freedom to worship. President Calvin Coolidge once said, "Our government rests upon religion. It is from that source that we derive our reverence for truth and justice, for equality and liberty, and for the rights of mankind. Unless the people believe in these principles, they cannot believe in our government." When our Presidents take the oath of office, they place their hand upon some particular verse or chapter of the Bible, and in doing so seem to say in effect what Coolidge stated above—and what I think Sally Loeffler was trying to say. It would be a blessing for all young America if we remembered those two words, "God and liberty," because they are inseparable.

Now for the fourth and last question:

AM I A GOOD AMERICAN?

This is the million-dollar question that you and only you can answer. I hope you are. If you, in your heart of hearts, can give a big *yes* to this, it's the best present you could give your Uncle Sam and 179,999,999 other Americans, including yours truly, on his 184th birthday.

And if enough of you do answer yes, then I can go on singing "Happy birthday to us" for years, and years, and years to come.

END

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NOW IN NEW LARGE SIZE, TOO!
Softens 32 washloads—saves you more money than ever!

THE MISTRESS OF MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

master 'ull be reeeiving the guests at eight. That's how it always was. And don't 'ee forget—'tis but buffet supper at nine, so there's a long time to go afore you get more to eat. Are you sure you wouldn't like something more than that there piece of fuggan?"

I was sure I was going to find it diffieult to eat what she had brought, so I said, "This is quite enough, Daisy."

"Well, 'tis for you to say, Miss."

She stood at the door a moment, her head on one side, watching me. Was she regarding me with a new interest?

I pictured them in the servants' hall, Tapperty leading the conversation. Were they wondering what new relationship had begun—or was about to begin—between the master of the house and the governess?

I was at the ball in Phillida's green dress with the tight, low-eut bodiee and the billowing skirt. I had dressed my hair differently, piling it high on my head. It was necessary to do so in order to do justice to the comb. On my dress sparkled the diamond brooeh.

I was happy. I had waited until the ballroom was full before I went down. Then I could best mingle with the guests. I had been there only a few minutes when Peter was at my elbow.

"You look dazzling," he said.

"Thank you. I am glad to surprise you."

"I'm not in the least surprised. I always knew how you could look, given the chance."

"You always know how to pay the compliment."

"To you I always say what I mean. One thing I have not yet said to you, and that is 'A happy Christmas.'"

"Thank you. I wish you the same."

"Let us make it so for eaeh other. I have brought no gift for you."

"But why should you?"

"Because it is Christmas, and a pleasant custom for friends to exchange gifts."

"But not for ——"

"Please—please; no reminders of governessing tonight. One day I am going to give you Jacinth, you know. She is meant for you. I see Connan is about to open the ball. Will you partner me?"

"Thank you, yes."

"It's the traditional dance, you know."

"I don't know it."

"It's easy. You only have to follow me." He began humming the tune to me. "Haven't you seen it done before?"

"Yes, through the peep in the solarium at the last ball."

"Ah, that last ball! We danced together. But Connan eut in, didn't he?"

"It was somewhat uneonventional."

"Very, for our governess. I'm really rather surprised at her."

The music had begun and Connan was walking into the eenter of the hall, holding Celestine by the hand. To my horror I realized that Peter and I would have to join them and dance those first bars with them.

I tried to hold back, but Peter had me firmly by the hand.

Celestine was surprised to see me, but if Connan was he gave no sign. I imagined that Celestine reasoned: *It is all very well to ask the governess, as it is Christmas, but should she immediately thrust herself into such a prominent position?* However, I believed her to be of too sweet a nature to show her astonishment after that first start of surprise. She gave me a warm smile.

I said, "I shouldn't be here. I don't really know the dance. I didn't realize ——"

"Follow us," said Connan.

"We'll look after you," echoed Peter.

And in a few seconds the others were falling in behind us.

Round the hall we went to the tune of The Furry Dance.

"You're doing excellently," said Connan with a smile as our hands touched.

"You will soon be a Cornishwoman," added Celestine.

"And why not?" demanded Peter. "Are we not the salt of the earth?"

"I am not sure that Miss Leigh thinks so," replied Connan.

"I am becoming very interested in all the customs of the country," I added.

"And in the inhabitants, I hope," whispered Peter.

We danced on. It was simple enough to learn, and when it was over I knew all the movements.

As the last bars were played I heard someone say, "Who is the striking-looking young woman who danced with Peter Nansellock?"

I waited for the answer to be, "Oh, that's the governess." But it was different: "I've no idea. She certainly is . . . unusual."

I was exultant. I doubt that I had ever been so happy in my life.

I knew that in the time to come I should treasure every minute of that wonderful evening, for I was not only at the ball, I was a success at the ball.

I did not lack partners. Even when I was forced to admit that I was the governess, I continued to receive the homage due to an attraetive woman. What had happened to change me? I wondered. Why couldn't I have been like this at Aunt Adelaide's parties? But if I had, I should never have eome to Mount Mellyn.

Then I knew why I had not been like this. It was not only the green dress, the amber

FLOOD PREVENTED

By JOHN P. PAWLEY

Johnny's playing;
Oops . . . he fell. . . .
He doesn't shed a tear.
It's not so much
That Johnny's brave:
He doesn't know I'm here!

eomb and the diamond brooeh; I was in love, and love is the greatest beautifier of all. Never mind if I was ridiculously, hopelessly in love. I was like Cinderella at the ball, determined to enjoy myself until the stroke of twelve.

A strange thing happened while I was dancing. I was with Sir Thomas Treslyn, who turned out to be a courteous old gentleman, a little wheezy during the danee, so I suggested that he might prefer to sit out the rest of it. He was very grateful and I felt quite fond of him. I was ready to be fond of everyone on that night.

He said, "I'm getting a little too old for the dance, Miss—er ——"

"Leigh," I said. "Miss Leigh. I'm the governess here, Sir Thomas."

"Oh, indeed," he said. "I was going to say, Miss Leigh, it is extremely kind of you to think of my comfort when you must be longing to danee."

"I'm quite happy to sit for a while."

"I see that you are kind as well as very attractive."

I remembered Phillida's instructions and accepted the compliments nonchalantly as though I had been accustomed to them all my life.

He was relaxed and confidential. "It's my wife who likes to come to these affairs. She has so much vitality."

"Ah, yes," I said, "she is very beautiful."

I had noticed her, of course, the very moment I entered the ballroom. She was in pale mauve chiffon over an underskirt of green; she evidently had a passion for chiffon and such clinging materials, and it was understandable, considering her figure. She wore quantities of diamonds. The mauve toning down the green was exquisite and I wondered whether my own vivid emerald was not a little blatant compared with hers. She looked outstandingly beautiful, as she would in any assembly.

He nodded—a little sadly, I thought.

And as I sat talking, my eyes, wandering round the hall, went suddenly to the peep high in the wall, that star-shaped opening whieh merged so perfectly into the murals that none would have guessed it was there.

Someone was watehing the ball through the peep, but it was impossible to see who it was.

I thought, *Of course it is Alvean.* Did she not always watch the ball through the peep? Then I was suddenly startled, for as I was sitting there, I saw Alvean. I had forgotten that this was a speeial oeeasion—Christmas Day—and just as on such a day the governess might come to the ball, so might Alvean.

She was dressed in white muslin with a wide blue sash and I saw that she wore the silver whip pinned to the bodiee of her dress. All these things I noticed with half my attention. I looked swiftly up to the peep. The face, unrecognizable, indefinable, was still there.

Supper was served in the dining room and the puneh room. There was a buffet in both these rooms and guests helped themselves, for, according to custom, the servants on this day of days were having their own ball in their own hall.

I saw that these people who so rarely waited on themselves now found it quite good fun to do so. Piled on dishes were the results of all that kitchen activity: small pies of various kinds, called here pasties—not the enormous ones which were eaten frequently in the kitehen, but dainty ones; there were sliees of beef, and ehieken and fish of various deseriptions. There was a great bowl of hot punch; another of mulled wine; there were mead, whisky and sloe gin.

Peter Nansellock, with whom I had had the supper dance, led me into the punch room. Sir Thomas Treslyn was already there with Celestine, and Peter led me to the table at which they were sitting. "Leave it to me," he said. "I'll feed you all."

I said, "Allow me to help you."

"Nonsense," he replied, "you remain with Celeste. You're not the governess tonight, Miss Leigh; you're a lady like the rest of them. Don't forget it. Then no one else will."

But I was determined that I would not be waited on and insisted on going to the buffet with him.

"Pride," he murmured, slipping his hand through my arm. "Wasn't that the sin by which fell the angels?"

"It may have been ambition; I am not sure."

"Well, I'll warrant you're not without a dash of that either. Never mind. What will you eat? Perhaps it is as well you came. Our Cornish food often seems odd to you foreigners from the other side of the Tamar."

He began loading one of the trays whieh had been put there in readiness.

"Which sort of pie will you have? Giblet, squab, nattling or muggety? Ha, there's taddage too. I can reeommend the squab: layers of apple and baeon, onions and mutton and young pigeon. The most delicious Cornish fare."

"I'm ready to try it," I said.

"Miss Leigh," he went on, "Martha . . . has anyone ever told you that your eyes are like amber?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Has anyone ever told you you're beautiful?"

"No."

"Then that oversight should be and is rectified immediately."

I laughed and at that moment Connan came into the room with Lady Treslyn. She sat down with Celestine, and Connan came over to the buffet.

"I am enlightening Miss Leigh about our Cornish food. She doesn't know what a 'fair maid' is. Is that not odd, Con, seeing that she is one herself?"

Connan looked excited; his eyes, smiling into mine, were warm. He said, "Fair maid, Miss Leigh, is another name for pilchards served like this with oil and lemon." He took a fork and put some on two plates. "It is a corruption of the old Spanish *fumado*, and we always say here that it is food fit for a Spanish don."

"A relic, Miss Leigh," interrupted Peter, "of those days when the Spaniards raided our shores and took too great an interest in other kind of fair maid."

Alvean had eome in and was standing side me. I thought she looked tired.

"You should be in bed," I said.

"I'm hungry," she told me.

"After supper we'll go up."

She nodded and with sleepy pleasure piled food on a plate.

We sat round the table—Alvean, P Celestine, Sir Thomas, Connan and Treslyn.

It seemed like a dream that I shoul there. Aliee's brooch glittered on my d and I thought, *Thus, two years ago, she have sat—as I am sitting now.* Alvean, w not have been here then—she would been too young to have been allowe come—but apart from that and the fact t was in Alice's plaee, it must have been like other oeeasions. I wondered if any o others thought this.

I remembered the faee I had seen at peep, and what Alvean had said on the r of that other ball. I eould not remembe exact words, but I knew that it had been s thing about her mother's love of dancing how, if she came baek, she would come ball. Then Alvean had half hoped to see among the daneers. . . . What if she wat from another plaee? I thought of that gh solarium in moonlight and I said to my *Whose face did I see at the peep?*

Then I thought, *Gilly! What if it were G It must have been Gilly. Who else could it been?*

My attention was brought baek to group at the table when Connan said, "I you some more whisky, Tom." He rose went to the buffet. Lady Treslyn go quiekly and went to him. I found it difficu take my eyes from them. I thought how tinguished they looked—she in green-sh mauve draperies, the most beautiful wo at the ball, and he surely the most di guished of the men.

"I'll help you, Connan," she said a heard them laughing together.

"Look out," he said, "we're spilling it

They had their baeks to us, and as I wat I thought that with the slightest provocati could have burst into tears because n clearly saw the ridieulousness of my hop

She had slipped her arm through his as came back to the table. The intimate ge wounded me deeply. I suppose I had d too much of the mead—or metheglin, as ealled it. Mead. It was sueh a soft and g name. But the mead which was mad Mount Mellyn was very potent.

I said to myself eoldly, *It is time you ret*

As he gave the glass to Sir Thomas—emptied it with a speed whieh surprised n I noticed that there were smudges of sha under Alvean's eyes, and I said, "Alvean, look tired. You should be in bed."

"Poor child!" cried Celestine at onee. ", she only just recovering ——"

I rose. "I will take Alvean to bed now said. "Come along, Alvean."

She was half asleep already and made protest, but rose meekly to her feet.

"I will say good night to you all," I sai Peter rose. "We'll see you later," he sai

I did not answer. I was desperately tr not to look at Connan, for I felt he was aware of me; that he would never be a of anyone when Lady Treslyn was near.

"*Au revoir,*" said Peter, and as the ot echoed the words absent-mindedly I went of the punch room, holding Alvean by hand.

I felt as Cinderella must have felt with striking of the midnight hour.

Alvean was asleep before I left her roo tried not to think of Connan and Lady Tre while I went to my room and lighted the dles on my dressing table. I looked attract there was no doubt of it. Then I said to self, *Anyone looks attractive by candlelight*

The diamonds winked back at me, a was immediately reminded of the face I seen at the peep.

On impulse I went down to the landing low my own. I could hear the shouts con

CONTINUED ON PAGE

A DRAMATIZED STORY THAT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!

Do You Wonder What Makes You SO DARN TIRED?



Posed by professional model.

I used to feel weak and run-down from the moment I woke up in the morning to the time I tumbled into bed at night. Believe me, taking care of a home and family is a hard enough job *even when you feel good.* But trying to be a good mother and wife when you barely have the strength to move around would make any woman a wreck!

I found myself getting upset by almost everything. I became cross and irritable with the children. I'd start arguments with my husband over the smallest things. I finally decided to see our family doctor.

After examining me, the doctor explained that my tiredness and nervousness were caused by a lack of important vitamins and minerals in my diet. This deficiency, he explained, caused otherwise normally healthy men and women to feel run-down and irritable. To help correct my condition he recommended I add a good food supplement to my daily diet.

I sent away for a trial supply of Vitasafe High-Potency Capsules that I had seen advertised. In just a few weeks my energy came back. I felt like a new woman and was glad to continue with the Vitasafe Plan. If you feel tired, nervous and miserable, why not send for your trial supply by mailing the postcard *today*?

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Sodium Caseinate, an important Amino Acid Complex containing 8 essential amino acids, is also included in Vitasafe Capsules. And to top off this exclusive formula, each capsule now brings you an important dosage of Citrus Bioflavonoid. This formula is so complete it is available nowhere else at this price!

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As your own doctor will tell you, scientists have discovered that not only is a daily minimum of vitamins and minerals, in one form or another, absolutely indispensable for proper health . . . but some people actually need *more* than the average daily requirements established by the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council. If you are a normally healthy person, but tire easily . . . if you work under pressure, subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains, with resulting improper eating habits . . . then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case, VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES may be "just what the doctor ordered" — because they contain *the most frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!*

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Monopotassium Glutamate	20 mg.	Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
Lemon Bioflavonoid Complex	5 mg.	Vitamin E	3 I.U.
Liver	10 mg.	Folic Acid	0.3 mg.
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Vitamin B_1	5 mg.	Potassium	2 mg.
		Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Magnesium	3 mg.
		Sulfur	22 mg.

We invite you to compare the richness of this formula with any other vitamin and mineral preparation

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Advertisement

DO YOU HAVE CINDERELLA HANDS?

Hard-working hands needn't look it!

Simple care can keep yours always at their party best

By Ruth Miller



In case you hadn't guessed . . . we women spend about 31 hours a week on housework and 14 hours on dishwashing, according to recent statistics. So it's no wonder some of us have Cinderella hands. Dreary and work-worn just when we'd like them to look pretty and pampered. The trick is to steal a few moments a week from household upkeep for a little personal upkeep!

Dry, brittle nails? Aside from soaps and household detergents, or a faulty diet, one problem may be the polish remover you use. Some removers contain harmful ingredients that dry out your nails. Cutex Oily Polish Remover is guaranteed to contain no acetone or other harsh ingredients that can cause splitting nails and dry, unattractive cuticle. Besides, it's so easy to take off polish with Cutex Oily Polish Remover. Moisten a cotton ball with the Remover and hold it against the nail until the polish is softened . . . then wipe it off.

Rough, ragged cuticle? Trim off any hangnails, but don't cut the cuticle with a scissors. There's always the chance a careless snip may cause an injury that can become infected. And the more you cut your cuticle, the faster it grows. Instead, keep your cuticle well-groomed with Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover.

Work carefully around the cuticle with a cotton-tipped Cutex Orangewood Stick moistened in the Cuticle Remover. The gentle Cutex formula will float away dead tissue and leave the cuticle soft and perfectly shaped.

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For answers to your other hand-care problems, write for our helpful little booklet, "Beauty Treatment For Your Hands." Send your name and address to Northam Warren, Dept. E, New York, New York.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

from the servants' hall. So they were still merrymaking down there. The door to Gilly's room was ajar, and I went in. There was enough moonlight for me to see that the child was in her bed, but sitting up, awake.

"Gilly," I said.

"Madam!" she cried, and her voice was joyful "I knew you'd come tonight."

"Gilly, you know who this is." What had made me say such a foolish thing?

She nodded.

"I'm going to light your candle," I said, and I did so.

Her eyes regarded my face with that blank blue stare, and came to rest on the brooch. I sat on the edge of the bed. I knew that when I had first come in she had thought I was someone else.

She was contented, though, which showed the confidence she was beginning to feel in me.

I touched the brooch and said, "Once it was Mrs. TreMellyn's."

She smiled and nodded.

I said, "You spoke when I came in. Why do you not speak to me now?"

She merely smiled.

"Gilly," I said, "were you at the peep in the solarium tonight? Were you watching the dancers?"

She nodded.

"Gilly, say 'Yes.'"

"Yes," said Gilly.

"You went up there all alone? You weren't afraid?"

She shook her head and smiled.

"You mean 'No,' don't you, Gilly? Say 'No.'"

"No."

"Why weren't you afraid?"

She opened her mouth and smiled. Then she said, "Not afraid because ——"

"Because?" I said eagerly.

"Because," she repeated.

"Gilly," I said, "were you alone up there?"

She smiled and I could get her to say no more.

After a while I kissed her and she returned my kiss. She was fond of me, I knew. I believed that in her mind she confused me with someone else, and I knew who that person was.

Back in my room, I did not want to take off my dress I felt that as long as I wore it I could still hope for what I knew to be impossible. So I sat by my window for an hour or so. It was a warm night and I was comfortable with my silk shawl about me.

I heard some of the guests coming out to their carriages. I heard the exchange of goodbys. And while I was there I heard Lady Treslyn's voice. Her voice was low and vibrant, but she spoke with such intensity that I caught every syllable and knew to whom she was speaking.

She said, "Connan, it can't be long now. It won't be long."

Next morning, when Kitty brought my hot water Daisy was with her. They wanted me to wake up quickly. They had exciting news; I saw that in their faces.

"Miss"—they were speaking together, both determined to be the one to impart the information—"last night—or rather this morning ——"

Then Kitty rushed on ahead of her sister: "Sir Thomas Treslyn was taken bad on the way home. He were dead when they got to Treslyn Hall."

I sat up in bed, looking from one excited face to the other.

One of the guests . . . dead! I was shocked. But this was no ordinary death. I realized, no less than Kitty and Daisy, what such news could mean to Mount Mellyn.

Sir Thomas Treslyn was buried on New Year's Day. During the preceding week gloom had settled on the house, and it was all the more noticeable because it followed on the heels of the Christmas festivities. All the decorations had been left about the house, and there was divided opinion as to which was the more unlucky—to remove them before Twelfth Night or to leave them up and thereby show a lack of respect

Connan was absent-minded. I saw very little of him, but when I did he seemed scarcely aware of my presence. I imagined he was considering all that this meant to him. If he and Lady Treslyn had been lovers, there was no obstacle now to their regularizing their union. I knew that this thought was in the minds of many, but no one spoke of it.

Mrs. Polgrey called me to her room and we had a cup of Earl Grey laced with a spoonful of the whisky I had given her.

"This is a shocking thing," she said. "Sir Thomas to die on Christmas Day as he did. Although 'tweren't Christmas Day but Boxing Day morning." she added in a slightly relieved tone, as though this made the situation a little less shocking. "And to think," she went on, "that ours was the last house he rested in, my food were the last that passed his lips! The funeral is a bit soon, do you not think, Miss?"

I began to count the days on my fingers. "Seven days," I said.

"They could have kept him longer, seeing it's winter."

"I suppose they feel that the sooner it's over, the sooner they'll recover from the shock."

She herself looked shocked indeed. I think she thought it was disrespectful or unlucky to suggest that anyone would want to recover quickly from grief.

"I don't know," she said. "You hear tales of people being buried alive. I remember years ago, when I was a child, there was a smallpox epidemic. People panicked and

> Leave hate to those who are too weak to love.
>
> MICHEL DEL CASTILLO

buried quick. It was said that some was buried alive."

"There is surely no doubt that Sir Thomas is *dead*."

"Some seem dead and are not, after all. Still, seven days should be long enough to tell. You'll come to the funeral with me, Miss?"

"I?"

"But why not? I think we should show proper respect to the dead."

"I have no mourning clothes."

"My dear life, I'll find a bonnet for 'ee. I'll give 'ee a black band to sew on your cloak. Reckon that 'ud be all right if we was just at the grave."

So it was agreed that I should accompany Mrs. Polgrey to the churchyard.

I was present when Sir Thomas's body was lowered into the tomb. It was an impressive ceremony, for the funeral had been a magnificent one in accordance with the Treslyns' rank in the duchy. Crowds attended, but Mrs. Polgrey and I hovered only in the distance. I was glad of this; she deplored it.

It was enough for me to see the widow in flowing black draperies, yet looking as beautiful as she ever had. She moved with grace and she looked even more slender in black than in the brilliant colors I had seen her wear—intensely feminine and appealing.

Connan was there, and I thought how elegant and distinguished he looked. I tried to fathom the expression on his face. But he was determined to hide his feelings from the world; and I thought, in the circumstances, that was just as well.

I watched the hearse with the waving black plumes and I saw the coffin, carried by six pallbearers and covered with velvet palls of deep purple and black, taken into the church. I saw the banks of flowers and the mourners in their black, the only color being the white handkerchiefs which the women held to their eyes—and they had wide black borders.

A cold wind had swept the mists away and the winter sun shone brightly on the gilt of the coffin as it was lowered into the grave.

There was a deep silence in the churchyard, broken only by the sudden cry of gulls.

It was over and the mourners, Connan, Celestine and Peter among them, went back to their carriages, which wound their way to Treslyn Hall.

Mrs. Polgrey and I returned to Mount Mellyn, where she insisted on the usual cup of tea and its accompaniment.

We sat drinking, and her eyes glitt
knew she was finding it difficult to restr
tongue. But she said nothing of the eff
death might have on us all at Mount M

Daisy and Kitty were less discreet.
they brought my water in the morning
would linger. I was a little cunning, I ti
longed to know what people were sayi
did not want to ask, I managed to draw
out without, I hoped, seeming to do so.
true they did not need a lot of encourage

"I saw Lady Treslyn yesterday," Dais
me. "Her didn't look like a widow, in sp
the weeds."

"Oh? In what way?"

"Don't 'ee ask me, Miss. She was quit
and not smiling, but I could see someth
her face—if you do get my meaning "

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Kit were with me. She said the same
as though she were waiting and conten
cause she wouldn't have to wait long. A
though. Seems a long time to *me*."

"A year? What for?" I asked, altho
knew very well what for.

Daisy looked at me and giggled. "'T
do for them to be seeing too much of
other for a bit, will it, Miss? After all
dying here—almost on our doorstep. 'Tw
seem as though they'd almost willed
to it."

"Oh, Daisy, that's absurd. How could
body?"

"Well, that's what you can't say til
know, 'twould seem."

The conversation was getting danger
dismissed her with, "I must hurry. I se
rather late."

When she had gone, I thought, *So th
talk about them. They are saying he was
to die. As long as that's all they say, that
do much harm.*

It was later that day, when I was in
woods that I heard the sound of horses' h
walking nearby and then I heard Lady Tr
say, "Connan. Oh, Connan!"

They had met, then—and to meet as
the house as this was surely foolish.

In the woods their voices carried. The
hid me, but snatches of their conversa
came to me.

"Linda! You shouldn't have come."

"I know—I know." Her voice fell a
could not hear the rest.

"To send that message ——" That
Connan I could hear him more clearly
her, perhaps because I knew his voice so
"Your messenger will have been seen by s
of the servants. You know how they goss

"I know, but ——"

"When did this come?"

"This morning. I had to show it to you
away."

"It's the first?"

"No, there was one two days ago. Th
why I had to see you, Connan. No m
what. I'm frightened."

"It's mischief," he said. "Ignore it."

"Read it," she cried. "Read it."

There was a short silence Then Con
spoke. "I see. There's only one thing to
done ——"

The horses had begun to move. In a
seconds they might come past the spot whe
was. I hurried away through the trees.

That day Connan left Mount Mellyn.

"Called away to Penzance," Mrs. Polg
told me. "He said he was unsure how long
would be away."

I wondered if his sudden departure had a
thing to do with the disquieting news wh
Lady Treslyn had brought that morning
the woods.

Several days passed Alvean and I resun
our lessons and Gilly, too, came to the sch
room.

I would give Gilly some small task whi
worked with Alvean, such as trying to m
letters in a tray of sand, or on a slate, or cou
ing beads on an abacus. She was contented
do this and I believed that she was happy
my company, that from me she drew a cert
comfort which had its roots in security.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

had trusted Alice and she was transferring that trust to me.

Alvean had rebelled at first, but I had pointed out the need to be kind to those less fortunate than ourselves, and at length she accepted Gilly's presence, although a little sullenly. But I had noticed that now and then she would glance at the child, and I was sure that, at least, she was interested in her.

Connan had been away a week and it was a cold February morning when Mrs. Polgrey came into the schoolroom. She said, "I have heard from the master. He wants you to take Miss Alvean down to Penzance at once. Here is a letter for you. No doubt he explains more fully in that."

She handed me the letter and I was afraid she would see that my hand shook a little as I opened it. I read:

My dear Miss Leigh: I shall be here for a few weeks and I am sure you will agree that it would be very desirable for Alvean to join me here. I do not think she should miss her lessons, so I am asking you to bring her and be prepared to stay for a week or so.

Perhaps you could be ready to leave tomorrow. Get Billy Trehay to drive you to the station for the 2:30 train.

CONNAN TREMELLYN.



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I knew that the color had rushed to my face. I hoped I had not betrayed the extreme joy which took possession of me.

I said, "Alvean, we are to join your father tomorrow."

Alvean leaped up and threw herself into my arms, a most unusual display, but it moved me deeply to realize how much she cared for him.

This helped me to regain my own composure. I said, "That is for tomorrow. Today we will continue with our lessons."

"But, Miss, there's our packing to do."

"We have this afternoon for that," I said primly. "Now, let us return to our work."

I turned to Mrs. Polgrey. "Yes," I said, "Mr. TreMellyn wishes me to take Alvean to him."

She nodded. I could see that she thought it very strange, and this was because he had never before shown such interest in the child.

"And you're leaving tomorrow?"

"Yes. Billy Trehay is to be given instructions to drive us to the station in time for the two-thirty train."

When she had gone I sat down in a daze. I could not concentrate any more than Alvean could. It was some time before I remembered Gilly. She was looking at me with that blank expression in her eyes which I had dreamed of banishing.

Gilly understood more than one realized. She knew that we were going away and that she would be left behind.

I could scarcely wait to begin my packing. Alvean and I had luncheon together in the schoolroom, but neither of us was interested in food, and immediately after the meal we went to our rooms to do the packing.

I had very little to pack. My gray and lavender dresses were clean, for which I was thankful, and I would wear my gray merino. It was not very becoming, but it would be too difficult to pack.

I took out the green silk dress which I had worn at the Christmas ball. Should I take it? Why not? I had rarely possessed anything so becoming, and there might be an occasion when I could wear it.

I took out my comb and shawl, stuck the comb in my hair and let the shawl fall negligently about my shoulders.

I thought of the Christmas ball—that moment when Peter had taken my hand and drawn me into the Furry Dance. I heard the tune in my head and began to dance, for the moment feeling I was in the ballroom and that it was Christmas Night again.

I had not heard Gilly come in, and I was startled to see her standing watching me. Really, the child did move too silently about the house.

I stopped dancing, flushing with embarrassment to have been caught in such silly behavior. Gilly was regarding me solemnly.

She looked at the bag on my bed and the folded clothes beside it, and immediately my pleasure left me, for I understood that Gilly was going to be very unhappy if we went away.

I stooped down and put my arms about her. "It'll only be for a little while, Gilly."

She screwed her eyes up tightly and would not look at me.

"Gilly," I said, "listen. We'll soon be back."

She shook her head and I saw tears squeeze themselves out of her eyes.

"Then," I went on, "we'll have our lessons. You shall draw me more letters in the sand, and soon you will be writing your name."

But I could see that she refused to be comforted.

She tore herself from me and ran over to the bed and began pulling the things out of my trunk.

"No, Gilly, no," I said. I lifted her up in my arms and went to a chair. I sat for a while rocking her. I went on: "I'm coming back, you know, Gilly. It will seem as though I've never been away."

She spoke then: "You won't come back. She—she ——"

"Yes, Gilly, yes?"

"She . . . went."

For the moment I forgot even the fact that I was going to Connan, because I was certain now that Gilly knew something, and what knew might throw some light on the myst of Alice.

"Gilly," I said, "did she say good-by to y before she went?"

Gilly shook her head vehemently, an thought she was going to burst into tears.

"Gilly," I pleaded, "try to talk to me. Try tell me. . . . Did you see her go?"

Gilly threw herself at me and buried face against my bodice. I held her tenderly a moment, then looked into her face; but eyes were tightly shut.

She ran back to the bed and again started pull the things out of my trunk.

"No," she cried, "no . . . no."

Swiftly I went to her. "Look, Gilly," I sa "I'm coming back. I'll only be away a sh time."

"She stayed away!"

We were back at that point where started. She lifted her little face to mine a all the blankness had gone from the eyes; th were tragic.

I saw in that moment how much my care her had meant, and that it was impossible make her understand that if I went away was not forever. Alice had been kind to l and Alice had gone. Her experiences h taught her that that was the way of life.

A few days—a week in the life of Gilly would be like a year to most of us. I knew th that I could not leave Gilly behind.

Then I asked myself what Connan wo say if I arrived with both children.

I believed that I could explain my reaso However, I was not going to leave Gilly b hind. I could let Mrs. Polgrey know that

> A woman might as well propose: her husband will claim she did.
>
> E. W. HOWE

master expected the two children. She wo be pleased; she trusted Gilly with me, and s had been the first to admit that the child h improved since I had tried to help her.

"Gilly," I said, "I'm going away for a f days. Alvean and you are coming with me." kissed her upturned face. And I repeated, b cause she looked so bewildered, "You a coming with me. You'll like that, wo you?"

It was still some seconds before she und stood, and then she shut her eyes tightly a lowered her head; I saw she smiled. Th moved me more than any words could ha done.

I felt I was ready to brave Connan's d pleasure to bring such happiness to this po child.

The next morning we set out early. I sat the carriage with a child on either side of n and Billy Trehay in TreMellyn livery s jauntily in the driver's seat talking to t horses.

It was a bright sunny morning and there w a slight frost in the air which sparkled on t grass, and there was a thin layer of ice on t ponds and streams.

We rattled along at a good speed over t rough roads. The children were in high sp its; Alvean chattered a good deal, and Gil sat contentedly. I noticed that she clutched n skirt with one hand, and the gesture filled with tenderness for her. I was deeply aware my responsibility toward this child.

We were met at Penzance by a carria and then began the journey to Penlandsto It was growing dark when we turned into drive and I saw a house loom up before u There was a man in the porch with a lante who called out, "They be here. Run and t master. He did say to let him know the minu they did come."

We were a little stiff and both children we half asleep. I helped them down, and as turned I saw Connan standing beside me. could not see him very clearly in the dim ligh but I did know that he was very pleased. H took my hand and pressed it warmly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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TINUED FROM PAGE 92

hen he said an astonishing thing: "I've anxious. I visualized all sorts of mishaps. hed I'd come and brought you here my-

hought, *He means Alvean, of course. He is really talking to me.* But he was facing me, miling, and I felt I had never been quite ppy in the whole of my life.

egan: "The children ——"

smiled down at Alvean.

ello, papa," she said. "It's lovely to be with you."

laid a hand on her shoulder, and she ed up at him almost pleadingly, as though were asking him to kiss her. That, it ed, was asking too much.

merely said, "I'm glad you've come, Al-. You'll have some fun here."

ien I brought Gilly forward.

What ——" he began.

Ve couldn't leave Gilly behind," I said. u know you gave me your permission to n her."

hesitated for a moment. Then he looked e and laughed. I knew in that moment that was so pleased to see me—me, not the rs—that he would not have cared whom ought to Penlandstow with me as long as I myself.

was no wonder that, as I walked into e's old home, I felt as though I were en- g an enchanted place.

uring the next two weeks it seemed as if I left behind me the cold world of reality stepped into one of my own making, and everything I desired was to be mine.

rom the moment I arrived at Penlandstow nor I was treated not as a governess but guest. In a few days I had lost my sensi- y on this point, and when I had cast that I was like the high-spirited girl who had yed life in the country vicarage with her er and Phillida.

was given a pleasant room next to Al- n's, and when I asked that Gilly should be ncar me this was done.

enlandstow was a house of great charm ch had been built in the Elizabethan era. as almost as large as Mount Mellyn and asy to lose oneself in.

My room was large and there were padded dow seats upholstered in red velvet, and k red curtains. My bed was a four-poster g with silk embroidered curtains. The car- was of the same deep red, and this would e given warmth to the room even if there not been a log fire burning in the open te.

My bag was brought up and one of the ids proceeded to unpack while I stood by fire, watching the blue flames dart among logs.

he maid curtsied when she had laid my ngs on the bed, and asked if she might put m away. This was not the manner in which treat a governess, I thought. Kind and ndly as Daisy and Kitty had been when ame to Mellyn, they had not been ready to it on me like this.

said I would put my things away myself would like hot water to wash.

"There be a little bathroom at the end of the ding, miss," I was told. "Shall I show it to and bring 'ee hot water up there?"

I was taken along to the room in which ere was a big bath; there was also a hip bath. "Miss Alice had the room done afore her rried and went away," I was told; and th a little shock I remembered that I was in ice's old home.

When I had washed and changed my dress—ut on the lavender cotton—I went along to Alvean. She had fallen asleep on her bed, I left her. Gilly was also asleep in her room. d when I returned to my own the maid who d shown me the bathroom came in and said t Mr. TreMellyn had asked that, when I s ready, I would join him in the library.

I said I was ready then, and she took me to n.

"It is indeed pleasant to see you here, Miss igh," he said.

"It will be very agreeable for you to have ur daughter here ——" I began.

He interrupted with a smile. "I said it was pleasant to see you here, Miss Leigh. I meant exactly that."

I flushed. "That is kind of you. I have brought the children's lesson books ——"

"Let us give them a little holiday, shall we? Lessons I suppose there must be, if you say so, but need they sit at their desks all the time?"

"I think their lessons might be curtailed on an occasion like this."

He came and stood close to me. "Miss Leigh," he said, "you are delightful."

I drew back startled, and he went on: "I'm glad you came so promptly."

"Those were your orders."

"I did not mean to order, Miss Leigh. Merely to request."

"But ——" I began; and I was apprehensive because he seemed different from the man I had known. He was almost like a stranger—a stranger who fascinated me no less than that other Connan TreMellyn, a stranger who frightened me a little, for I was unsure of myself, unsure of my own emotions.

"I was so glad to escape," he said. "I thought you would be too."

"Escape—from what?"

"From the gloom of death. I hate death. It depresses me."

"You mean Sir Thomas. But ——"

"Oh, I know. A neighbor merely. But still it did depress me. I wanted to get away. I am so glad you have joined me—with Alvean and the other child."

I said on impulse, "I hope you did not think it was presumptuous of me to bring Gilly-flower. She would have been heartbroken if I had not brought her."

Then he said a thing which set my senses swimming: "I can understand her being heartbroken if she had to part from you."

I said quickly, "I suppose the children should have a meal of some sort. They are exhausted and sleeping now. But I do feel they need some refreshment before they go to bed. It has been a tiring day for them."

He waved a hand. "Order what you wish for them, Miss Leigh. And when you have seen to them, you and I will dine together."

I said, "Alvean dines with you, does she not?"

"She will be too tired tonight. We will have it alone."

So I ordered what I wanted for the children, and I dined with Connan in the winter parlor. It was a strange and exhilarating experience to dine with that man in candlelight. I kept telling myself that it could not be real. If ever anything was the stuff that dreams are made on, this was.

He talked a great deal. He told me about the house, how it had been built in the shape of an E as a compliment to the queen who had been reigning when it was built. He drew the shape to show me. "Two three-sided courtyards," he said, "and a projecting center block. We are in the central block now. The main feature is the hall, the staircase and the gallery, and these smaller rooms such as the winter parlor which, I think you will agree, is ideally suited for a small company."

I said I thought it was a delightful house, and how fortunate he was to possess two such magnificent places.

"Stone walls do not bring satisfaction, Miss Leigh. It is the life one lives within those walls which is of the greatest importance."

"Yet," I retaliated, "it is some comfort to have charming surroundings in which to live one's life."

"I agree. And I cannot tell you how glad I am that you find my homes so charming."

When we had eaten he took me to the library and asked if I would play a game of chess with him. I said I would be delighted.

We sat there in that beautiful room with its carved ceiling and thick-piled carpet, lighted by lamps the bowls of which were made of artistically painted china of Oriental origin. I was happier than I had ever dreamed I could be.

He had set out the ivory pieces on the board, and we played in silence.

It was a deep, contented silence, or so it seemed to me. I knew I should never forget the flickering firelight, the ticking of the gilded clock which looked as though it might have belonged to Louis XIV, as I watched Connan's strong lean fingers on the ivory pieces.

Once, as I frowned in concentration, I was conscious of his eyes fixed on me and, lifting mine suddenly, I met his gaze. It was of amusement, and yet of speculation. In that moment I thought, *He has asked me here for a purpose. What is it?* I felt a shiver of alarm, but I was too happy to entertain such feelings.

I moved my piece and he said, "Ah!" And then: "Miss Leigh, oh, my dear Miss Leigh, you have, I think, walked straight into the trap I have set for you."

"Oh—no!" I cried.

He had moved a knight which immediately menaced my king. I had forgotten that knight.

"I believe it is ——" he said. "Oh, no, not entirely. Check, Miss Leigh. But not checkmate."

I saw that I had allowed my attention to wander from the game. I sought hurriedly to save myself, but I could not. With every move the inevitable end was more obvious.

I heard his voice, gentle, full of laughter. "Checkmate, Miss Leigh."

I sat for a few seconds staring at the board. He said, "I took an unfair advantage. You were tired after the journey."

"Oh, no," I said quickly. "I suspect you are a better player than I am."

"I suspect," he replied, "that we are very well matched."

I retired to my room soon after that game. I went to bed and tried to sleep, but I couldn't. I was too happy. I kept going over in my mind his reception of me, our meal together, his words: "We are very well matched."

I even forgot that the house in which I now lay had been Alice's home—a fact which at one time would have seemed of the utmost interest; I forgot everything but that Connan had sent for me and, now that I was here, seemed so delighted.

The next day was as pleasant and unpredictable as the first. I did a few lessons with the children in the morning, and in the afternoon Connan took us for a drive. How different it was, riding in his carriage, from jogging along behind Tapperty or Billy Trehay.

He drove us to the coast and we saw St. Michael's Mount rising out of the water.

"One day," he said, "when the spring comes, I'll take you out there and you can see St. Michael's chair."

"Can we sit in it, papa?" asked Alvean.

"You can if you are prepared to risk a fall. You'll find your feet dangling over a drop of seventy feet or so. Nevertheless, many of your sex think it worth while."

"But why, papa, why?" demanded Alvean, who was always delighted when she had his undivided attention.

"Because," he went on, "there is an old saying that if a woman can sit in St. Michael's chair before her husband, she will be the master of the house."

Alvean laughed with pleasure and Gilly, whom I had insisted on bringing with us, stood there smiling.

Connan looked at me. "And you, Miss Leigh," he said, "would you think it worth while to try?"

I hesitated for a second, and then met his gaze boldly. "No, Mr. TreMellyn, I don't think I should."

"Then you would not desire to be the master in the house?"

"I do not think that either a husband or his wife should be master in that sense. I think they should work together, and if one has an opinion which he or she feels to be the only right one, he or she should adhere to it."

I flushed a little. I imagined how Phillida would smile if she heard that.

"Miss Leigh," said Connan, "your wisdom puts our foolish folklore to shame."

We drove back in the winter sunshine and I was happy.

I had been at Penlandstow a week, and was wondering how much longer this idyllic interlude could last, when Connan spoke to me of what was in his mind.

The children were in bed and Connan asked if I would join him in a game of chess in the library.

There I found him, the pieces set out on the board. The curtains had been drawn and the fire burned cheerfully in the great fireplace. He rose as I entered and I quickly slipped into my place opposite him.

He smiled and I thought his eyes took in every detail of my appearance, in a manner which I might have found offensive in anyone else.

I was about to move king's pawn when he said, "Miss Leigh, I did not ask you down here to play. There is something I have to say to you."

"Yes, Mr. TreMellyn?"

"I feel I have known you a very long time. You have made such a difference to us both—Alvean and myself. If you went away, we should miss you very much. I am certain that we should both want to ensure that you do not leave us."

I tried to look at him and failed because I was afraid he would read the hopes and fears in my eyes.

"Miss Leigh," he went on, "will you stay with us . . . always?"

"I—I don't understand. I . . . can't believe ——"

"I am asking you to marry me."

"But—but that is impossible."

"Why so, Miss Leigh?"

"Because—because it is so incongruous."

"Do you find me incongruous . . . repulsive? Do please be frank."

"I . . . no, indeed not! But I am the governess here ——"

"Precisely. That is what alarms me. Governesses sometimes leave their employment. It would be intolerable for me if you went away."

I felt I was choking with my emotions. I could not believe this was really happening. I remained silent; I dared not try to speak.

"I see that you hesitate, Miss Leigh."

"I am so surprised."

"Should I have prepared you for the shock?" His lips twitched slightly at the corner. "I am sorry, Miss Leigh. I thought I had managed to convey to you something of my feelings."

I tried to picture it all in those few seconds—myself going back to Mount Mellyn as the wife of the master, slipping from the role of governess to that of mistress of the house. Of course I would do it and in a few months they would forget that I had once been the governess. Whatever else I lacked, I had my dignity—perhaps a little too much of it, according to Phillida. But I should have thought that a proposal would have been made in a different way. He did not take my hand; he did

THE ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD GIRLS

By VIRGINIA LINTON

On sneakered feet they run
Across the hills of summer—
Their hair half long,
In pony tails and cowlicks—
They—not quite grown, but
glowing—
All song and whistle mixed.

They live contained among
themselves;
Giggles roam their language,
And they love horses,
And necklaces with lockets,
To say nothing of
Soft meadows, small animals,
And the jacks and candy tangled
With the mirrors in their pockets.

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not touch me; he merely sat at the table watching me in an almost cool and calculating manner.

He went on: "Think of how much good this could bring to us all, my dear Miss Leigh. I have been so impressed by the manner in which you have helped Alvean. The child needs a mother. You would supply that need—admirably."

"Should two people marry for the sake of a child, do you think?"

"I am a most selfish man. I never would." He leaned forward and his eyes were alight with something I did not understand. "I would marry for my own satisfaction."

"Then ——" I began.

"I confess I was not considering Alvean alone. We are three people who could profit from this marriage. Alvean needs you. And I—I need you. Do you need us? Perhaps you are more self-sufficient than we are, but what will you do if you do not marry? You will go from post to post, and that is not a very pleasant life. When one is young, handsome and full of spirit, it is tolerable; but sprightly governesses become aging governesses."

I said acidly, "Do you suggest that I should enter into this marriage as an insurance against old age?"

"I suggest only that you do what your desires dictate, my dear Miss Leigh."

There was a short silence during which I felt an absurd desire to burst into tears. This was something I had longed for, but a proposal of marriage should have been an impassioned declaration, and I could not rid myself of the suspicion that there was something other than Connan's love for me which had inspired it.

"You put it on such a practical basis," I stammered. "I had not thought of marriage in that way."

His eyebrows lifted and he laughed, looking suddenly very gay. "How glad I am. I thought of you always as a practical person, so I was trying to put it in the manner in which I felt it would appeal to you most."

"Are you seriously asking me to marry you?"

"I doubt if I have ever been so serious in my life. What is your answer? Please do not keep me in suspense any longer."

I said I must have time to consider this.

"That is fair enough. You will tell me tomorrow?"

"Yes," I said. "I will tell you tomorrow."

I rose and went to the door. He was there before me. He laid his fingers on the door handle and I waited for him to open it, but he did no such thing. He stood with his back to the door and caught me in his arms.

He kissed me as I had never been kissed, never dreamed of being kissed; so that I knew that there was a life of the emotions of which I was totally ignorant. He kissed my eyelids, my nose, my cheeks, my mouth and my throat until he was breathless, and I was too.

Then he laughed. "Wait until the morning!" he mocked. "Do I look the sort of man who would wait until the morning? Do you think I am the sort of man who would marry for the sake of his daughter? No, Miss Leigh"—he mocked again—"my dear, *dear* Miss Leigh . . . I want to marry you because I don't want you to run away from me, because, since you came, I have thought of little else but you, and I am going on thinking of you all my life."

"Is this true?" I whispered. "Can this be true?"

"Martha!" he said. "What a stern name for such an adorable creature!"

I said, "My sister calls me Marty. My father did too."

"Marty," he said. "That sounds helpless, clinging . . . feminine. . . . You can be a Marty sometimes. For me you will be all three. Marty, Martha and Miss Leigh, my very dear Miss Leigh. You see, you *are* all three, and my dearest Marty would always betray Miss Leigh. I knew from her that you were interested in me. Far more interested than Miss Leigh would think proper. How enchanting! I shall marry not one woman but three!"

"Have I been so blatant?"

"Tremendously so—adorably so."

I knew that it was foolish to pretend. I gave myself up to his embrace, and it was wonderful beyond my imaginings.

At length I said, "I have a terrible feeling that I shall wake up in my bed at Mount Mellyn and find I have dreamed all this."

"Do you know," he said seriously, "I feel exactly the same."

"But it is so different for you. You can do as you will—go where you will—dependent on no one."

"I am independent no longer," he told me. "I depend on Marty, Martha, my dear Miss Leigh."

He spoke so seriously that I could have wept with tenderness. *This is love!* I thought. *The emotion which carries one to the very heights of human experience. Because it can carry one so high, one is in continual danger of falling; and one must never forget the higher the delight, the more tragic the fall.*

But this was not the moment to think of tragedy. I loved, and miraculously I was loved. I had no doubt in that library of Penlandstow that I was loved. For love such as this, one would be prepared to risk everything.

He put his hands on my shoulders and looked long into my face. He said, "We'll be happy, my darling. We'll be happier than either you or I ever dreamed possible."

I knew that we should be. All that had gone before would give us a finer appreciation of this joy we could bring each other.

"We should be practical," he said. "We should make our plans. When shall we marry? I do not like delay. I am the most impatient man alive, where my own pleasures are concerned. We will go home tomorrow, and there we will announce our engagement. No, not tomorrow—the day after. I have one or two little commitments here tomorrow. And as soon as we are home we will give a ball to announce our engagement. I think that in a month after that we should be setting out on our honeymoon. I suggest Italy, unless you have any other ideas?"

I sat with my hands clasped. I must have looked like an ecstatic schoolgirl.

"I wonder what they will think at Mount Mellyn."

"Who, the servants? You may be sure they have a pretty shrewd idea of the way things are; servants have, you know. They pic every little clue. You shiver. Are you cold

"No, only excited. I still believe I'm goi wake up in a moment."

"And you like the idea of Italy?"

"I would like the idea of the North Po some company."

"By which, my darling, I hope you n mine."

"That was my intention."

"My dear Miss Leigh," he said, "how I your astringent moods. They are goin make conversation throughout our lives s vigorating."

I had an idea then that he was making parisons between Alice and myself, and I ered again as I had when he had made tha mark about the servants.

"You are a little worried about the re tion of the news," he went on. "The ants . . . the countryside. Who cares? Do Of course you do not. Miss Leigh has much good sense for that. I am longing t Peter Nansellock that you are to be my To tell the truth, I have been somewhat ous of that young man."

"There was no need to be."

"Still, I was anxious. I had visions o persuading you to go to Australia with h

"There was no need for the slightest ap hension."

"Are you quite sure? He is very hands I believe."

"Perhaps he is. I did not notice."

"I could have killed him when he hac effrontery to offer you Jacinth."

"I think he merely enjoys being outrag He probably knew I should not accept it."

"And I need not fear him?"

"You need never fear anyone," I told

Then once more I was in that embrace. I was oblivious of all but the fact that I discovered love and believed, as doub hosts of lovers have before, that there never love such as that between us two.

At length he said, "We'll go back the da ter tomorrow. We'll start making arrangem

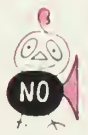
CONTINUED ON PAG



By MUNRO LEAF

My! Oh, my! What a pest to have around a house. Just try living with a Me, Me Right Now for a while and it will drive you crazy. It does not care what anybody else wants to or has to do at any time. It just screams *Me, me* and *Right now.* This one hopping up and down and screeching at its mother is not only painfully impatient; it is downright selfish.





WERE YOU A ME-ME-RIGHT-NOW THIS MONTH?



Fragile...handle with Johnson's

You give your love in many ways...with cradling warmth
...unhurried care...and the gentleness of your touch.
You give it by surrounding every bath and change time with fragrance
and softness...by cleansing your baby with pure, comforting oil
...by soothing your baby with the silkiest, softest powder.

You give it, always, in the happy moments of "Johnson's time."

Johnson & Johnson



Johnson & Johnson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

immediately. In a month we'll be married. We'll put up the banns as soon as we return. We will have a ball to announce our engagement and invite all our neighbors to the wedding."

"I suppose it must be done in this way?"

"Tradition, my darling. It is one of the things we have to bow down to. You'll be magnificent, I know. You're not nervous?"

"Of your country neighbors, no."

"You and I will open the ball this time together, dearest Miss Leigh."

"Yes," I said; and I pictured myself in the green dress wearing the amber comb in my hair with the diamond horseshoe glittering on the green background. I had no qualms about taking my place in his circle.

Then he began to talk of Alice. "I have never told you," he said, "of my first marriage."

"No."

"It was not a happy one."

"I'm sorry."

"A marriage which was arranged. This time I shall marry my own choice. Only one who has suffered the first can realize the joy of the second. Dearest, I have not lived the life of a monk, I fear."

"I guessed it."

"I am a most sinful man, as you will discover."

"I am prepared for the worst."

"Alice—my wife—and I were most unsuited."

"Tell me about her."

"There is little to tell. She was a gentle creature, quiet, anxious to please. She seemed to have little spirit. I understood why. She was in love with someone else when she married me."

"The man she ran away with?" I asked.

He nodded. "Poor Alice! She chose not only the wrong husband but the wrong lover. There is little to choose between us—myself and Geoffrey Nansellock. We were of a kind. In the old days there was a tradition of the *droit de seigneur* in these parts. Geoffrey and I did our best to maintain that."

"You are telling me that you have enjoyed many love affairs."

"I am a dissolute, degenerate philanderer. I am going to say *was*. Because from this moment I am going to be faithful to one woman for the rest of my life. You do not look scornful or skeptical. Bless you for that. I mean it, dearest, I swear I mean it. It is because of those experiences of the past that I know the difference; this is love."

"Yes," I said slowly, "you and I will be faithful together because that is the only way we can prove to each other the depth and breadth of our love."

He took my hands and kissed them, and I had never known him so serious. "I love you," he said. "Remember that—always."

"I intend to."

"You may hear gossip."

"One does hear gossip," I admitted.

"You have heard of Alice and that Alvean is not my daughter? Oh, darling, someone told you and you do not want to betray the teller. Never mind. It is true. I could never love the child. In fact, I avoided the sight of her. She was an unpleasant reminder of much that I wished to forget. But when you came I felt differently. You made me see her as a lonely child, suffering from the sins of grown-up people. You see, you changed me, Marty dear. Your coming changed the whole household. That is what confirms me in my belief that with us it is going to be different from anything that has ever happened to me before."

"Connan, I want to make that child happy. I want to make her forget that there is a doubt as to her parentage. Let her be able to accept you as her father. It is what she needs."

"You will be a mother to her. Then I must be her father."

"We are going to be so happy, Connan."

"Can you see into the future?"

"I can see into ours, for our future is what we make it, and I intend that it shall be one of complete happiness."

"And what Miss Leigh decides shall be, will be. And you will promise me not to be hurt if you hear gossip about me?"

"You are thinking of Lady Treslyn, I know. She has been your mistress." The words seemed to come from my lips involuntarily. I was astonished that I could speak of such matters. Yet I had to know the truth, and so strong was my emotion that I seemed to have thrown all sense of propriety aside.

He nodded.

Then I said, "She will never be again. That is all over."

He kissed my hand. "Have I not sworn eternal fidelity?"

"But Connan," I said, "she is so beautiful and she will still be there."

"But I am in love," he answered, "for the first time in my life."

"And you were not in love with her?"

"Lust, passion," he answered, "they sometimes wear the guise of love; but when one meets true love one recognizes them for what they are. Dearest, let us start afresh from this day forth—you and I—for better, for worse ——"

I was in his arms again. "Connan," I said, "I am not dreaming, am I? Please say I am not dreaming."

It was late when I left him. I went to my room in a haze of happiness. I was afraid to sleep for fear I should wake up and find that it had all been a dream.

In the morning I went to Alvean's room and told her the news. For a few seconds a satisfied smile appeared at the corners of her mouth; then she assumed indifference, but it was too late. I knew that she was pleased.

"You'll stay with us all the time now, Miss," she said.

"Yes," I assured her.

"I wonder if I shall ever ride as well as you."

"Probably better. You'll be able to have more practice than I ever could."

Again that smile touched her lips. Then she was serious. "Miss," she said, "what shall I call you? You'll be my stepmother, won't you?"

"Yes, but you can call me what you like."

"Not Miss!"

"Well, hardly. I shan't be Miss any more."

"I expect I shall have to call you mamma." Her mouth hardened a little.

"If you do not like that, you could call me Martha in private. Or Marty. That's what my father and sister always called me."

"Marty," she repeated. "I like that. It sounds like a horse."

"What could be better praise!" I cried, and she regarded my amusement with continued seriousness.

I went to Gilly's room. "Gilly," I said, "I'm going to be Mrs. TreMellyn."

The blankness left the blue eyes and her smile was dazzling. Then she ran to me and buried her head in my bodice. I could feel her body shaking with laughter.

I could never be quite sure what was going on among all the shadowy vagueness of Gilly's mind, but I knew she was contented. She had bracketed me with Alice in her mind and I felt that she was less surprised than I or Alvean, or anyone else, would be. To Gilly it was the most natural thing in the world that I should take Alice's place. I believe that, from that moment, for Gilly I became Alice.

It was a merry journey home. We sang Cornish songs all the way to the station. I had never seen Connan so happy.

Alvean joined in the singing, so did Gilly; and it was astonishing to hear that child, who scarcely ever spoke, singing quietly as though to herself.

We sang "The Twelve Days of Christmas." Connan had a rich baritone voice which was very pleasant and I felt I had reached the very peak of happiness as he sang the first lines:

"*The first day of Christmas my true love*
sent to me
A partridge in a pear tree."

We went through the song and I had difficulty in remembering all the gifts after the five gold rings; and we laughed hilariously while we argued as to how many maids there were amilking, and how many geese alaying were sent.

"But they were not very sensible things," said Alvean, "except of course the five gold rings. I think he was pretending he loved her more than he really did."

"But he was her true love," I protested.

"How could she be sure?" asked Alvean.

"Because he told her so," answered Connan.

"Then he ought to have given her something better than a partridge in a pear tree. I expect the partridge flew away and the pears were those hard ones which are used for stewing."

"You must not be hard on lovers," Connan cried. "All the world loves them, and you have to keep in step."

And so we laughed and bantered until we boarded the train.

Billy Trehay met us with the carriage and I was astonished when we reached the house, for I then realized that Connan must have sent a message to arrive before we did. He wanted me to be received with honors. Even so, I was unprepared for the reception which was waiting for us in the hall.

The servants were all there—the Polgrey and Tapperty families and others from the gardens and stables, and even the village boys and girls who came to help and whom I scarcely knew.

They were lined up ceremoniously, and Connan took my arm as we entered the hall.

"As you know," he said, "Miss Leigh has promised to marry me. In a few weeks' time she will be your mistress."

The men bowed and the women curtsied, but I was conscious, as I smiled and walked along the line with Connan, that there was a certain wariness in their eyes.

As I had guessed, they were not ready to accept me as mistress of the house . . . yet.

There was a big fire in my room and everything looked cozy and welcoming. Daisy brought my hot water. She was a little remote, I thought. She did not stop and chat as she had hitherto.

I thought, *I will regain their confidence;* but of course I had to remember that, as the future mistress of the house, I must not gossip as I once had.

I dined with Connan and Alvean and afterward I went up with Alvean; and when I had said good night to her I joined Connan in the library.

There were so many plans to make, and I gave myself up to the complete joy of contemplating the future.

He asked if I had written to my family, and I told him that I had not yet done so. I still could not quite believe this was really happening.

"Perhaps this token will help you to remember," he said. He took a jewel case from a drawer in the bureau and showed me a beautiful square-cut emerald set in diamonds.

"It's . . . quite beautiful, far too beau for me."

"Nothing is too beautiful for Martha Mellyn," he said, and he took my left h and put the ring on the third finger.

I held it out and stared at it. "I n thought to possess anything so lovely."

"It's the beginning of all the beau things I shall bring to you. It's the part in the pear tree, my darling."

Then he kissed my hand and I told m that, whenever I doubted the truth of all was happening to me, I could look at my erald and know I am not dreaming.

Next morning when I went down Con had gone out on business, and after I given Alvean and Gilly their lessons—f was eager that everything should go on as fore—I went to my room. I had not been t for more than a few minutes when there w discreet knock.

"Come in," I said; and Mrs. Polgrey tered. She looked a little furtive, and I k that something significant had happened.

"Miss Leigh," she said, "there will be th which we have to discuss. I was wonderin you would come to my room. I have the k on. Could you drink a cup of tea?"

I said I would like that. I was anxious there should be no difference in our relat ship, which, from my point of view, had alw been a very pleasant and dignified one.

In her room we drank tea. There was suggestion of whisky this time, and this cretly amused me, although I made no re ence to it. I should be the mistress of house, and it was very different for *he* know of the tea tippling than the mere erness.

She again congratulated me on my eng ment and told me how delighted she was. fact," she said, "the whole household is lighted." She asked then if I intended to m changes, and I answered that, while the ho hold was so efficiently run by herself, I sho make none at all.

This was a relief to her, I could see, and settled down to come to the point.

"While you've been away, Miss Le there's been a bit of excitement in these par

"Oh?" I said, feeling that we were now c ing to the reason for my visit.

"It's all along of the sudden death of Thomas Treslyn."

My heart had begun to leap in a disc certing manner. "But," I said, "he is bu now. We went to his funeral."

"Yes, yes. But that need not be the end, Leigh."

"I don't understand, Mrs. Polgrey."

"Well, there's been rumors—nasty mors—and letters have been sent."

"To—to whom?"

"To her, Miss Leigh—to the widow. An seems, to others—and as a result they're g to dig him up. There's going to be an ex ination."

"You mean . . . they suspect someone soned him?"

"Well, there's been these letters, you And him dying so sudden. What I don't is that he was here last. It's not the so thing one likes to have connected with house."

She was looking at me oddly. I thoug saw speculation in her eyes.

I saw again Connan and Lady Tresly the punch room together, their backs tow me—laughing together. Had Connan l me then? One would not have thought s thought of the words they had spoken in hearing when the party was over. "It will be long . . . now." She had said that—an him. And then there was the conversati had partly overheard in the woods.

What did this mean?

There was a question that hammered in brain. But I would not let my mind dwell o

I dared not. I could not bear to see all hopes of happiness shattered. I had to g believing, so I would not ask myself that q tion.

I looked expressionlessly into Mrs. grey's face.

"I thought you'd want to know," she

(To Be Concluded)

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND

By SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

Before us the open sea widened.
The rocky islands
Rose from the waters,
Motionless, eternal.
There in the deep grass we stood.
Our hands brown with sun.
Holding the pink shells, the dark
Cones we had gathered.
The wind we saw moving the
Waters blew from a new star.
As we walked, as we spoke,
As the island grass
Bent with our coming.



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JOURNAL ABOUT AFRICA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

saucers, trunks and suiteases neatly ranked in corners. In such rooms stands a high, wide ritual bed covered with pillows, laee, embroideries, unused exeept when the husband visits. Alone, the wife usually sleeps on a straw mat on the floor. The chief of the village of Dumbatta, near Kano, wearing violet and orange silk robes, reeeived us in his patterned stucco (adobe) house with many courtyards, served us bottled orange drink from the kerosene refrigerator standing in his living room with canvas garden furniture and rich Oriental ru showed us the quarters where his beautiful, smiling young wife, sister of the Emir of Kano, sits and embroiders and awaits her husband. Her walls were tapestried, with brilliant enamelware, broeades, hand embroidery, plates. In Moslem Nigeria life has a sleepy rhythm, women have little life outside their own quarters, there seems slight stirring for change.

To Nigeria's central plateau, missionaries rarely came in early days—neither Moslem from the north, nor Christian missionaries up the rivers from the sea. Pagan women here go almost naked, wear only clusters of green leaves (we were told the young women change their dress each afternoon); live apathetically in mud huts, eat, cook, sleep on the earth; and almost 50 per eent of the babies die of malnutrition, malaria, worms—diseases of dirt and ignoranee.

By ear, by plane, we traveled down through hot, dry, dusty Nigeria to the richer vegetation of the south and east. Missionaries in early days came up these rivers from the eoast, built schools and hospitals. Along the roads one sees little active girls and boys in school uniforms—often green for Methodists, white for Roman Catholic, bright deep blue fo terian. The men say laughingly, "Ou here are very independent. They eve cycles." Missionaries edueated the too, and they became teaehers and n traders, handling money. Here ar health committees, village improvem ties, new latrines, vegetation eut do houses to combat mosquitoes and Women's elubs here were sometimes women's hands. In adult literaey cla sees a nursing mother patiently learn lish from a child's primer. Here wor ticipate freely in the soeiety, work to r better one. Our journey down through seemed a map drawn by the JOURNA slogan: "Never Underestimate the Po Woman."

In most of middle Afriea it can be true that every educated person der early edueation from the missions. nurses, teachers, government offici have finished in England, in India United States, but they learned read writing in mission schools. In effect, th no others. Even though one sees gau finished churches here and there—t orate for their setting and foreign in p haps a pseudo-Gothic strueture again green, probably now never to be fir still one feels warmly and deeply th pennies given by thousands of Sunda children to missionaries were not wa Nigeria they tell us, "They are all now ment schools." But what this means is buildings are mission buildings, the t are mission traditions, the teachers sion-trained personnel, their salaries n by the government.

In a green late-afternoon light ou rover bumped over winding jungle p the village of Maku in East Nigeria, s emerged onto a cleared village square. its packed earth, backed by lush plant coconut, were 500 people. Women sit gether, children in their own age grou together; near us were about 50 little boys of from two to eight, smiling an like massed black cherubs. Our U group is welcomed by the handsome t chief, in red Moslem hat, loose madra sers, gray eotton eloak of Arab type braided. He is an eleeted chief over people. His welcome speech in Ibo, tra by the schoolmaster, is eharming. "Yo in our faees, you will see we are your f We welcome you with our hearts. V grateful for the interest whieh brings visit us in our remote village back in the We are given kola nuts and palm wine.

Brilliantly dressed in matching b bras and wrapped skirts of vivid blue, and purple print, wearing small gay t 50 young women sit opposite us. In the c space are musieians. A woman beats a jar with a leather flap, another strikes a or a long hornlike gong. One man plays melodie wooden flute. The woman danees a few steps, summons the oth young mother takes her baby from her hands it to an older woman, rises; other The danee starts slowly, with a rum step, in a eonga circle, woman leader in ealling the steps. Gradually the pace qui the whole body is used, steps ehange ra It is intense, vivid rhythm, wholly fascin One wants to join, hates to have it Dances, we learn, are intricate, varied, on ritual—eaeh eelebrates some special joy of harvest, a marriage, mournin death. In the quiet period after harves ones are studied, take as much as two ye perfeet.

Next we have a speech (again translate a woman member of the village health mittee. She tells us, "Our village has done Our village must have —— We hope fo village ——" It is a speech which one have heard at any women's-club meeti Middletown, U.S.A.!

Our host announees that the lady vi will go with ladies of the health committ inspeet the new sanitary measures "whil men stay to drink palm wine and watc

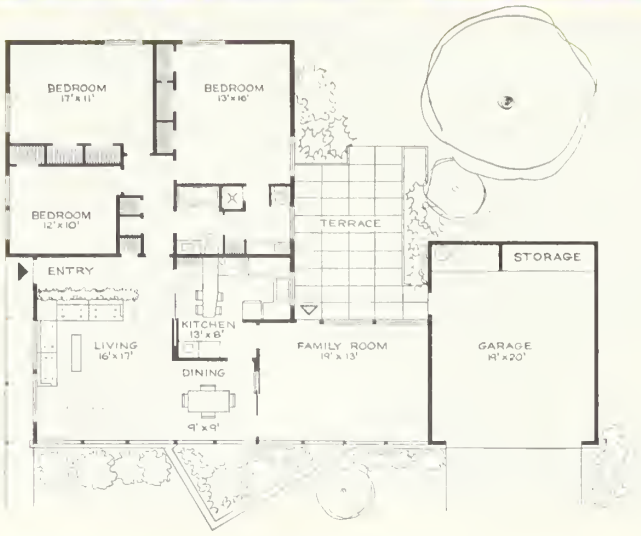
CONTINUED ON PAG

HOUSE WITH PRIVACY FROM THE STREET

RODNEY MCCAY MORGAN



Long low roof, high windows give feeling of cozy airiness.



Enclosed garden blocks view of busy street, can be as big or as small as desired.



BY JOHN BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

More homes like this one gain privaey by being constructed with an interesting wall eutting off the street view. In the tradition of the Freneh entry garden, this is, in part, a reaction against the front-faeing picture windows of reeent years.

Kitehen and family room open to a eentral terraee. The piereed front wall surrounds an intimate little garden, large as the individual owner desires it. A eomfortable air of serenity and retreat pervades this home.

The house is well organized with quiet baek bedrooms and easy eireulation to any room through eorridors. The kitchen is the key to the plan, eentrally loeated elose to the dining room, family room and terrace. The breakfast bar doubles as eounter when extra work spaee is needed. Laundry equipment is out of the way but still elose. Plumbing facilities are economieally grouped without compromising the effieient, spaeesaving plan.

Continuous high windows under the broad overhanging roof give the house a feeling of airy eoolness and luxury beyond its modest size.

Plans are available.

ARCHITECT:	WILLIAM NORMAN FLOYD
AREA:	1650 SQUARE FEET
COST:	$21,000 TO $24,000, PLUS LAND

Only 1 refrigerator-freezer —the new No-Frost RCA WHIRLPOOL gives so many modern automatic features

and saves money because it's Gas!



VES TIME! EXCLUSIVE ICEMAGIC® *replaces every e you use, automatically!* NO TRAYS to empty or fill— n water is added automatically. A steady supply of drops into the handy server. All you do is use it! ly an RCA WHIRLPOOL refrigerator has ICE-AGIC, the ice-maker *proved* by years of consumer use!



W! NO FROST—EVEN IN THE FREEZER! There's *no st to de-frost* in this zero-degree freezer. Yet you can eze foods right at home—hold over 92 lbs. of frozen ods. The right temperature is *sealed in* by Million-agnet* doors on both freezer and refrigerator, with cial magnets in door gaskets. Yet they open or ut *easily, instantly,* at your touch.



VES TIME! EXCLUSIVE JET-COLD SHELF chills a *new* ay, *with new speed!* Constant tiny jets of arctic air *side the shelf* are the secret—let this special shelf chill od *up to 3 times faster than an ordinary refrigerator shelf!* uick and safe for desserts, salads, any food or liquid. t-Cold shelf is another exclusive you can find *only* an RCA WHIRLPOOL refrigerator!



VES FOOD! EXCLUSIVE NEW JET-COLD MEAT CHEST ts you store meat with confidence! Holds tempera-re *at the best meat-keeping level*—in the right atmos-here to keep meats fresh and tempting for days. US every other food-keeping convenience, from a readable-butter keeper to twin crispers that hold a hole bushel of vegetables!



All new, all over! New space-saving lines—it fits *flush* to walls and cabinets on all sides. New easy-open door. New design has more room inside. And no coils stick out in back to spoil the lines—this handsome RCA WHIRLPOOL *looks* built-in, even when it isn't—and builds-in beautifully, too. Choose yours in pink, yellow or white.

ONLY ONE NO-FROST REFRIGERATOR-FREEZER WITH A 10 YEAR GUARANTEE!

Saves you money, too! You get *every* advantage: built-in look . . . color choice . . . all those wonderful new food-keeping features . . . PLUS the fabulous refrigerating system designed around a simple, silent flame, with no moving parts to wear out or break down. You get a *10 year guarantee on the sealed refrigerating system—twice as long as usual!* Gas saves you money on fuel bills, too. So *choose Gas.* There simply isn't a better buy than a modern, automatic, *Gas* refrigerator-freezer like this! AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

dancing." This little joke, though in English, is quickly understood and brings much laughter.

The "village sanitation" consists of covered latrines, some mosquito control. The mud huts with thatched roofs are clean, have windows, and most beds are platforms off the ground.

Our gifts for that day are two live chickens, a basket of eggs, a basket of tomatoes.

Singing and dancing are a part of women's-club life throughout Africa. Co-operative work projects are undertaken, singing. Clubs have songs and dances to welcome visitors. In many groups, a drum is brought and dancing begins almost spontaneously. The most dignified chief's wife suddenly rises and is soon moving her ample hips in a swift controlled sidewise movement that many Arthur Murray teachers might envy. Dancing brings joy to the face of the dancer the watchers. In some regions, when a woman gets up to dance she picks up a shawl nearby—or a sweater, a tablecloth—and ties it around her hips to accentuate that part of the body so important in her dancing.

Some missionaries have frowned on dancing and tried to tame it down to a sort of march formation. Even under mission eyes, once the dance is begun, movements gradually become gayer and less inhibited.

In one village a group of women of all ages, many grandmotherly, dressed alike in dark red with a black stripe, dark red turbans, rose to dance. Their dance was vigorous and primitive. We were told they were a church group—Anglican.

In another village, women wore the Ibibo costume—a wrapped skirt, a square-necked top, high-waisted, with a full peplum (babies can be nursed either by pulling down the neck or lifting up from the waist). The material was a rich purple—self-striped. With it were worn brilliant gauzy turbans of sharp green, intense sea blue, hot pink. Each woman carried either a fan or a gauzy handkerchief to accentuate the movements of her arms, sang as she danced.

Children in Africa: The gay little naked boys are so good, so quiet, so attentive; tiny short-shirted girls smilingly responsive, but serene. One wonders if it is true, as some psychologists say, that the comfort an infant feels from being always with his mother, strapped to her back, riding on her hip, in her arms, nursing on demand, gives security and serenity for later life. Slightly older walking children, too, seem always close to the mother, touching her, holding her dress. When strangers come, they lean against their mother, watch calmly. One rarely sees clamoring for attention, giggles, interruptions, quarreling.

The remarkable S.U.M. (Sudan United Mission) at Jos prepares us for what we will find at Lambaréné. A native hospital is like a native village; sick people will not or cannot come without their families. At S.U.M. hospital families live, sick and well together, in one room in long barrackslike shelters made of earthen bricks. In early days, in an effort to improve conditions and avoid cooking on the floor with all its smoke, fireplaces were built. But primitive Africans will not use them. One sees three or four fires built on the earth floor, a cooking pot on each, air heavy and thick with smoke, the fireplaces cold and empty. "They are used to living in this smoke, sleeping in it, curled up together, and don't feel comfortable otherwise." These are the primitive quarters.

Near them, another long strip of rooms has been built, but this has a roofed area outside, one kitchen opposite each family room. These are for more advanced families. "How do you know which quarters to assign to which?" we asked. "If they come in naked, we let them cook and live in one room. If they wear clothes, they are given separate kitchens. They want to cook in another room so they won't spoil their clothes! Naked people have no clothes to worry about."

These are Biron people, pagan, primitive. On the low wall of the crowded porch sits a young woman, bare to the waist, with breasts elongated as two stocking caps, holding a baby, listless, apathetic, resigned as the mother. The nurse looks at its lower lid. "Hemoglobin is practically nonexistent. Probably malnutrition and malaria." The girl has had three children before, all are dead. Mothers feed their children by putting pap in their palms, holding baby's face in it, give water the same way. Many smother and die.

Doctor Schweitzer's hospital at Lambaréné, like most native hospitals, is sprawling, untidy, for here Africans live as they would in their own villages, cooking, eating, sleeping in one room, whole families in one bed. Tribal habits, taboos and moral codes are kept; by coming to Lambaréné Africans do not suddenly become clean, honest by European standards, sanitary. But the hospital operating room, we are told by a visiting American doctor, is as aseptic, as efficient as at any excellent American hospital.

Africans, sick and well, workers and lepers and orphans, are treated with a gentle friendliness. Animals—chimpanzees, antelopes, cats, a dog with a bandaged paw, goats, birds—live on paths and porches, under desks, fed and petted and respected, for they share in life.

Reverence for life is expressed in daily ways: in a warm courtesy to staff members; hospitality to invited guests—an often grave courtesy on Doctor Schweitzer's part, for he is an old man, his heavy head set solidly on strong shoulders, his eyes under heavy brows searching and commanding. He seems lost often in his own musing, then smiles sometimes with a piercing sweetness and simplicity as he speaks to a visitor. Lambaréné is his plan made real. All the saints must have been strong, determined, sure. His philosophy, his thought and his writing have made Lambaréné a symbol of self-denying service, person-to-person—of love and concern for individual life. Lambaréné is a lantern which from its dark shore sends far a gentle searching beam.

Considerate regard for others is show plain, excellent food: home-grown fru citrus, papaya and apples; garden vegeta well cooked; spaghetti; homemade bread; simply set, well-served table where conv tion flourishes. Hospitality is evidenced ir host's courtly, old-fashioned attentivenes his guests, seated opposite him across a row table, his words translated quickly easily by one of two devoted nurse assistan Mlle. Ali and Mlle. Mathilde. (He speak German.) The spirit of Lambaréné is de felt in the spare but moving religious ser each evening. Doctor Schweitzer announc hymn, rises, walks heavily around the l table to the old piano and plays the tune. T he reads a short passage—from Matthew, evenings we were there—his words of in pretation attentively followed. Another by and Doctor Schweitzer says good night, g to his endless correspondence, his nurse sistants with him. Tea is served, staff guests review the evening services (which e has often followed in his own Testamen his own tongue), seek for its deepest mean share thoughts and experiences, relax.

Life is simple at Lambaréné. There are ke sene lamps and lanterns. Electricity is sa for the operating room, where it is preci Rooms have iron cots, a table, two cha basin and pitcher, pegs for clothes—are wh clean and airy. There is no plumbing.

It is a working life. At midnight a lanter knock next door, voices summon the nu midwife. One hears screaming from the bu ing for "disturbed" patients. Dawn brings emergency call for the Dutch woman surg near us—and animal sounds from the jur forest surrounding us.

Life at Lambaréné expresses in every w we are here to work, in that simplest, ess tial, meaningful work, serving and help others with our own hands, lonely in t foreign, needy land; individual to individu with respect and love and a reaching out the human spirit.

When we leave Lambaréné we are patted the cheek by Doctor Schweitzer, invited



iuests who come with knowledge of
chweitzer's books, respect for his
ligious philosophy, at his invitation,
of curiosity only or a desire to take
are welcome. "You have opened
s to us. We feel we know you," says
ember. "You must come back."
go to the boat, that narrow precari-
den shell whose boatmen, chanting
roke, will carry us and our baggage
s down the wide, swift, muddy
River to the airport; as last warm,
od-bys are said, a small white cot-
, initialed A.S., is put in my hand.
nch for you, you might need it—with
ou can never tell." That night, late
y, we reach the only really uncom-
hotel of our journey, dingy, run-
Supper cannot be served in the
Gratefully we retire to our beds with
chweitzer's hearty thick cheese and
dwiches on good bread, his sweet
Hospitality, courtesy, thoughtful-
love follow us.

ganda woman lives in Buganda, in
and speaks Luganda. She dresses in
bisuti, half dress, half sari, in vivid
owered violets, reds or intense blues,
contrasting brocaded sash, low on



a Mrs. Gould chats with trained
fe and student about to depart for
natal visit. Bicycles and maternity
UNICEF.

. Under this are two or three cotton
s, tied over and folded at the top so
are accentuated by four to ten layers
wrapping. In Buganda women have
knelt to their men, kept their heads
es low when speaking to them. Edu-
vas not for them—they kept house,
he family food in gardens. Men had
crops, such as coffee or bananas.
ndled all money, and took new wives
Now, leading men in Uganda want
wives, who can help them live by
n standards. The bride price is higher
educated girl. Now men encourage
r their wives, sometimes attend the
themselves.
raining class we heard:
re the virtues of a good wife and

oils the drinking water.
aches her children to come and greet
ors politely.
od neighbor" (in English).
akes things in the home to save her
band's money.
eds her family the right foods, for bet-
nutrition.
as a latrine and a bathroom (an out-
cubicle with earth floor where water
oured over the body).
he with several wives a happy home?
f these women come from plural

"—Why?
d, scold all the time."
t agree on work."
vants tea—who will get it?"
w a "dance of the second wife" at this
e comes prancing in, head high, trium-
pantomimes with joy, "*My* cup, *my*
y stool, *my* husband." First wife, sulk-
one side, can bear it no longer and
nto the ring, pushes her aside—"My
y pot, *my* husband."

We are guests at a luncheon prepared by one of the Y.W.C.A.-sponsored local clubs. The chief of the village greets us, a tall, courtly man, with excellent manners, wearing European dress, speaking fair English, who has been in the U.S.A., with his handsome wife, our hostess. The schoolteacher, the minister, the storekeeper and the landowner who has given land for the women's clubhouse welcome us. Food is set out for us on a buffet table in a charming open pavilion of bamboo-like material, built in honor of the kabaka's last visit. (He is the hereditary ruler of Buganda.) We eat boiled plantain, boiled yams with groundnut (peanut) gravy, stewed chicken, a delicious fruit compote of banana, papaw, orange. The men sit with us, on chairs, eat what we eat with knives, forks and spoons; women club members sit nearby, on straw mats, on the earth, with their children. They eat boiled mashed plantain with their fingers, dipping it in groundnut gravy. Water is brought in pitchers, poured over our hands after the meal. After lunch we at last shake hands with the women club members. The men attend the club meeting which includes speeches, messages from America, singing and dancing. After the women have danced, they kneel to the men (swiftly, like a curtsy) and to us.

We become accustomed to the brilliant colors women wear on the west coast, and in Uganda and Tanganyika—their gay and laughing look; we admire their proud posture even as they carry on their heads baskets of bananas, jars of palm wine, fodder for cattle, loads of firewood, calabashes of milk, beds, live chickens in pens, as well as water jars, daily, morning and evening, often for miles (often accompanied by children carrying their own precious water in a pitcher, a saucepan). When we get to beautiful Kenya, we are distressed by the Kikuyu women. They bend over, carrying on their backs loads held by bands around their foreheads, dress in earth brown, rarely look up or smile. Kenya when we were there was tense, fearful of renewed Mau-Mau terror. White Highlanders kept guns beside them, told us never to be on the roads after 5 P.M. If we saw a crowd ahead, we were told we must turn and go back, if possible to the nearest police post. Our host, on a magnificent 46,000-acre cattle farm facing Mt. Kenya, opposite the Aberdare Mountains, has imported a delicious Baltimore cuisine into this distant place. We sit down at nine to dinner: guinea fowl cooked with wine, tiny Southern hot biscuits, a frozen cream dessert—and hear drums and native singing down by the river. As long as his Kikuyu herdsmen and servants keep their wives with them on the farm, he feels, the situation is not too dangerous. When the wives are sent back to the reservation, he will know trouble is coming. "The Mau-Mau know what is going on in every house," we were told by people who lived there through the previous emergency. "They know everyone who has a gun and just where it is." After dinner as we had coffee on the veranda, watching Mt. Kenya silhouetted sharply by an occasional lightning flash, we heard a lion roaring not far from the house. In the morning we were told he had killed two heifers in the night.

Many English in Kenya feel that they must give over the reins of government slowly, fear leaders like Tom Mboya, whom they consider almost a gangster, fear ruthless tribal warfare if British troops go. Some of their feelings are shared by the Masai, a handsome tribe traditionally warriors, now herdsmen. These people are tall and slender with fine features. The men rub ocher in their hair, dress in rust-red and rust-pink cotton belted togas, wear long earrings in pendant earlobes, neck and ankle beads, carry spears. The women are pretty and shy, wear the same rusty sari or shawl-like dress, huge stiff collars of beads, pull shawls over their faces if anyone brings out a camera. They live in Masai, an enormous reserve partly in Kenya and partly in beautiful Tanganyika where they herd their cattle, rarely go to school, mix little, are considered a backward tribe. There is a bitter joke among moderates in Kenya about their more conservative countrymen: "The Masai, too, are in *favor* of progress, but they want it to come slowly."

What French's does to hamburger...



...should happen on your grill!

Nothing's more delicious than hamburgers sizzled over charcoal—and topped with this wonderfully different golden sauce! You'll love it because it's rich with the *7-spice* goodness of French's Mustard. French's spicy golden touch blends and betters the taste of this recipe and most any food. Try it—and for your next barbecue, serve this golden barbecue sauce. Easy to make . . . delicious with French's Mustard.



Enjoy it! on Food and in Food

Golden Barbecue Sauce

4 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped green pepper
¼ cup French's minced onion or
½ cup chopped fresh onion
½ cup French's Mustard
2 tbsp. light brown sugar
1 cup bouillon
Dash cayenne, ½ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. pepper

Melt butter, add green pepper, onion and cook over low heat until lightly browned. Blend in French's Mustard, sugar. Add bouillon, seasonings. Stir. Cook 10 minutes. (Makes 1½ cups sauce, enough for 8-12 hamburgers.) Spoon over hamburgers on grill.

7 lively spices in every jar—

that's the secret of French's Golden Touch!

"The shine is the sign it's really clean!"

says PRUDENCE POTTS, the Pan Inspector



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contain special soap with Jeweler's Polish to get pans shining clean!

Firmer, sturdier pads

A Brillo Soap Pad just has to clean lots more pots. It's the only pad that's tightly knit with firm "hemmed" edges to hold together longer.

Richer, livelier lather

Foams up faster—each pad is packed with soap clear through. Brillo with its exclusive polishing soap cleans faster, shines brighter.

Thriftier, more pads

5, 12, 20 pad boxes! Only Brillo gives you so many pads, such long-lasting pads, plus special soap with Jeweler's Polish.



Nothing shines aluminum like BRILLO

Brillo Mfg. Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.; Toronto, Canada

There are 55 separate women's clubs on the lower slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro. These are Chaga people, mostly Christian, coffee-rich. One ascends through rich luxuriant coffee and banana plantations, small holdings, African-owned. Mt. Kilimanjaro, a white-iced loaf cake, is mostly cloud-veiled—as are the Pare hills opposite. Small paths lead back to individual houses, and as the Landrover laboringly ascends the rough and winding path, boys and girls, bright khaki-clad little creatures, peer, waving shyly, from green leaves at every path opening—like a Rousseau jungle painting.

The women's club we visited is on a beautiful grassy slope looking down, down—looking up to the "companion" (the lower peak of Kilimanjaro), Mawenzi. The village is Marangu. Three young teachers from a nearby training center supported by the Tanganyika government, with UNICEF aid, are giving a course in nutrition and child health. Village women pay a shilling each for two weeks of lectures and demonstrations, often walk miles to the meetings. The teacher and her two assistants (trainees) are charmingly dressed in European style, one in printed cotton with wide lilac cummerbund; another in coral cotton skirt and matching sweater, white blouse, red shoes. Copying pictures in magazines, cutting their own patterns, they made their dresses themselves at the training center. Some of the village women wear European dress, about half have shoes. Next year, we think, many will have dresses like the teachers'. The young leader demonstrates her lesson about good nutrition by sticking cutouts on a flannel board—carrots, tomatoes, eggs, peanuts. As she talks, villagers gather on the bank behind us. Twenty attentive little boys sit quietly, clad in khaki shirts and shorts; a dozen little girls in khaki jumpers (there is a Lutheran mission school here); men and women from the village group themselves on the grass, all listening closely. The women's club is educating the whole village!

"Your JOURNAL is a friend" one hears, unexpectedly, so many places in Africa. Soon it becomes no longer surprising to find intelligent, attractive long-time JOURNAL readers in African towns: Mrs. Sanderson, gentle missionary in Kano, who with her husband is translating the Bible into Hausa (they have completed the New Testament in ten years, and a Hausa friend whom they asked to read certain chapters to check idiomatic errors said, "But this is a book that speaks to the heart"). At Doctor Schweitzer's hospital a gay young maternity nurse, Miss Olive, from Johannesburg, devoted to her babies, tries to keep twins as long as she can—"Twins are considered unlucky. If they go back to the village—well, one just disappears." She says, "I love the JOURNAL—but it costs a dollar in Johannesburg." The 32-year-old clear-featured Dutch woman surgeon who has been at Lambaréné five years, does most major surgery: "My mother has had your magazine for years. I know it well." A doctor from California, doing a six-month heart study among natives for Paul Dudley White: "A fine journal—your medical articles are excellent." Scotch dining-room steward at the Vi Falls Hotel: "I send it to my sister in land—but I read it first."

Charming Mrs. Peggy Rahb in Living Africa-born, influential in the education visory commission for the province: " articles on education are so valuable." I awayo, the pretty young wife of the I U.A.T. representative (a new, well-run E airline in central Africa): "It's such a th meet *you*. I'm a JOURNAL fan. Often we h meet dull people—oh, important, but I've been longing for one of your F Treasure boxes. But of course I couldn't here in Africa." She might have come one of Wilhela Cushman's fashion slim and tall in a pink-and-orange p cotton, coral-pink shoes and bag. "My band's family have always read your zine. They were in Indonesia; when the to leave there, they took the JOURNAL in land, and now in Canada. He taught read it." These are just a few. "Your sto ordinary family life make us feel we what America is *really* like—not the wa newspapers show it," we hear in many

It is deeply moving to your editors to that the JOURNAL is well known, well and deeply influential in that faraway nent. Now, when our American way of criticized as materialistic or warmonger so many places, we are grateful to our America Lives" families who, opening doors to our reporters and photogra have helped us build a great series shows American home life realisticall with depth: revealing an America lovi children, pinching pennies to educate concerned with ethical and religious often unreported in the daily press. W thankful for our readers' letters which their thoughts. We are grateful to Am clubwomen, who, by giving us an insigh community activities, reveal what un devotion American men and women pour into programs for the young, th the sick, the disabled, the disadvan Distinguished men and women in publi beginning with Chief Justice Earl Warre most recently Governor Rockefeller, generously given their time to our Jou Forums. Through these discussions, m of people have heard the best thinking times on current problems, educational, and international.

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, your e felt again with deep appreciation o African safari, is a great force for expr the best in American life—and by expr it, recognizing this best, and strengthen As our readers with us re-evaluate Am aspirations, we believe these basic idea refreshed, refined and made clearer t selves and to those in other lands.

We returned, happy with our read Africa, thankful to our readers at hom help us build our round-the-world mag A word in Swahili, *Mzouri*—pronounce souri—means splendid, fine, O.K., won We think you, our readers, are *Mzouri*

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Modern woman: One who drives a short distance to a drugstore to buy reducing pills.

Dropping a line to children away at school and to fish in the water often nets about the same response.

He's the kind of person who is always having to take a remedial course in the School of Experience.

A tranquilizer from the Bible: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Unlike the woman who always washe the cup, saucer, spoon after a late cup tea or coffee—because she wants to go t bed with the house in "dying order"— another woman vows that *her* house bedtime will be left in "living order."

An old dog wearing a fine new colla and an elderly woman wearing a corsag are each, in spite of age and figure, im portant to someone.

Some women mistakenly believe tha the secret of youth is found in keepin age a secret.

OKING OVER E PRESIDENT'S OULDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

so much that it was said he was being ust to see that no handouts were being way. This started the Truman Admin- n off with a sense of human under- g and appreciation which never waned he eight years to follow.

President did not bring a valet, nor did ruman, Miss Margaret or Mrs. Tru- nother, Mrs. Wallace, bring any per- aids. Vietta Garr, the family cook in ndence, came along. She would some- ook special dishes which the family en- especially Miss Margaret—and more ttend the three ladies in personal-maid Mrs. Truman, as First Lady, never did a personal maid during her eight years White House and she had only one sec- or personal matters—Miss Odum, who ad luncheon with the family.

Helm, who had been Mrs. Wilson's ecretary and also Mrs. Roosevelt's, re- with the Trumans. Mrs. Helm and dum would more or less officiate at buring for the First Lady, especially here were from 75 to 200 people. Mrs. ould pour a cup of tea, keeping up a sation with a guest who was dead set on nged conversation, give her the tea and t rid of her and continue the same run- nversation with the next guest faster nyone I have ever seen—without spilling of tea on the tray.

the ladies would feel so pleased. I have hem say, "Oh, I had such a lovely con- on with Mrs. Helm while she was pour- tea. You know, she is the social secre- That is the art of pouring, without the realizing that you do not want them to the line. Miss Odum, at the other end able pouring coffee, was a very likable and she learned to pour coffee equally without being detained by some long- conversationalist.

Trumans were the most punctual peo- he White House during my years there. ast was served at eight o'clock, lunch- one and dinner at seven. When you announce dinner you did not have to nd wait for someone to recognize you you could say, "Dinner is served."

old place quieted down so much you 't believe it was the same place. The of mourning was on, so we didn't have ficial entertaining and we had a chance up the family. The help found the nt, Miss Margaret and Mrs. Wallace size up, but Mrs. Truman, with her d personality, had most of the help at atchful of her. It was agreed that this ady would not stand for fakers, shirk- flatterers, and the only way you could er approval would be by doing your the best of your ability. This done, you not want a more understanding person k for.

Trumans did not care for elaborate Neither did the Roosevelts; but, un- e Roosevelts, the Trumans demanded cooked food, for Mrs. Truman is a very ook and she knew and appreciated good g.

d noticed when we served hot rolls that Truman would look at the rolls, break pen and then put it aside. At first I t that perhaps the rolls were not hot. next time I took special care to see that eally *were* hot. But again she did the hing.

said to one of the men, "I am sure I why Mrs. Truman doesn't eat the rolls. ants rolls fresh from the oven, not d-over bakers' rolls."

l, when I went into the housekeeper's next morning to talk over menus with d the cook, I sensed that they were wait- r me. Right off they told me that my were letting the rolls get cold before g them. They wanted to get a small heat- it just to keep the rolls from getting cold. The cook said the bread was always hot when she sent it up and she was not going to be blamed for our carelessness.

I turned to Mrs. Nesbitt and asked, "Do you mean to say that Mrs. Truman has been asking for hot rolls all this time? Well, no wonder she has not been eating the bread. In fact, no one has. Hot bread doesn't mean warmed-over bakery bread. If you people have forgotten how to bake rolls and bread, then you had better learn. The First Lady wants hot bread from the oven, not warmed-over bakery rolls."

From then on the kitchen posed a problem, for they had been too long on one routine and were not very willing to change. Mrs. Nesbitt had much the same attitude. She was talking to me one day about what Mrs. Truman wanted and said, "I just told her that you don't do things that way. I said Mrs. Roosevelt never did things that way."

"What did she say?" I asked.

She replied, "Nothing. She just looked at me. You know I have been told that I must see to it that she keeps things going around here."

"Well," I said, "I hope you know what you are doing. Mrs. Truman must be a very patient woman, for I am sure that, being a woman, you know what it means to have your way of keeping house compared with some other woman's way."

I never really knew what happened and I never asked anyone about it, but it was not very long after our conversation that Mrs. Nesbitt retired.

The small dining room was used by the Trumans, as by the Roosevelts, for all informal affairs. Breakfast and lunch usually were served on the roof in the sun parlor which was very cheerful and sunny with a view which was not so gloomy as that of either dining room. In fact, there really isn't any view from the dining rooms.

For breakfast the President usually had oatmeal with brown sugar. He always ate wholewheat toast with his oatmeal and drank about half a cup of coffee. Most likely he would take a piece of ice from his glass of water and drop it into the coffee to cool it.

We had to learn to make coffee for the Trumans. The coffee was brewed in the pantry and, although I never drank coffee myself, each morning I would supervise the brewing of the coffee, trying to find a recipe that would satisfy the Truman taste. I had noticed that Mrs. Truman always took some coffee in the spoon and looked at it before drinking it. I would hover near to view the color of the coffee in the silver spoon when she complained and when she said the coffee was fine. Once I found the color in the spoon that pleased her, we made it that way consistently. In fact, we were so successful that I was sent on a tour of the mess on the presidential yacht to instruct them in the brewing of coffee to please the Truman taste.

Shortly after the family moved into the White House the President's brother, Mr. Vivian Truman, came to visit. The first time he appeared in the dining room the President, before he took his seat, said, "Fields, this is my brother, Mr. Vivian Truman."

This was something new for a President to acquaint a member of his family with servants. We were soon to meet all the Wallaces and Trumans in this manner. The President and Mrs. Truman knew each servant by name and at any time a new man was taken into the dining room I would go along and say to the President and Mrs. Truman, "This is —— We are trying him out as a butler."

The President, if seated, would rise and shake hands and say, "Now don't be disturbed by me. You just do what Fields tells you and I know we will be glad to have you aboard." This would at once relieve the tension that faces any waiter or butler who had never been in the presence of the President before. I have seen experienced men who would be so nervous on first going into the White House dining room that you would almost expect them to run up the wall if the President was to say something to them.

The President's mother and sister paid a visit shortly after Mr. Vivian. I don't think the country will forget Mother Truman's statement when she told the press, "I cannot really be glad that my son is President because I am sorry that President Roosevelt is dead." These may not be the exact words, but it went something like that. And when she arrived by plane with the President and saw the crowds and the press snapping pictures she said, "Fiddlesticks. If you had told me all this would happen, I would have stayed at home."

For her age, she was most charming and refreshing. She would not have anything to do with the Lincoln Room and they could not get her to sleep in the big bed in the Rose Room with the canopy over it. She preferred the small Rose Room with the small, single bed. She had something friendly to say to anyone she came in contact with.

To me the funniest thing she said was one night at dinner with Mr. Joseph Davies, the former ambassador to Russia. During the conversation between the President and the former ambassador a name was mentioned which attracted Mother Truman's interest. She remarked, "Isn't he a Yankee?"

Miss Mary Jane Truman, the President's sister, said, "Now, mother ——"

"Well, isn't he?" she insisted.

The President spoke up and said, "Yes, mother, but you know there are good Yankees as well as bad and good Rebels."

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Mother Truman retorted, "Well, if there are any good Yankees I haven't seen one yet."

Mr. Davies smiled and the conversation was changed. But that was the way she saw it and she did not mince words. I think that the President must have inherited his open, sincere frankness from his mother. Mother Truman and Mother Wallace were as different as night and day, but they were both fine people.

The first of June Mrs. Truman, Miss Margaret and Mrs. Wallace went home to Independence for the summer. The President was alone for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Seldom did he have a guest, and never did the help have it so easy. We were all working an eight-hour day now. When Mrs. Truman was away I always talked to the President about the menus and asked if he expected guests. One morning, after I had shown him the menu, the President asked me about the help getting their annual leave. He said, "Fields, you must see to it that no one loses any time, because it belongs to them." I promised that no one in my outfit would lose time. To think that, with all his new duties as President, he had thoughts for these people when many supervisors act as if they are doing you a favor to grant you your annual leave!

With the European theater of the war closed, General Eisenhower and his staff were invited to a dinner at the White House. We had 126 including the general and the President. Among the staff were two colored master sergeants. We set up a bar for the first time in the East Room and had a cocktail hour before dinner. Dinner was informal with the President and the general seated at the round mahogany table in the center of the State Dining Room with twelve other soldiers. Around the center table were smaller ones and the overflow were seated in the Red Parlor.

When General Eisenhower came in I recalled how, not too many years ago, he was a major. I heard many conversations by General Marshall praising "this fellow Eisenhower"—the term he used in talking to President Roosevelt. There is no doubt in my mind that General Marshall really sold the President on Major Eisenhower. He was always praising him. Later on I was to hear many conversations about "this fellow Eisenhower."

In July, 1945, the President went to Potsdam for a meeting with Churchill and Stalin and I remembered a remark President Roosevelt had made in the late summer of 1944 during the campaign. He said that if the war was over before the election, he and Churchill both were likely to be defeated because the people, being tired of war, would most likely want to change their leaders. While he was in Potsdam, this prediction came true in Churchill's case, and the meeting recessed until the new Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, could join them.

Prime Minister Attlee was with us a few months later, in November. It seemed strange to call anyone other than Churchill "Mr. Prime Minister," and Attlee somehow just did not strike the gong like Churchill.

When the ladies returned from Missouri that fall they brought some sorghum molasses. Miss Margaret, especially, was very fond of corn bread and sorghum. Out in Indiana when sugar cane was cut and carried to the mill, I can still smell the cooking of the syrup into molasses and see a lazy old mule moving just fast enough for the mill to grind the cane into the syrup that was cooking.

Miss Margaret said to me one day as she was leaving the table where they had been talking about molasses and corn bread, "Fields, that is real good eating."

And I agreed with her for, as a kid, we always had a big barrel of molasses sent from the mill. As the winter wore on, the molasses got thicker and thicker, but it never did turn into sugar. That is what makes an expert molasses maker—the art of cooking the syrup so that it would not turn into sugar. With hot biscuits, corn bread or pancakes and butter and a plate of good sorghum molasses, no eating could be better.

The President attended his first Armistice Day services as President on Sunday, November 11, 1945. The Trumans always followed their family tradition of having Sunday dinner at midday and this day we had some of Miss Margaret's favorite dishes, including chocolate ice cream. The President spoke about especially privileged people and said, "Fields, I don't want you boys spoiling my girl." He delighted in teasing Miss Margaret and the First Lady and when he did they could always give him a good going over.

On one occasion when he had had a good going over by them, as he left the dining room he said, "Fields, what do you think of that?"

I said, "Mr. President, I am afraid you have the same problem at home that I have."

He said, "What is that?"

"Sir," I said, "a wife and daughter. You cannot win unless you can sow a seed of doubt as to which one is boss."

He laughed and said, "That question was settled years ago."

The President was big enough to boss the country, but to the President Mrs. Truman was the "boss." I have never heard her try to tell him what was good for the country, but one time I did hear her warning him for his own good about a Cabinet officer. I do not recall the exact reasons for her so forewarning him, but it was about Secretary Wallace.

The President replied, "Oh, Henry is all right."

President Truman had so many ways that were cordial and genuine, but only a fool would fail to appreciate this cordial inti by being disrespectful.

During the Roosevelt Administrati messenger by the name of John Pye us prepare lunches for some of the White H secretaries, and during the Truman Adm tration in the basement under the Presi office he really set up a kitchen and d room for such people as Mr. Charles J Mr. Short, Mr. Hassett, Mr. Matt Conn General Graham, General Vaughan and Clifford. Sometimes Pye would have son the Cabinet officers as guests, and even President himself whenever he could ma to get him.



Kitchen for two—who entertain for many—is capsule-sized but popular with the crowd. Small gas range with full oven, arm-reach refrigerator, dishwasher, too, are lined up. Letter-file trays under window sill hold linens and tools.

n Mrs. Truman was away sometimes
ident would have Mr. Connelly eall me
what did I think of the President eat-
'ye's dining room. Usually I would say
the doctor was nearby, perhaps it
oe all right. Otherwise I would advise
sident to come to lunch at the White
where he would be safe and not eat
g that John Pye cooked.
rally the President would wait until
ve was within hearing distanee and then
ny advice. John was one of those char-
who get upset. He would say, "Indeed,
esident, there is nothing wrong with
od! Fields doesn't know what he is talking about. I swear by the Almighty that you are safe here, sir."

Pye was happiest when he could get the President downstairs in the office of his dining room. Sometimes he would invite Miss Margaret and Miss Odum to luncheon and I would blast him to high heaven for trying to take my customers away. The President got fun out of this feud between John Pye and me. Pye and I were the best of friends and we, too, enjoyed the feud.

I shall always remember the first Truman Christmas in 1945. About a week before, the President said one morning when he was alone at breakfast, "Fields, I should like to request a favor. I want you to find a needy colored family and see to it that they have a real happy Christmas dinner. I have already asked Dressler"—the agent in eharge of the Seeret Service detail to the President—"to find a needy white family."

The President went on to say that he did not want it known. He took out his purse and gave me some money, saying, "This is to buy each child in the family a present. If this isn't enough, let me know."

I had never had such a detail and deeided to call on the Southeast Settlement House, in South Washington. I went that afternoon and talked to the lady in eharge. She wanted information about me, why I came and my object and name. This I wasn't prepared for. I felt that if I gave my name, she might reason who was the donor of the money. All that day I had been humming tunes from *Tales of Hoffmann* by Offenbach, so when she asked my name, "Offenbaeh" came into my head. I ehanged this and said instead, "Colonel Offendorf."

She seemed a little startled, but "Colonel Offendorf" it was. The social worker gave me the name of a family—a mother with nine ehildren, the eldest a girl of thirteen. The husband had been found murdered three months before. He had no family, nor did the mother. The Settlement had just learned about this family and was happy to have me help them.

I said I would like to go and meet the mother and see the situation. What I saw was beyond my imagination. Within sight of the Capitol, this was poverty of the worst sort, and the mother little realized that she could get help from any souree. I do not believe she eould read and it was the thirteen-year-old girl who had taken it on herself to appeal to the Settlement House.

When I looked around, the very first thing I discovered was that there was no eooking stove. The woman was cooking on a potbellied heating stove with a pot of beans eooking in clear water. I thought to myself that I was glad I had taken the time to investigate. What a eruel joke it would have been to send this family a thirty-pound turkey with no plaee to cook it.

So when I reported to the President my findings I said that there was no telling, perhaps the white family might be in the same position. So I would have both turkeys stuffed and cooked in the White House kitehen. From then on eaeh Thanksgiving and Christmas the ehief of Secret Serviee detail and I selected families in need for these gifts from the President. Thc deliveries were always made in private cars and this is the first time I have told this story.

Christmas in the White House during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations was always a friendly, family oecasion. Christmas with the Hoovers had been a time of cordial but reserved master-to-servantlike greetings. President and Mrs. Hoover would eome into the East Room and say "Merry Christmas" to all the household staff gathered around the big tree in that room. Gifts would be passed out—an autographed picture and an envelope with a crisp new $5 bill for servants of the lower braeket, and larger amounts for those of the higher brackets. Then President and Mrs. Hoover would bow and leave and there would be no handshaking.

During the Roosevelt Administration all the servants and their entire families would gather downstairs in the corridor and, just as for formal receptions, they would proeeed to the East Room to be introdueed by an aide to the President, the First Lady and other members of the family.

A list of the children under sixteen in eaeh family had been made months before and each child reeeived a gift as well as the opportunity to shake hands with the President and First Lady—a memorable thing for any ehild.

The Trumans eontinued this policy and I understand that the Eisenhowers still carry on this familylike gathering for the offiee workers and servants. It is true that the Trumans eelebrated Christmas in thc White House only twiee because Mrs. Truman, Miss Margaret and Mrs. Truman's mother, Mrs. Wallaee, always left for Missouri a few days before Christmas. But the President always remained for the White House Christmas party.

The times when the Trumans were at the White House for Christmas Mrs. Truman seheduled the family dinner at 2 P.M. and all the help was released to spend the rest of thc day with their own families. Sandwiches and the makings had been prepared and the Trumans enjoyed getting things for themselves. I am sure they felt more at home than if they had had servants fussing around them, and the White House help eertainly did appreciate thc opportunity of spending a part of Christmas Day at home with their families. At least yours truly did, and I know many others did likewise.

"They Said it Couldn't be Done"

ABBOT MILLS



en Stewart

What do you do when you need a dishwasher—and the kitchen is about 6½′ x 8½′? In their small New York rtment, Helen Markel Stewart and her newsberman husband Jack shoehorned practically rything you might find in a bigger room. hers with closet-sized kitchens can take hope. : stack a full-sized 7½-cubic-foot built-in rigerator atop a dishwasher; there's room for ay rack too. Tip: use a small but complete ge with full oven. Tip: in a narrow space, e deeper appliances on one wall, and build llow 18″ cupboards on the other—otherse oven and refrigerator doors couldn't open. From the small kitchen, the Stewarts enter- small parties of eight handsomely. "Even enormous quarters I'd want small dinners, conversation is more stimulating." Dinner at a living-room table. Guests help themves at a buffet where casseroles and wonful tossed salads are stand-bys. In a small er off the kitchen there's a snack shelf for eakfasts, also a place to set out dessert and ffee. In the little kitchen, once head-shaking ends applaud its charm and workability. That ıyl floor looks like marble. Helen's herbs ow on the window sill. The pale yellow walls e as cheering as spring sunlight. "I couldn't ve written a better ending," says Helen. Husnd Jack likes the way the plot turned out too.

y MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*



Shelf in hall for tray breakfasts is restful with lacy-pattern wallpaper, soft blues and purples, garnet-red lamp.

Cabinets and counters are just 18″ deep but give a length of work space. Doors, plastic above, wood below, all slide to save bumping. Cleaning equipment is tidy at right.

STUART



The Roosevelts always had Christmas at the White House with all the children and most of the grandchildren there. They always braved the hazards of fire by having a Christmas tree lighted with candles in the East Hall. The family tradition included reading of Charles Dickens' *Christmas Carol* by the President. The gathering of the family with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the President's mother, the children and grandchildren made a comely family group of four generations.

There were many other traditions in this family which showed such zest for enjoying themselves with life's activities. The holidays were for fun, and, as a real family, they had fun.

The Christmas dinner was at eight o'clock and usually there was a movie after dinner, then refreshments. We could all join in and watch the movies, but it was not like being in your own humble abode with your own family.

President Truman usually had Cabinet luncheons whenever the Cabinet met. In the Hoover and Roosevelt administrations you never really got acquainted with the Cabinet members, though you served them very often—except for some few friendly men like Secretary Stettinius and Secretary Hull. These gentlemen would always speak, no matter where they saw you.

Secretary Stettinius met me in the corridor one night at a party. With him was Mrs. Stettinius and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller. He stopped and said to his guests, "I want you to meet a good friend of mine." From then on Mr. Rockefeller, a most friendly gentleman, always spoke to me and would chat. I saw him often during the Roosevelt Administration. One night during the Truman Administration, after I had not seen him for some time, he was a dinner guest and he left the line entering the dining room to shake my hand.

In the Truman Administration, because of the friendliness of the President, the Cabinet officers followed the cue. One time when I was sending my wife to Boston to the Lahey Clinic we had to wheel her to the train in a chair. I helped her get a bed, and a nurse who was a devoted friend was to meet her in Boston. After getting my wife fixed up for the trip I was leaving her bedroom when I almost bumped into Secretary Snyder and Secretary Forrestal and their wives.

Secretary Snyder said, "Well, look who is here. Fields, what are you doing?"

I explained my mission and both ladies said, "If you like we will be glad to look in on your wife during the trip." These are the acts of kindness that fill you with faith that God watches and does touch the hearts of people in high and low places.

The year 1947 brought many people into my life who were moved to help my wife and me out of our worst difficulties during the eleven years of her ill health. We had friends in Wellesley, Massachusetts, and without their looking out for her while I was working in Washington, I am sure my wife would not have survived to be blessed to see and our two granddaughters, now eleven an the children of our daughter, Virginia son-in-law, Stanley Yancey.

In July, with my wife's condition still cal, my mother passed away in Indiana I received the information at five o'clock morning and around seven called the W House to say that I would go to Indian that day. Around nine o'clock a White H usher phoned and said that the Presiden arranged a flight and that a White Hous would pick me up and take me to A Field.

I arrived in Indianapolis at five in the noon. The next day flowers arrived fro White House. In about ten minutes a r paper called and wanted to know how Mrs. Fields know President Truman and they come and get a picture? I told them nitely no.

The Indianapolis papers had the info tion of the wreath from the President on front pages. Mother was being waked a house. My brother George and I were in out for dinner that night and when w turned home we were startled, for we had a yard full of people. Of course mother ha ways been a ward and precinct pol worker and at the time of her death she l political job at the statehouse.

Politically mother and father separated ing the election of 1936. Dad was the G ward leader and mother was the Demo women's leader, and mother always licke in the elections. They had a truce at hom politics was permitted there. But once left the house, no holds were barred an community enjoyed their rivalry. Of c with mother being with the winners, she

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ROMANTIC DRESS

Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on pages 62 and 63.



Vogue Design No. 5052. Two-piec dress 10–16 (31–36). $1.00. Versio shown requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabri without nap for blouse and 4 yards o 45″ fabric for skirt, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 1499. One-piece dress, stole and petticoat; 10–18 (31–38). $2.50. Version shown requires 3⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for dress, ⅝ yard of 35″ lace for bodice insert and 1½ yards of 2″ fringe, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 1002. One-piece dress, stole and slip; 10–16 (31–36). $2.00. Version shown requires 1¼ yards of 35″ lace for bodice, 2¼ yards of 35″ lace for skirt and 3½ yards of 50″ fabric without nap for midriff and stole, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 1488. One-piece dress and stole; 10–16 (31–36). $2.50. Version shown requires 5½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for dress and 1⅛ yards of 50″ fabric with nap for belt and bow, size 14.

ple to deliver a few favors to the com-
.
te September I went to Wellesley and
t my wife back to Washington. She was
s, but she wanted to come home. She
ardly sit up and every effort was filled
ain. Edna has remarkable courage and
e. Through all the years of her illness
er felt sorry for herself. Her unflagging
ination gave me hope when the doc-
uld hardly give me any. Today, after
years, she still has this same determina-

stmas of 1947 found Mrs. Truman's
's, Frank, George and Fred, and their
t the White House, and also Mr. Fred's
n, David and Marian. Miss Mary Tru-
he President's sister, was among those
. Even at Christmas the Trumans' en-
ng was never as hilarious as the Roo-
, because of the lack of children and
hildren. For Christmas dinner we had
he family of twelve, whereas the Roo-
would have had that many grand-
n alone.
her was in the small dining room at
and Miss Margaret snapped pictures of
nily group and the butlers. We all got
s of the party and I am mighty proud
e. It was one of the few times that Presi-
ruman ever carved at the table.
dinner at 2 P.M., Mrs. Truman had
o have the third-floor kitchen supplied
he makings of sandwiches for supper so
e help could take the rest of the day off.
the Trumans were in the White House

**he chains of habit are generally
o small to be felt until they are
o strong to be broken.**

SAMUEL JOHNSON

ird-floor kitchen was always supplied
he makings of sandwiches for late
for Miss Margaret and her two chums,
ingo and Miss Snyder. In the big White
kitchen we kept the refrigerators
because, somehow or other, the spirits
amed at night were usually hungry and
. It could not have been the servants,
st of them went home nights, so that
esides the family, the police detail and
Service detail. At least the spirits did
ve the ability to go through locked doors
nlock them, and with both security de-
watch the locked doors we could al-
ind things safe.
year 1948 brought us into another presi-
campaign. There were some rumblings
he President went before Congress and
ted his ten-point civil-rights program.
July, after Alabama and Mississippi
l out of the convention because of the
ghts plank, President Truman made his
ance speech. Mrs. Truman and Miss
ret went to Philadelphia to be with him.
next morning, after a short night's
I went to work. There wasn't any infor-
n about breakfast. I knew that the train
t leave Philadelphia until nearly 4 A.M.
was sure that Mrs. Truman, Miss Mar-
nd Mrs. Wallace would not have break-
8 A.M. But, despite his retiring late, I
t too sure about the President. When I
d that he did not get to bed until his
arising time, 6 A.M., I told the boys in
ntry and kitchen that I would take a
down to the second floor about 9 o'clock
e if the President was stirring.
bout 9:15 I saw a light in the study. As
l the door open to peep inside the Presi-
laughed and said, "Good morning,
"
d, "Good morning, Mr. President. We
t hear from you and I was nosing around
if you were up."
s," he replied. "I am the only one up.
omenfolks will be calling you later, and
an send me a tray up here when it is
"
d, "Sir, you had a rough night."
s, I did," he replied, "but, Fields, I am
to win this thing if there is a God in
."

I replied, "Yes, sir. With God's help you will win."

The next day the President called an extra session of Congress and during the campaign he went out and met the people to tell them why he had to call the members back. All of us who knew him felt that the more people he met with his off-the-cuff, friendly talks, the more they would believe in his sincerity. So the President went on what they called "whistle stops."

In the early part of August it was found that the second-floor Lincoln bedroom that Miss Margaret used as her sitting room was sinking down to the small dining room. Mr. Winslow, the White House architect and engineer, started investigating and it was thought that steel rods fastened to the beams from the reinforced steel-and-concrete third floor would sort of hold the floor in suspension.

The President said at a press conference that he was sitting at his desk in the study when the butler brought his tray and he felt the whole floor sway as if floating in space. So he called the White House architect and it was found that the second floor was falling down. Well, my old friend, John Pye, had a field day. He called me and said that it was in all the newspapers that I was so big, with my flat feet, that the White House was falling down under my weight.

Before the campaign was over the East Room ceiling started to come down and there was left only one thing to do—tear the old place down and rebuild. It cost over $5,000,000. The campaign had to be fought by the President as the Berlin crisis grew worse, plus the house falling down on him.

During the height of the campaign there was a meeting and dinner of former Democratic national chairmen with the President. They were Flynn, Walker, Barkley and one other man I have forgotten besides the current chairman, McGrath of Rhode Island. Mr. Flynn had just published a book and the conversation turned to certain references to F.D.R. Well, when Messrs. Flynn, Barkley and Walker finished expressing some of their opinions about F.D.R., they certainly left me with a funny feeling and a new appraisal of this great man. But then I reasoned that, like all men, he was human and should be expected to be subject to some of the faults of men, such as egotism, vindictiveness, hallucinations of grandeur and deceit.

I also felt that these men were wrong to say such things about their leader of the past. However, perhaps their opinions, expressed in confidence, did not mean that they thought any less of him but that they appreciated the moments when he overcame these weaknesses. To deny that he had any of these faults would have made him a saint. And no man can be a political leader and President and at the same time be a saint too.

Well, as the election day drew nearer, it was conceded by most political writers and pollsters that Governor Dewey would be our next President. The only encouragement came from Mr. Biffle, the secretary of the Senate, who had disguised himself as a chicken peddler and gone over the countryside with his polling system. He declared that Truman would be elected.

I had a feeling that perhaps the good Lord was not on the President's side this time, though my wife kept saying that, despite the papers, he was going to win. On the day of the election it was the only topic talked about at the White House. I do not recall when there was ever as much excitement and open discussion as went on around the place during this election. Many were making bets pro and con.

That night I started to keep tally as the news came over the radio. At first the commentators would say that President Truman was showing a slight lead, but it was the industrial centers which had machine voting and the count was bound to be overcome when the upstate votes were in. Well, the reports got so exciting that it appeared there was going to be an upset. I have forgotten when I went to bed—if I did—content to know that the President had been re-elected.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



Kraft DeLuxe **Slices**
give you extra goodness

Sure you can buy cheaper cheese slices than Kraft's. But not with the extra rich cheese flavor that comes from the truly fine natural cheeses Kraft uses.

And Kraft's are big, full-ounce slices that pack important protein power into every sandwich you make. What's more, only Kraft can use the exclusive method that makes these slices taste so extra good and separate so beautifully. That's why they're called Kraft DeLuxe Slices.

KRAFT AMERICAN
OLD ENGLISH Brand
SWISS • BRICK
Pasteurized
Process
Cheese



Cook with Snider's, *the chili pepper catsup* –it makes the flavor difference in these hamburgers



SNIDERBURGERS

Hamburgers made with Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup have a fun-loving flavor that is truly unusual. That's the Snider *zing*—which comes from a whisper of the high-spirited chili pepper. Snider's brightens every dish you *pour* it on, too.

1 pound ground beef
½ teasp. salt
1 tablesp. grated onion
¾ cup Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup
2 tablesp. water

Lightly mix beef, salt, onion and ¼ cup catsup; form into 4 patties. Brown on both sides in skillet; drain off excess fat. Combine remaining ½ cup catsup with water; pour over patties, cover and simmer 10 minutes. Turn patties over after 5 minutes and spoon sauce over meat. Serve on toast, or between toasted hamburger bun halves. Makes 4 servings.

Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

ED FROM PAGE 109

was a big victory parade to the White
hen the family returned from Inde-
. Where just four years before Presi-
nan rode in a similar parade as Vice
-elect, now he was the President and
-elect both. With him was Vice Presi-
Barkley. It was a modest but very
nily and we all were happy for them.
th the White House falling down,
d to be made to vacate. There was
loving to several other places before
ion was made to move to the Blair
e had to start packing china, silver,
d other equipment for storage and to
he Blair house. Most of the White
ings which we took were put in the
se. A door was cut through on the
r, the two kitchens had connecting
d on the top floor you could go from
e to the other. We used the Lee house
luncheons and dinners. The Blair
om was smaller and the family used
m.

Geaney, the housekeeper for the Gist
emained when the house was turned
he State Department. She was very
f some rare old pieces of silver and
re also choice pieces of Spode, Min-
esden, Wedgwood and Sandwich
e old house was filled with historical
, including some letters from Presi-
coln to the first Mr. Gist Blair, who
son of Montgomery Blair, who was
er of the Lincoln Cabinet. The quar-
re we butlers changed our clothes
the slave quarters where the servants
ked in at night. The bars were still on
lows.

gh the Blair house was a very old and
e place, we just would not have room
y big entertaining there. The dining
the Lee side could seat only about 22
By combining the two sitting rooms,
accommodate about 100 people for a
e had a lot of small teas. The inaugu-
heon, reception and dinners had to be
ewhere.

ception was at the Mellon art gallery.
supplied the service for the guests
served the President's table. The Wal-
Truman families were house guests
cept for a few personal friends, these
ilies occupied our time. I took my sec-
n, John Ficklin, to the art gallery to
e President's table and left Charles
the first man, in charge to prepare the
hat night. My wife and I received an
n to attend the Inaugural Ball. Of
e were not able to attend, but we have
d this invitation for our great-grand-
.

Geaney, who had always been in
f the Blair house, was finding it diffi-
get along with the ushers who really
the White House. I never found out
story, but by April of 1949 she moved
e Blair house. The head cook, Eliza-
d her assistant also left. This, too, I
ew the reasons for.

n the afternoon of April 27 Mr. Crim,
f usher, called me to his office and said
sident and Mrs. Truman wanted me to
l charge and especially to organize the
and plan all the menus,
the kitchen personnel was organized,
to work out a system to keep track of
ought and used. No real records had
pt of cost, the amount of food used
amount remaining. Each month there-
rs. Truman could go over the records
w the actual cost of running the house-

g the Roosevelt Administration cer-
ople would call and say, "I have to
e. Can you send me a tray?" Or "I am
wo or three people in for lunch." Who
uestion their authority? Yet these bills
e paid by the President, and not out of
e fund. I have heard President Roose-
on a number of occasions, "I am not
have these folks eating on me." Ex-
official functions, the President has to
each guest invited to dine with him. Of
he Trumans were never the type to go
bring back guests the way the Roose-
velts did—especially Mrs. Roosevelt and the children.

Preparing menus for the Trumans was not too easy. Not that they were difficult to please or fussy, but Mrs. Truman was on a salt-free diet, the President required a low-calorie and high-protein diet, and Mrs. Wallace needed all the calories she could get. Miss Margaret was away most of the time, working at her career of singing and the stage. Only when she was home could we go overboard. The family meals were simple three-course affairs except for Sundays or when guests had been invited.

Miss Margaret had a dinner dance and buffet supper in May, 1949, my first of such affairs after taking over full command. Of course we had had teas—many of them—prior to this. At one of these teas Mrs. Roosevelt and Grandma Moses were present. It was the first time Mrs. Roosevelt had been to see us since 1945 and we all were very glad to see her. Grandma Moses asked the President to play the piano for her and seemed so proud when he did. I must say Grandma Moses was without a doubt the darling of that party.

On October 11 we had a state visit from His Excellency Jawaharlal Nehru, the Prime Minister of India. His sister, Mme. Pandit, was the ambassadress from India. She was one of the most attractive women in the diplomatic world. Prime Minister Nehru had a noble-looking face with wise, mystic eyes. Perhaps his native dress added to that mystic look. He also had a most vibrant, musical voice. On first seeing him, you might expect him to be warm and friendly, but you never found that to be so. Mme. Pandit, however, was a friendly person.

Sunday, June 25, 1950, was to me like most of my weekends when the wife was away. Since her last operation she had usually left for Boston and the Lahey Clinic in early April. I really dreaded weekends, especially when the President and the family were away. This was one of Washington's hot June Sundays. I skipped church and did not even bother to shave. Around 4 P.M. my phone started to ring. I lifted the receiver to find that Mr. Claunch, the White House usher, was on the other end.

He said, "Fields, the President is flying back from Independence. He has invited the chiefs of staff, the Secretary of State and some others for dinner tonight. He is due at eight-thirty and the guests have been invited for eight o'clock. You are to have cocktails and hors d'oeuvres for them while they are waiting. When he comes they will go right in to dinner."

While he was talking I was planning what to have for dinner and also how many of the help I could round up, for we had let them all off for the weekend. I asked Mr. Claunch to see what he could do in helping me locate a crew through police calls and radio. I was able to locate two cooks and in the cab on my way to the White House I made up a menu.

I gave the menu to the cooks and started to prepare the hors d'oeuvres and set the table. At eight o'clock it appeared as if I might have to serve the dinner myself. Cocktails were being served when three of the butlers arrived. They finished readying the table while I served the cocktails.

There was conversation about the Korean situation and Secretary Johnson asked Secretary Acheson, "How did the President take it when you told him?" The Secretary replied, "He did not hesitate a second. He was positive and all action."

General Omar Bradley and Admiral Sawyer were in a huddle. There was much talk of terrain and air support.

The President arrived at 8:30 and I said. "Good evening, sir. We are ready."

This is how the Korean war started with me.

On Monday we had a Cabinet luncheon and General Bradley brought maps along and the progress of the "police action," as it was called then, was explained to the Cabinet.

On All Saints' Day, November 1, 1950, at about 2 P.M. I was in the kitchen going over the menus for the next day when suddenly Miss Walker, the assistant housekeeper, rushed in hysterically saying, "They are shooting at each other in the street and White House policeman Downs is in the office bleeding."

I rushed into the office, wondering what the police were doing shooting at one another. I found Officer Downs lying on a couch with wounds in his chest, neck and abdomen. I moved him to a supine position on the floor and asked the chef, Medina, to bring me towels. I had to cut the blood-soaked tie off his neck and attempted to apply pressure bandages to stop the bleeding. I asked the mess attendant from the Navy to get an ambulance. I don't know where Smith and Medina went, but it seemed like ages that I was there alone, trying to aid the wounded officer. He was constantly trying to get up and I was almost forced to hold him down, for he was losing so much blood.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113

NEXT MONTH

Summer is a salad basket

Nothing cools down a simmering day so satisfyingly as salad. Start your collection now with Salad Niçoise (a French classic), Potato Salad Caruso (there's bacon in it), Shrimp and Artichokes Vinaigrette, Spanish Lobster Salad, Salad Valencienne, Chef's Salad (ah, madame—but with a difference!), or how about a molded honeydew-melon aspic? *This* summertime, your livin' will be easy.

The young American's world of fashion

Four pages of smart, beauty-making, up-to-the-minute fashions, photographed on actual college girls, career girls, secretaries and housewives for whom they were designed. Here you are, bright young things of America. These are the clothes for the life you lead so well.

Half a woman is better than one when that one weighs 320 pounds

This is the true story of Shirley Hambriek, housewife and mother, who reduced from 320 pounds to 160 and found her new life far outweighing the old in terms of happiness and health. How did Shirley do it? Here are data sheets on the diet she followed, complete with photographs of the happily shrinking woman. By Dawn Crowell Norman.

What do these women have in common?

Money. Lots and lots of money. One is a queen and one an ex-queen. Two are of the nobility. One was a beauty-contest winner and another a chorus girl. Their possessions are extraordinary: one owns a herd of wild boars and forty diamond tiaras; one keeps the skull of an ancient enemy; another enshrines Gandhi's sandals in her prayer room. Horses are the passion of a Frenchwoman, while an American tried to buy the Brooklyn Dodgers. Find out who they are and which country is the home of their acknowledged champion in "The Richest Woman in the World." By Margaret Parton and Peter Briggs.

Wait till you try Joanne Woodward's recipes!

Her chicken-and-ham casserole, for instance, is wonderfully easy, but guests always seem impressed. Joanne's hollandaise sauce profited from that embarrassing time when she smothered friends with an experimental recipe for asparagus pie. She makes a grapefruit cake that is very much like the Brown Derby's famous, deep-secret one. Anyway, Paul thinks so! You'll enjoy visiting the Newman kitchen in "I Love Learning to Cook."

Also, Stuart Cloete's new tale of courage and a girl, "Throw Your Heart Over"; a dip into the social swim with Pat Boone; "Tell Me, Doctor" (on correcting male sterility); "What Makes Her Look So Pretty?"; a last chance to look over Alonzo Fields' shoulder at the passing parade of Presidents; Doctor Spock on what a doctor looks for when he gives your child a checkup; stories; poems; *everything*

IN THE AUGUST JOURNAL

NEW BETTY CROCKER COUNTRY KITCHEN CAKE MIX



"Make somebody  happy in your house with one of our new Country Kitchen Cakes. They taste as rich—and keep as fresh—as homemade butter cake. Homemade wholesome, too. Chocolate Cream Cake recipe on the Devils Food package."



the red spoon Betty Crocker tells you it's Betty Crocker good and General Mills guarantees it!

ED FROM PAGE 111

another messenger, heard I was
h the wounded officer and came to
en the ambulance arrived, but the
l an attendant were busy picking up
who had been wounded. Later I
hat this man was dead.
t time a police wagon had pulled up
e officers, and we carried Officer
the patrol wagon. After they drove
hospital I learned what had caused
xcitement. Two Puerto Ricans had
attempt on the President's life by
through the front door of the Blair
White House policemen Birrell and
were wounded and White House
n Coffelt had been slain.
eath of White House policeman
was almost unbelievable, for I had
king to him just about twenty min-
ore he went on duty.
well that the Puerto Ricans did not
plans for their attempt on the Presi-
e for, if they had, they might have at
ered the house, which would have
very nasty situation. The post where
ouse policeman Coffelt was slain left
side of the house unprotected. Of
he President was on the Blair side,
he second floor you could easily go
Lee house into the Blair house.
President was upstairs taking a nap
e commotion started and, without be-
e of his own danger, was watching the
om the front windows. Of course it is
a President to believe that anyone
ant to harm him, but as soon as he is
he becomes the target of well-wishers,
ers, know-allers, faultfinders and
ts. I understand that this feeling that
would want to harm him had placed
ds at a handicap. The house is right on
et and anyone could walk right up to
t steps or side entrances without being
ted unless he started up the steps.
that time on no sidewalk traffic was
ed on that side of the street and bullet-
ass was installed in the windows.
uneral service for White House po-
Coffelt was attended by the President,
uman, Miss Margaret and the Cab-
icers. I was asked to represent the
old help with Mitchell, who was in
of the presidential train when he went
and at other times was on the mes-
taff.
I been caught unprepared and was
d of the hat I was wearing. The weather
y cold and I had to walk across the
reach the car assigned for the service.
ise I would not have needed a hat, but
cold so easily without one. Mitchell
eady in the car and looked so well
d.
ere sitting together and the car was
for someone else. When the other per-
ived, it turned out to be Ambassador
an. When I saw his hat I felt relieved,
ought, "If Mr. Harriman with all his
can wear a hat like that, what have I
hamed of?"

December of 1950 and early January,
its of conversations I heard from the
members, the world was again faced
re of a third world war. The President
y angry with Prime Minister Attlee. I
nderstood the full details but I knew
ough the general public thought all was
e President and members of the Cabinet
ving moments of anxiety.
nuary we started a series of teas for
s in the hospitals and in and around
gton. We would have two and some-
ree a week, and served cider, cola, tea,
nd real homemade doughnuts, sand-
candies and nuts. The President would
attend these affairs. Many a Wac,
r G.I. would be amazed to turn around
d themselves face to face with the
nt, saying, "Hello there, how are you?
y treating you right?" He would enter
t an aide's announcing him. President
n seemed to get a great kick out of
ing with these service people.
ard a sailor telling a friend how he
around and there he was, facing the President. He said, "Gee, fellows, I almost lost my voice. Wait till I tell them at home about this. I was kidding and telling them what I was going to say to Harry and they bet me I wouldn't even see him. I know they aren't going to believe this. How can I make them believe me?"

On June 17 Mr. Crim requested me to have a complete setup for a formal tea but no tea for a group of six or eight newspaperwomen. He said, "Mr. West will usher them in and you are to be nearby in case any questions are asked about the china and so forth."

At 10:30 Mr. West ushered the ladies in and they started plying him with questions. I was standing in the background and he called the ladies' attention to me and the questions came my way. I explained about the different chinas, silverwares and linens and was questioned about the gold flatware service used at state dinners.

I explained the history of the service. Then they asked how many complete settings we could provide for. This was my chance, so I told them the story; how we had to wash tablespoons and dessert spoons used for soup and then rush back for another course, that we had no fish forks and knives and no salad forks.

When we had the King and Queen of England in 1939 I had mentioned all this to President Roosevelt, but he said buying gold tableware would be criticized by the politicians. I felt that these ladies might tell the public about this and appeal to the pride of the people of the richest country, as the White House was their house for entertaining the prominent people of the world.

We did finally complete the gold service and, besides that, bought some very much needed china which is called the Truman china. It is Lenox, as are the two other American-made sets of china in the house, the Wilson and F.D.R. china. The Wilson and F.D.R. chinas are blue and gold on a bone-white background. The Truman china is green and gold against the bone-white background. The coat of arms on the Truman china has the eagle looking toward the talon holding the olive branch of peace. The Wilson and F.D.R. chinas show the eagle looking toward the talon holding the arrows which are symbolic of war. This change was also made by President Truman on the presidential flags and seals.

The crowning and most important social event of 1951 was the visit of Princess Elizabeth of England and the Duke of Edinburgh. The royal party arrived at the Blair house late in the afternoon of October 31. They were scheduled to go to a press reception at 5:15, so we did not have a state tea. We had small tea trays for the princess and the duke in their bedrooms and set up tea in the Lee sitting room for the aide, secretary and lady in waiting. But her Royal Highness and the duke, instead of having tea in their rooms, joined the others in the sitting room. Dinner was at 8 P.M. for 22 guests; 100 more had been invited to the reception after dinner.

The princess, a very charming, angelic-appearing young woman, was small. Her profile showed her mother's graciousness, while, facing you, she had the eyes and noble expression of her father, King George. The duke, a tall, handsome, blond man with an irrepressible personality, seemed always to be keeping himself in the background—never appearing other than a devoted subject and escort, not as a husband. He walked into the room a pace or two behind the princess. From all appearances, the duke was well equipped to be a consort and companion to the queen and share her glory.

Mrs. Truman selected the following menu for dinner that night:

BLUE POINTS ON HALF SHELL
COCKTAIL SAUCE, LEMON WEDGES
CRACKERS

SHERRY
CLEAR SOUP WITH MARROW BALLS
CELERY HEARTS ASSORTED OLIVES
MELBA TOAST

WHITE WINE
LOBSTER THERMIDOR
PARSLEYED SLICED TOMATOES AND CUCUMBERS
WHOLE-WHEAT-BREAD SANDWICHES

RED WINE
ROAST FILLET BEEF
WINE ESSENCE
WATERMELON PICKLES
BROILED MUSHROOMS
FRENCH FRIED POTATO BALLS
ASPARAGUS HOLLANDAISE

CHAMPAGNE
GREEN SALAD WITH ARTICHOKE HEARTS
BAKED OLD MISSOURI HAM
HERB FRENCH DRESSING
CORN STICKS

VANILLA-ICE-CREAM MELON MOLDS
BRANDIED MACAROONS
ANGEL-FOOD CAKE

Next morning at 8 o'clock Princess Elizabeth had a cup of coffee and glass of orange juice. Breakfast was served to the royal party in the Lee sitting room at 9 o'clock. It consisted of melon, orange juice, scrambled eggs, bacon and sausages, toast, hot biscuits and marmalade and tea. The princess had cream in her tea. Besides her Royal Highness and the duke, the royal party included Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, lady in waiting, and Lieut. Michael Parker, the duke's aide.

I went up to check the service and to announce breakfast. Princess Elizabeth and the others were ready, except for the duke. I seated her Royal Highness and the others and they had nearly finished their melon when in rushed the duke, saying, "I'm afraid I am a little late."

He was in his shirt sleeves with his collar open and he grabbed a seat before anyone could seat him. The princess did not stop eating her melon, although the others stood while the duke was taking a seat. Seeing the duke there in his shirt sleeves with his collar open gave me the feeling that this was the behavior of a commoner and not what you would expect from royalty. And I admired his audacity, for I know what a blasting I would have got if I had been visiting with my wife and had come out in my shirt sleeves, or even at home when we had guests. It was pleasing to find the duke to be a human being who, no doubt, felt more comfortable in his shirt sleeves when at least one meal could be homelike.

After breakfast the next day we said good-by to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, the duke and their royal party. This charming young woman soon was destined to be the ruler of the great British Empire. On this visit we found that the duke's valet and the princess' maid were real nice people without any of the ways that had made problems with the royal servants of the princess' parents, King George and Queen Elizabeth, in 1939. I still regret that I was not able to complete the cycle with Princess Elizabeth after she was crowned queen as I had with Princess Juliana of Holland after she became Queen Juliana.

January of 1952 found us again entertaining Prime Minister Churchill. I have already described this visit. We learned that, although failing, the old lion was still able to roar.

TO BE CONCLUDED

A LIFE MAY BE SAVED

"GUY IS DROWNED!" His brother was terrified, and so was his mother as she rushed across the yard to the pool, pulled out her three-year-old and found he had already stopped breathing. But, putting her mouth to the child's, she managed to start his breathing again. That was in California. In Michigan a young woman saved a dinner companion who had a heart attack—again, by using artificial respiration. A girl of ten (St. Paul, Minnesota) revived her two-year-old sister, unconscious after a convulsion. "I read in the newspaper how one kid saved another's life by breathing in his mouth," she explained.

Every time an article on mouth-to-mouth respiration is published, the American Red Cross receives accounts of lives saved because readers have used its newly approved method of restoring breathing.

The technique is very simple:

If there is foreign matter visible in the mouth, wipe it out quickly with the fingers or with a cloth wrapped around the fingers. Then:

1. Tilt the head back so the chin is pointing upward. Pull or push the jaw into a jutting-out position. These maneuvers should relieve obstruction of the airway by moving the base of the tongue away from the back of the throat.

2. Open your mouth wide and place it tightly over the victim's mouth. At the same time, pinch the victim's nostrils shut or close the nostrils with your cheek, or close the victim's mouth and place your mouth over the nose. Blow into the victim's mouth or nose. (Air may be blown through the victim's teeth, even though they may be clenched.)

3. Remove your mouth, turn your head to the side, and listen for the return rush of air that indicates air exchange. Repeat the blowing effort, occasionally checking on air exchange until the victim begins to breathe for himself.

If the victim is a child, you will place your mouth over both his nose and mouth, and take relatively shallow breaths appropriate to his size—about 20 a minute. (The rate for adults: 12 breaths a minute.)

If your blowing efforts fail to get air exchange, the airway may be obstructed. Recheck head and jaw position. In the case of a child, upend him by the ankles and administer two or three sharp slaps between the shoulder blades. An adult, too heavy to lift, may be turned on his side so that blows on the back can dislodge obstructing matter.

Rescuers who do not wish to come in contact with the victim may hold a cloth over his mouth or nose, and breathe through that. Or they may use a manual method of artificial respiration—the Nielsen back-pressure/arm-lift or the Silvester chest-pressure/arm-lift method. Red Cross courses still include these, since rescuers confronting cases of electric shock, drug poisoning or carbon monoxide poisoning, in which recovery is slow, sometimes find it less exhausting to use more than one method.



PARACELSUS—Stormy Petrel of Medicine—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis

Great Moments in Medicine

In the Renaissance laboratories of Swiss-born Paracelsus (1493-1541) were produced many things: chemicals, complex medicines, serious medical writings, mysticism, and abusive attacks upon medical colleagues, religionists, and politicians. A controversial figure, he was forced to move frequently and travel widely. His contributions, however, were important. He helped guide medical men away from the mistakes of Galen and Avicenna; directed their thoughts toward rational research; and advocated the use of pure chemicals in medical practice.

Though crude when measured by our modern standards, Paracelsus' efforts pointed the way toward today's highly advanced and diversifi development of pure drug products for medicinal use.

For nearly ten decades, Parke-Davis has diligently sought to discover n and better medicines, both in nature and in the creation of new compoun in its research laboratories. This patient, costly, and time-consuming r search has led to some of the finest therapeutic agents available to mode medicine. Through its development, testing, manufacturing, and distrib tion facilities, Parke-Davis has made these life-giving, life-saving medicin available for physicians to prescribe throughout the world.

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PARKE-DAVIS . . . *Pioneers in better medicines*

That Old-Time Religion

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

The evening service of Camp Meeting is well under way, but the cooling breeze is late tonight, and here and there along the slatted wood benches women are stirring the Georgia heat with cardboard fans ♦ Hymns have been sung and prayers said; now four men in shirt sleeves are moving up the straw-covered aisles to collect the offering ♦ Overhead, moths and beetles bang against the lights; a baby stirs in his mother's lap and cries ♦ Down by Dykes Creek a tree toad croaks, breaking into the shrill whir of cicadas ♦♦♦ The minister rises, looks out over the congregation ♦ "Now I know that I don't need to introduce the Kerce sisters, who will provide our special music. You all know Ann and Judye and Ludye. They have been singing here since they were just little children, and had to stand on an orange crate! But let us give special thanks tonight that such fine girls have seen fit to dedicate their great talent to the Lord's service."

Meet Nolon Kerce and his three daughters.



There is a ripple of appreciation as three pretty girls in full-skirted pastel dresses leave the choir and move together. Ann stands serenely, flanked by the twins—tall dreamy Ludye, and piquant Judye. As the pianist plays the opening bars of a familiar hymn, the young voices float out over a silent congregation.

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth . . ."

As the girls sing, there are many who watch them with pride and affection: aunts and uncles, cousins, friends. But proudest of all is the stocky, middle-aged man sitting off to himself on a back bench. He is Nolon Kerce, the girls' father; and his pride is not so much for their considerable talent in music, their fresh prettiness, their popularity among young people and old. Nolon is proud, mostly, that the girls are *good* girls; and that now, with Ludye happily married and Ann through college and Judye working at the radio station, he can sit back and relax and think, "I did the best I could, and that's all any man can do."

Religion is more than a Sunday ritual to the people who live in the rolling green countryside north of Rome, Georgia; and Methodist Camp Meeting (traditionally held between lyin'-by time and fodder-pullin' time) is the highlight of the year for many families who look forward to "tenting" on the pleasant grounds, attending services morning, noon and night, visiting with kin they don't see from one August to the next. Most of the twenty-seven families who hold cabins, or "tents," at Morrison Camp Ground have been coming for more years than they care to count; Nolon Kerce can remember driving up the oak-shaded road in a wagon pulled by a mule, mattresses piled up high, and a couple of cows trailing behind. He remembers, too, the watermelons and milk jugs cooling in Dykes Creek, the couples courting on the rocks above the spring, the thatch-roofed arbor where preachers threatened hellfire and damnation while the congregation shouted back "Yes, Jesus" and "Amen."

Things are a little different now. People might be embarrassed if someone shouted the way Nolon's own mother used to; preachers don't expect to convert the whole camp meeting with one dramatic sermon. Families no longer cook and pack enough food to last a week; most of the cabins today have stoves, iceboxes and electric lights, and the nearest grocery store is only a few minutes away by automobile.

But, after all, there haven't been many changes in the ninety-two years since the first Methodist meeting was held at Morrison Camp Ground. The old hymns ring out with the old fervor: "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms"; "Dwelling in Beulah Land"; "Blessed Assurance." The men still gather after the CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARROLL SEGHERS II



"Mother was an all-around person; everybody liked her!" Ludye, Ann and Judye take after their mother in versatility, popularity.



n: "We always went to church—bet we haven't missed five times!"

Camp days are filled with fun: melon cuts, cookouts, ball games.





Ann: "We had everything we wanted."



lon: "My father inherited the land from his father; I help him farm a little."

HOW THE KERCES SPEND THEIR MONEY

Income: Mr. Kerce makes $400 a month from Pepperell, plus some earnings (highly irregular) from outside plumbing work. Farm produces food but no income.

Monthly expenses:

Food (raises vegetables, fruit, chickens, beef, and milks own cow)	$23.00
Clothing	40.00
Property tax	2.10
Fuel, light	16.00
Telephone	6.00
Insurance ($500 each on girls paid up)	4.00
Medical and dental	12.00
Recreation	10.00
Church	35.00
Car insurance and expenses	41.25
Other transportation	4.10
Dry cleaning, shoe repair	6.00
Children's school expenses	103.00
Newspapers	3.10
Cigarettes for Mr. Kerce	2.00
Vacation fund (camp-meeting expenses, including cook)	5.00
Savings fund (buys a bond every three weeks)	25.00
Income taxes, Social Security	30.00
Other ($500 a year for father's expenses and support)	43.00
Total	$410.55



Nolon is a strict father, but a fair one.



olon: "I've got confidence in my girls. They're smart; they make up their own minds."

Since childhood the girls have juggled housework, churchwork, school, social life.



ddye was the first bride married in the new Methodist church her father helped build.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

evening service to debate Brother Brackman's sermon; the women sit and talk about their children or swap recipes; the little boys run barefooted down to the creek to catch frogs; and the teenaged girls stroll arm in arm and whisper about their beaux. There are watermelon cuts and ice-cream-freezing parties and family picnics. The preachers still go from tent to tent for their meals: hearty breakfasts of country-smoked ham, eggs, grits, biscuits, jelly and coffee; barbecued-chicken suppers with side dishes of field peas, okra, corn, rice and gravy, greens, corn bread and sweet-potato pie. At night there is the comfortable sound of rain on a tin roof; in the morning, the sharp smell of wood smoke. Best of all, there is the special simplicity of living and warmth of fellowship that made Ann Kerce say, "If you're ever out here tenting one year, it just about kills you not to come back."

One of the first memories Judye Kerce has of camp meeting is standing with her sisters outside a neighbor's tent, singing "Happy Birthday to You," and holding out some tea towels her mother had embroidered. The neighbor, Mrs. Ransom, remembers it too:

"Those twins could carry a tune before they could talk! And they always had nice manners. Dorma taught them that—she was the kindest woman I ever knew, she never forgot anyone's birthday. I still have those tea towels in a drawer; it makes me cry to think of it."

In those days, the Kerce sisters were happy, carefree youngsters who took for granted their happiness and their right to be carefree. They lived modestly but comfortably in the small white fieldstone-and-frame house their father had built, played with their dogs and cats, watched their father milk the cows, visited their cousins. On Sundays the whole family went to the Mizpah Methodist Church; their mother played the organ and the girls soon joined the choir. At Thanksgiving, Christmas and the Fourth of July, they visited their Grandmother Barton in a pocket of the mountains near Everitt Springs; and every summer there was a Barton family reunion, with nearly a hundred of their mother's relatives coming from all over Floyd County.

Later on, there was school. Judye and Ludye dressed alike, and this caused a few tears, since Judye had had whooping cough and pneumonia as an infant and was never as tall as her twin; sometimes they couldn't find dresses alike in different sizes, and often they couldn't agree on color. People said Judye had the Kerce temper and Ludye her mother's happy, easygoing nature. But Judye had her mother's quick energy: *nobody* could get as much done as Dorma Kerce. "If you started out to haul as much flour as Dorma used up making cakes for her friends, you'd fill up a couple of pickup trucks!" Everlastingly busy with her own gardening, housekeeping and canning, Dorma somehow found time to visit the sick and the poor, devote many hours a week to church work, do "nice things" for her sisters and brothers. At camp meeting, her excess of vitality often sent her out to play softball with the men. No wonder, then, that when Ann wanted to "help" her mother cook dinner or clear the table, Dorma usually found it easier and faster to do the work herself!

Ann was twelve and the twins ten the fall their mother got sick and had to go to the hospital. Judye and Ludye went to visit Uncle Wint and Aunt Frances Barton in Rome; Ann stayed with Uncle Bill and Aunt Willene Willis. Ann enjoyed the novelty of playing with her older cousins Spencer and David, and Susie Barton started dressing like Judye and Ludye and became almost a third twin. The girls were busy at school, occupied with piano lessons, choir, making new friends—it was hard to believe that anything very terrible could happen to them.

But something terrible did happen. In February, their mother died.

"If it hadn't been for those girls, I wouldn't say where I might be today. When Dorma went away, I didn't much care what happened to me. But then I thought, 'I've got a job to do. I've got to raise those girls.' That's all that kept me going."

Nolon Kerce never really looked at another woman after he saw dark-haired Dorma Barton, the attractive and vivacious young woman who had come to teach in the two-room schoolhouse on Wayside Road where Nolon, and Nolon's father before him, had learned to read and write. That Dorma was better educated than he didn't matter; Nolon was young and confident and had behind him good German-American ancestors and a 240-acre farm he'd someday inherit. Courting Dorma that winter of 1934 was even more fun because Nolon's best friend, Tobe Wiseman, was equally determined to marry Dorma's best friend, Annie Laura. Both courtships were successful: Nolon and Dorma were married in March, in good time to attend their friends' wedding in June.

At first Nolon and Dorma lived with his parents. But Dorma wanted a home of her own, so Nolon began to build it—just down the hill on Wayside Road. Since Nolon was working as a plumber at the Pepperell plant in nearby Lindale, he could spend only early-morning and late-evening hours working on the house. Dorma became impatient. One day she persuaded her father-in-law to help her move all their clothes and furniture down the hill. When Nolon got home, he said, "The house isn't finished yet!" "It's finished enough for me," said Dorma with spirit.

Nolon learned to count on that spirit, those deep reserves of strength that kept his wife even-tempered and optimistic through the years of childbearing, hard work, lean living. It was partly because of Dorma's proved vitality that Nolon didn't worry too much when the cow knocked her off the orange stool; didn't begin to guess what long anguish would follow. But as he recalls it, the story has a sad inevitability.

"Dorma always milked at night and I in the morning. There was a little orange stool we sat on, and something, maybe a cat, startled the cow one night so that she knocked Dorma right off the stool. She didn't seem hurt, but there was a black bruise on her hip that didn't go away, and finally I said she'd better go to the doctor.

"When the doctor sent for me I knew there was something bad wrong with Dorma. He told me, 'Leukemia.' I said, 'Doc, can there anything be done?' and he said, 'Mighty little.' Well, I'd rather he'd just knocked me in the head than tell me that. He said she had maybe a year and a half. Dorma thought she had a cancer, but I told her no, she'd be all right.

"Well, she lost a lot of flesh but she wouldn't give up, and that year I reckon she got more done than she ever had—canning and gardening and church work and being with the girls. One thing she kept saying she wanted was a new automobile. So I sold off some timber and bought one and Dorma drove it for six months—I never have been sorry about that.

"Then camp meeting came around; it was rainy and cold. She went through that very well. But one evening she was sitting on the bench outside the tent, smiling but so weak she couldn't keep her lids open. I said, 'Mamma, I believe you're sick.' That night she woke me up and said part of her face was numb.

"From September on she was in and out of the hospital, she had nineteen blood transfusions in all. I remember very well she was there at Thanksgiving time, because we usually have a nice family feast at her mother's then; we men all go hunting. This Thanksgiving was cold; I had to keep my overcoat on in the hospital, and call for more blankets for Dorma. At Christmastime she seemed better and we were all together again, but on Christmas Day her fever went to a hundred and six and we had to take her back to the hospital.

"She went away on Sunday afternoon at three, February eleventh. The girls were at their Aunt Frances' house, and I got her to tell them. I couldn't have done it."

"When Dorma died," a relative remembers, "Nolon said, 'The only thing I ask is to be able to keep these girls together and raise them myself.' We wanted to help. We could have done more for them, but Nolon wouldn't let us; he didn't want to be indebted to anyone."

Nolon, an only child himself, was understandably reluctant to call on his wife's large family for financial or moral support. After the funeral, he took his bewildered daughters away from their solicitous aunts in Rome, back to the small country house where spring was just beginning to freshen the fruit trees. He hired a housekeeper, worked harder than ever on the farm, at his work at the Pepperell p at outside plumbing jobs. But Dorma's illness had been expensive and Nolon \$1500; he had to ask a brother-in-law loan. "I won't ever forget what he did," Nolon. "He just put \$500 into my hand didn't ask for a cent of interest. He tol he'd give me \$1000 if I needed it. A finer never lived."

Others proved kind. The aunts bro cakes and covered dishes, or dresses fo little girls. The Reverend J. W. Eberhart, minister of the Mizpah Methodist Church fered spiritual help. Friends gave advice services. When August came, and N doubted if he'd be able to leave farm and for the ten days of camp meeting, rel from both sides of the family were eag stay with the girls in the Kerce tent.

By the time school started in the fall, Nolon and his children had had enough o aged housekeeper. ("What good does do?" asked Judye scornfully. "She doe even wash the dishes!") One night Nolon down at the kitchen table and drew up elaborate chart, apportioning all househ duties among his three daughters. Ann, Ju and Ludye looked it over carefully, nod obediently, and then revised it from star finish. When they were through, they ha simple but effective system that was to rem basically the same for ten years:

Monday: ANN: plan and cook breakfast an supper, pack lunches
JUDYE: make beds, wash dishes
LUDYE: straighten house, dry dishes, feed chickens

Tuesday: JUDYE: plan and cook breakfast and supper, pack lunches . . .

The division of chores remained the sa from day to day; the girls rotated. At first, the heavy house cleaning, washing and ir ing were done on weekends; later, as the g became more skillful, they could get some the difficult work done during the week, in der to be free on Saturdays to ride into to with their father, to visit their cousins or e to do a little shopping. For already they w buying their own clothes.

"Daddy never told us what to buy," A remembers. "Even if we bought somethi tacky, he always noticed it was new and told we looked nice. Pretty soon we learned it w better not to buy so *much*, and to get bet things. And Aunt Florence, who works in dress shop, gave us a lot of advice."

Learning to cook was a question of sink swim. "We had to learn how, so we did eventually," says Ludye, laughing. Ann s recalls with sheer horror the time she disco ered that dried beans swell when they a boiled. And Judye's first piecrust was n nearly so light and crisp as those she's famo for today. But their father was never hard please, and by the time they were eleven a thirteen, the Kerce sisters had adopted the mother's custom of baking birthday cakes f friends.

Those first two years, Nolon was workin especially hard, trying to get out of debt. Whe he came home he was tired, and occasional he would fuss. "I told them to see who cou do the most, but sometimes it seemed like the tried to see who could do the least," he say now. Once when he caught Judye out feedin the chickens in her good school clothes, h whipped her. On Sundays he tried to make u for his strictness by cooking breakfast for h daughters, taking them to Sunday school an church, driving them to visit relatives in th afternoon. But often he found himself havin to work on Sunday.

Judye, Ludye and Ann would be astonishe today to hear how their father worried abou their considerable responsibilities. "Most o the time we went just about everywhere w wanted," Ann says, looking back. "If w wanted to go to a basketball game or a clu meeting, we'd just hurry home and do th chores so we could go with an easy con science." Ludye agrees: "Daddy'd alway make us get our work done first, but we' finish fast and go on, and he didn't mind. H was very good to us, as long as we didn't tal sharp, or lie." And Judye, though she admit



"Oh, boy, back to fudge sundaes!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



Fancy Frank Fry

Choose your favorite fillings— for a delicious change!

ad wants cheese strips—Johnny votes for sweet ckle relish—

The whole family has fun choosing favorite lings for these Fancy Franks. The combination flavors is really delicious!

That's because Hunt's Tomato Sauce blends em together so nicely. Mingles with the meat rices and the different filling flavors—to make spicy tomato gravy that turns frankfurters into n exciting new dish!

Rich tomato, red-ripe tomato, tomato through nd through—that's Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Try its ettle-simmered goodness in your own meatloaf, hamburgers, stew, casseroles, soup and leftovers. Enjoy Quick Stunts with Hunt's at *your* house!

1 lb. frankfurters (10 to 12)

Assorted fillings: *Strips of cheese or dill pickle, sweet pickle relish, finely chopped onion, crushed pineapple*

½ lb. bacon (10 to 12 strips)

2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce

2 teasps. sugar ¼ teasp. dry mustard

Slit the franks lengthwise but don't cut completely through. Fill with fillings. Wrap a strip of bacon tightly around each frank, covering slit well. Pin bacon ends to frank with short pieces of toothpick. Place in cold skillet. Fry over medium heat, turning often, until bacon is crisp and lightly browned. Pour off excess fat. Add Hunt's Tomato Sauce, sugar and mustard. Blend well. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

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Natural fresh-fruit flavor enhanced with artificial flavor.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

NUED FROM PAGE 118

any of her schoolmates had fewer than she, never felt set apart from the "If I had someplace special to go, I'd n or Ludye to feed the chickens or e dishes for me. Usually they'd argue, metimes we'd even hit a lick or two, but end up co-operating. Another time, I'd same for them. Co-operation was what our system work."

such inexperienced girls could "take so quickly surprised many of their rela- I thought it was a mistake when Nolon housekeeper go," one aunt said. "I ex- Ann to be calling me up every day to w to cook something—and sometimes I, but not often." Another was shocked Nolon hand Ann a $20 bill with no in- ons as to how to spend it. "It didn't right—he ought to have *told* her how to spend for a school dress, how much es, how much for a sweater. But he let ure that out for herself. Ann made some ys; all the girls did. But you never heard complain about it later." Not long after a's death, a friend from out of town "Who's looking after Dorma's girls?" as astonished by the answer: "Nobody. ake care of themselves, and keep house ir father."

haps the only unsurprised observer was himself. "If children know *how* to do, lon't mind doing," he maintained. One on he remembers vividly. There was a at Morrison Camp Ground; the Kerces, he other families, had brought a big er of food. When Nolon stopped the car, tle girls jumped out and ran eagerly for- —but not, he noted with pride, to join ther children playing tag or pitching hoes. Instead, they took their places g the women who were setting out fried n, potato salad and lemon pies.

he girls took their responsibilities seri- , so did their father. Two years after a's death, Nolon had paid off the last s debts—but at the cost of many extra of work, many sacrificed plans. He had to improve the house before his daugh- reached adolescence. But it was a long before he was able to drill a $750 well ipe water into the house; for years every et of water had to be drawn by hand from old-fashioned stone well, and carried ing to the stove or washtub. With many s relatives and neighbors acquiring such eniences as freezers, automatic washing hines and television sets, Nolon couldn't wondering if his daughters felt envious. at every family conference they sturdily ed him up: for a long time, paying off s was more important than an indoor room, piano lessons remained more desir- than rugs to replace the linoleum on the g-room floor.

olon felt his limitations most severely n the girls entered high school. He had al- regretted his own lack of education; n he finished grammar school, there was country high school and no practical sportation to the nearest school in Rome. vas determined that his daughters should and respect learning as he did. It was tbreaking not to be able to help them with hematics and English literature, as he v Dorma could have done; he spent many rs praying that his girls would study hard without his assistance.

e needn't have worried. All three girls le excellent grades at Johnson High, and e graduated with top honors. And between r chores at home and their studies, they dwiched in an unusual number of extra- ricular activities: Ann was president of the ure Homemakers of America, and Judye ceeded her two years later; Ludye was sident and Judye vice president of the as, an honor-grade society; all three were ve in the Tri-Hi-Y and "J" clubs. They ved on the basketball and softball teams, e cheerleaders during football season. y sang in the high-school sextet and glee and the church choir—Judye eventually ame church organist. Once a week Nolon ve them into Rome for piano lessons, and heir free time they worked out close harmony for popular songs which they sang with equal enjoyment and success at casual social gatherings and more formal events such as the Kiwanis Talent Revue.

The Kerce girls had fun too. Attractive, vivacious and well dressed (they soon learned to sew, and made most of their own clothes), they were popular and began dating early. Nolon discouraged dates on school nights, and the girls themselves admitted it didn't make sense to stay up late, then wake up at six the next morning to sleepwalk through chores and go to school with homework unprepared. But on weekends there were church hay rides, basketball games, movies in Rome, bowling or roller skating. All three entertained their beaux together at home or drove to Troy's for a barbecued-beef sandwich and a soft drink. Nolon liked to see his daughters dress up for parties, and sometimes he teased them. Neither Ann nor Ludye seemed to mind, but quick-tempered Judye simply stopped dating a boy if the kidding got too hard to take.

Nolon trusted his daughters with boys precisely as he had trusted them earlier with $20 bills. He laid down three rules, which he assumed would cover all contingencies, and expected his girls to follow them. The rules were: You're not to run out into the road when some boy honks his horn, and stand there talking to him with your foot on the running board; you're not to go out with a boy who's got liquor on his breath; you're not to associate with a man that's a whole lot older than you, or has been married. And he added, "Be nice to everybody, and speak to them no matter what they are, but when you *socialize* with them be sure they're good people."

Evidently the Kerce girls needed no more specific rules. They have never been tempted to smoke, drink or walk a primrose path; most of the young men they know are faithful churchgoers like themselves, and juvenile delinquency is a phrase they recognize mainly from newspaper reports. The worst trouble Ann can remember happened one night when, after a basketball game, she went on to Troy's for a sandwich and cold drink without telling her father she'd be home late. When she got home, he was waiting up for her. Although he didn't scold her, she knew he had been worrying; ordinarily, he would have been asleep.

"I've got confidence in my girls," Nolon says. "After you raise them, you've done your best and there's nothing you can do but trust them to keep doing right."

Perhaps the only time Nolon was disappointed in his girls was when the twins decided against college. Although it meant more expense, he had been very pleased at Ann's decision, two years earlier, to enter La Grange College as a music-education major. Even if she hadn't won a $400 scholarship, which brought her expenses down to about $1100, he would have found some way to send her; and somehow he would have contrived to put the twins through college too.

But Judye and Ludye, at eighteen, were not so enthusiastic about college as Ann had been. Only three of their classmates planned to go away to school, and, like most of their friends, the twins found life in Floyd County quite interesting enough. Ludye especially; a tall blond boy named Wendell Fincher was courting her seriously. And Judye didn't want to be separated from her twin.

When they told their father they wanted to enroll in a business school in Rome, Nolon just nodded. Even more than he believes in higher education, he believes in freedom of choice. "I'd have given anything if they'd gone on with their music," he told a friend, "but they've got to make up their own minds. They've got to lead their own lives."

During the next year, while Ann finished her busy junior year at La Grange and the twins learned typing, shorthand and accounting at the Carroll Lynn School, Nolon's own life continued in its pattern. Every morning he was up before five o'clock, to milk the cows and feed the chickens and hogs. Then he climbed into the dusty blue pickup truck and drove ten miles to the Pepperell plant, where he worked steadily all day—for, with the twins in business school and Ann in college, he was putting out $103 a month in school fees, which cut sharply into his $400 monthly salary. Usually he was home by 4:30, but the extra plumbing jobs he counted on for additional income sometimes kept him out until dark. Then there were the evening chores: milking and feeding and perhaps a little gardening. And every night after supper Nolon climbed up the hill behind his house to the brown slant-roofed cabin where his father sat waiting in a rocking chair on the wide front porch. There in the evening cool, they would sit and talk about farming, possum hunting, and Nolon's daughters. Finally Nolon would say good night, go back down the hill and to bed.

Ann didn't get home many weekends that winter; she was directing a church choir in La Grange, and had to be there Sunday mornings. Also, she was president of the Christodelphians, a religious club; a member of the Music Education National Conference and the Student Christian Association; student conductor of the glee club and a member of the sextet which toured South Georgia and gave frequent performances at the college. With all these activities—plus maintaining her B average and losing ten pounds by cutting out bread and desserts—she was a busy girl. But she did find time to write to her father and sisters, and was not very surprised to open a letter one day and read that Ludye was engaged to Wendell.

The only surprising thing, in fact, was that Ludye and Wendell hadn't married sooner. They had gone steady all through high school, but years before that Ludye had been very much aware of the good-looking boy just one grade ahead of her. (Wendell, unflatteringly, didn't notice Ludye until the ninth grade.) Now, with Wendell through school and working as a carpenter's apprentice at the O'Neill Manufacturing Company in Rome, and Ludye due to finish school in April, there seemed no reason to wait. Nolon protested a little: Ludye was still pretty young; they ought to wait another year. But he liked Wendell, and offered no serious objections when the wedding was set for July fifth.

Ludye's wedding was very much a family affair. Cousin Avanel, whose daughter was to be flower girl, baked the three-tiered cake for the reception. Aunt Em and Aunt Frances made the blue organdy-over-taffeta bridesmaids' dresses for Judye, Ann, Cousin Susie and the two close friends who served as candlelighters. Cousin Mildred from Rome decorated the church with magnolia leaves and white gladioli, and Cousin Virginia from Atlanta made the punch. It seemed that every relative in Georgia wanted to be sure that Ludye—who after all had no mother to help her plan her wedding—did not lack for advice and support.

The afternoon of July fifth was ferociously hot. In fact, while Ludye was walking down the aisle to exchange solemn vows with Wendell, she made another private vow: to cut her hair short like Judye's. But the 250 friends and relatives that crowded the pews thought Ludye looked cool enough in her gleaming white satin gown, and agreed later that it was especially appropriate that the first bride to be married in their lovely, brand-new church should be so young and so pretty.

Ludye's marriage was the first real break in the Kerce family circle since her mother's death nine years before. And although Wendell didn't take her very far away—no farther than a small white cottage only a few steps from home, rented from her grandfather—Nolon knows that this change is the first of many. Ann finished college this June, and in the fall will be working away from home as a public-school music teacher. Judye, who has been working for over a year as secretary to the general manager of radio station WROM, sometimes gets a little restless, and thinks about looking for a job in another, larger town. But she's going steady now, and some people think she'll be the next Kerce girl to marry.

Now that his girls are self-supporting, Nolon isn't having to work so hard, or worry so much. He can look forward to quitting his job at Pepperell eventually, settling down to steady farming, with a few plumbing jobs on the side. Maybe he'll convert some more land into permanent pasture, and buy more cattle. And spend a lot more time hunting squirrel and possum in the woods behind the house. . . .

But that's in the future. Right now, this camp meeting of 1960 may be the last time Nolon will have all three girls with him, and so he takes particular pleasure in seeing them stand up before the congregation, singing in such close and familiar harmony:

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth,
Throw your soul's fresh glowing ardor
Into the battle for truth!"

After the evening service, a few cars pull away from the campgrounds and head toward Rome; but most of the people stroll on back to their cabins, to cut a watermelon or finish up the angel-food cake, or just to talk awhile before bedtime. Outside the Kerce tent a rather large group gathers; one by one they drag up deck chairs to form an irregular circle on the wet grass. Nolon lights a cigarette and looks about him, at all the faces, clear in the moonlight. Judye and Ann with their young men, Charles and Norman; Ludye and her Wendell. Cousin Virginia and her son, Gil, visiting from Atlanta, as they do every year at camp-meeting time; Aunt Florence and Aunt Willene from Rome. Dorma's brother Wint, of course, with his family—the Bartons' tent is right next to the Kerces'. And tonight Willene's son Spencer is here, too, with a pretty girl friend.

At first the talk is mostly about the sermon (how young Julian Brackman, the new minister of the Mizpah Methodist Church, is turning out to be a fine forceful preacher; and why shouldn't he, when he comes from a preaching family?) and about the girls' singing ("Did you all get a *minute* to practice?" Aunt Frances asks. "Susie tells me you didn't even know you were going to sing till suppertime!") but after a while Spencer's stylishly dressed date leans forward to ask Judye a question.

"Don't you all get *tired* of staying out here ten whole days? If I had to, I'd just sit around and eat and get fat. Back in Rome, I just rush-rush-rush all the time! Don't you even have a *radio?*"

Judye, usually so quick of tongue, thinks for a long moment before she answers. "It's hard to explain," she says finally, "but no, we don't get tired of camp meeting. It's something we've been doing together a long time, and it gets to be part of you. If I ever get married and move away, I'll just have to bring my family back every year for camp meeting." Then she grins. "Well, if we moved to *California*, I guess I wouldn't—but I'd want to."

Nolon settles back in his chair and smiles in the dark. For nine years he has lived for his three daughters, and right now he thinks they've turned out pretty well. END

NEXT MONTH

Cooking for a harvest crew is a big job; yet Faye Wisdom manages it in a trailer kitchen—and she serves the hot, appetizing meals in the harvest fields, sometimes 25 miles from the trailer.

Commercial harvesting starts in Texas in early May and ends the summer in Northern Montana. Faye also looks after three active children; does all the laundry, marketing, cleaning, and so on, that she'd normally do at home in Texas; in emergencies she even helps in the harvest. And she "loves every minute of it."

THE HARVESTERS

By NELLE KEYS BELL

HOW AMERICA LIVES
In the August JOURNAL

YOU KNOW
HOW WOMEN ARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

(b) well, (c) in the same outfit, and (d) why they had not heard from him.

"Yes," Zimmie said to Neal on the telephone, "I'm married. Ada, the one that used to send all the packages. . . . No, no kids."

Zimmie wanted to see Neal. And he'd sure like to see Neal's wife. "Remember, cap, how we sweated out that first kid of yours? . . . He's fourteen now? Gee, whadda yuh know!"

But Neal told Zimmie he was tied up on business. He had sat for a while after Zimmie hung up, staring into space, remembering Zimmie and the rest of the fellows, and the day the word came of Dick's birth. Remembering the letters from Janice, and the picture of her he had carried with him . . . and wondering why he had put Zimmie off. He was not too busy, and he would like to talk over old times with Zimmie. He could have called Janice and said he was bringing Zimmie out for dinner and the evening. But for some reason he had invented the excuse.

Zimmie would be back again in two months. "How about then?" he had asked. And Neal said, "Fine, we'll figure on it." And the phone rang again and it was Humphrey asking him to take the case and he said he would. He had gone on sitting there, thinking about the war—the fellows in the company, the fighting, himself the captain, his uniform—and for a while he felt like the captain again: firm and straight and forceful. It was a good feeling.

But it had not lasted. He thought, *Not thirteen years yet, and how different everything is.*

He was nearing home now and the evening traffic had thinned out. *Yes*, he thought, *if Zimmie hadn't called, I wouldn't have said yes to Humphrey. And I wouldn't have ordered the suit.* He frowned. Just what the connection was, he didn't quite know.

He drove into his driveway, walked into the house. "Hello, kids," he said.

"Hi." Rod, the youngest, didn't look up from the model airplane he was repairing.

Treena, twelve, was at the phone—as usual. She looked her father squarely in the face and said into the telephone, "Yes, but Dotty, if she *asked* you ——"

Dick said, "Hello, dad," tonelessly and turned another page of the picture magazine.

Jingo, on the floor beside Dick, opened one eye, and went back to dozing.

Neal walked into the kitchen. Janice gave him a quick glance and said, "Oh, you're home." She turned to the oven. "Better get washed. Gene and Lois are coming for dinner."

He stood for a moment, looking at Janice—her small trim figure in the straight skirt and white blouse, her quick efficient movements. She closed the oven door, moved to the cupboard and took down the cocktail shaker, stooped for the gin and vermouth from the cupboard under the counter.

He looked at her hair—dark hair caught back into a simple knot at the neck. He had once told her he liked her hair that way. He didn't know now whether he liked it or not.

And suddenly there came, creeping over him, a strange feeling—a strangely warm and uncomfortable feeling he could not name.

He turned and walked slowly toward the bedroom. It was characteristic of Neal Buckley to move slowly; and to speak slowly. And always Neal spoke quietly. Even in the Army he had never found it necessary to raise his voice. He had been a competent officer with firm authority which the men respected. It might take him a while to make a decision, because to him it was important to consider every angle; but once his decision was made and the order issued, he expected—and he got—obedience. He took no credit for this: it was a matter of his rank as captain and commander of his company; the authority was in the office. In turn, he had brought the same attitude into his family life. But somehow it didn't work here as it had in the Army.

Moved by some unaccountable, unaccustomed heavy mood that was like stubbornness, Neal pulled off his necktie and dropped it on his coat; he rolled his shirt into a ball and watched it fall to the floor. He had never done this before; hanging his clothes away was as natural to him as combing his hair. He could not have said why he did it now.

In the bathroom off this room he shared with Janice he began to wash. He heard Janice call the children to get ready for dinner. He wished he had been late getting home. He could have walked in, found them all at the table, slapped Gene on the back and sat down.

Gene was his best friend; they had gone to the same schools, they had met girls, gone through O.C.S. at the same time, discussed their business, played golf and drunk together. They still got together every week or so. The girls liked each other.

His mind slowed, stopped. *The girls like each other. . . . Do they? They used to. Janice used to like Lois; but does she any more? . . . Does Janice like anyone any more?*

The thought made him uncomfortable and he shoved it back down where it had come from and began to wash his face thoroughly.

He put on a sports shirt and his old slacks and sat down on the edge of the bed to change his oxfords for a pair of loafers. He set his stockinged feet on the carpeted floor, and looked at the other twin bed across the narrow aisleway. Janice's bed. He could stretch out his leg, and his foot would touch her bed. Just a narrow strip of space between the t beds—a narrow untraversed strip. How ti could build invisible walls. He had forgott her bed was so close, so accessible.

Accessible?

He pulled on the loafers, went to the wai robe for the familiar worn sports jacket wore around home, and started out to t living room.

Treena was standing before the hall mirr her face twisted with effort as she tried to wo the zipper of her dress. Neal said, "Maybe can help," and moved toward her.

Treena gave him a quick glance—as a seni girl might glance at an impertinent soph more—and without replying jerked past hi and flounced to the kitchen. "Mother," heard her say plaintively, "my zipper's stuck

Neal thought about Zimmie again. He ne not bring him to the house. And no need make an excuse; they could just go somepla in town, have a few drinks and dinner.

"Smoky," Gene called Neal. It was the o Army nickname, given to him at O.C.S. whe one of their fellow officer-candidates had sa of Neal that he never blew up, "never flared u flamed, but if you look close, you can see th smoke coming out of his ears."

Janice had a large beef roast, and she stoo at her end of the table honing the carvin knife as the rest of them took their seats.

"In my house," Gene was saying, his voic booming in that boisterous way he had whe he was being funny, "in my house, *I* mix th

America lives in the heart of every man everywhere who wishes to find a region where he will be free to work out his destiny as he chooses.
WOODROW WILSON

drinks. *I* carve the roast. Just what do you d around here, Smoky old boy?"

Neal met Gene's eyes, the gibing questio registering slowly. Janice laughed—that quic gay laugh of hers—and replied, "Neal? Oh, h cut the lawn once. Of course the mower' never been the same since."

Lois spoke up quickly, asking Rod abou Cub Scouts. But not before Neal had caugh the quick movement that terminated almos as soon as it began: Gene's starting to speak his jump and wince, the look he cast towar Lois. Lois had, apparently, kicked him unde the table.

The dinner was excellent, and Janice ha made her lemon-chiffon pie for dessert. Bu Neal had trouble eating; he had to choke hi food down. He couldn't have said what wa the matter; but there was the moment when h looked down at the edge of his coat sleeve faded and worn through to the threads, an he was filled with a slow unreasoning anger

The bridge game for later in the evening after the children were in bed, was taken fo granted. The four had played together fo years. But tonight Neal didn't feel like playing

Any time before this—even yesterday or last week—he would, despite his disinclination, have set up the table and sat down with the others and played as always. But tonight, when Janice went to the desk to get the cards, he said as casually as if it were customary, "Hey, Gene, I don't feel like playing. How about taking that bourbon old man Coates gave me and going downstairs?"

Gene grinned. "O.K., boy, leave us do it."

Neal was already on his feet, headed for the kitchen, when Janice said tartly, "You don't know where it is."

"I'll find it," Neal said, without altering course or pace, "if I have to tear the kitchen apart." He heard Gene behind him give one quick guffaw.

He found the bottle at once, in the low cupboard from which he had seen Janice take the gin and vermouth. As he straightened up, Gene was there, clapping him on the back and chuckling. "Like old times, eh, Smoky?"

Lois and Janice were at the kitchen door. Lois said, "I suppose we're not invited?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?


Valda Sherman

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

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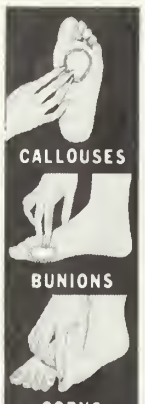
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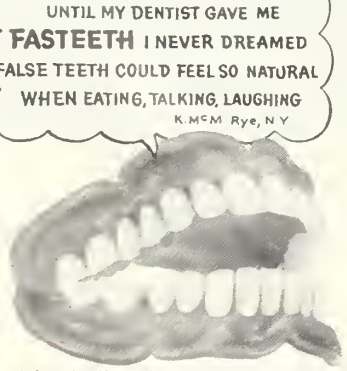
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K.McM Rye, N.Y



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

"No dames," Gene told her, and Neal caught the wink he sent her.

In the big basement that was someday to be a recreation room, they sat in the discarded but still comfortable lounge chairs. There were packing boxes at the far end where the storage closet would be, and the children's playthings—bats and rackets, skates, games—set against the wall. Neal and Gene talked of Fort Benning and the fellows they had known there, the places they had gone on leave, girls they had dated. One hour passed, two hours; Gene's voice became a little louder, he laughed more readily. Neal felt pleasantly relaxed, and the past was curiously vivid.

He stopped listening to Gene. He was remembering Janice as she had been that last year at Benning. Janice was capable and a good cook even then, and they had entertained a lot in their apartment on the post—there were always some of the fellows around—and Neal recalled how often he had sat looking on, smiling in his pride of her. She was twenty then, and pretty, a slight and active girl, her alert mind interested in everything; a little serious at times, but with sprightly gaiety and freshness. With sweetness.

That was fifteen years ago. People change in fifteen years. But Janice had changed so much. It had come about so gradually that he was not aware it was taking place. Until now. And now it was hard to think of her as being the same girl she had been that year at Benning.

They heard Janice and Lois coming down the stairs. Lois perched on the arm of Gene's chair and ran her fingers through his hair. "Enough of reminiscing tonight. It's after eleven and morning comes early."

Lois was a tall girl who could be impressive when she dressed for it, though usually she was as casual in her dress as in her manner. But she had the gift of warm friendliness, and a dry sense of humor which Neal liked.

He looked from her to Janice. Janice's mouth was set tight, and her eyes were turned disapprovingly away from them. Earlier this evening he had wondered if Janice liked anyone any more. Now he wondered if anyone liked Janice any more.

She doesn't realize, he thought, *what she has done to herself, that it is uncomfortable and embarrassing to be around her; no one likes the sharp tongue, the constant needling gibes. Even Lois —— Come to think of it, she no longer sees Lois except when Gene and I are along. Someone ought to tell her. Not me. I couldn't. Nothing I would say would carry any weight with her anyway.*

Lois was tugging at Gene, trying to get him up. She was laughing. "You delinquents had your gang meeting," she said, pretending to scold. "Now it's over. Come on." Gene resisted her like a recalcitrant small boy. There were affection and humor and warmth in their expressions and their every movement. *How long since Janice and I have teased and pretended and laughed together? And why—why has everything changed between us?*

Janice loved me once, Neal told himself. *But now she despises me.*

It was painful, admitting to himself a word as strong as "despise." *Whether she knows it or not, she despises me. It shows in everything she says and does.* It was not his imagination—of that Neal was sure. Gene and Lois saw it, too; that explained the kick Lois had given Gene under the table.

The resentment that had assailed Neal earlier, when he did not know it was resentment, now became a feeling as plain as hunger.

Gene was on his feet and they were saying good-by. But Neal kept looking at Janice and it was like not being able to focus his eyes; he could not see her as someone he had known well, his wife. *She is someone else, someone I don't know . . . someone I don't even like.*

Neal lay in his bed awake. Janice had taken to undressing in the bathroom. He could hear her moving around in there now, and the click as she switched off the light. She opened the door quietly and came padding to her bed. She would not say good night, he knew that. She would get into her bed quickly, turn on her side, away from him, and lie still. *The reason*, he thought grimly, *is plain enough: she wouldn't want me to imagine any encouragement. I ought to say to her*, he told himself—and in his mind he could hear the words, surly and sarcastic, as one would speak only to someone he didn't like—"*Don't worry, I won't bother you.*" *She ought to know me well enough to know I would have no taste for foreing myself on a woman, that I wouldn't even have an urge for a woman who doesn't want me.*

It had been wonderful once, their having each other. But now —— It wasn't hard to imagine how she felt now; a woman with a man she ridiculed and ignored and despised—she would not want him making love to her.

Continence, he thought, *is something you live with. You don't get used to it, you don't resign yourself to it, you just endure it when you must.* For a while he had believed firmly that it was only a temporary phase, that sometime—any time—things would right themselves and he and Janice would take up again the relationship that had once been theirs. But tonight he knew for the first time that it was no passing phase, and that not only did he no longer expect things to resume their former status—he no longer wanted her. He might want a woman, but it would not be Janice.

It was a wrenching thought, and unpleasant to entertain. He pushed his mind back to the question he had asked himself earlier. How had the change in Janice come about? When did it start?

The first he could remember was her impatience. He had excused it, telling himself that she was quick and he was slow, and it was understandable that that would be irritating to her. Then she began to make little cutting remarks—so subtle that one could not be certain there was intent to be derogatory. Later, the remarks were less subtle, but he had let them pass rather than start an argument that would be uncomfortable and that he wouldn't be likely to win anyway. When, as recently, she began to speak plainly, the process of devaluation unmistakable, he might often feel a bristling impulse to retort—but by the time he thought up a retort, it was too late to say it. The quick sharp tongue had become a habit with her now. There was still some of the old gaiety, but it was a sham gaiety, laid like camouflage over the barbs.

And it didn't matter to Janice who was there—the children, their friends. Before the children there were countless small things she had repeated until they beat on his brain like a television commercial: "Never mind asking your father, he wouldn't know"; or, "Oh, that's dad for you." All with that overlay of lighthearted amusement which, even while it made them sound offhand and trivial, actually made them the more poisonous.

Before their friends —— Well, like the crack about the lawn mower before Gene and Lois tonight. Harmless enough of itself, but it was that manner of hers, drawing outsiders into a kind of intimate confidence where they could laugh with her at Poor Old Neal, so helpless, so inept, so—yes, stupid.

I'm not stupid. I may be slow, and I've never claimed to be clever with my hands, but I'm damned if she's going to make me out stupid!

He sat on the edge of his bed, the ment beating at him like a prize f gloves, pounding, pounding the sides head. *She treats me like*—his min searching for the word—*like a nothi acts as if I'm nothing.*

He sprang up. He didn't stop for slippers; he strode to the front of the turned on the light in the living room, its length and back again. *She's worke so gradually and so thoroughly, she's alm me believing I am nothing!*

He looked at himself in the mirror. H was flushed, his hair awry. *I was son once. I was Neal Buckley. Captain Neal ley. And I still am. I may have changed outside, but not inside. Inside I'm still m*

He began stalking again. *The children the time they don't even know I exist. W they ever ask my opinion, or my advice never my permission, never my help wit thing. I ought to walk out on them*, he tol self in an indulgence of bitterness; *they find out soon enough who supported the bought this house, who provided their with a ear. Where do they think the comes from that buys them all the thin have, pays for all the things they do? A Lord knows they have just about every they do just about anything they ask to were so useless and stupid as they se think, just where would they be?*

Bitterness and this sort of self-just indignation were so foreign to Neal, a potent, that he felt sick. *It isn't the chil fault*, he told himself; *they just follow mother's lead. It's all Janice* ——

He heard a sound and paused. Had noticed he was gone from his bed? If s would be out. She would say with that sharpness, "What in the world are you up? Don't you know what time it is?" then she'd see his bare feet and she'd s if her patience were worn thin, "You co least have put on your slippers."

I'll say, he told himself belligerently, *I "Go back to bed. I'll come when I'm r And I like my feet bare!*" But would he? he have the guts? Or would habit seiz throat and choke off the words?

He could not deny it: he had changed *absorbed the slow poison, and it has eaten any self-confidence I ever had. Almost any respect.*

It was a bitter admission. He could co nance what Janice had done to herself; to acknowledge that she had changed hi that was hard. *That's why*, he told hims *backed down when it came to trial cases. And that was why I couldn't face Zimm couldn't let Zimmie see what I have becom*

And it was all Janice's doing.

What had happened to open his eyes was not sure, but it was plain enough to now. And he had two very simple and damental choices: he could let matters go on enduring the *status quo*—as the lin least resistance; or he could do someth about it.

He turned out the light and went carel along the hall and to bed. Janice was asleep. He lay on his back, hands folded his chest, closed his eyes and clamped his shut. *I'll do something about it*, he told hims

It was noon and he was still at the co law library, his notebook well packed v information he would use in working out Humphrey brief. But his mind kept going b to personal matters.

There were so many things he had ignor or had not let himself recall. And the more recalled, the more resentment he felt. Thi like last Christmas: It was the biggest Chr mas they had ever had, with an English rac bicycle for Dick and the fancy skating rig Treena. Neal had seen an electric-motor remote-control airplane set; it cost fifty d lars, but he had bought it with excitement a pleasure and brought it home for Rod. O Janice didn't like it; she thought he had p too much for it; she took it back and bou something else. Janice had seen a fur jac she liked and he told her to get it as Christmas gift from him. He had also bou

CONTINUED ON PAGE

NEXT MONTH

Helen was a sensation. Everyone marveled at the crippled kid who jumped her horse like a champion. Was it the devil who kept her from falling, kept her clinging to the roan's mane while her useless legs dangled free?

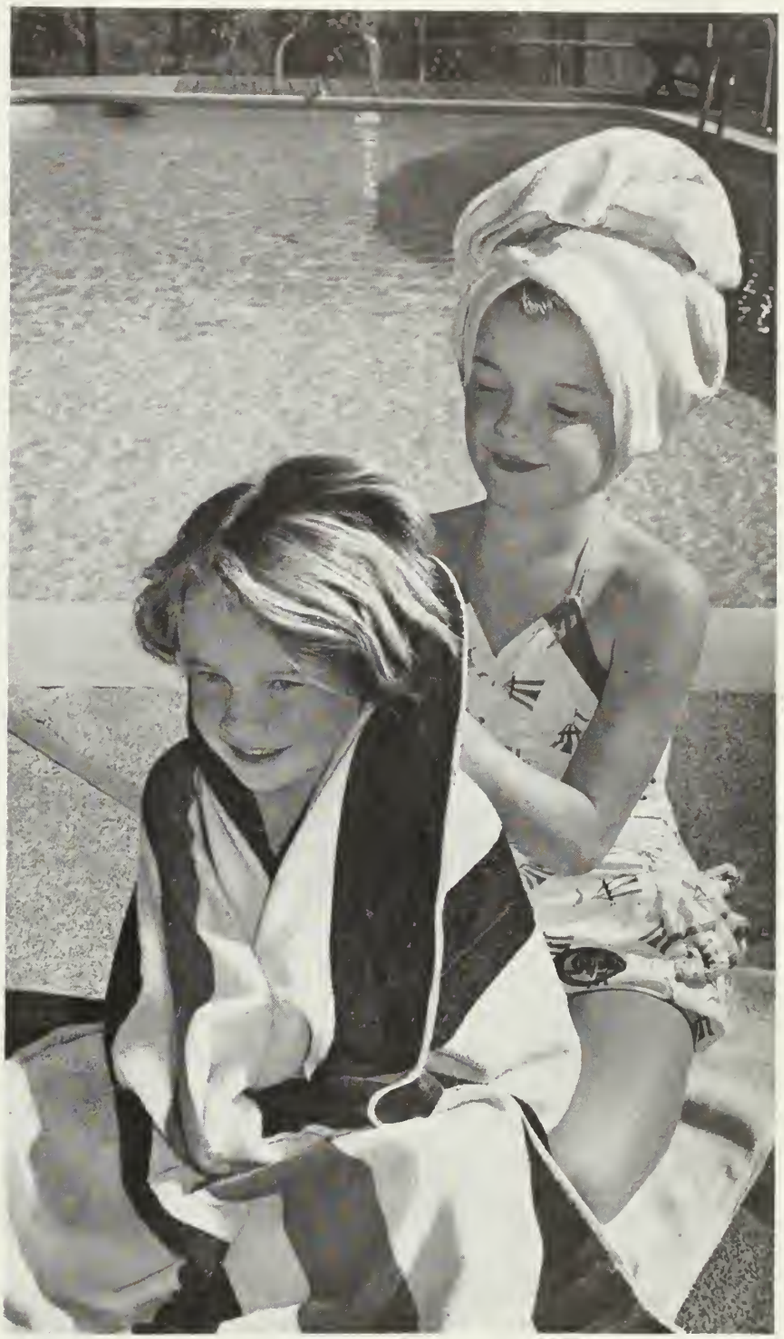
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Novella complete in the August JOURNAL

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

a pair of rhinestone earrings to put under the tree for her. And then Christmas morning there had been the box for him from Janice—a pair of striped cotton pajamas, which she had probably bought in an August sale. They were still in his drawer, he had never worn them.

He was ashamed to keep thinking of things like that, adding them up—like a vindictive woman piling up grievances and complaints. Each one so petty of itself, so inconsequential. Yet it was the pile-up of hundreds of them, all cut to the same pattern, making him out ineffectual and awkward and stupid. *Stupid;* that riled him. But he'd better stop thinking about it; he had work to do. He gathered up his notes and began, despite himself, to think of Janice again.

Neal had a sudden vision of himself as he must look to their friends—a meek, pitiable creature with a carping wife who ran everything, who ridiculed him, belittled him. The image was intolerable.

No man, no husband need go on taking what he had been taking—suffering indignity at her hands. He would put an end to it. Right now. He made a move to rise. He would go home, he would tell her ——

He sat back abruptly. The very thought of Janice and him staring at each other, speaking harshly, bitterly, stopped him. He had never been able to stomach conflict, dissension. He could see her face as she would look at him, her features pinched, her eyes hostile. It would be the same as always, that look on her face. He couldn't do it. The anger he felt with himself was almost unbearable.

Neal let himself into his private office.

Miss Thomas had heard him come in and she tapped on the door and entered. "Here are some messages, Mr. Buckley."

He did not look higher than the slips of paper in her hands. He could not look into her face, meet her eyes. He had the feeling he could not look anyone in the face.

He glanced over the messages. Nothing here that could not be put off.

"And Mrs. Buckley called," Miss Thomas said. "She wanted me to remind you that this is Rodney's swimming-lesson day, and you are to pick him up at five-fifteen."

He felt a bristling reaction in his skin—and the idea came ready-packaged. "Please call Mrs. Buckley," he said, speaking absently, as if his mind were primarily occupied elsewhere, "and tell her I'll be out of town for several days. And that I won't be able to pick Rodney up."

"But, Mr. Buckley ——" she began.

"I have to do some work on the Humphrey case," he said. He rose and walked out and down the stairs.

He smiled briefly in wry satisfaction at the message to Janice. She would have to go for Rod herself. It might give her a jolt to find that old Neal wasn't obeying orders.

The brown suit was ready and he put it on. "No, don't send it," he said of his old gray one. "I'll pick it up sometime."

He went across the street to the men's clothing store. At the moment his only thought was to get a new tie, something special in brown. But there in the next showcase were cream-colored silk pajamas with fine black cording around the collar. Maybe that was what sparked him on the buying spree. He bought those, and a handsome dressing gown—black with small red figures—and a pair of red kid slippers. Slacks, and a pale tan sport coat so soft and light it was a marvel it could keep its shape. A sport shirt and two white shirts, shorts and undershirts, handkerchiefs, a pair of Scotch-grain shoes.

He selected a suitcase with a hanger compartment, and the clerk packed his purchases in it. He walked to the garage, put the suitcase in the car and started off.

He had no idea, as he drove out of town, where he would go, but he was turned in the direction of the Whitehurst, and he continued the hundred and twenty miles of level highway and six miles of mountain road to its door.

The Whitehurst was a luxury hotel; he and Janice had spent a weekend here once but they considered it beyond their price range for casual holidays. On the lower slope of the mountain, the massive white hotel was set picturesquely among pine forests, a huge swimming pool behind it, and an excellent nine-hole golf course at one side.

Neal had a late dinner with a cocktail before and a liqueur after; retired to his room, showered and fell asleep. In the morning he ate a breakfast of steak and hot rolls and fresh strawberries. At the golf shop he rented a set of clubs and bought a pair of sport shoes with cleated rubber soles and a beauty of a mid-iron. He joined two young fellows from Philadelphia to play twice around the course, and a third time around with a Mr. Bannister who with his wife had spent the winter at the Whitehurst. He met the Bannisters later for dinner, and had a lively game of bridge afterward with them and a hard-drinking geologist from Tulsa.

At midnight he sat in his room, relaxed and comfortable. He wore the cream-silk pajamas, the black-and-red robe belted snugly about him. The room was spacious and elegant. The hotel noises had settled down, and a whole day of mountain air and sunshine and exercise was enough to make a man sleepy.

But he was not ready to sleep.

With some purpose of which he was not wholly aware, he walked to the desk, sat down and drew toward him a large sheet of paper with the hotel letterhead, took the pen from the holder and wrote.

Dear Janice:

He paused. He was not sure what he was going to say to her. But he put pen to paper again.

My purpose in coming down here was to settle my plans for the future. Those plans necessarily involve you.

First I might tell you that I purchased some new clothes; you will be seeing the bills when they come in, anyway. I am enjoying the silk pajamas and the bathrobe. You will no doubt think the suit and the sport coat extravagant, but I like them. I feel like myself in them—and I have not felt like myself for a long time.

Which brings me directly to the point of this letter: I intend to go on feeling like myself, and acting like myself. It will require some drastic changes in the domestic scene.

Assuming that you would not give up the children, and considering the fact that I would not leave without them, the simple solution of a separation is not possible at this time. I must therefore base my plans on our continuing to live together in the same house.

The first requirement in the revised setup is that you shall alter certain attitudes and habits which I find objectionable. I am not telling you what you should think or how you should feel, I tell you merely the actions I will no longe up with.

We can start with this tendency of you snipe at me; the oblique remarks you sc quently make that paint me a man of no c quence, helpless and unhandy and stupid.

Neal stopped writing with a jerk of his It was cowardly, he supposed, to write a instead of confronting her and saying wh had to say. He paused. But in this instanc assured himself, it was the intelligent t to do. Give her a letter, something to he her hand, to read over when she began t lieve he might mean it. She would hav hear him out, with no chance for rebutta

He resumed writing:

My objection to this habit of yours is not because of the discomfort it causes me and yo but because it means a real loss to me—th spect and affection of the children, for one t And possibly the respect of more people th realize. I can't blame the children for the way feel toward me. I don't like it, but how can help it, with your example always before t Look how you are with Dick and his geom when he wants help, do you ever say, "Get father to help you"? No, you stop what yo doing and go to work on the problem as i were the only one in the family who can t You seem to have forgotten that you wer great shakes at math in school, and that I got below an A in it.

Well, this summer, as soon as school is c am taking the children with me on a can trip and you are not going. Perhaps away you I can win a little respect and honest l from them. Before it is too late.

Then there is this, and this is perhaps the of the matter: I am not cut out to be a celi You have made it quite clear that you hav wish for the marital relation. It has not entirely out of consideration for you that I acceded and left you alone; neither is it tim on my part. It is, simply, that I am not a ha loaf man. I have wanted *you*. I have wanted we had in the beginning. There was a time have you forgotten?—when you wanted m much as I wanted you. But your attitude brought that to an end. Until now I find in self no desire to revive it.

I have never been unfaithful to you; I hope realize that. But things are different now: longer feel any loyalty to you; nor do I thin I used to, that you would be hurt. Except, haps, that your vanity might be piqued.

Neal set down his pen suddenly and st at the sheet on the desk. *I sound as if I setting myself up for the life of an anc bumblebee, flitting from flower to flower.* had been relaxed when he started, he w now. He felt tense and driven, anxious t it down and done with. Get it *all* down there would be nothing further to say.

Any infidelity I may commit will be beca have found a woman I admire and respect love, as well as want; and who accepts m what I am. Whether such a liaison would eventually to my wanting my freedom so I m marry again, I do not know. If such should b case, I'll let you know.

I didn't intend, in writing this letter, to s bitter, and perhaps I do. I am not bitter. I been sore, good and sore—at you for what have been doing, and at myself for taking should not have taken it; but you had me disadvantage. I loved you. I wanted to be siderate and protective and forbearing. Th over now. I think of you as you looked the night when Gene and Lois were over, and I not believe there was ever any love betwee

You are a devoted mother; but I have wondering if you are as good a mother as think you are. You would say you love the dren. But I am asking you, Janice, do you any love in you any more? Have you look yourself in the mirror lately? Have you seen has happened to your face? Can you see pinched look about your nostrils, and the you hold your mouth in a thin tight line?. I at a picture of yourself when you were a when I first knew you, and see if there is any left now of the freshness, of the pretty soft m you had in those days.

Those eyes of yours that could sparkle be alive and laughing—look at them now. used to be fun, you had a sense of humor haven't any more. What you have now is v acid, bitter wit. It's your feeling for me tha brought the change about, I know that.

I do not say I have been blameless in th should have had the guts to keep the situa from reaching its present state. Or, I might

CONTINUED ON PAGE

OTHER VIEWS

SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE

PATTERN ON PAGE 82



Vogue Design No. 5044

"Easy to Make" one-piece dress: 10-18 (31-38). 75c. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.



Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!



New glide-on applicator! Just twist the bottom . . . cream comes out the top!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a *real cream deodorant* can give *plus* glide-on convenience—*both* in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. *3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.*

New Desert Dri®—*real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton*

ulton, Inc., 1960



11 tempting flavors

Borden's Cheese Spreads in New Hostess Jars

From Borden's—and only from Borden's, come these delicious cheese spreads in serve-easy hostess jars.

Borden's tempting, velvety spreads make a meal out of sandwiches...a cheese festival out of snack-time. Pack 'em in your picnic basket for easy, out-of-doors eating.

You'll like the new, 5-oz. hostess jars. Wider opening makes serving so much easier. Caps twist on and off at a touch. 11 tempting flavors for you to choose from. They're featured at your grocer's now.



VERA-SHARP
CHEESE 'N BACON
PINEAPPLE
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RELISH
E-Z CHEEZ
BLUE
LIMBURGER
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OLIVE-PIMENTO

© THE BORDEN CO.

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

I should have had the perception—for it crept up on me too gradually, I couldn't see it happening. Have you seen it? Have you known what you were doing?

Now for my plans:

I shall move my bed to the basement. I'll make that into the recreation room we've talked about. But it will be *my* recreation room. I'll have a bathroom put in, and take the TV down, and if the children want to see a program, they can come down there.

As long as you are keeping the house and cooking the meals, I'll let you know whether or not I'll be home for dinner, but aside from that, my life is to be my own. You are not to ask me—or if you do, I have no intention of telling you—where I am going, what I am doing, and how late I'll be home.

I shall make you an adequate allowance for the household and for routine expenses for the children, and you can open a checking account. I am discontinuing the joint account.

If you wish to continue, for the sake of appearances, and for the children, our going out together occasionally or having friends in, that's all right with me. But you are not to make engagements that include me without consulting me.

When we do have company in, I shall mix the drinks and carve the roasts.

And there will be no more sniping. One crack from you—wherever we are—and I walk out. And I shall be the one to judge what is a crack and what isn't.

I don't expect you to like my program; you've had me for too long under your thumb, jumping to the crack of your whip. You can leave if you like, but remember that if you do go, you will have to leave the children with me.

I'll be back in town Monday morning, but will go directly to the office. I'll telephone you if I am not coming for dinner. Otherwise I'll be seeing you around six. Or you telephone me if you would rather I didn't come home for dinner.

I must add that I do not want to discuss this matter with you. If you have anything to say, put it in writing. But no apologies or remorse or promises. I ask no more than that you go along with the plans herein set forth.

Your husband,
NEAL

Send it airmail special delivery and she would have it tomorrow; that would give her Saturday and Sunday and through the day Monday. Maybe with that much time she would take it all in. He had one bad moment standing before the letter drop. Just what had he written? Could he live up to it? He dropped the letter into the slot.

Driving home on Monday evening, Neal was feeling a little cocky Janice had, at least, not called him at the office. He had given a good deal of thought to what her reaction to his letter might be, and he believed now he was prepared for any eventuality. She might pounce upon him the moment she saw him: "How dare you write me such a letter? Who do you think you are?" In which case he would remain imperturbable, and make it quite clear that he was not retreating an inch. . . . Or she might go about looking injured and waiting for him to say he was sorry. He would, of course, say nothing of the kind. . . . If she were stickily, sarcastically sweet, he would term that sniping, and walk out. . . . She might be all set for argument; he would just remind her of what he had written: "Put it in writing." That would really get her, because the things Janice said couldn't be written—not the way she meant them! . . . She might meet him sobbing, begging forgiveness. . . .

He pulled into the driveway and got out of the car. He was reaching for his suitcase and assorted parcels when Dick stepped out on the porch for the evening paper. "Hi, Dick. Give me a hand with these, will you?"

"Why, hello, dad." He halted halfway down the steps. "Wow! Where'd you get the suit?"

"Like it?" He dismissed it with a grin and a shrug. "A little number I picked up one day when I was feeling good."

Dick caught at the lapel and rubbed the fabric. "It's keen. You look swell."

They went into the house, Dick carrying the new bag. "Hey, everybody, here's dad."

Treena and Rod converged on him. "Gee, daddy!" Treena said. "I didn't know you were coming *tonight*."

Rod said, "What did you bring me?"

"Hello, kids." Neal kissed his daughte ran his hand down his son's face, flat the nose. The concerted attention was ing and he thought with gratification, *H Already things are different around here.*

But then doubt assailed him. *Or is because of the presents they expect?*

"Dick, open my suitcase, will you?"

He had spent time selecting their gift Dick he had a zippered leather noteboo Treena—because he had heard her an friend Dotty say they "loved goopy jewel he had bought a wide bracelet bedecke dangling gewgaws. For Rod—well, wh another model plane? You'd think th ate them the way he never seemed to enough.

Neal watched the children open their ages—and then he took a small box fro corner of his case. It was another bracele this one a dainty circlet of linked rhinesto to go with the earrings he had given Jan Christmas. He had debated bringing her thing, but the bracelet had caught his eye he told himself that since he always took a gift for her, the children would wonder missed this time. He had assured himself he could decide when he got home wh to give it to her or not.

He braced himself and started for kitchen. Janice stood at the counter d beets. "Hello, Janice."

"Hello," she replied indifferently. "D will be ready in ten minutes."

Neal was stunned. She acted as if no had happened. "I—I brought you someth He set the small box on the counter.

"Oh," she said, "thank you"—with a p touch of surprise—as she might thar stranger who offered her his seat in a bus made no move toward the package.

Neal picked up his suitcase and went to bedroom. *Could it be—could it possibly be she had not received the letter?*

He washed and put on the new slacks the tan silk sports shirt; and when he came the family was gathered at the table.

Janice apparently didn't notice his clot And there were chops for dinner and she served the plates in the kitchen. He would have to wait for some indication ——

Over dessert Neal spoke up. "Did y mother tell you that as soon as school is I'm taking you kids on a camping trip?"

While the children were saying variou "Gee whiz" . . . "You are?" . . . "Where going?" Neal waited for some sort of react from Janice. She went on eating and did look up. But then, she might not have he what he said.

"Someplace where there's a lake and g fishing," Neal answered the children. "I can help me decide. Treena, you'll have to the cooking. You'd better get up on that."

Alarmed, Treena's eyes flew to Jan "Aren't you going, mother?"

"Not this time," Janice said casually.

So she knew! So she *had* got the letter! was confused.

Rod asked with exaggerated dismay, "Y mean we gotta eat Treena's cooking?" clutched his stomach, wagged back and fo in his chair, fell over against Dick a moaned, "Ughhh, I'm poisoned."

"Mother!" Treena protested. "Make R quit."

Janice picked up some dishes and start for the kitchen. She might as well have s the words: *It's up to you, Neal. You make R quit.*

"Rod, stop teasing your sister," Neal sa

Amiably, Rod straightened in his cha reached for another cooky.

From the kitchen Janice called, "Treer bring out the dishes, will you please."

Neal left the table. *Apparently*, he thoug slowly, *she is going along with it.* The shift l him slightly dazed. It was like getting all rea to shove against a heavy door, and having give easily at the first slight touch.

In the bedroom he dismantled his bed, a then called Dick to help him carry it to t basement. As they passed through the kitch with the first load Rod was showing Janice h new plane. He gaped at the bed. "What y doing with that?"

ick replied with brotherly contempt, oving it to the basement, dummy. What you think we were doing with it—breakit up for kindling?"

What you taking it down there for?"

Neal, grasping for an explanation, said, our mother says my snoring keeps her ake."

od turned round questioning eyes upon mother. "It does?"

Not that I've ever noticed," Janice said. o she wasn't going to help. Neal gave a rt laugh. "I was just being polite. It's your ther's snoring that keeps *me* awake."

anice flung about, denying with a vehnence that struck Neal as funny, "I don't re!"

You do too!" Dick told her gleefully. "I rd you—the other night, when dad was ay."

She sniffed and turned back to her dishes. Well, they had got over that fence all right. Dick helped him set up the bed, but Neal de it himself. He brought down the clothing would need tomorrow, and his shaving ngs. From the office earlier today he had de arrangements for the carpenters and mbers to get started on Wednesday; and he d bought a cardboard wardrobe to serve til the closet was ready. He had also selected ide low chest of drawers and a flat-top desk walnut. They would be delivered tomorrow, d tomorrow evening he would bring the t of his things down from upstairs.

Before he left in the morning he told Janice out the furniture coming. She nodded but d nothing. At least, he told himself as he ve away, she didn't say it was a lot of lishness.

That evening the new furniture was there, d Neal, in what seemed an endless number trips upstairs and down again, brought all clothes down—all except the old sport coat ich he left hanging by itself at what had en his end of the wardrobe.

It fretted him not to have a clue as to how had taken his letter. It was hard to believe had merely accepted it and all its provins without protest. Maybe she thought it s a good idea; maybe she liked things better is way herself. Or maybe she thought it was otion he would get over. Well, if she thought at, she had another think coming!

On Friday evening, as they finished dessert, nice rose from the table. "Treena, you'll ve to do the dishes. I'm going out."

Neal looked up, surprised. He opened his outh to ask where she was going. But he ught her eye. "Out," she repeated firmly, d turned to Treena.

It was almost as if there had been a flicker—st a flicker—of laughter in her eyes.

Treena was complaining. "But mother-r! ve got that paper to write."

"I'll help you," Neal said. "I'll dry—that is, your mother will let me."

"Why not?" Janice retorted quickly.

"I break dishes."

Janice gave a quick offhand "Ha! What's a sh?" and left them.

Neal stared after her, trying to determine hat lay behind her manner, analyzing the xpression on her face. It wasn't ridicule—not uite. It wasn't defiance. Was she rubbing it ? He couldn't come to any reasonable xplanation.

After the dishes were done, Neal sat in the ving room, the lamp lighted beside his chair nd the news weekly open in his hands. The hildren had turned on the TV. "Is your homework done?" he demanded. Oh, yes, they assured him.

He found himself gazing at the three children. He had known that Dick was as tall as imself, but he noticed now that most of he boy's height was in his legs. Those long kinny legs with jeans fitting like blue-denim kin. Did they actually *make* jeans that narow? Did they *expect* kids to have legs that ong and thin? And how Dick got those big eet down through the narrow denim pipes lefied imagination.

Treena had been a plain child, but now as e looked at her intent profile he could see that he might turn out to be quite an attractive irl. Lose a little more of the childish pudginess, let the contours of her face firm up, and she could be really lovely.

Rod sat motionless; but even so, you could almost see the spring tightly wound just inside his skin, a spring that might at any moment fly loose. You had to be startleproof if you were to keep your wits around that boy.

When the children had gone to their rooms, Neal started downstairs, Jingo at his heels. The rascal might as well sleep down there, Neal decided, and turned back to get the bedding from the box on the porch. Jingo, understanding, followed happily down the stairs.

Neal got into bed and turned out the light. He heard Janice come in later and go to her room. But he still couldn't go to sleep. What was Janice up to, anyway? Why didn't she say something, give some sign?

Neal had been uneasy about the first date with Gene and Lois after the Whitehurst trip. If Gene were to notice anything different, there was no telling what he would say. But the evening they went to Gene's everything went off particularly well. Neal found himself wondering if he could have imagined the dwindling friendship between Lois and Janice. He even wondered if he had imagined Gene's digs and prodding.

When Neal and Janice returned home and had gone off their separate ways without speaking to each other, he was a little sour.

HEIGHT 5′ 7″—WEIGHT 141

By SHELDA VAN FLEET

I'm not overweight
I'm glad to report.
According to charts,
I'm just 3 inches short.

She can put on a darned good show for somebody else, he thought. But then, that was what he had asked for, wasn't it? That was all he had asked for. He had, really, no reason to criticize Janice. And that, he told himself testily, could be damned frustrating!

Finishing the basement and decorating it was more than Neal had bargained for. The bathroom had been easy. It cost a lot, but he was pleased with it: gray and burgundy, and man-sized, with a shower big enough to stretch your arms. But when it came to selecting colors for the big room, the flooring and the curtains and the wallpaper above the paneling, he was lost.

In the wallpaper place an arty woman clerk who doubled as decorator offered to help him, and came out to see the room on a Saturday afternoon. Janice was somewhere in the house, but they did not see her. The woman looked everything over appraisingly and said yes, she knew exactly what he should have; she would send out samples on Monday.

The samples were there Monday evening when he came home. He held the paper to the wall, put the square of embossed linoleum on the floor; he held the swatch of cloth to the window. He didn't know. He couldn't visualize how it would be.

When the decorator woman called him the following day at the office, he told her he was considering and would let her know tomorrow. He would have liked to ask Janice's opinion, but she had never mentioned the room or the work being done. So far as he knew, she had never so much as looked at the bathroom.

Janice went out after dinner to some program-committee meeting for the P.T.A. He went downstairs to look at the samples again.

On his bed was another square of linoleum, a swatch of cloth, a paint sample and a roll of wallpaper. There was a note—on a sheet from the pad Janice kept in the kitchen:

Try these. And get rid of that female. She'll have your room looking like a cocktail lounge.

Janice! He felt laughter stir in him. And the samples were good. He could see the room as it would look.

Attached to each sample were notations of the make and number and the store where each could be bought.

On the kitchen pad he wrote:

Thanks. Ordering tomorrow.

He had trouble about the one big special chair he wanted. He sat in a dozen or more to find the most comfortable, and decided finally on a deep leather one. But whether to buy the green or the red or the brown —— He wrote another note on the kitchen pad:

Subject: Chair
Bowland at Carter's knows the kind.
Color?

He stuck a ten-dollar bill in the pad, and his P.S. said:

I pay for expert advice.

She chose the red. He liked it. It gave a warm, comfortable tone to the room.

When the room was finished at last he said at the table, "Well, let's initiate the new room."

One of their favorite TV shows would be on in a few minutes, and he had brought home a supply of soft drinks and candy.

The children rose, enthusiastic and chattering, to follow him. He turned to Janice, who remained seated at the table, pouring another cup of coffee, "Don't you want to see it?"

"I've seen it."

"Well?"

"Very nice."

Neal had not been too sure of what Lois and Gene might make of his having moved to the basement, but they got over that hump all right too. Janice, asking Gene and Lois over for dinner on a Saturday night, suggested they come early, in the afternoon if possible. They came shortly after three, and it was Rod who insisted they go downstairs at once to see the new room. Lois stopped at the bottom of the stairs. "Oh, and isn't it attractive!" she exclaimed. And Gene walked around looking at everything, saying, "Boy, this is great. Brother!"

If they noticed that the bed was one of the twin set from the bedroom, they made no mention of it. Gene threw himself full length upon it. "Ah-h-h," he said, "this is the life." He doubled the pillow behind his head, put his arms up, crossed his ankles. "Turn on the television and bring me a beer and I'm set for the rest of the day."

After dinner, with the children in the basement watching television, the bridge game got off to an early start. When, toward the end of the evening, Neal was dummy, he sat back and looked at the other three. Everything seemed so open and easy and lively and friendly. *Don't Gene and Lois notice that all the circuits are open—except between Janice and me?*

The days continued to go by. It had been more than a month since he returned from the Whitehurst, and Neal still could not figure Janice. She wasn't angry—of that he was reasonably sure. And he could not detect that she was aggrieved or resentful. She referred the children to him: to Dick about his geometry, "Go ask your father, he's better at this than I am"; to Rod when he wanted her to hold his plane while he glued on a piece that had broken off, "Oh, get your father to do that, I don't know anything about it"; and when Treena asked if she could go with the older boys and girls on a skating party, "What do you think, Neal?" She didn't sound sarcastic; she spoke casually, as if she had always spoken that way.

She never talked with him. Sometimes he would try—because it was a strain to be around her and have nothing at all to say. "How's P.T.A. these days?" "Just fine." Or he would start about the children: "Don't you think it's about time to see about having Rod's teeth straightened?" "We have an appointment for next week." He asked her about getting the gun the boys were talking about: "What do you think?" he said. "Oh, heavens,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131



"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

MRS. DALE CARNEGIE

President of Dale Carnegie & Associates (New York), Inc.

"Lecture trips can be exhausting. That's why I carry Murine with me wherever I go. A few drops of Murine soothe my eyes, and I seem to feel more relaxed, more at ease." Take a tip from Mrs. Carnegie. Keep Murine handy—at home and when you travel. Use it as often as you need to soothe your eyes and so relax tension.





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MURINE for your eyes*

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*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Hunt...for the best

NUED FROM PAGE 129

ln't know. You decide." He would be-
feel like a fool and he'd quit trying to
onversation.
vas scrupulous about calling him before
ng invitations or asking anyone in.
mes, annoyed, he was tempted to tell
t to make the plans herself. But of
he couldn't, not after what he had
her.
once did he catch her up. They were
cards with Floyd and Effie Landers,
yd, who had dropped by his office one
as kidding him about Miss Thomas.
anced up just in time to see Janice start
something, and he knew instantly that
d be something smart and cutting. But
e darted him one quick stricken look
sed her mouth without speaking. She
iet through the rest of the hand.
e knew he meant it, what he had writ-
out walking out. But did she comply
save embarrassment, because others
ere?
hen there was the time he came into the
carrying his overcoat and his briefcase,
o boxes of eggs which one of his clients
ought him, and the top box slid off and
mess on the floor. Janice turned around
oked down at it, and Neal could feel his
rickle, expecting her old exasperated
for heaven's sake!" But she said only,
we'll get up the worst with paper tow-
She swiftly began mopping up, saying,
family must have the dropsy today. I
my willow plate, and Treena dropped a
of shampoo on the bathroom floor."
she mean it the way it sounded? or had
d to bite back the accustomed sharp-
Was this part of a great big act?
ormented himself wondering what went
hat head of hers. She was like mist, like
ke mercury—there was nothing to get
f. Was she just playing along, thinking
something she could wait out, that he
get over it and things would go back to
y they used to be? He couldn't tell.
rprised Neal that the children seemed
us of any difference in the tone of
They never seemed to question Neal's
become more than a silent partner;
beyed his orders or argued against them
e had been in the custom of playing the
father.
had begun noticing many things about
ildren: their clothes and their manners,
hen their hands needed another go at
g. He analyzed their school grades, the
s in which they were particularly good,
ing a guess as to their particular talents
tentialities. Dick was steady and equally
n most of his studies, with no indication
where his interest might lie. Rod's re-
igzagged from Failing to Excellent with-
y regularity. His science teacher thought
ght prove to be a genius in research; or
ld be one of those brilliant comets in the
oom, if law should interest him. Treena
in English, and Neal read her childish
s, impressed by the imagination of which
parently stodgy nature had given no
tion.

l had all the small planes of his collection
nded on threads taped to the ceiling of
om. It was like walking into a plague of
ze grasshoppers to go into that room,
ere was always the uncomfortable possi-
that one would fall on your head. Neal
ed a carpenter to put a latticework on
iling, and now the planes were securely
the hazards minimized. Neal hadn't
n there were as many boys in the neigh-
od as Rod brought in to show off his

al won the Humphrey case; won it in a
He was so abstracted all through it that
med foolishly easy. He told Janice he
on it, and she said, "That's nice."
y couldn't she say *something?*
en the Brookers gave a whingding at the
and they were all dressed to go, Treena
"Golly, what pretty parents I got." Janice
ok pretty in the bright blue taffeta with
hinestone earrings and bracelet. She
d young, too, slender and supple. He
n't help thinking that to anyone else they would look like any nice married couple. No one would suspect how it really was. Like a dead phone connection between them. All the time.

Did Janice like it that way? Was she perfectly satisfied with a marriage that was a hoax? *All right, all right,* he told himself, *you've got things just the way you laid it out, now are you going to start complaining?* No, it wasn't that. Neal liked things the way they were—his having given the orders and their being carried out. But this was not the Army, this was a marriage; you certainly had reason to want to know what went on in the other's mind.

Neal came into the living room, waiting for dinner. He said to Treena, "You'd better go out and help your mother." And to Rod, "Put that plane away and go in and get washed." Janice had come in at that moment, and as she crossed the living room she went by his chair. He could barely hear the words she spoke: "Oh, stop throwing your weight around." He stared after her; he could see only the plane of her cheek, but he was sure she was smiling! *How do you figure a woman like that?*

The children were all going out after dinner, and Neal decided it was as good a time as any to have it out with her. He went into the living room and sat down to wait for her to come in.

She had had far more than enough time to do the dishes; what was she *doing* out there? He walked out. "What are you doing?"

She looked up guilelessly from the mixing bowls and utensils she was washing at the sink. "Making cookies," she said, as if surprised by his question.

"Don't you think it's time we discussed some things, you and I?"

She half turned toward him, her hands resting on the edge of the sink, and said with a faint seasoning of humor, "When I have something to discuss with you, I'll put it in writing."

It made him mad. Throwing up to him what he had said in that letter. He was trying to

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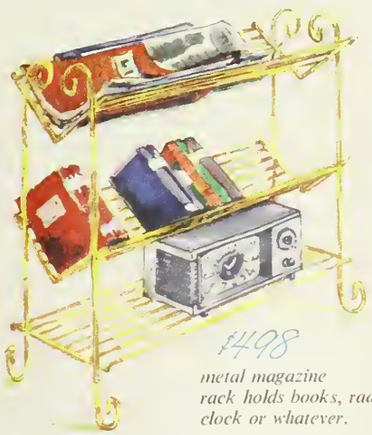
By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND *Interior Decoration Editor*



HAROLD FOWLER

A charming little bedroom with gay and inexpensive ideas for summer visitors.

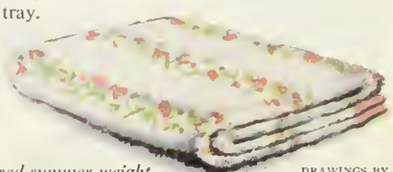
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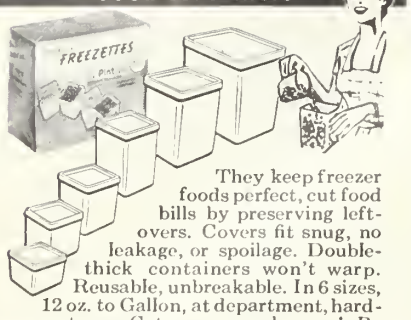


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think how to say he would rescind that condition, that ——

She had stepped back from the sink, her hands still on the edge of it, her body bowed over, her head dropped between her taut arms. Her body was shaking. She was laughing.

He stood in stunned immobility and looked at her. Her small slender figure, the tight navy-blue skirt and blue apron, the pink sweater jacket. The strangest feeling crept over him: as if it were yesterday, he could feel her in his arms, the slight body quaking with laughter ——

"Janice," he said.

And then he didn't know whether she was laughing or crying. There was something queer about the way her body quivered. And she made no sound.

"Janice."

Her head was still dropped between her arms. She shook it fiercely. "Go away," she said, her voice uneven, but the firmness of her tone unmistakable. "Go away."

He still didn't know whether she was laughing or crying. He went down to his room, turned on the TV and watched a show that was insufferably silly.

In the morning at breakfast Janice was the same as always. Always, that is, since he wrote that letter. Cool and impersonal and conscientiously the homemaker and mother.

He got into his car to drive away, anger swelling and pushing inside of him, flushing his skin with heat. He almost wished things were as they used to be. At least then he knew where he stood.

Maybe, he thought, *maybe I ought to give up and get out. I could take an apartment in town, have the children visit me there. We could do things together on weekends and vacations* ——

But no need to make that decision yet. Saturday they would be leaving on their camping trip. They would be gone only nine days; they had to be back the Sunday of next week because the children's classes started the following Monday—diving lessons for Rod, dancing for Treena, and he had told Dick he could take the beginners' class at the rifle range. He could see how things went and make his decision after that.

An automobile showroom was open, and he went in and traded his car on a station wagon. He had not meant to buy a new one, but somehow it was the thought of Janice that made him do it. *I'll show her*, he thought. Though just what the newness of the car would show her, he wasn't sure.

The children were impressed and excited with the car. Janice made no comment.

On Friday immediately after dinner he began loading the car for the trip. The children had packed their suitcases, and he started with those. Whether Janice had helped them or not, he did not know; she didn't offer him any help and he didn't ask her for any. There was so much: tent, air mattresses, sleeping bags, bedding, cooking and eating utensils, fishing equipment, the portable icebox, camp chairs—there seemed no end. Despite the additional space in the station wagon, he found he would have to organize the loading more carefully. He took it all out and started over. It was after midnight when he got to bed.

He had told the children they would get started as early as they wanted to, but he was not prepared for the three of them appearing beside his bed before five in the morning, dressed and eager to be off. Janice had breakfast for them, and the children accompanied him to the market. He had made a partial list, but the children kept adding items and they came out with enough food for a regiment.

The icebox leaked, and they went by Gene and Lois' to borrow theirs. Lois brought out the list she used for their camping trips so he could check for missing items. He had completely forgotten soaps and toilet tissue and dog food and towels. They went back to the market and then home for the towels. Janice kissed the children good-by, told them to have a good time. None of them seemed to notice that she did not kiss him good-by or wish him a good time.

It was almost dark when they reached the camp, and they were fortunate enough to get a site at the edge of the lake. They would unload only what they needed tonight, Neal decreed, and they could set up camp more completely in the morning; but either they needed a thing or they needed something that was under it, and soon the car had been emptied and there was everything spread out on the dusty ground around the brick fireplace.

The boys built a fire and Neal set up the pup tent and made Treena's bed in the station wagon. He set the two boys blowing up the mattresses. He let the children choose their food; they started with wienies to roast, and went like starving savages through pickles and potato chips and marshmallows. Well, give them enough milk, he thought, and it ought to make up for any dietary deficiency in the menu.

It had been a long day, and Neal would have liked to lounge by the fire to relax, but tiredness only keyed the children tighter, and such a lot of nickering and scuffling and screeching he had never suffered through. He got them into their sleeping bags at last and went gratefully to his own.

But the morning was bright and beautiful, the cool air off the lake stimulating; the coffee and bacon and eggs had all the marvelous tang they're supposed to have when cooked over a wood fire in the wilds. Everyone was happy and congenial and full of plans for the day, and Neal wouldn't have traded the whole setup for anything he could name.

While the children explored the camp, Neal began to get things into some sort of order. He had not realized how much there was to this business of camping out. Before, Janice had collected the supplies and he did little more than load them in the car as she gave them to him. At the campsite, his chores consisted of unloading the car, putting up the tent, filling the mattresses—and after that he was free to fish or walk or sit relaxed in one of the canvas chairs until she called him to a meal. Just putting the things where you could find them was, he discovered, a real feat of organization. He didn't do too badly, but he spent a lot of time at it.



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After lunch they rented a boat for the v and Neal taught the children something a rowing and keeping the boat balanced. H the boys fished in the afternoon, while T went back to the station wagon to do u hair. She was unhappy with Neal for fo ting a mirror; she had only the rear-view ror of the car, and that—according to l was simply maddening!

Dinner was a great success; potatoes wra in foil and buried under the bed of coals baked to fluffy perfection, chicken broile turn over the coals, sliced tomatoes and tage cheese, and canned peaches for de

They washed the dishes and put the t away, and sat around the fire afterward ing companionably. How unguarded and the children were in their conversation, thought. This was certainly the way to acquainted with them. . . . And it wouldn like this if Janice were here.

Wednesday night, when the children asleep, Neal sat contentedly fatigued b the fire, and congratulated himself. He not been too sure he could cope with all of the children at once, but here the week half over and everything was going better he had expected. He wasn't as unhandy had thought he might be; at least he was l ing. And the children turned to him for e thing. There had been minor accidents none that could not be repaired. It was mostly, of course, the way he dashed off out looking where he was going: he had sc both shins and cut one knee; and, wa barefoot, he would, if there was a pie broken glass around, step on it. He had sat on a board with a nail in it, and Nea laid him out on the front seat of the poured antiseptic into the wound and tered on a bandage. Treena had fallen skinned her elbow; Dick had cut his f while cleaning a fish. But nothing seriou one cried.

Jingo, who had been a dignified old from the time they got him, now—at the a four—was having a belated puppyhood, bling and seampering and chasing and b ing. He scared up birds to chase, bark porcupines in the pine trees, nosed ar rocks from under which chipmunks sque teasingly at him.

This evening when the boys came up swimming and stood side by side tow themselves, Neal had looked at the two of and been surprised at how much they lo like brothers despite the foot of differen their height, and Rod's having a wide, s face while Dick's face was long and ser

My sons, he said to himself now—not a but rolling the words on his tongue al same. It was a new sensation for him, th compassing feeling of possessiveness. H expected the trip to be a rewarding one, b best he had underestimated its possibiliti was a rich and fulfilling experience. *My boys, my girl*, he mused, the paternal in full-blown.

A slight hardness gathered at the ed his thought. *Janice. I'll bet*, he told hi *she thinks I'm having a tough time. I'll b thought I couldn't do it. Well, considering little practice I've had, I'm doing darned And I've found out a lot I ought to have k before. I'll never give up the children, I that now. Never.*

Then on Friday, things began to get o hand. First it was Jingo, coming yipping from one of his forays, swinging his hea culiarly. He was right up to them before could see that his muzzle was covered porcupine quills, sticking out like mini arrows. Through his lips, piercing his two of them through his tongue. Nea pliers from the car and while Dick held th on his lap, and Rod and Treena stood by ing in agony and close to tears, Neal p them out.

Next it was the three children in the They had gone out alone, promising to within sight. Neal glanced up just in tim see Rod jump up, grinning, yell, "Watch and with a wild lurch capsize the boat. sprang for the lake.

He met the three children a few yards the boat, swimming for shore. They we

t. He turned and swam back with them. as not only the fright they had given him, it had struck him what it would be if any- g happened to any of the children while he them. Janice would never let him live it n.

e waited until they were all on the bank, e of them the worse for the experience, and he went for Rod. "What a darned-fool . Didn't you know ——"

od shrugged. "It's O.K. Everybody's safe."

No thanks to you."

Heck, they can swim."

They could have got struck on the head, cked out."

I'd have saved them."

leal grabbed his shoulder and propelled roughly toward the car. "Don't you ever nything like that again, do you hear me?"

O.K., O.K."

leal stared at the boy's ingenuous counte- ce. He was not being impudent or inso- ; he just didn't think it was serious. *How you impress it on a kid like this that it is ous?* Should he beat him? Take a strap to ? Make him stay the rest of the day in the ? Neal was, he realized, trembling notice- . Rod said, "Gee, dad, I didn't know you'd all shook up like that."

And don't use that word *shook up!*"

But you are. You're shaking all over."

leal let him go without saying more.

fter lunch the people camping two sites y shot a rattlesnake near their tent. Treena, ified, rushed to the station wagon, closed doors and for the rest of the afternoon sed to come out.

leal and the boys left her there while they t on a hike to see the falls. On the way k, Rod turned up missing, and they had n looking for him and calling when they rd a faint "Hi-i-i," and looked up. There he top of the high dirt cliff, concave from sion, the top curved over like the thin crest wave about to break, was the silhouette of ead, black against the bright sky. "Hi, !" It was Rod, of course.

Neal had a vision of the thin crust of dirt aking through and the figure of a child ning hurtling through the air onto the pile ocks below. He shouted wildly, "Rod! Go k, go back." Rod craned his neck—it ked as long as a gosling's neck—and ught his arm around, elbow crooked and ers spread behind his ear, as if to say, *Eh? at did you say?* Oh, the little —— Neal nped his lips over the word.

He must not yell again; another slight move- nt was all that was needed to throw the nce. He waved with restrained frenzy for boy to back off. And then, somehow, the d moved back, like a turtle's head drawing its shell, and disappeared. Thank God.

He and Dick walked up the trail to meet . Neal was unnerved. He ought to do nething in the way of discipline or punish- nt. But what? It wasn't as if the boy was bedient; if you told him not to do some- ng, he didn't do it—he just thought of nething else. There ought to be some way get to him. He would have to talk with ice.

omething roused Neal shortly before day- it. It was Treena. Even in the dim light he ld see that her face was twisted with fear.

'hat is it?" he asked in a whisper.

'Oh, daddy ——" Her voice broke.

He could see that she was bent over, her ns folded tightly across her stomach. "I've such awful cramps."

Cramps. He felt the perspiration forming on forehead. Did she know what she was say- ? Did it mean what he thought it meant? *, good heavens, has Janice told her? If she n't—and if ——*

He got out of the sleeping bag, put his arm oss her shoulder. "You go back to bed, eena. Stay quiet and I'll make you some hot colate. Would you like that?"

'I guess so, daddy"—wanly.

He helped her into the station wagon and lay down obediently, pathetically. "I'll ry," he told her, and went at once to start fire going. He had time to put on some thes while the fire was starting. What should do? Take her home? Call Janice? Janice ght to have realized that something like this might happen; she could have given him some idea of what to do.

He was stirring the cocoa over the fire when the boys appeared from the tent wearing their swimming trunks. They waved at him, arms swinging like the wigwag at a railroad crossing, and ran down and jumped headlong into the lake. He felt a shiver go through him at the thought of that icy plunge. They came up immediately, splashing and beating the water with their arms, shouting at each other. It wouldn't be fair to them to leave this morning; they had planned on packing back to the high mountain lake for the day.

Treena had been crying. He leaned over the front seat. "Here's your cocoa, honey."

He stroked her forehead, pushing the hair back. What if it was what he thought and she was afraid? Didn't she know anything? What could he tell her?

She had begun to cry again. "I wish mamma was here," she said plaintively. "Why didn't she come, daddy?"

He had no answer for that. He said to Treena, "Would you like to go home?"

"Oh, yes, I would, daddy."

He got out of the car and called Rod and Dick to him. They stared at him, first in surprise, and then in disappointment. Neal added reasonably, "We were going to leave tomorrow anyway. This way, you'll have all day Sunday to get ready for your Monday classes." Blank stares while they thought it over, and finally the voices saying together with the same amiable acceptance, "O.K."

It didn't take long to break camp. Dick took the boat back, and by the time he returned everything was packed and they piled into the car ready to take off.

For a while Treena played the invalid role to the full, sitting quietly, wan and woebegone; but she came out of it before they had gone far, and she and Rod began raising their usual Cain. Neal was relieved that the crisis—if crisis it was—was not so pressing. He eased up on the accelerator; he was in no hurry to get home, to get back into that stiff, indeterminate, unsettling atmosphere.

He saw, as they drove into the driveway, that Janice's car was not there. Before he could turn off the ignition, the children and Jingo were out and racing to the front door. Treena looked at him, her face comical with perplexity and dismay. "The door's locked!"

He unlocked the door and the children ran through the house calling their mother. Neal went straight to the kitchen and on her pad he found a note:

Foods in refrigerator and freezer.
Directions attached.

In the refrigerator was a baked ham under a plastic cover, a chicken casserole with the notation, "Put in oven for one hour, 350°," a molded fruit salad and individual dishes of pudding. He had opened the freezer and was looking at the assortment of pies, cakes, rolls, casserole dishes, meats and prepared fruits that filled it when the children burst in, demanding, "Where *is* she? Where did she go?"

"I don't know anything more than you do," Neal said.

Dick found mail in the box. Neal looked at the number of letters, studied postmarks. She had been gone more than one day.

Listlessly the children got their suitcases and took them to their rooms.

Neal telephoned Gene and Lois. "Janice is off somewhere," he said carelessly. "She didn't say where, or when she was coming back, but there's lots of food; why don't you come over?"

If they knew anything of Janice's whereabouts, they gave no indication. By the time Neal and the children had showered and changed into fresh clothes, Gene and Lois were there. Lois put the chicken Tetrazzini in the oven and they all went downstairs, where, over soft drinks, the children told—with gratifying enthusiasm—about the trip.

The telling didn't take long, and then the children were dragging Gene upstairs to play quoits, and Lois said to Neal, "Sounds as if you did all right."

"I seemed to get by."

"Did you enjoy it yourself?"

"Yes, I did."

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"Good."

There was a pause, and then Neal asked, "Did you see Janice while I was away?"

"No, we didn't. We called her once, but she had something planned."

"Lois," he began, and hesitated, not sure he ought to go on. "Has—has Janice said anything to you . . . about us?"

She looked at him thoughtfully, making sure they were thinking about the same thing. "Yes."

"What—what did she say?"

"She came over when she got your letter."

"Oh? So you know about that."

"I didn't read it, but she told us about it."

He waited, but apparently Lois was not going to volunteer information. It was seeping into his mind that all the time he had been wondering if Gene and Lois noticed any change, they had known all about it. "And"—he cleared his throat—"what did you think?"

"I thought," she said flatly, "that it was about time you did something."

"Janice didn't tell me she had talked with you. In fact, she's never said anything, about any of it."

"We talked half the night. Gene, of course, had a heyday. He's been spoiling for a chance to say something to Janice for a long time, and he took advantage of the opportunity."

"What did he say?"

"Oh"—she shrugged and pursed her lips—"he said she was a harpy and a shrew, that she was too efficient and smart and bossy, and I don't know what-all."

Good old Gene.

Lois was going on: "Of course I don't agree with him."

That caught him by surprise. "You don't?"

"No. He lays all the blame on Janice, as if she had started the whole thing. But the way I see it, you're the one who's been at fault."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

Neal gaped at her.

She said, with that dry comic inflection of hers, "Oh, come now, don't tell me you thought it was all Janice's fault."

"What did *I* do?" he asked ingenuously.

"Do I have to draw you a picture?"

"Yes. Draw me a picture."

"Well"—she held out her glass—"pour a little more of that insipid soda pop over this ice and sit down and I'll tell you."

He sat down facing her.

"Before anything else, Neal," she said, "you know we love you and Janice better than anyone we know. It has hurt us to see what was happening to you. But you don't just barge in and tell someone what you think of them—not unless they ask you."

"Well, I'm asking you."

"And I am happy to tell you. Honestly, there have been times I've wanted to take a poke at you."

"But what have I done?"

"That's just it, you've done nothing. Nothing but sit back and feel sorry for yourself."

"Sorry for myself," he repeated with an immediate impulse to protest, to deny.

"Yes, sorry for yourself," Lois was saying. "You'd withdraw into a little pocket, lick your wounds in silence. Oh, I tell you, if there's anything I abominate, it's a man who lets himself turn into a limp, long-suffering ——" She hesitated for a word.

Neal said, "Worm?"

She gave a short laugh. "You said it, not I. Neal, you don't know what it does to a woman, to be married to a man like that. Janice didn't know what she was doing, it was instinctive with her. It probably started innocently enough—she had a house to run, three kids, and well, you *are* slow. She'd speak impatiently. And what do you do? You're hurt, you're sorry, you retreat, you quit trying. Pretty soon you're leaving everything to her, you don't do your share, you lose all initiative. You don't take any interest in your kids ——"

That nicked him. "Wait a minute! That's not so."

"Oh, yes, it is. To you, they're your three offspring, a sort of coagulated mass. You haven't seen them as individuals. You haven't even known as much about them as I have. I'll admit that lately it's been somewhat different, but ——"

"I see what you mean," he conceded slowly.

"Janice didn't want to be nasty. What she was doing, even though she didn't realize it, was trying to goad you—into doing something, being something. Any woman would do the same."

"You?"

"Sure. Only I'd be a lot worse than Janice. Oh, I know, you think I'm easygoing, good-natured, all that stuff. Maybe I am. But I wouldn't be if I were married to a man who would sit back and let me turn into a termagant." Her voice dropped. "Whatever a termagant is."

They sat in silence for a moment. This was all unexpected and shocking to Neal, but he was following her, every word clicking into place like the balls in a game of Chinese checkers.

"Janice hasn't liked it," Lois resumed with feeling. "She's never said so, but I know. Neal, you have to understand how a woman is. To have a man accept insult and injury—patiently, supinely, *morosely*—it *does* something to a woman. It draws out the worst in her. She may hate it in herself, but she can't help it. It's like poison in her blood."

Poison, he thought. *Slow insidious poison.*

"I don't know what's the matter with men," Lois said. "It's so simple. A woman wants a man to be a man, and it's in her nature to despise the man who isn't. Especially when he's her husband."

She wagged her glass, watching the ice cubes shift. "You aren't the only one," she said. "I see it all the time. These men, the poor deluded creatures, thinking that other people feel sorry for them for having such a wife and consider them noble for sticking with a marriage like that. I want to poke them and say, 'Wake up, brother. We may thoroughly dislike a woman constantly depreciating her husband, but it's the man we despise—for letting her get away with it.'"

Neal frowned, thinking hard. "For 'letting.'"

"I don't know what finally waked you up," she said.

I know, he thought. *Zimmie.* He said, "I reached the place I was ashamed to have people see what I had become."

"It took you long enough to get there," she said bluntly, but there was the overtone of affection to lighten it.

They sat for a while without speaking, Neal staring at the floor. Was it true, what Lois said, that he was basically responsible, that he had *let* it happen? And one way was as bad as the other: to be too weak, too timid to face up to a problem; or to go on accepting it in an indulgence of self-pity.

He had always hated self-pity in others. Could he be guilty of it himself? Had he taken some perverted satisfaction in being patient, and supine, and long-suffering? He recalled words—words from his own thinking: *a pitiable creature . . . enduring . . . suffering at her hands.* So he *had* been sorry for himself. He had let it go on. The thought was repugnant.

They heard the children race across the floor above them, and looked up to see Rod and Treena come clattering down the stairs. Rod had a letter in his hand. "It's from mother," Treena cried.

"Special delivery," Rod said importantly and handed it to Neal.

"Come on, kids," Lois said. "Let's go up and set the table." She herded them before her.

Neal looked at the envelope. Hotel stationery. *The Whitehurst.* And, in ink, *Room 1109.*

He didn't open it for a minute. Janice. At the Whitehurst. What would she have written?

Dear Neal: The business that brought me here was the writing of this letter. But first let me tell you (you'll be seeing the bill when it comes in anyway) that I bought myself some new clothes. A pink robe (negligee, no less) and satin slippers with marabou. (I've always wanted slippers trimmed in marabou.) I don't look like myself, and I don't feel like myself. But I feel wonderful.

Well, to get down to facts. The crux of the matter is: I am not cut out to be a widow.

But that presents problems. Shall I get myself a new husband, or keep the one I've got? But what's the use of keeping the one I've got if I'm going to be a widow anyway?

I have been thinking about the kind of husband I would like. He would be fine and strong and head of the house. But thoughtful and gentle and kind too. He would be the sort who would keep me sweet. Not sticky-sweet, but considerate and soft-tongued.

Of course, just how he would do that I don't know. I have thought of all the possibilities—snipe back at me, knock out a few teeth, fall on his knees and beg me to be different—and none of those would work. Nothing, I guess, but his saying that he had had enough, and was through. That would scare me. That would put sc scare into me that I'd have to behave myself.

That's what my last husband did. . . .

Oh, Neal, I don't want to be silly. I'm not funny. I learned that.

I want to cry and say it's all been simply a I want to say that I'll try with my whole hea be good. I want you to want me again.

I didn't believe your letter at first, and I a Gene. (If you think you were hard on me, should have heard Gene!) And then I looked mirror. It was all quite a blow.

Gene said I had my tongue whittled to a s point and it wouldn't go back into shape b self, I'd have to work at it, and that it w take time—and practice. For a while I wasn' sure I could do it. That's why I couldn't tell any of this before. I didn't want to make promises; I had to try for a while, to make I could do it.

I don't know how it all began, and I would have believed how far things had gone if I ha been scared into watching everything I said. thought. It's been rough to admit to myself shrewish I've been.

But you helped a lot. Because suddenly were once again the man I'd married. (I thought for a while I must have married uniform, because when you left that off, seemed to leave off, too, the qualities I had le and admired. It has been wonderful to learn t were *you.*)

Oh, Neal, I think it was terrible of you to things go so long and be so awful. Don't think that underneath I was hating myse hating myself first, and hating you for letting be the kind of person I would hate?

Anyway, when you made me behave myse found I began loving you again.

Complicated, isn't it?

But now I say with all my heart that I would give two snaps of my finger for any man I've looked at but the one I was lucky enough to (though how I did it, I don't know) fifteen ye ago.

Do you think I can get him back? I'll ne give up trying.

I love you,
JANIC

I want you too.

Neal knocked on the door of Room 11 "Come in."

He opened the door. Janice, in pink neg gee, her hair down her back, was retreati to the dressing room. She turned in the do way and stared in astonishment. "Neal!"

"Who did you expect?"

"The waiter," she said vaguely, and ma a gesture toward the supper cart. "I had dinn here. I thought you might be telephoning."

"Why telephone? I'd rather come."

"But—but how did you get here so soon only mailed the letter a ——"

"I flew. I thought we'd wasted enough time

He moved toward her, smiling. She lift her hands and he took them in his. "You lo pretty in pink," he said. "And about twen years old."

Her eyes flew to his. "Oh, Neal, I have much to say to you!" There was a hint roguery in the smile that came over her fac "Shall I put it in writing?"

"No." He pulled her to him unceremoniously. "Don't even put it in words. I got t message." He kissed her, with ardor, a pr longed and meaningful kiss.

She returned his kiss—and then she laughe She dropped her head, forehead pressing h shoulder, and said, "Oh, *Neal!*"

He looked down at her, puzzled, his mou beginning to smile, but his eyes earnest. "Wh are you laughing at?"

"At you," she said, her voice muffled an halting. "Whoever said . . . you were *slow?*

He gripped her tight against him. It w just as he had remembered it, the slender bod quaking with laughter. Oh, thank God, wasn't too late.

Sergeant Zimmerman had had dinner an spent the evening at his captain's home. No it was ten o'clock and he was on his feet, say ing he must leave. "It's sure been swell, cap't And a real pleasure to meet you, ma'am—lik I knew it'd be."

"Must you go so soon?" Janice asked

"Sure do, ma'am. Got to drive all night a it is. Told my wife I'd be home Friday morn ing, and I'd better be or she will give me hell.

Neal laughed. "You, Zimmie?"

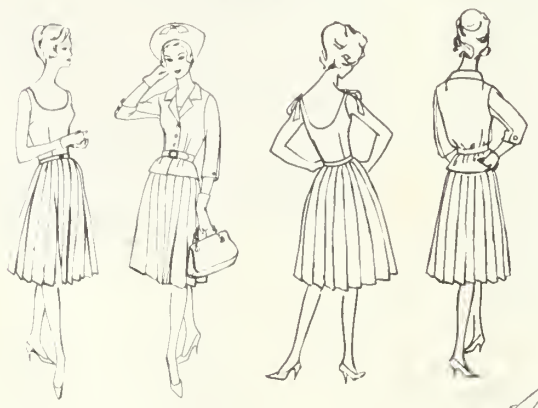
"Oh, sure, cap'n. You know how wome are."

EN

---

a good black dress...

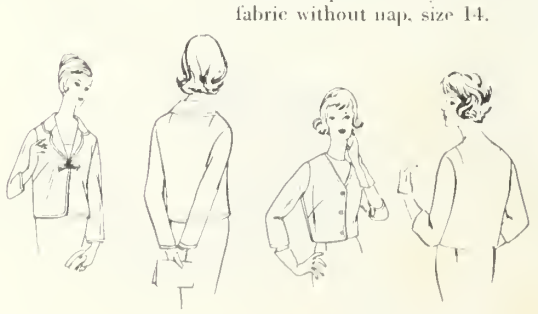
Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on page 66



Vogue Design No. 4131. One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38). $1.50. Version shown requires 5⅛ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9977. Blouse; 10–18 (31 38). 75c. Version shown requires 1½ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9962. Jackets; 10 18 (31 38). 75c. Organdy jacket requires 3¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap and 4½ yards of 1″ braid binding, size 14. Wool jacket requires 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14. 4 yards of ½″ braid trim have been added.

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A LEGACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

enough to climb, yet young enough not to be fun-spoiling adults, struggled at dawn with breakfasts that could scarcely be swallowed, and then trundled the thirty miles to the bottom of the Divide in an old truck with a stake body.

The memories of that ride are as vivid as any other part of the day. Sometimes, even now, some shape or smell will assault me, and I will feel again how the air touched the cheek insistently, how the meadow larks talked to one another, or smell again the sharp stink of a porcupine dead in the road—as though things seen from the corner of the eye could register only long after the sight.

At last the truck would stop. There was the mountain, enormous against the stainless sky.

Uncle Duncan and John Charette, his old, bent-legged Indian foreman, who ran the ranch together now that grandfather was too old, got out of the truck, leaving Dougal, the oldest cousin, to drive the miles around over the highway pass to pick us up on the other side. Poor Dougal, we thought. He was already too old to climb; he was past the magic age.

The red-winged blackbirds swayed on the cattails in the meadow where we stood shivering for a moment, eager to get up the first bare brown shoulder to the sunshine. But stand we must, to get our minds tight around the occasion, and our fingers tight around the tribute stones.

Uncle Dunc and John Charette walked alone to give us the intoxication of freedom. Some of the cousins raced along in a core, shouting, pointing out a memoried bush or odd-shaped hump of ground, slumping to the ground in a communal rest period. Some walked apart with a favorite, trying to share through one another's eyes.

Or one could walk alone, and I suppose it is the alone times I remember best. Then in the silence, with the sounds of the others lost, each discovery meant more: the smell of a juniper berry crushed in a hot hand; the diabolical face of a little green snake and the feel of his oiled-silk body between the fingers; the glint of fools' gold in a piece of quartz; the way the valley below flattened and shrank as the sun climbed.

Being alone gave a clarity to things seen and felt—as if the mere presence of others bent and refracted an image before it got through to me.

Once, and only once, do I remember trying to force someone else to see what I saw. We sat on a rock together; I pointed down and my mouth ran over with words as I tried to say what I saw in the great valley below: how wind and water had split the mountains into rocks, rocks into dirt, dirt into canyon, canyon into valley—how precisely the folds of each fitted into another, until the whole world turned startlingly simple, to be comprehended like a globe which is held in the hand, and marveled at.

But it did not work; she only stare and went on contemplating with her inward sight. No matter. We were enc together, the same sweat poured dow face, the blood made the same seashor in every ear.

Regardless of how scattered we climl drew together at the rockfall, about l up. It barred our way, a great river of black rocks pouring down the mount While the others watched tensed fr sides, one by one we crept across, Unel first, John Charette last; and with ea sage at least one rock would dislodge hurtling down with fearful sound. I r ber, remember the delicious fear—a touch of John Charette's hand with la caked in the sweat of his palm, the roc ing and lurching under my feet; in a m they would avalanche and we would c down the black river, drowned in the th ing, surging rock; but when I looked would be smiling at me, grass grew un again; the mountain had accepted us f more climb.

What we called our "canyon" was a shallow draw carved from the side mountain by a fierce little white-water There we rested in the sun-spun shade o and leaned back against the spindly trunks. I would drink the icy water an at my startled teeth, wash my face and draw like curing leather.

See there; when I peer through a cre the wall of time, I can see some of the Camilla, dirty cheeks flaming like paintbrush, sleeps for an exhausted ha with her head in Janet's lap; David, v ways climbed in a dogged fury an waited, foot tapping, for the rest to ca sits throwing impatient twigs into the Peg leans back with a lovely peace on h It is the Fourth of July, and raptur through every artery.

The canyon shot up the side of the tain at an abrupt angle, getting shall and steeper. We climbed bent over, pushing on knees, scrabbling for hanc The aspen leaves were smaller at this they were dime-sized or less, new- leaves barely uncrinkled from the bud.

The weeks fell back. We moved u from summer to spring, and winter b just above on the peaks.

Always, just when, sweat-sticky anc ing, I swore I could not summon up a step, we came out onto Heidi's m bristling with flowers so thick under was painful to step. Violets, shooting lady's-slippers, Clarkia—and here and great tufty pasqueflower, blue as a eye—stood out from the thousands o no-name flowers. Wild iris, pale and grew in the bowl end of the meadow there was a wild wet odor of shrunken banks, honeycombed with age.

On the higher slope, the sun sparkled grass dew and the little brown pills c manure, and bitterroots were sudden the earth. The meadow was overhun



rock-banded cliffs foaming with
rry blossom; the little trees stood
the rock growing out of noth ng, a
ike the snail fossils embedded in the
ces.
Ts gave onto the top, which was not
ll, but a big bare brown saddle be-
o peaks. The saddle lifted gently at
, gathering itself, rushed high to the
ere the waters divided, the Conti-
ivide.
of air flowed down from the peaks,
hat flowed into the open mouth like
m a pitcher. This air smelled different,
igh and thin and unused; it poked
ers down the necks of damp shirts
our sweaty hair. The sunshine, liquid
ny, gave little heat; the saddle backed
against the winter that waited omi-
n the peaks for earth to get over its
it of spring and summer.
e to rest now. Spent, windbroke, we
the cairn. Finally, finally we were
ere on the lee side of a great square-
der where a spring sprang, pushing
ter out of a small bowl with a mum-
nd, thin, metallic-tasting water that
and west in two streams. Triumph-
we straddled the country, drinking
h the Atlantic and the Pacific, watch-
wk slide down the air of two sides of
ent!
tion grew into such a mountain in-
that I could scarcely find enough *me*
around it. I was centered; I was land
and light and flower; I contained the
nited States.
e solemnly without words, and when
orange was sucked dry it was time for
mony.

One by one we scrambled up the boulder to lay on the cairn the stones we each had carried to this place, for this moment.

I don't know what the others did. I always felt they had beautiful rituals involving the history of our country or prayers for its future, while I had nothing, not even a word. For when I looked out over that immensity spread before me, the beauty of it stopped the breath in my throat and left me with nothing to give but the stone in my hand.

I faced the east, moved by the sharp carved shapes of range after range in pale subtle colors with here and there a sliver of water glinting, giving back the light. I faced the west, where the rain made the tree forests cover the mountains like an olive-drab blanket over an unmade bed, until the far-off ranges marched blue to the Pacific.

But I didn't look down into the valley just below, where Dougal would be just now driving a black beetle along penciled roads through ruled squares of wheat, alfalfa and dry fallow—the end of the journey, coming for us.

I put my stone on the cairn, saddened by the thought, and held my hand against it for a moment. Warm from my hand, the stone was still part of me; it would stay here, looking up through the night to where Orion's belt hung low enough to catch at, huddled under the snows and winds of the fierce winter. Long after I died, my stones would be here, keeping tryst for me on the Fourth of July, in our country's peace or peril.

I cannot climb again; I am past the magic age. But my son is six this year; he brings me stones to help him choose from, and each time I hold one in my hand I am back on the mountain, climbing, exhilaration mounting.

WITNESSED
MIRACLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

they want the knowledge to help their
. Through vivid demonstrations, subtle
ressures, gentle persuasion by example,
are constantly given good reasons to
e their living patterns. Explanations
en in the simplest and most graphic
ossible for body cleanliness, balanced
proved methods of planting and tend-
crops, and child care. Husbands, too,
ited to come to meetings, so that they
convinced the new knowledge is a good
and not an evil influence for their
.
ing these groups, stopping for a re-
g drink or a meal with them, brought
yo, in Nigeria, where a trim, one-story

ucation without morals is a
ast on the loose.

g with open-sided construction houses
ult Education Women's Training Cen-
omen selected by heir own villages
or a year's training. They are taught to
ving machines and the simple laundry
ent which turned out the dainty, folded
on napkins and linen for our luncheon,
ed and served by the students. Their ex-
f nutritious foods, children's clothing,
naking equipment would have done
to a college class in home economics.
s are so arranged that the women are
t off from their homes during this train-
riod, but may go back and forth during
rly planting season and harvesting pe-
To this village leadership center fifteen
are attached.
Etinan, near the historic Calabar coast,
w one of these "laboratory" clubs,
d in a substantial building constructed
women themselves on land donated by
cal chief, who came to welcome us with
dignity and charm. As usual, there was a
et" welcome, not the noisy salvos from
guns, but one of drums, songs and danc-
ing. Again an impressive exhibit of children's clothes, practical and attractive mats woven from grass for floor or table, sweeping and scrubbing brushes from the stiffer reeds, and the chance to taste attractive and appetizing local foods. We even acquired a few Ifek words as we listened to a class learning to read and write while improving their homemaking skills.

"When we find women who show the desire and ability to read and write, we offer them intensive teaching, on condition they do their best to hand on their knowledge to other club members," Horace Mason, a pioneer community-development officer, explained to us when we visited groups in Tanganyika. "This is an area where the malaria-bearing mosquito is a constant problem, and one of the first sewing lessons is the making of mosquito nets."

Still another pattern of "advancement for women" is under way at the Catholic mission of Kisoma, on the slopes of Kilimanjaro with its snow-covered sugar loaf above the clouds. Several hundred white-garbed women waving flowery branches, members of three different clubs, greeted us with charming little speeches, English translations of which were presented to us. Father Joseph and Sister Cecilia, local young people who have received their technical and religious training in Rome and the United States, explained that some of the club members come "two hours by feet even in lion country" to attend classes. "They are eager to make any sacrifice to learn how to improve the health and living conditions of their families," Father Joseph said.

Africa is indeed a continent filled with change and promise. In the words of Y. A. Lule, Uganda's own Minister for Social Development, "If you are to raise the standard of living, the standard of the home is basic. No matter how well I do my job in the ministry, my wife is carrying on a far more important task in the rearing of our children. The future depends on helping women to make this a good society. Never underestimate the women of Africa."

Our thanks and admiration too—for Mr. Maurice Pate, Executive Director of UNICEF and his staff at United Nations; Mr. Paul Gordon in Nigeria; Mr. Perry O. Hanson in East Africa; Mr. A. G. Berouti in the French Congo; government officials in Nigeria, Uganda, Kenya, and Tanganyika; Miss Sue Stille of the YWCA; the Countess of Limerick, Vice-Chairman of the British Red Cross; and for all the acts of kindness and hospitality which made it possible for us to witness international good will at work.

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Summer Fashion Ideas for Gay Table Settings

List of do-it-yourself projects f summer table settings:

Yard-goods departments and fabric outlet stores have pretty pri polka-dot cottons that can be used for tablecloths or place mats, striped for runners. A few yards for only a few dollars will do the trick.

You might find an old wooden table in the kitchen, the attic or a loca shop. Bleach it, sand and wax or lacquer, or give it a coat of paint. Chairs sprayed—each in a different color (30 minutes each chair; lacquer, $2.60 fo

Make a search for flower containers in your kitchen or cellar—a cass teapot, old butter tubs, a pewter pitcher, a little brass bucket, a soup t things you hadn't thought of that are most original.

Flowers in season June and July (at your corner florist): daisies, corn asters, zinnias, marigolds—50 cents to $2.00 or $3.00 a bunch. In your own petunias are among the best, longest-lasting picking flowers. For Fourth try red geraniums, white petunias, blue cornflowers.

Blue-Pitcher Setting

Milk-glass plates: 15-piece set complete including plates		$3.99
Linen napkins	each	.98
Tablecloth made of printed cotton	a yard	1.25
China swans	each	2.00
Salt ladles	each	1.00
Blue antique opaline glass pitcher	about	26.50
*Matching glasses	about	4.75
Italian china figurine vases	each	7.50
4-piece place setting of pearl-handled sterling silver approximately		24.75

*There are similar copies of the opaline pitcher and the glasses, the pitcher $5.00–7.00, glasses around $1.50.

Pink-Finger-Bowl Setting

Pink-glass finger bowls	each	$5.00
Goblets, milk-white lined with green	each	2.25
Pink demitasse cup and saucer		1.75
Gold-gilt fork and spoon with porcelain handles	each	1.50
Old lattice plates, similar copies for around	each	2.00–3.00
Tablecloth and six napkins		35.00
Centerpiece—antique opaline; similar copies for around		5.00–7.00

Kitchen-Casserole Setting

Red enamel kitchen casserole		$13.95
Napkins	each	.69
China plates	each	1.25
Cup and saucer		1.75
Roman-striped glass finger bowls	each	4.98
Matching goblets	each	7.98
Dessert fork and spoon	each	1.50

Summer Buffet

Yellow plastic flatware service for six		$9.50
Individual straw trays	each	4.00
Yellow enameled flower basket		5.75
Lemonade glasses: set of 8		5.00
Lemon paper plates: package of 14		2.00
Lime paper plates: package of 14		2.00
Lime paper napkins: package of 25		1.00
Butterfly napkins: one package		.35
Enamel coasters	each	2.00
Flowered oval pottery platter		12.50
Flowered bowl		10.00
Flowered cup and saucer		3.75
Salad servers, teakwood and porcelain		17.50

Marble-Top Table

Italian glass dish	eac
Italian glass bowl	eac
Napkins	eac
Silver-plated spoon and fork	eac
Shell place mat	eac
Antique cup and saucer	
Vase—antique opaline; similar copies for about	5.
Antique candlesticks (or silver-plated copies approximately)	3.0

Meissen Setting

Contemporary copies of old Meissen	
Plates approximately	$1.
Cup and saucer approximate	
Butter plates approximately	
Coffee or cocoa pot	
Casserole centerpiece	
Frosted footed glass	
Silver salt and pepper (antique) similar copies: plated silver	pai
Plaid Belgian-linen tablecloth	
Linen napkin	
6 piece sterling-silver place setting	

Fish Setting

Chinese fish plates	eac
Straw place mats	eac
Napkins	eac
Glass mugs	eac
Menu card	aroun
Candleholders	eac
English stainless-steel pistol-handled knife and fork	

Marigold Table

Orange silk runner	
Striped cotton runner	
Gold-tipped, porcelain-handled knife and fork	
Napkins	eacl
Italian flower plates	eacl
Salad plates	eacl
Cups and saucers	eacl
Ruby glasses	eacl
Pottery bowl, glazed with gold	
Salt dishes and spoons, gold processed	eacl
Salad servers " "	a pai
Coffee spoons " "	eacl
Flower basket	

Printed in

JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In

8 1968
BURL
SLIC

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st Women

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Woodward
to Cook

RED A
NAL"– a Mother
er Mistakes

LOUISIANA
TIONS

YOUNG FASHION NEWS

For college girls... career girls... secretaries... and housewives

and campus fashions are

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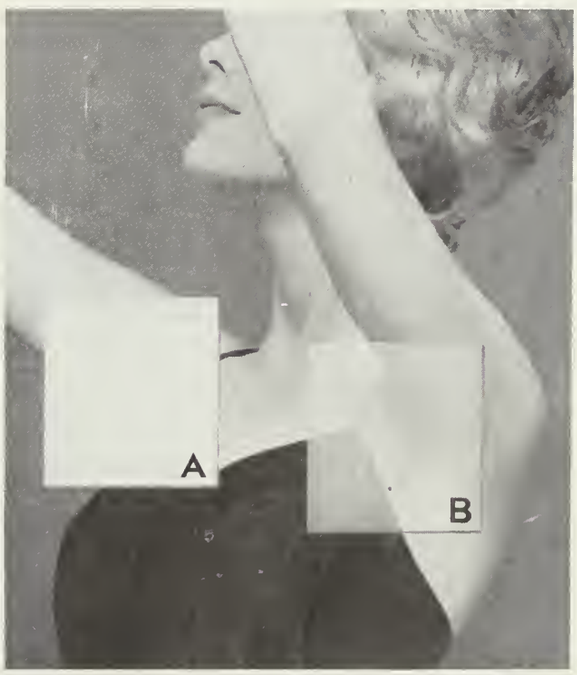
Let your skin "breathe" with new *sheer* Mum®



It's the only leading deodorant that stops odor without "stopping up" pores

You know your skin must "breathe" in its own special way. This means it must let natural vapors and fluids pass out. All other leading deodorants interfere with the natural "breathing out" process. New Mum works in a *different* way.

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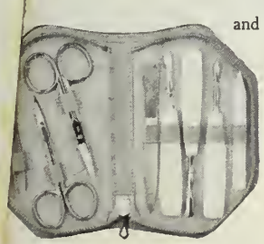
New! More natural protection . . . Nature never intended the pores of the skin to be "stopped up." Yet all other leading deodorants "smother" the normal "breathing out" action of the pores (Illustration A). But new sheer Mum stops odor without "stopping up" pores (Illustration B).

ll feel free as air, clean as air... when you use softer, fluffier Mum. This heer cream deodorant lets your skin "breathe," as nature intended. And new is so gentle! It contains no aluminum salts, no harsh chemicals. Yet new Mum is so *effective!* It works surely, lastingly... with wonderful hexaophene... to destroy the active *cause* of odor.

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVII NO. 8

August, 1960

Journalities



Stuart Cloete

ll-known writer and world
er, STUART CLOETE, who wrote
Your Heart Over (page 40),
des his self-sketch: ". . . and as
e my mind turns back the
e of my life to Paris, where I
I to walk; to London, where I
d to love. I see my life as a
lustrated by the great events in
see it punctuated by the fine
s I have ridden, the dogs I have
I see friends, both men and
n, and I walk in my mind
g the flowers of a walled garden
ring where it will end. For that
I purpose of life, to live fully so
eath when it comes is a friend."



Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

does it take to make a short-
writer? KURT VONNEGUT, Jr.
Walk to Forever, page 12),
an Indianapolis reporter. He
d biochemistry at Cornell, me-
cal engineering at Carnegie Tech
anthropology at the University of
go. During World War II he
n infantryman and a prisoner of
n Germany. But he has a simpler
nation. "You write with feel-
about something you know."



Lilly Gordon Einstein

LILLY GORDON EINSTEIN (*The
ding*, page 66): "The love of
s was always in the Brooklyn
e of my childhood. We never
much money, but there were
s everywhere, and somehow we
ys had the money to attend
s. My father, Harry Gordon, was
nderful actor. For me, extend-
my love for the spoken word to
written was as effortless as lov-
another child. My husband and
e on a volcano in Long Island
I the roaring eruptions of three
ng sons, Peter, Steven and Neil."

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER PRIGENT

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LETTERS our readers write us

GAN

ON EVERYBODY ELSE

Editors: Life around here would ale of a lot more livable if Everylse and All the Other Kids, to- with their equally unattractive s, would go jump in the lake. I'd elp them on their way, but I don't here to find them. All I do is *hear* hem—loud and everlastingly.

he Other Kids' parents give them money they want and don't care ey fritter it away. They always let tay up to watch the late movie, on the nights when they are letem stay up to talk for hours on phone, or eat, or fight.

the Only Mother who doesn't thought to the happiness of her daughter. (I don't let her bleach r, go steady, leave her clothes on r or paint a new face over her old ly husband is no great prize civeryone Else's Father gives his n electric trains, charge accounts, cooters, car keys, the shirt off his d no trouble.

dy Else gets up early on Sunday g. (There is never anyone at the lock Mass but the nuns and my n. For years it has been like that.) Else has to stay home week cut the grass, buy lunches out of puny allowance, have table manear hand-me-downs, mind his own s or button his lip. My children Only Ones in our neighborhood n't have a new formal, space suit, f hamsters, any fun, or "a life of n."

ybody Else wears old overripe s everywhere, is going to have a minute he is sixteen, eats nothdesserts, may call his brother or slob" or "jerk" whenever he feels which is most of the time), enters se by the basement windows, and re clothes than the biggest dent store.

ally, I wouldn't be Everybody Mother for all the crown jewels. does all my children say, she goes eeling bubble gum off floors and re, prepares quantities of sticky tions (to be consumed in the liv- m), and watches *her* television ns on the old small-screen set n the basement. She also takes ildren's word for everything, her her hands, a back seat—and ilizers.

is an affable big jerk (slob) who n loud-play records, waiting an r the telephone, and walking to s so sonny may drive the car to school. One of these days, if he doesn't stop going headfirst down the basement stairway on abandoned roller skates, he'll break his neck.

All the Other Kids and Everybody Else are what our children believe in after they have outgrown Santa Claus. And some people keep right on believing in them, even after they're grown up. Then they're called "the Joneses."

Sincerely,

East Detroit — Jo Martin Wagner

NEW YORK

STORY ON PAGE 66

My dear Miss Einselen: In answer to your throat-grasping offer of $1,000 for my "The Wedding"—*I accept*, with humble thanks . . .

. . . for the wonderful people who people Independence Square; their advice, criticism, their million little kindnesses . . .

. . . for Lee Cullen of the Journal who kept me advised on the fate of "The Wedding" . . . and for that most wondrous of all telegrams telling me I had sold my first story . . .

. . . for Anne Einselen, and her gentle editor's pencil and warm welcome letter to the Promised Land of the Ladies' Home Journal . . .

. . . for my proud, proud husband and three young sons who understood my need . . .

. . . for all my dreams . . . alive and boldly winking . . .

THANK YOU ALL.

Lilly Gordon Einstein

Levittown, Long Island

CALIFORNIA

ARE WE WASTING TEACHERS?

Dear Editors: My wife was 38 when our family moved to Denver a few years ago. She had an M.A. from a respectable university and fifteen years of teaching experience.

Not until she started job hunting did she discover what we now call the Age Bar. Since 1922, the public schools of Denver have had a policy barring appointment of teachers older than 35. Despite her training and experience, Jane was ineligible for a teaching job.

Is the age bar in Denver unique? The answer I found: not at all. According to the most recent NEA survey, a great many school systems, especially in larger cities, set maximum hiring ages in the thirties and up to the late forties. (The average age limit is 45.)

Two main reasons are given for the policy. Many administrators like to "break

"The shine is the sign it's really clean!"

says PRUDENCE POTTS, the Pan Inspector



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Brillo Soap Pads

contain special soap with Jeweler's Polish to get pans shining clean!

Firmer, sturdier pads

A Brillo Soap Pad just has to clean lots more pots. It's the only pad that's tightly knit with firm "hemmed" edges to hold together longer.

Richer, livelier lather

Foams up faster—each pad is packed with soap clear through. Brillo with its exclusive polishing soap cleans faster, shines brighter.

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5, 12, 20 pad boxes! Only Brillo gives you so many pads, such long-lasting pads, plus special soap with Jeweler's Polish.



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Variety adds new life to sandwiches. Underwood Deviled Ham blends so deviliciously in an endless variety of sandwich ideas. When you start getting ideas . . . be sure your pantry is well-stocked with Underwood Deviled Ham!



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FOR OTHER SNACK RECIPES WRITE. ANNE UNDERWDDD, DEPT. LSO, RED DEVIL LANE, WATERTDWN 72, MASS.

'em in young" before the teachers become set in their ways; and school boards think that hiring younger teachers keeps pension costs down. Actually, of course, most men and women who have reached the ripe old age of 45 (or 50, for that matter) are likely to be better teachers, less prone to absenteeism, more stable than youngsters fresh from college. In addition, when a state has a modernized pension program, a teacher who is older when she starts to work pays more.

"Professional nonsense," is what Sidney M. Bliss called the maximum-age policy in an educational-journal article. "We lay on the shelf a teacher who is 45 or older. . . . But we can't train young teachers fast enough to fill our needs."

I make no pleas here for hiring of teachers tottering on the brink of senility. Nobody would argue with the school's right to demand that its teachers meet requirements of mental and physical good health. But to cut teachers off from their profession because they have given up tenure in moving from one city to another (or have stopped teaching temporarily) is myopic and wasteful.

Sincerely,

El Sobrante — BURT PETERSON

PENNSYLVANIA

NO LONGER A MAN'S WORLD?

Dear Sirs or Shes: I am a rebellious male, who is disturbed about the present status of the male population throughout the world.

As tradition had it, the male was the accepted head of the household. In present times, if a man stated that he was "the brains" in his family, one would suspect him of having committed some sort of a treason. Even advertisements are directed toward the woman's "buying power"; and instead of being household heads, men have become pack animals who devote their entire lives to the comfort of their mates. Sincerely,

Lincoln University — STANLEY JONES

KANSAS

WHERE THE HEART IS

Dear Editors: A young mother shook her child, saying threateningly, "Do you want to go home?"

The way she said "home" sounded like prison. And of course he wanted to go home; the basketball game was not of interest to a two-year-old.

Let's watch our remarks and keep "home" a good word—a fine, warm, loving place to be. Upon its success depend the successes of community, state, nation, even the world! Sincerely,

Fairview — MRS. VICTOR B. CARTER

NEW YORK CITY

CHILD OF A MOVIE STAR

Dear Sirs: I've just read "Should Movie Stars Be Parents?" (June *Journal*) and feel a necessity to throw a loving bouquet to my own parents, Eddie and Ida Cantor.

It's indeed difficult to be the off-spring of a famous person, but the emotional stability of a child need not be impaired. While there is the discomfort of being scrutinized constantly by those who are curious about anyone in the public eye, a boundless security can be had at

No matter how often our parents

be away, there was always an abun

of letters and phone calls, and the

hands," as Mr. Hyams put it, in

a governess so dear to us that she

one of my closest friends.

Although I'm sure we had our

of emotional problems (I, too, left

at eighteen, but for love of New Y

not out of distaste for my parent

believe we had the same struggles

children reaching maturity. Two

were divorced, but two are happily

ried, and I'll be surprised if any

end up in jail!

The family closeness we've had

childhood hasn't changed in the

and I think it's because our parents

cared. Sure, our father has a huge

business ego; sure, he loved to talk

by the hour. But he also talked po

books, world events, philosophy

any father interested in developin

children; and mother, gentle and

nine, showed the contrast betwee

sexes to such advantage that we *k*

was fun to be a girl!

Is it any wonder, then, that whe

dear sister Margie lost her battle

cancer last summer, her only wis

that we keep letting our parents

how much she loved them? Sinc

JANET (CANTOR)

CONNECTICUT

O.K., O.K., *ELEVEN*
GLAMOROUS BACHELORS

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Fie on

July list of glamorous bachelors!

could you overlook handsome, h

young King Simeon of Bulgaria?



Simeon

twenty-two, unmarried, wealthy (thr

his grandfather, the former King

aly), speaks six languages fluently

attended school in Pennsylvania

loves to dance and he likes Ame

girls tremendously. He lives in Ma

He may never regain his throne, b

certainly belongs on your list!

An Outraged Bulgarian Ro

New Haven

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ULTERIOR DECORATING?

Dear Journal: I always go qu

through the pages of elaborate h

planning ideas, as they just don't a

to the realities of my present life.

sonally, I think a ladies' magazine sh

stick to the feminine parts of the h

and help us all plan sexy bedrooms

Candidly y

(though please withhold my na

Washington — MRS.

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS Mashed Potatoes!





It takes Pillsbury's f-l-a-k-e-s to do 'em like this!

Honest-to-goodness! All the fluff . and flavor of home mashed!

Yes, we took a while. We waited to bring you the f-l-a-k-e-s that we *know* will keep the honest-to-goodness fresh potato taste.

No "substitute", these! Just a grand new way to mash potatoes! Firm, fresh, perfect, they're delivered to you in the form of little flakes, that's all. Turn them like magic into fluffy mashed potatoes, your honest-to-goodness *own!*

Try these potatoes from Pillsbury, too!

Hash Browns. Steak house style. Ready to simmer, then fry.

Scalloped. No peeling, no slicing. Sauce mix, too!

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS potatoes from PILLSBURY

Try all 3!

FROM THE KRAFT KITCHENS
COMES A TERRIFIC NEW IDEA!

"Philly"



Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese gives them ice-creamy smoothness. And this cream cheese, guaranteed fresh by Kraft, also supplies the cooking "magic" that does away with whipping, fuss and bother

You've never in your life made frozen desserts that fix so easy . . . taste so good . . . and look so stunning.

Fresh, delicate Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese is the surprise ingredient. It's what eliminates the old whip-and-stir work of frozen dessert recipes you've had before. And it's what puts the lovely *fresh*, ice-creamy goodness into "Philly" frozen desserts.

One easy "Philly" recipe is the basis for a whole array of dessert dazzlers. Get the 8-ounce package *marked* Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese and start out today on a long line of hit desserts.

frozen desserts

Absolutely delicious and truly easy!



FAIR WARNING!

To make these frozen desserts you need the fresh, rich creaminess of Philadelphia Brand, America's top-quality cream cheese, guaranteed fresh by Kraft. Look for the name *Philadelphia Brand* on the package!



EASY BASIC RECIPE FOR "PHILLY" frozen desserts

In one bowl:

1. Mix an 8-ounce package of the one and only Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese until it's light and fluffy.
2. Blend in 1 c. light corn syrup.
3. Stir in 1 c. milk.
4. Add 1 tsp. vanilla.
5. Freeze in ice tray until firm. Recipe makes full 1½ pints.

"Philly" Hawaiian Freeze

1. Substitute 1 jar Kraft Pineapple Topping for corn syrup in "Philly" Frozen Dessert recipe. Freeze. Serve with additional Kraft Pineapple Topping if desired. Garnish with mint.

"Philly" Strawberry Pie

2. Add 1 pint fresh or one 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries, sliced, to "Philly" Frozen Dessert and freeze. Spoon into a 9-inch meringue shell.

"Philly" Apricot Delight

3. Reserve 6 apricot halves from a No. 2½ can of peeled apricots. Drain and puree remaining apricots. Add puree to "Philly" Frozen Dessert. Pour into a 9-inch spring pan lined with split ladyfingers. Freeze. Garnish with Kraft Whipped Topping and 6 apricot halves.

"Philly" Choca-Banana Pie

4. Scoop "Philly" Frozen Dessert into a baked 9-inch pastry shell. Add banana slices and sprinkle with shaved milk chocolate.

"Philly" Raspberry Jewel Cake

5. Combine 1 cup fine graham cracker crumbs and 2 tablespoons melted Parkay Margarine. Press onto the bottom of a 9-inch spring pan. Prepare a double recipe of "Philly" Frozen Dessert. Pour over crust and freeze. Top with Kraft Pure Red Raspberry Preserves.

"Philly" Parfait

6. Spoon alternate layers of "Philly" Frozen Dessert and Kraft Chocolate Caramel Sauce into each parfait glass. Top with fluffy Kraft Whipped Topping and a maraschino cherry.

Quick Stunts with Hunt's TOMATO SAUCE



Minute-Steak Stew

Old-fashioned flavor in 15 minutes —a real recipe find!

Once in a blue moon you run across a recipe like this. Makes a simply delicious stew — quick and easy as snapping your fingers!

Wonderfully adaptable, too! Use canned or leftover vegetables. And make any amount you like. The only "musts" are the minute steaks and Hunt's Tomato Sauce. The meat to brown, and start a gravy. Hunt's to blend in so *deliciously*.

The kettle-simmered flavor of Hunt's Tomato Sauce is so handy for so *many* of your everyday dishes! Its deep, rich, true tomato flavor is seasoned and spiced just right. Try it for meatloaf, hamburgers, pot roast, casseroles and soup — wherever, whenever you want extra flavor. And *do* try this new stew!

4 cube or minute steaks, about ¾ lb. total
2 tablesp. flour ½ teasp. salt ⅛ teasp. pepper
⅛ teasp. paprika 2 tablesp. butter
1 tablesp. finely chopped onion
1 cup mixed peas and carrots (cooked or canned)
½ cup vegetable liquid
6-8 small potatoes, cooked or canned
1 8-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Cut the steaks into 1-inch strips. Season flour with salt, pepper and paprika. Roll the steak strips in flour mixture. Heat butter in skillet until bubbling. Add meat. Brown well on both sides. Stir in remaining ingredients. Cover skillet; simmer 10 minutes. Makes 3 to 4 servings.

Hunt...for the best



HELPFUL RECIPES—on every can. Also, write for FREE Recipe Booklet, "Easy One-Dish Meals." Hunt Foods, Dept. K-8, P.O. Box 251, Fullerton, Calif. In Canada: Hunt Foods, Tilbury, Ont.

America's Favorite Tomato Sauce—*by far!*

DIES' HOME JOURNAL
JCE GOULD
ATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
TORS



The swift peril of "Equestrian Acrobats" is caught by Jon Corbino, contemporary painter and an academician of the National Academy of Design, New York.

WHERE IS MY PRESIDENT?

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

We have but two choices for President and Vice President before us. Many, with unshakable party affiliations, will vote for whomever their party has nominated. Some, with the gambling instinct to pick the winner, will study the polls, the "inside" reports of expert journalists, whether of the press or of other means of communication, and be thereby influenced or swung over.

Others will vote as the organizations, economic, racial or religious, each devoted to the promotion of its real, imagined or calculated self-interest, advise. Some will vote according to superficial impressions of "personality" as the candidates make their appearances "live" and on television. Some will even vote on actuarial computations of a candidate's span of life.

Most of us will be seeking a "strong" President. People always do in a time of great crisis—and we are in such a time and will continue to be. The President of the United States is not, as is his counterpart in all European republics, a sort of surrogate constitutional monarch, who reigns but does not govern. His constitutional powers and obligations are greater than those of the president of any other republic—or, indeed, than those of the head of any state in the world—and only a great man can anywhere near adequately fulfill them.

As I watch the course of the campaign it will be with an eye looking for every symptom of greatness, underneath the hoopla that accompanies political campaigns.

The practical differences between the parties are marginal. The real differences are within the parties, not between them. I know that the leaders of no organization speak for their members. Every man and woman enters the voting booth alone—the very essence of political freedom and natural democracy.

What shall I be looking for?

I shall be looking for a man of intellect and heart.

By the former, I mean one who does not follow impulses but applies *reason* to every problem. Reason is detached from such emotions as fear, anger, vainglory, pride, prestige. Intelligence is the capacity for penetration, to get to the heart of matters, to distinguish between the trivial and ephemeral and the permanent and enduring, and to discern the relation between consequences and causes.

The intelligent mind is not that of the "expert," who, all too often, possesses knowledge without judgment and whose knowledge is concentrated in a very limited field. A great President must be able to use experts and also able to discard them. He should always be chary of statistics, recognizing that they are only a partial guide, and that in human matters, which are the very stuff of politics, people are not computable ciphers.

A great President must be a man with a deep sense of tradition. I am not greatly concerned that he should also be a man who accepts the reality of change. That we must all do anyhow. But I hope he will not be a man who accepts change as a good in itself or who holds, if even subconsciously, the fatalistic doctrine that the human will is helpless in the face of technological developments even to the point of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB CELEBRATES ITS 5th ANNIVERSARY

with the greatest offer in its history



33. "Superb . . . The Philadelphia Orchestra is the most sensuous of ensembles" — N. Y. Times



53. "Hamp" plays 12 solos—all pure gold. My Funny Valentine, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, etc.



45. Ten lilting waltzes: Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, Emperor Waltz, etc.



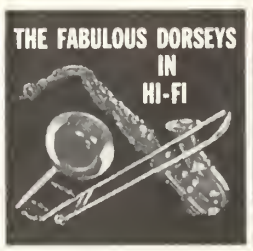
59. A brilliant musical picture as majestic and colorful as the natural wonder that inspired it!



8. Also: The Boy Next Door, Intermezzo, Love, Wait 'till You See Her, Autumn in New York, etc.



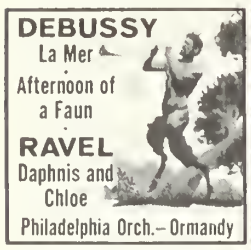
24. Walter displays a "depth of understanding, sure-handed musicianship"—N. Y. Herald-Trib.



64. Wagon Wheels, Yesterdays, It Started All Over Again, Rain, Peace Pipe, plus 7 others



23. The complete score of the biggest musical of them all. "... practically flawless"—New Yorker



6. "Sheer magnificence of tone"—Hi-Fi Review. "Virtuoso brilliance" — Boston Sunday Globe



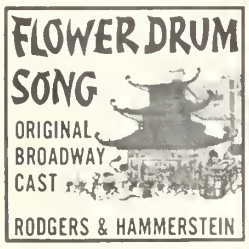
17. Begin the Beguine, In the Still of the Night, So in Love, Don't Fence Me In, True Love, 7 others



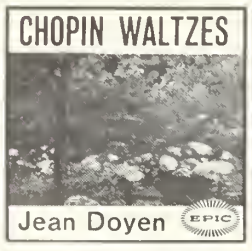
54. "Playing full of lovely and brilliant detail . . . like shimmering silk"—High Fidelity



16. A hi-fi fiesta! Mexican Hat Dance, Granada, La Cucaracha, La Paloma, El Rancho Grande, 9 more



43. The complete score of this Broadway musical. "A hit . . . another R&H winner!"—Newsweek



12. "Fine musical playing which stresses the poetic qualities"—American Record Guide



60. Freddie Freeloader, So What, Blue in Green, etc. "Extreme beauty and sensitivity"—Down Beat



47. "The most virtuosic performance and the best sound in the world" — Dallas Morning News



29. Authentic renditions of 12 familiar folk tunes. "Superb . . . sheer beauty"—High Fidelity



37. Also: That's All Over, One More Ride, I'd Rather Die Young, I Still Miss Someone, etc.



63. "Brilliant recording . . . Szell interprets the symphony wonderfully"—Rev. of Recorded Music



25. One of the great all-time collectors' items. Muskrat Ramble, Heebie Jeebies, plus 10 others



5. Also: Stairway to the Sea; Let It Rain; Flame of Love; You Are Beautiful; Teacher, Teacher; etc.



4. A superb new recording by Leonard Bernstein of these two ever-popular Gershwin scores
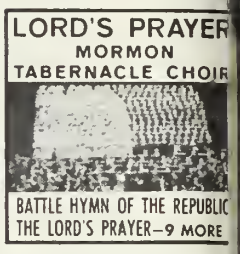


3. Also: Whatever Will Be Will Be, Everybody Loves a Lover, Love Me or Leave Me, etc.



20. Also: The Four Lads — Happy Anniversary; Johnny Mathis—The Best of Everything; etc.



2. The complete score. "Best musical I've seen in years!"—Walter Kerr, N. Y. Herald-Tribune



22. Also: 148th Psalm; Holy, Holy, Holy; etc. "An extraordinary chorus" — New York Times

Records for every musical taste!

CLASSICAL
POPULAR
DANCE MUSIC
JAZZ
BROADWAY HITS



56. "Music of singular breadth, scored in a rich and rewarding manner"—Philadelphia Inquirer



35. The entire delightful score of "the finest musical comedy since My Fair Lady"—Variety



21. Also: Beyond the Blue Horizon, I Found a Million Dollar Baby, All the Things You Are, etc.



30. Solitude, Where or When, Tenderly, Dancing In the Dark, Autumn Leaves, plus 4 others



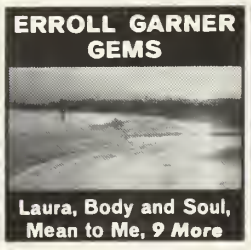
34. Also: You Belong to Me, Jambalaya, Keep It a Secret, Hawaiian War Chant, Stardust, etc.



9. Clair de Lune, The Fire Dance, Golliwog's Cake Walk, Maid with Flaxen Hair, 9 others



57. Complete score of Rodgers & Hammerstein's fabulous hit, featuring Nelson Eddy as Curly



14. Also: I Cover the Waterfront, The Way You Look Tonight, Penthouse Serenade, Indiana, etc.



19. "Persuasive, sensuous performance . . . immensely attractive orchestral color" — Listen

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I accept your special 5th Anniversary Offer and have circled below the numbers of the five records I wish to receive for $1.97, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

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I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 200 records to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. Thereafter, if I decide to continue my membership, I am to receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE for every two additional selections I accept.

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40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52
53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	

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Dealer's Address..... 223
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If you join the Club now and agree to purchase as few as 5 selections from the more than 200 to be offered in the coming 12 months

...a convenient method of acquiring, systematically and with expert guidance, ...record library of the music you enjoy most — at truly tremendous savings!

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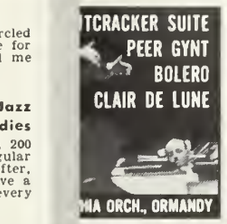
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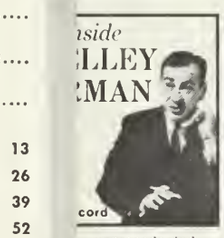
...beauty of tone ...not to be equaled ...other orchestra" ...Herald-Tribune



18. Also: Billy the Kid, Utah Carol, A Hundred and Sixty Acres, Running Gun, Strawberry Roan, etc.



7. Twelve of Gershwin's greatest hits: But Not for Me, Man I Love, Fascinatin' Rhythm, etc.



...unprecedented ...eller. "Hilarious ...y priceless com-... A. Examiner



27. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; 17 more. "Superb"—Life



28. "Istomin has what it takes for Tchaikovsky in flashing abundance" —Philadelphia Inquirer



1. Fifteen familiar tunes: On Top of Old Smoky, Skip to My Lou, Blue Tail Fly, Red River Valley, etc.
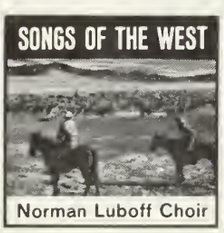


36. "Sonic blockbuster" —Hi-Fi Review. "Led with fire and dash"—St. Louis Globe Democrat



11. Also: Rica Pulpa, Donkey Serenade, Black Beauty, etc. "Unbelievably subtle"—Down Beat



41. Things Ain't What They Used to Be, Jump for Joy, C Jam Blues, Perdido, Flamingo, etc.



52. A lusty rendering of 13 Western favorites: Red River Valley, Home on the Range, Cool Water, etc.



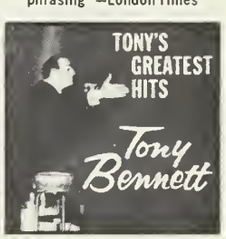
42. "Sparkling fingerwork, wonderfully evocative tone coloring and phrasing"—London Times



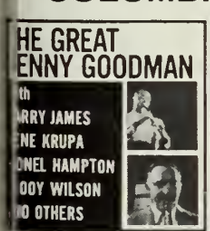
10. The complete score: The Rain in Spain, You Did It, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



15. Also includes: In the Steppes of Central Asia, Polovstian Dances, and A Night on Bald Mountain



49. Cold, Cold Heart; Because of You; Sing You Sinners; Stranger in Paradise; plus 8 more
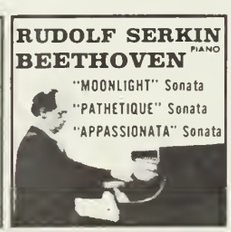


48. 11 Goodman classics: One O'Clock Jump; King Porter's Stomp; Avalon; Sing, Sing, Sing; etc.



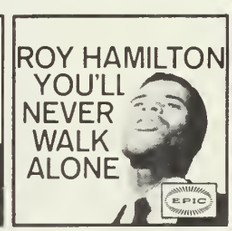
51. ". . . the sound and the playing of the complete score are brilliant" —Washington Post



40. Also: Thinking of You, Black Coffee, Just Friends, Street of Dreams, I Cried for You, etc.
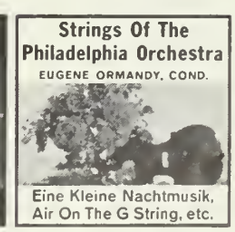


61. "Beautifully played and recorded . . . ought to win a large audience"— High Fidelity



32. Ebb Tide, I Believe, Unchained Melody, If I Loved You, Beware, Forgive This Fool, 6 more



62. I'll Be Seeing You, No Greater Love, Sweet and Lovely, 9 more. "First rate"—Billboard



39. Also: Christmas Concerto by Corelli; Scherzo by Mendelssohn. "Luxurious playing"—Hi-Fi Rev.



50. Complete score of this delightful operetta: Drinking Song; Deep in My Heart, Dear; etc.



26. Also: Lucky Old Sun; Granada; Rose, Rose, I Love You; That's My Desire; I Believe; etc.



38. Just One of Those Things, Stardust, Man I Love, Brazil, April Showers, Blue Room, etc.



46. No, Not Much; Istanbul; Standing on the Corner; Moments to Remember; plus 8 others



31. "Intriguing repertoire . . . a fine display of virtuosity"—Christian Science Monitor



55. When the Saints Go Marching In, Didn't It Rain, Walk Over God's Heaven, Jesus, 8 others



58. Also: High School Cadets, Crusader March, Gladiator March, Hands Across the Sea, etc.

I ENJOY BEING A GIRL



I like scarves and flowers, perfume and jewelry, lipstick and rustly petticoats—I *enjoy* being a girl.

I like being neat and sweet—all white glove-y. In fact, there were only a few times when I didn't feel *immaculate*—and every girl knows when *those* times are.

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It was such a relief to get rid of that cumbersome belt-pin-pad *harness*. Tiny Tampax® can't be felt or seen when it's in place. There's just not the slightest chance of *embarrassment*—not even from odor.

I'm just sure that the internal way, the Tampax way, is the *nicer* way. And most of my friends feel just as I do about it.

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now used by millions of women

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

becoming itself an automaton. Tradition is pre-eminent. Without it a man and a people are without guideposts or foundations. The history of every great nation and civilization reveals inescapably that when a people has gradually or as a result of disasters and radical overturns abandoned its traditions, it is open to every wind that blows, given over to cultisms of all kinds, religious, political and social, and finds itself defenseless even against numerically and technically weaker enemies. Nothing is more essential to survival than a deep, inherent continuity.

Tradition is compounded of many elements: the memory of great past exploits and of dreams and adventures fulfilled; of a certain recurrent "archetype" of man, unique to itself. Every great people and culture have a creative and constantly re-creative myth. Tradition is also compounded of mores and patterns of life that have grown out of responses to various challenges, often peculiar to certain regions, and that cannot be eliminated by fiat (from however high a source), but that must be allowed a natural growth lest a whole Pandora's box of furies be released.

A man of strong intelligence possesses foresight—the indispensable quality of a great statesman. This is no clairvoyant or supersensory gift, but is the offspring of thinking and reason. If he considers initiating a policy or changing an existing one, he must carefully deliberate the alternative possible or likely consequences and prepare himself and his staff for the measures to take in case one or another consequence develops. This is especially essential in our relations with foreign nations, friendly and unfriendly.

As a very simple example, what immediately struck the eye when the unarmed intelligence plane, U-2, made a forced landing in Russia was that various "spokesmen" in various departments of Government immediately made statements that were obviously improvised, and that were contradictory. That is inexcusable. Every state engaged in espionage (and all are) seeks to plant its spies in the networks of its opponents, and time and again has succeeded. In this dirty business many things can happen, but for none of them need one be unprepared. Needed is foresight. If, as we were subsequently told, such flights have been "routine" and scores or hundreds of them have been made either without detection by or with the toleration of the Russians, there was always the possibility that such luck might not last.

For a great statesman nothing can be "routine." Every action must be taken in view of all the circumstances at the time. Assuming (however pessimistically) that the West wanted to bring some "relaxation of tensions" out of the Summit Conference, any actions that could be adjudged as provocative (if detected) should have been suspended considerably in advance of it. For every action, by whomever taken, is a political act. A President who is, among many other things, commander in chief of the armed forces cannot, if we are to be well and wisely governed, allow the Pentagon and the CIA to behave as though they were sovereign states.

Our President should be a man of character—of moral strength, backbone, deeply charitable but without sentimentality, which is not real but imagined feeling. He must have high ideals, but their exercise must be tempered by realism. He must never initiate policies that would require means for their execution that, if challenged, he is unwilling to use.

Eight years ago the Republicans attacked the Truman Administration for its policy of "containment," promising to "roll back" Soviet forces out of Eastern Europe. They promised, in short, to reverse a situation that was established, first by the way the military campaign was conducted in Europe and second by the "summits" at Tehran, Yalta and Potsdam, none of which could be undone except by almost certain war between the great powers. To promise to do this peaceably—by no other means than propaganda—was frivolous and untruthful.

A man of high intelligence and character reaches decisions deliberately, but when he makes a decision he sticks to it. A yes is a yes and a no is a no. The backing and filling over the President's projected visit to Tokyo last June was lamentable. Indecision and weakness in a President reflect indecision and weakness in a nation, and a nation that can have its policies made by howling mobs, domestic or foreign, will have them so made.

A great President is a great administrator, not only of people but of things, including the people's money. Public spending will go on, undiminished. The days of "sound" money passed when this country, during the first term of F.D.R., went off gold, and subsequent full or high production and employment were maintained by continual infusions from the Federal treasury and those of the states and municipalities. But it is the people's money just the same, and they must have a confidence that it is expended economically—that they get the most possible for it.

In observing, over a long period, the spending of other people's money, I have been convinced that extravagance is the rule rather than the exception, and the tendency of all bureaucracies is to expand ad infinitum.

The tendency now is to believe that all that is needed to remedy the nation's shortcomings in any field of public activity is to appropriate more money. This is an obvious error. One does not advance education by spending more money on superduper installations, huge gymnasiums, high-school smoking rooms, and handsome libraries—with almost no books. And no matter how much one spends for defense, it will be adequate only if its services are integrated and the morale of officers and men superior to that of any possible enemy.

A great President will be a man of deep inner spiritual resources. He will know that no man, however brilliant, intellectual and endowed with reason, can lead a people through a great time of troubles unless he is sustained by a higher power than himself. He must be religious in the profound meaning of recogn the sacramental nature of all life. This is matter of churchgoing, especially in days, when "popular" preachers give their pulpits to secular lectures on c events gilded with a few pious platitude do nothing whatever to awaken in the so their flock the Pentecostal experience saves, renews and changes human lives.

All the Presidents of my lifetime ha tended church (when they were in Was ton), including several who never, or sel before they assumed the office, did so. At ing "worship" has become a formal "m

Lincoln, I have read, did not do so never has a President had a deeper s mental sense of life and realization of an living God. Perhaps he could not bear he ministers pray for a Northern victory—h felt to the fullest the appalling tragedy Civil War, who recognized that neithe had a monopoly of righteousness, who k in his very soul, the triviality of victo such; who foresaw with terrible agon horrors of the reconstruction era that and evil minds were already plotting. He much time in spiritual meditation and prayer. He said, "I have often gone t knees in the certain conviction that I ha where else to go." The *certain* convictio

A great President must be a man of mous industry. But if he has the qualit mind and soul which I have described, h have this quality too. God gives to thos are seeking His guidance and performin will the strength of ten, and great men s die before the "mission" is accompl Lincoln died an "untimely" death by a nation, but if he had had to fight th righteous bigots and self-seeking jacka the Reconstruction, whose power ther overwhelming, he might never, as h on his very bier, have somewhat regene the spirit of "malice toward none and c for all."

Today as one reads the somber words Gettysburg address and the Second Inau carved in stone on the walls of the Li Memorial in Washington, the stones selves seem to speak, and one knows words will outlive the stones, that they a mortal, as the Book that most influ Lincoln's whole life is immortal.

A great President, like a great pain great poet, speaks to the mind, but ascendently above this he speaks to the s of men and of nations—speaking and for *all* time. In the leaders of great state only their words but every action speaks the soul is not to be gainsaid by argu arising from the strifes and clashes of int and opinions, or by appeals to transient larity and the transient will of the mas expressed by those who are adept in cr and manipulating them. These are the e enemies of man as man, of any demo worthy of the name, and of all freedom masses are depersonalized, desouled, therefore dehumanized.

There is a soul in every people, and in more than in this one. But in the last g tion it has been stifled by the method jargons of the sociologists, by the "eco determinists," who are by no means co to Marxists; by those psychiatrists wh know everything about the illnesses of th (the psyche) except how to cure them; b hired sellers of ideas and expert manipu of public opinion, and so on ad infinitu the longing for regeneration, the recog of deeper insights, the search after faith firmed by reason and experience is discer in every group of our society.

Where *is* this "great President"?

No man is born great. No man is b man. Those who become great, ho mentally and spiritually superior they m do so by the continual exercise of their m and spiritual powers with the aid of p greater than they. But if waves of the w regeneration come from the silent prayer wills of even a relatively small minority people, the waves will reach him, sustain and help him to be more than he dream could be. This is something this write never argue. Beyond argument is the testi of experience.

OLD RECIPE BOOKS

By MARGARET GRAHAME COLLINS

Old recipe books with copperplate writing
Bring back pictures of times gone by:
Log-cabin kitchens, oak fires glowing,
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The recipes tell of imaginative cooking—
Rose-Hip Jelly and Johnny Cake.

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With Mock-Cherry Tart and Vinegar Candy.

"Add marigold petals for special flavor
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Scaasi's dreams begin with a *maidenform* girdle



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AND OTHER POLLEN ALLERGIES



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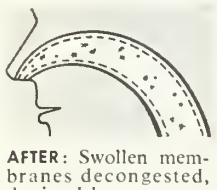


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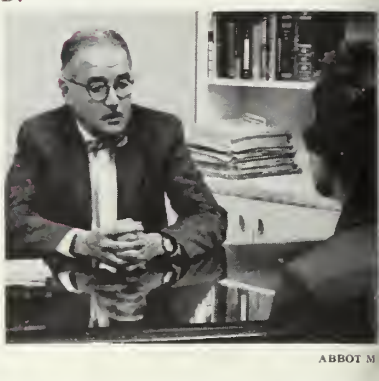
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There are many questions which wom would like to ask a trusted physician, b there is not always the opportunity. this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doc Schauffler discusses some of the proble which have been sent to him by reade The situations are all real, but all names which are used are fictitio

TELL ME DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I knew before I married him that my husband had had a sterilizing operation. But now we both want babies. Can anything be done?"



ABBOT M

"Mrs. Frost, I can't find a single reason why you should become pregnant," the doctor said. His examination completed, he and h patient were back in the consulting room. "There are some subtle a rather complicated tests we might do if your husband proves to be fu fertile. You appear so normal in every way, however, that he should examined before we go further with you. He would have to go to his ow physician, of course. I presume he would be willing?"

Mrs. Frost's eyes were downcast. "You have already told me wha needed to know, Doctor," she said a little wearily. "I thought there mig be something wrong with me that could be corrected. Since you say the isn't, that settles it." She gathered up her gloves and pocketbook.

"But it's very possible that your husband ——" The doctor's prote died away at the expression on Mrs. Frost's face.

"I couldn't even mention the matter to him! Oh, it isn't what you thinking," she added quickly. "It isn't that he doesn't want children, that he isn't the tenderest, most considerate husband imaginable." S hesitated, then went on: "You see, Mark had a sterilizing operation so years ago. There was a reason to think it might not have been effecti But if I'm all right, the fact that I haven't become pregnant after thi years of marriage would be pretty conclusive, wouldn't it?"

The doctor looked at this young, attractive woman with concern. "M Frost, I'm afraid I haven't helped you any, and I'd like to. Your failu to become pregnant may be conclusive, or it may not be. What you ha said has aroused my curiosity. Why did your husband submit to sterili tion in the first place? When did you learn that he had had this operation

"Oh, he told me all about it before we were married. But the rest is rather long story. There is no reason why I should burden you with since it is strictly my husband—or my husband's condition, rather—th is the trouble."

"You might be surprised, Mrs. Frost, at the number of times I a consulted 'strictly about husbands'! Husbands play quite a part, y know, in both obstetrics and gynecology."

Mrs. Frost hesitated again, then said impulsively, "It all seems such tragic waste!" She laid down her gloves and settled back in her chair.

"I am Mark's second wife, Doctor, but he has been my ideal for ju about as long as I can remember. He married my cousin, you see. He ten years older than I am, and was a kind of big brother to me all throu my teens—I hadn't any of my own.

"Marianne, my cousin, was distractingly beautiful, and one of the charming, erratic people who never do anything according to the rules. the beginning, she wanted lots and lots of children. They had a gorgeo little boy, but something seemed to be wrong. Marianne's labor was lo and hard. Then she had several

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

miscarriages. Mark got very worried—I was around a good deal, although I didn't understand everything that was going on—and I know her doctor urged her to give up trying to have children, at least until her health had improved. But Marianne insisted. One more child was born. Marianne had a ghastly time, and the baby died

"Then Marianne switched around entirely. She was so afraid of pregnancy that she kept begging Mark to submit to the operation, until he did. It was just a few months afterward that his whole world was blown to bits. Marianne had their boy out in the car. What happened no one knows, but the car was found wrapped around a tree. Both Marianne and Mark Junior had been killed instantly." Mrs. Frost's eyes filled with tears.

"And Mark had deprived himself of the power to have any more children!" the doctor exclaimed sympathetically.

"I don't believe he thought about that, at the time. He had no idea then of ever marrying again. After the accident, when Mark was going around looking as if an atom bomb had hit him, I felt he needed me, and I did everything I could to help him. After a while we found we were in love, and that's when he told me about the operation. He thought it wasn't right to deprive a woman as young as I was of the possibility of motherhood. I had to convince him that if I didn't marry him I would never marry anyone, that children weren't that important to me."

"Yet you came to me to find out whether there was something wrong with *you* that prevented your becoming pregnant," the doctor pointed out gently. "You found out that babies were more important than you had realized?"

"There was that. But it's more that I would like to give Mark babies if I can. If you could only see him with other people's children! I guess I never really believed that Mark's operation had been successful."

"You mentioned there was some reason to think that. What was the reason?"

Mrs. Frost answered, in a very low voice, "After Marianne's death, it was discovered that she was two months pregnant."

"Had conception taken place before or after Mark's operation?"

"After, Doctor. That was the whole point. A month or six weeks after Mark had had his operation."

"Did Mark talk about this to the doctor who had operated on him?"

"No. Mark's own doctor had refused to perform the operation. Mark had had to go to a surgeon in another city. The whole thing was so distressing to him that he never went back. Besides, Mark couldn't have placed any shadow on Marianne's good name. He wouldn't have told me, except that I'm in the family, and knew besides that Marianne couldn't have been unfaithful."

"Do you happen to know what kind of operation Mark had?"

"I believe it was called vas ligation; does that sound right?"

"Yes, that is the sterilizing operation performed most commonly on the male. It consists of cutting the *vas deferens*. There are two of them, you know—little tubes from the testicles to the seminal vesicles. Usually about half an inch of the vas is cut out, then the ends are tied off and isolated from each other.

"I believe I can explain the mystery of Marianne's last pregnancy. It is only in rare cases that this operation is unsuccessful. But living, active sperm are often found in the seminal secretion up to a month or six weeks afterward, sometimes even after that. The surgeon should have told Mark about this, and should also have kept testing him at intervals following the operation."

Mrs. Frost leaned forward. "Doctor, I don't want to criticize Marianne—I loved her too. But oughtn't she to have had the operation herself? She was the one who shouldn't have had any more babies. There was nothing the matter with Mark! Would it have been dangerous or unethical for *her* to be sterilized? Her doctor advised it after her last baby was born, but she thought she had already been through enough After she had recovered, it appeared to be simpler for Mark to be sterilized than for her."

"So far as danger is concerned, there are conditions in which that might be true. But if Marianne's doctor counseled it, I would imagine there was no such condition in her case. As to the ethics: we have a situation here where the wife apparently was rather neurotic to begin with, and possibly not entirely herself following the last unfortunate childbirth incident. She had had several unfortunate pregnancy experiences before that. Sterilization might have appeared necessary to preserve Marianne's health, possibly her marriage as well. I can see how a conscientious doctor could have advised sterilization, though I might not have myself.

"But I agree with you fully that if sterilization was indicated, it should have been done to Marianne. It is frequently a temptation to sterilize the husband rather than the wife because it's true that under ordinary circumstances it is a simpler, less expensive operation in the male. It can be done in the outpatient surgery of a hospital or even in a well-equipped doctor's office. But for the female it is not a difficult operation if it is performed twenty-four to forty-eight hours after childbirth, as I judge Marianne's doctor suggested. The tubes are higher up then, more easily available. They can be cut and tied quickly with only a minor incision. The hospital stay is increased by only a day or so. A doctor usually knows when a childbirth should be the last one, from the standpoint of a woman's future safety and health. Since the woman herself is the one who needs the protection, she is the one who should be sterilized."

"I understand that sterilization is sometimes done now just to keep a couple from having more babies than they feel they can afford. Does that alter the situation?"

"In these cases, I must admit, the decision is less clear-cut. Hospital committees who review requests for sterilization on economic grounds are likely to require a careful history. They will want to know such things as the ages of husband and wife; whether or not they have tried contraception conscientiously and intelligently; and what their marital status is—whether there is a likelihood of separation or divorce. If sterilization seems justified, I would say that in these cases the husband has an equal responsibility with the wife.

"But I believe that even then it is important that the husband should offer himself willingly for sterilization. Few men actually want this operation, whatever the circumstances. When a husband has been pressured into it, against his own wishes, the results can be pretty serious. Virility is not lessened from a physical standpoint, but it may be affected by the husband's feeling that he isn't a male in the full sense of the word, and by his underlying resentments. It has been quite a common thing in my practice to hear this from the wife. Sometimes it breaks up the marriage.

"In that case, the children are nearly always awarded to the mother. Or a man may lose his whole family in a tragic accident, as happened to Mark. If he marries again, he is likely to want children by the second marriage, but has possibly been deprived for all time of his power to have them. You are by no means the only second wife who has come to me with this particular problem, Mrs. Frost."

Mrs. Frost sighed. "Well, I suppose there's no use thinking any more about it, since nothing can be done."

"That's where you may be mistaken, Mrs. Frost. I said 'possibly has been deprived.' There is chance of repair of a vas ligation."

"I'm sure Mark didn't know that!" Mrs. Frost exclaimed. "Neither did I!"

"Yes indeed. About the same chance of repair as when a woman has been sterilized by having her Fallopian tubes cut and tied off. And it's much easier and less expensive than repairing female tubes. In the case of a male, the surgeon merely makes a shallow incision through the scrotal skin, just enough to expose and cut off a bit of the tied ends of the tube. Then he threads the freshened ends on a small wire, brings them together and sews them together around the wire. An end of the wire is fixed externally so it is easily available later. The wire is left in for several days to keep the tube open, then removed. The man is disabled for only a day or so. About fifty per cent of these operations are successful in skilled hands. Mark would not have to go out of town to get this operation performed. Any reputable genitourinary surgeon would be happy to try to undo the damage that has been done to him."

"Oh, Doctor, that sounds wonderful!" Then the radiance faded from Mrs. Frost's face. "But how can I tell Mark? If he knows I came to see you, he will think I am getting all frustrated at not having babies. Then if the operation failed, he would feel guilty for having deprived me of them."

"Why don't you ask him to come in to see me, let me go over the matter with him? I think I can do it in such a way that he will be fortified against failure if that should occur."

Mark came in for his talk with the doctor, then went to the surgeon the doctor recommended. The Frosts were lucky. Eighteen months later young Mrs. Frost was delivered of a fine baby—her first, but not her last.

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses a way to end spontaneous abortion.

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By MARTHA CROSS and MILDRED TROTTER



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COTY PRECIOUS PINK Très chic for bronze complexions in smoke blue costumes. Beautiful echo with pink, mauve, amethyst.



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COTY TANGERINE—Shade délicieux for bronze complexions in sage green creations. Surprise dessert with orange, green gold, and earth red fashions.



COMPLEXION: ALABASTER

COTY FRENCH FLING The one shade for alabaster types wearing ice blue—the fun shade with amethyst, sage green, white.



ALABASTER

New! COTY HONEYSUCKLE PINK Lovely discovery for alabaster beauties in moss green. Positively luscious with banana, navy, and earth red ensembles.



ALABASTER

COTY DAHLIA—Prize bloom for alabaster complexions in claret costumes. Perennial favorite with grey, mauve, and smoke blue fabrics.



ALABAST

COTY FLAME RED—Lights up alabaster complexions in taupe attire. Blazing beauty with the subdued smoke blues, oatmeals, greys.

New easy way to key your lipstick and nail polish shade

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Now it's easy to harmonize your complexion and lipstick shades to costume colors with Coty' new KEYED-TO-YOU COLORS! Here's all you do: (1) Find your complexion above. (2) Select you lipstick shade. Now you can choose the fashion-right costume colors to harmonize with both your com plexion and lipstick shades (matching nail polish, too). So simple. So fashion-right. For leading fashio experts have selected these harmonizing colors. Get Coty '24'—the lipstick that caresses your lips wit vibrant color that lasts and lasts and doesn't fade fast. You'll love KEYED-TO-YOU COLORS by COTY

No printed page can reproduce exactly the truly beautiful colors of Coty lipstick and nail polish. The colors shown here are even more beautiful on your lips. © COTY INC., 1960—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANAD



COMPLEXION: PINK



PINK



PINK



PINK

PASTEL PINK
ful impression for
mplexions in
ensembles. Work of art
hite, banana, sage green.



COTY RUE DE LA PINK
Traffic stopper for pink-hued beauties in bottle green. New direction with amethyst, claret, and beige fashions.



New! COTY CARDINAL RED
Heartbeat hue for pink complexions in lapis blue. Brilliant choice with taupe, oatmeal, and black-and-white costumes.



New! COTY FLAMINGO PINK
Scheme supreme for pink-complexioned girls wearing golden brown. A lucky streak with earth red, banana, sage green.





COMPLEXION: FAIR



FAIR



FAIR

HATS BY LILLY DACHÉ



FAIR

' SUNSET ORANGE
nd rich on fair faces
en gold costumes.
lating with earth red,
green, and grey fabrics.



COTY CORAL PINK—Perfect find for fair-faced beauties in earth red costumes. A treasure with green gold, taupe, and smoke blue fashions.



New! COTY PICARDY PEACH
Shimmering sheen for fair ladies wearing the new banana hue. Colorful accent with ice blue, oatmeal, white.



COTY MAGNET RED
Captivating on the fair-complexioned in amethyst. And just as attractive with claret, bottle green, and black costumes.



your complexion and your costume!

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Keyed-to-you Colors
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COTY





PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEEN-AGERS

THE SOCIAL SWIM

Speaking of Public Relations . . . The other night my bride and I were having a malted in a diner after a movie—and if your ears were warm it wasn't sunburn and it wasn't because someone was talking about you. It was simply that ol' P. B. wished you were there, for we witnessed a supersquelch which could have been very educational. It might even have changed your life.

Some boisterous huskies were orbiting around the jukebox when an elderly woman came in and didn't quite manage to close the door. A piece of a thundershower blew in after her, and one of the boys yelled, "Hey you! Shut the door. Were you raised in a barn?" My Mrs. B. glared, but the woman, after closing the door, sat down on a stool at the counter, looking sad and maybe close to tears. It was between records and a kind of embarrassed silence set in that made the boy uneasy. He edged over to the woman and mumbled, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." Quick as a flash she retorted, using the punch line from an old story, "You didn't hurt my feelings. I just get homesick every time I hear a jackass bray."

Now, believe me, I didn't want you there just to see a little old lady draw teenage blood with a verbal harpoon. I guess the big fella got what was coming to him, but I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. He looked like a nice kid—his clothes were neat, his nails were clean, his hair was cut—and I *don't* think he wanted to hurt her feelings and I don't think he *wanted* to be a jackass. He looked to me like a simple bumbler who had never given any thought to his public relations and was well on his way to becoming a genuine social bust. Myself, I believe bad public relations, a lack of ability to communicate the person we really are to others, is at the grass roots of a lot of the Terrible Teenager myth. Do you know why I think it's so tough to get ourselves across when we're teeners? Because we're plunged into the social swim before we're sure what kind of character we really are, and before we're even half awake to the intricate stereo hookup by which we let the outer world know, accept or reject the inner us. A successful social life boils down to what a guy or gal is really like and how to get that over to the elderly lady at the counter, or the new girl in your crowd, or the boy you'd like to date next week.

Or Would You Rather Be a . . . . . ? Do you ever start out the day feeling like Sir Walter Raleigh and wind up acting like Alfred E. Newman? Or go to a party all dressed up like a crown princess and suddenly, halfway through the evening, wish you were a barefoot Polynesian beach girl? That's what's known as the social indecision of youth, and it takes some time to develop a consistent personality. But little by little, as you discover you, you'll begin to have a unique, positive personality to put across to others.

The trick here is to *find* the individual you and not imitate some general pattern like the "Harvard Man" or the "Sorority Girl" or the "Clubwoman" which would seem to cast human personalities from an exact mold. There is an old story, for instance, which supposedly illustrates some types molded by certain schools of learning. Three young men, from Yale, Princeton and Harvard, were in a room when a lady entered. The Yale boy asked casually if someone ought not to give a chair to the lady; the Princeton lad slowly brought one; and the Harvard boy deliberately sat down in it. Now Harvard men that I've known aren't a bit like the one above—and they aren't like one another. This is simply the public idea of the Harvard,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



ABBOT MILLS

Our little friend might envy the lady with the purse, but forcing herself into the "high-fashion" mold would be all wrong, in our opinion. Her beau would probably be the first to agree.



Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

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ider's Catsup is different. One extra spice, *chili pepper*, makes the difference. adds a little nip to its good tomato taste. Snider's glows a little, t never bites. That's why meat loaf fairly *zings* with Snider's. Try it?

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The bigger you make it, the better they like it!

Start with a mighty chunk of crisp-crusted bread. Split lengthwise, butter. Then stack on all kinds of good things: robust cheese, crisp pickle slices, onion or green pepper rings . . . and above all, thin tender slices of rosy SPAM! (This is the easy-slicing, easy-eating sandwich meat that's so handily kept on your cupboard shelf). Drizzle over all a spicy Italian dressing . . . and eat, and eat!

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lightning-fast way to enjoy pizza goodness.

Top bun halves (or halves of English muffins) with SPAM slices, then slices of Mozarella cheese. Spread with tomato sauce, sprinkle with oregano, garlic salt or powder. Broil until cheese melts, SPAM sizzles.



Because it's made from sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham (choice meat . . . rich in protein) only SPAM tastes like SPAM.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

Yale and Princeton molds; and nobody who's decided he is an individual, with individual gifts and personality, will settle for any mold. A mold, good or bad, is a sort of defense mechanism behind which a body can hide until he's sure who he is. But that ol' college chestnut proves another point. *Attitude* and *manner* are a part of the stereo equipment with which we communicate to the outside world.

You take the newspaper-man or -woman; this individual develops certain *attitudes* and *manners* that are so effective you have to agree with Emerson: what they *are* speaks louder than what they *say*. For instance, I know a guy who had just quit a newspaper for a higher-paying position with an advertising company. The trouble was that he hadn't got reporting out of his blood. He still felt the urge to chase fire engines and ambulances. One day he passed an apartment house where some tragedy had obviously taken place. The street was filled with police cars, an ambulance, a fire truck. A uniformed officer guarded the front door. The old war horse couldn't help himself. He stopped and made a beeline for that door where the officer was passing through only members of the working press. Now this ex-news hound had turned in all his credentials. He didn't have a police card, or a sheriff's badge, or a single physical passport—only that attitude and manner which his years on a paper had given him. The line filed on: "I'm from the *Mirror*" . . . "the *Examiner*" . . . "the *Times*"; "I'm from Missouri," said my friend, who couldn't tell a lie—and the policeman didn't hear what he *said:* the mental impression "I am a newspaperman" was so strong he could have said "I'm from Saturn" and got passed right through.

Besides that over-all impact of your attitude and manner, which is really just an unspoken statement of what you think you are—as "I am a lady" . . . "I am a minx" . . . "I am friendly" . . . "I am fierce and bite strangers"—there are other speakers hooked up to the inside of you that make music if they're all working and in sync, or static if they're functioning badly.

For instance, your letters tell me a lot about you. I know whether you're the thoughtful or the impulsive type, whether you're studious or social or a combination. I can tell sometimes whether your room at home looks like a page from the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL or a cyclone cellar—all this from what you write and how you write it. Have you ever noticed how much a thank-you note tells about people? It's easy to spot a bread-and-butter let's-get-this-chore-done frame of mind. Or the one mamma or a bad conscience made a compulsory formality. Then there's the willing type, done by a person who *wants* to do it but is hardly thinking of you at all. Occasionally you get one in which you detect a real note of gratitude and sincerity that makes you feel some hospitality or gift had been really appreciated.

Everyone who meets you should be able to tell a good deal about the real you by the way you look and dress—that is, if you follow your own taste rather than the fashion dictator's (that's another mold the "High Style" type). They can tell if your taste is sound, if you are neat or slovenly, a miss, a muss or a show-off. And here's a tip for gals from a guy who admires you that will help your public relations with the other sex: A male can tell *too much* about you if you perform your beauty operations (making up, manicuring fingernails and toenails, wearing hair curlers) in public. The girls who always struck me as the dolls, including the loveliest doll of all, my wife, always managed to look good without letting me see how they did it. I thought they always looked that way. If a fellow sees them powdering, filing or running around in curlers, he's in on the secret that good grooming and beauty don't just come naturally to them.

WHAT YOU SAY AND HOW YOU SAY IT

I want to say right here and right out that I'm a man of courage. I opened up by telling you that what a jukebox boy *said* conveyed the idea he was a braying jackass But I didn't think he was. I then cheerfully agreed with Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson that you *are* speaks so loudly I can't hear what *say*, and took a nice fat chance you'd fully think I'm a pretty confused guy. tually what you *are* and what you *say* sh agree if you want to put yourself over t fullest extent. But if both speakers aren' the one that is and is tuned in on the p wave length is the one that will come ov

Your voice, and your tone of voice, i sponsible for a lot of the effect you pro There are voices, and voices—and they ca trained and changed. (I should know—ought to see some of my exercises!) But doesn't apply just to singers. I rememb devastating description I once heard of a y female's shrill speaking voice: "Her high r were like the shriek of a wild motorbus to its mate." Now with a voice like tha thing you say will be used against you. you've all heard or tried experimentally y self what different inflections or tone can a single sentence. Suppose you are truly happy over the sorrow of a friend and fe pretty dramatic. You want to say, "I *wee* you." But it comes out, "*I* weep for *y* Well, you've all had someone say, "I like your tone of voice"—even on variatio those ever-popular social phrases like "Pa *me*" and "Thank you!"

Now behind the instrument are the and heart that control the voice. You k the old one about what you catch with vi and honey—and about what a soft answe do. What of the little boy who came h

> Nobody ever listened himself out of a job. CALVIN COOLIDGE

from a birthday party, and his mother, ch ing on his manners. asked, "Are you you didn't ask Mrs. Jones for another p of cake?"

"Oh no, mother, I only asked her fo recipe so you could make a cake like it, she gave me two more pieces!"

Telephone calls certainly come on the v public-relations wave band—and kno how and when to use the telephone is a some grown folk can't play. My first learned through experience, is "Get o ized!" If I'm going to call Shirley I will k I have, say, three things to tell her. If I review them in my mind first, we'll talk two and I'll forget the third—usually the important.

Myself, I've always disliked telephone cept for business necessities and quick venience. To me, contact by phone with ple I love is frustrating. It gives me the near-and-yet-so-far blues. But it can b asset to teenagers who find it hard to municate with each other. If it's hard t something face to face, it may be easier t it on the phone—easier to create a good pression and break the ice. I personally al felt a little more sure of myself (when aski girl for a first-time date) on the phone, w she couldn't see my knees knock or my twitch. *But the telephone should be a brid not a crutch—to face-to-face communica*

And now we come to the great telep problem—when and how to get off. It ca real embarrassing. You're through talki neither of you knows how to say good-b and maybe you drop a hint and it do work. If a girl's really gabby on the phone can dampen a guy's spirits. Take a tip one who knows and let him go. The telep technique is to say what you have to say then hang up. It is not an ideal instrumen gossip sessions or arguments (if anything

There's one more coil that fits in this paratus: vocal public relations. Do you s times feel that people don't understand y In a classroom or with a friend, do you yourself saying things that have to be phrased like a teacher saying, "Do you n so-and-so?" Or you have your say and wrong, and then someone else says the s thing in a different way and it's right—and say, "But that's what I said all along"?

CONTINUED ON PAG

Problems you can kiss goodbye forever ...thanks to KELVINATOR



Goodbye to washer gear breakdowns!

Heave out those faulty washer gears and costly gear repair bills once and for all. With a new Kelvinator washer there are no gears . . . no complicated drive mechanisms of any kind to break down. And Kelvinator gets the grimiest playclothes clean without one bit of hand-scrubbing. Yet it's so gentle it won't tear a paper napkin. Only Kelvinator gives you this wonderful Deep Turbulent washing . . . plus *all* the important automatic washer features you want.



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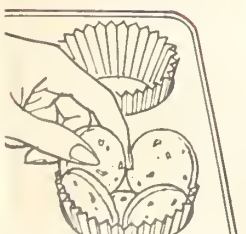
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3 TO 4 DOZEN PERFECT COOKIES FROM EVERY PACKAGE!

1. COOKIE PETAL SUNDAE CUPS

NEW! 3 cool dessert ideas fro



1. COOKIE PETAL SUNDAE CUPS

Fun to eat . . . fun to make! Cut Pillsbury Slice'n Bake Cookies ⅛-inch thick. Line muffin pans with paper cupcake liners. Use 5 slices to line each cup—place 1 on bottom, stand 4 around sides (see sketch). Bake at 375° for 6 to 9 minutes until lightly browned. When completely cool, gently remove paper. Just before serving, fill the cookie cups with ice cream and add your favorite topping (such as Kraft's). Makes 10.

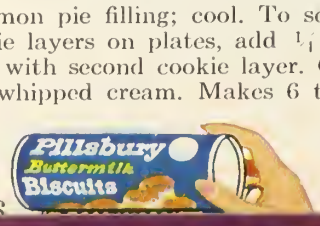
2. LEMON-FILLED COOKIE TORTES

Luscious! . . . "lemony"! Cut Pillsbury Slice'n Bake Cookies ⅛-inch thick. Arrange groups of 3 on ungreased cookie sheets, edges slightly overlapping to form "cloverleaves". Bake at 375° for 7 to 9 minutes. Cool 1 minute before removing. Prepare lemon pie filling; cool. To serve, place cookie layers on plates, add ¼ cup filling, top with second cookie layer. Garnish with whipped cream. Makes 6 to 8.

3. CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR DESSER

Elegant! Cut Pillsbury Slice 'n Bake C ¼-inch thick. Place 6 slices in a row overlapping, on ungreased cookie Make 6 rows. Bake at 375° for 9 minutes. Cool 1 minute. Remove Spread bottom of each strip with ch whipped cream. Stand on edge, side b in loaf pan. Chill overnight. Slice cro

Chocolate Whipped Cream. *Beat 1 C. whippin 2 tbsps. cocoa; fold in ⅓ C. sugar, ½ tsp.*



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2. LEMON-FILLED COOKIE TORTES

3. CHOCOLATE REFRIGERATOR DESSERT

Pillsbury Slice'n Bake Cookies

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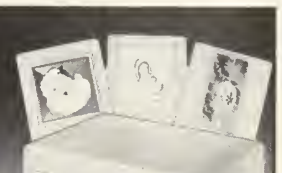
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Sometimes the fault here lies with the listener, who hears only half of what you say. Sometimes it lies with the speaker who gets out only about half of what he means. To check thoroughly on your ability to communicate with the spoken word, listen to the tone of your voice and then make sure you're coming in modulated but clear. If you really know what you're going to say, you can say it. This boils down to the art of thinking, and if we can't think we're not social swimmers at all. But that art is such a tall subject, we'll go into it in detail another time. For now, just remember, speaking is a valuable social asset, an invaluable form of communicating. Make the most of it.

WHAT YOU DO AND HOW YOU DO IT

My first personal contact with you would most likely be a handshake, and a handshake is a form of communication. Now I'll be right down Tennessee honest with you. If you don't look at me when you shake hands, you leave me cold. I think maybe you've got something to hide, or there's nobody much home behind those eyes. Furthermore, I shrink at a flabby paw. A good firm handshake from a pretty girl can be delightfully feminine. There's no need to convey the idea you're a wilting flower—unless you *are* one, of course. On the other hand, don't be a bone crusher. You can lose more friends that way. A nice, in-between-type handshake, looking someone firmly in the eye, does the trick.

Of course what you do and how you do it come under the heading of manners. (The *s* makes it different from the attitude-manner we spoke of earlier.) Your manner is the grand over-all you. Your manners are how you perform the smaller segments of daily living. If they are "good," your social contacts will usually be good. If they are "bad," your contacts with others are sure to be a reflection.

Mom and daddy taught us to say "Yes, sir" and "No, ma'am," and it became a habit. "Glad to meet you, sir"... "Glad to meet you, ma'am" was a must in our household. I still like it. It seems to me especially becoming in teenage boys and girls. I always think, "That li'l' chil' is well brought up." But I've got news for you. I take a dim view of being called "Mr. Boone." To this day I look around to see if daddy's following me. But I have a reluctance myself to call grownups by their first names when uninvited, and even sometimes when invited, especially if it's someone I respect a lot. Everybody calls Shirley's daddy "Red." I can't. So I call him "*Mr.* Red."

There are, of course, public manners—such as shopping, driving a car, and so on. Shopping is one project I'd like to avoid at all costs, even with my ever-lovin'. You gals don't know what you do to a guy in a store—but I've often wished that even the loveliest lady could *see* herself talking to a salesgirl. An awful lot of you check your manners at the door. It makes me think of a nice quiet man who went to a department-store sale to pick up an item for his wife. He got in there, but found two hundred women ahead of him. He stood around on one leg for a while, and then on the other, but he was getting nowhere fast. The goods were fading, and he could see a disappointed wife in the background as he went home that night. Finally, at the end of a couple of hours, he discarded his cane and dignity and waded into the crowd. He stepped on an angry lady's feet and she said, "What's the matter with you? Can't you behave like a gentleman?" He said, "Well, I've been acting like a gentleman for two hours and now I'm going to act like a lady."

As for driving, there are not only driving *laws* but driving *manners*. It seems to me sometimes as if normally nice, well-behaved people (of all ages) just wait to get behind the wheel of a car to get even with the world. There's a story about one couple with a teenage son who were arguing about the best way to make him observe certain simple civilized rules. "Let's buy Junior a car," his mother suggested; "do you think that will improve his behavior?" "No," his dad declared, "but it will spread his meanness over a wider area."

Sometimes when I am pursued bumper bumper, when someone is shining brig headlamps in my eyes, or crowding to pass think it must be Junior, or Junior grown u just spreading himself around.

Social manners are a little more persor than what we've called public manners. Th include your private relations, the close on as well as the public relations—such things table manners, courtesy, how to be a go guest or a good host or hostess. If you wond about your desirability as a guest—well, ga check back to the last slumber party you we to. Would your young hostess's mother be gl to see you again? If not, better check up your Emily Post.

A guest is considerate—and a host hostess is the same. I know the guys I rea looked up to were the ones who, when th invited me to their houses, made me feel sp cial. As a house guest, I don't like being fuss over, but you can get pretty embarrassed you're made to shift for yourself in someo else's home. The middle ground is to ma someone feel at home, comfortable, and honored guest as well.

To me, "bad" manners come from selfis ness, and a lack of concern about other pe ple: the guy who's always going through t

Take all the swift advantage of the hours. **SHAKESPEARE**

door first, sits down first, eats first, the gal w shoves her way to the head of the line catches old ladies in revolving doors, is just n stroking smoothly for the social swim.

If you have any social problems, check t Golden Rule as well as the etiquette colun in the daily papers.

LITTLE THINGS YOU DO CAN SAY A LOT

Before I ever met him, and when he fi heard I had signed to do a weekly TV show had a note from Bing Crosby in which he sai "I would never do this myself because of son sage advice George M. Cohan once gave m 'Never stay on too long.' As a result, I ha always tried to keep my appearances at minimum, and make them count for the mo But since you're going on every week, try remember this, and never stay on too long. this valuable advice is gratis."

You can imagine how big these "littl things seem to a newcomer in the field of e tertainment. These are gestures by which bu men show they are big men, too, by reachi out to help a newcomer. But you don't ha to be big and famous to do little things. Yo just have to be thinking about the other gu You can often afford to be a little origin even to the point of punning, if it is som thing someone will remember, and it com from the heart.

I know two things that Shirley remembe to this day, that seemed very little to me at t time. One Easter, before we were married sent her some flowers, and instead of a ca I enclosed a hard-boiled egg on which I h written, "To my Favorite Egghead, fro your Easter Booney." Another time, when were going to a dance, I sent her a corsa and attached to it a little bell. The card rea "To My Belle of the Ball." It was a ten-ce bell, and several bucks' worth of gardenia The flowers died in a day or two, but Shirl still has the bell. She would probably have t egg too—but you know how eggs are. Ho ever, you get the idea.

The whole point in being successful in yo human relations is to decide who and wh you really want to be, and then make su you're beaming that personality to the worl loud and clear, through your appearanc your written and spoken words, your ma ners—public and private—and your abili to make other people know you care. It shou come from the heart when you put out yo hand and say to a stranger, "It's a pleasure And it should come from his heart when he able to say in return, "I'm glad to know you

EN

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MONDAY—SPAGHETTI AND MEAT BALLS

This economical stand-by becomes an outstanding creation, thanks to the clever sauce you create with TABASCO. Add the gourmet dash of TABASCO to make the meat balls all the better. In the new recipe booklet†.



TUESDAY– TABASCO ROQUEFORT SPREAD

Cream together until blended 2 tablesp. butter, a package (3 oz.) Roquefort cheese, ½ teasp. TABASCO. Spread over broiled steaks, chops or hamburgers and serve piping hot. Also good with green peas.



WEDNESDAY– CREOLE SEAFOOD GUMBO

Favorite stand-by of those famous Louisiana cooks—an exciting meal-in-one-dish anywhere. TABASCO brings out the true flavor of seafoods, vegetables and rice. Your new TABASCO recipe booklet† has the recipe.



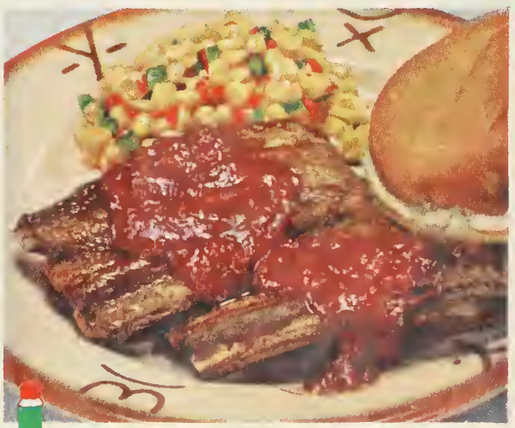
THURSDAY—TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

A sparkling, zestful way for the family to start the day! Blend a large can (46 oz.) tomato juice, ¼ teasp. TABASCO, a tablesp. lemon juice, a teasp. Worcestershire sauce.



FRIDAY– TUNA-OLIVE PUFF CASSEROLE

Tuna, celery, black olives and bread crumbs fluffed up in a base of egg and-mayonnaise seasoned with TABASCO, lemon juice and onion, baked golden brown. Recipe in the new TABASCO recipe booklet†.



SATURDAY– BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Done outdoors or in the oven, they're festive for a week-end treat. Sauce? Your compliment-catching blend of brown sugar, mustard, bay leaf, garlic, TABASCO. In the recipe booklet†.

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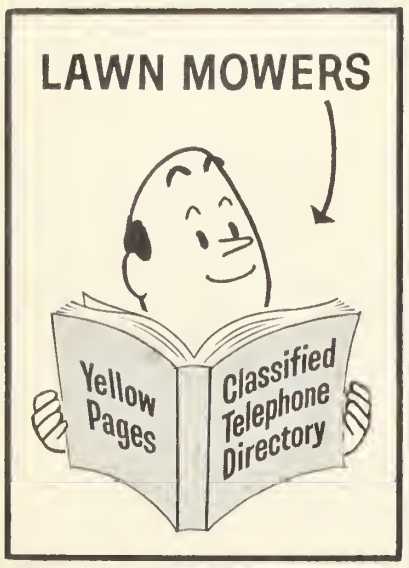
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what your doctor looks for when he examines your child

Dr. Spock talks to mothers

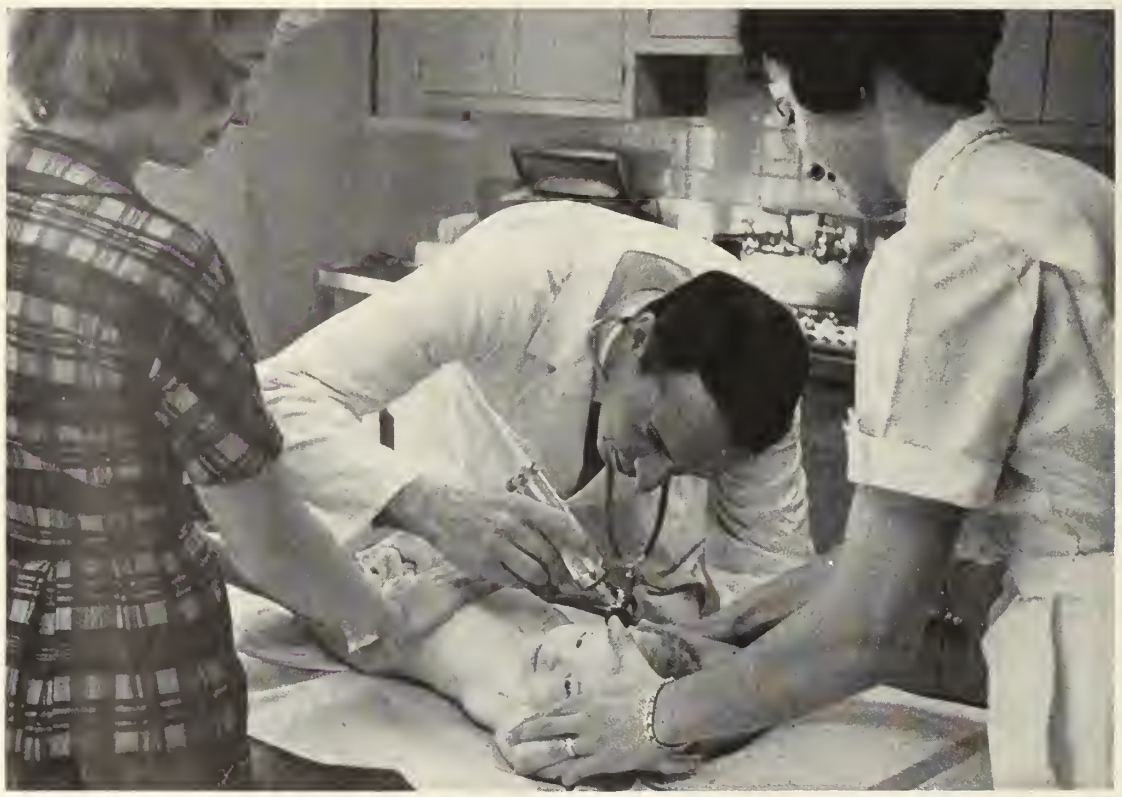
"A great part of your child's physical examination depends on what the doctor knows about him beforehand."

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

A mother writes that she feels dissatisfied with the briefness of the physical examinations her child receives on routine visits to the doctor. "What does a good physical examination consist of, anyway?" she wants to know.

It's a risky business for any one doctor to try to explain medical practices when there are 200,000 practitioners in the land, each one of whom will have somewhat different views about each point. But here goes.

In the first place, a physical examination is only one part of the process by which a physician makes an evaluation of an individual. The others are of course the history (the story the patient or parent tells), and the laboratory tests, if any. I think it's correct to say that in a majority of medical visits, especially for checkups, the history of how the patient has been functioning and feeling reveals more information than the physical examination. Think of the areas that are of most concern to parent and doctor in infancy: the diet that's offered and how well it is taken; gain in weight and other measurements; advances in motor skills;



ABBOT MILLS

The doctor's chat with mother often takes longer than the examination—and it may be more important.

social responsiveness; bowel function; toilet training, if any; sleep; contentedness versus crying; respiratory or other infections; skin condition; effect of the baby on other members of the family. On only three of these eleven topics is the physical examination apt to shed much light.

In the older child coming in for a routine visit, diet, growth, sleep, infections are still important subjects. In addition there will be questions about adjustment to siblings, parents, friends, school, self. Only in regard to growth and infections does the examination contribute.

Even in regard to growth and infections, the history is as important as the examination in coming to conclusions. The fact that a child is slender or plump in today's examination would leave us almost completely in the dark about its significance unless we knew the past course of his weight curve and his adjustment. Let's take two examples. A child has been somewhat high-strung and thin since infancy. On a percentile chart his weight at many CONTINUED ON PAGE 141

Ground-in grime... or simply soiled...





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Never doubt it. Suds-proof dirt sneaks into *lightly* soiled washloads, too. Example: the stubborn soil inside shirt collars or blouses. Worse yet, there's a build-up of this same kind of dirt that makes entire washes gray. How can Clorox get out such dirt when even the best detergents fail?

Clorox cleans in a way suds can't. Detergent will loosen *ordinary* dirt. But stubborn, *gray-causing* dirt is locked in too tightly to be loosened. This dirt demands the special *dissolving* action of Clorox bleach. Clorox literally melts suds-proof dirt away. Next wash, ground-in grime, or simply soiled, discover it for yourself...

Clorox actually dissolves suds-proof dirt that makes clothes gray!



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In-laws and the young-in-love

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

I am a widow of sixty-three, marrying a widower of fifty-seven who thinks I am his age. Must I tell him?

No. Why destroy his dream?

ASK YOURSELF:

Have I the Middle-Age Doldrums?

With about one half of their lives still ahead of them, many women in their late forties and fifties feel empty and dissatisfied. If your children are no longer at home, you probably should create a new interest for yourself. By answering the first seven questions, you may be able to determine how badly you need one.

Do you feel:

1. ***That each day is just another day?***
2. ***Lonesome at times when with others?***
3. ***Tired after doing minor chores?***
4. ***Life holds little challenge for you?***
5. ***Bored to death when alone?***
6. ***That shopping is your only interest?***
7. ***That life is passing you by?***

If you do, why not

8. ***Learn how to play golf?***
9. ***Become a really good bridge player?***
10. ***Join an interesting new club?***
11. ***Busy yourself with civic affairs?***
12. ***Try your hand at painting?***
13. ***Take a college correspondence course?***
14. ***Seek a part- or full-time job?***

If you have three or four doldrum "symptoms" and your physician says that you are in good health, why not try one or two of the remedies above? All are actual examples of how women found a new zest in life: get busy and become one of them!

CAN HELP DO HARM?

Though interfering in-laws often cause friction, the "interference" is not always so intended. A recent case shows how misguided help can worsen a problem.

After dating about a year, Bill and Susie were married just before returning to college. Though both sets of parents had urged them to wait until they graduated (Bill was a senior, Susie a junior), they relented, and contributed to the couple's support.

But by the end of the year Bill had decided to become a lawyer like his father, and Susie was six months pregnant. Bill's parents approved his decision, but felt they could not finance both law school and the support of his family. Susie's parents wanted her to finish college, but recognized that the couple would need substantial assistance for two or three years. Since the two sets of parents lived in different cities, they never got together to discuss the situation. From Bill's and Susie's reports, it was obvious to the counselor that both sets of parents wanted to do the right thing—but the "right thing" was what they thought best for their own child.

Susie's mother said: "If Bill wants to study law, Susie can live at home. I'll take care of the baby so Susie can get her degree at our local teachers' college. Bill will be only eighty miles away and can come home weekends."

Bill's father said: "I'll pay Bill's tuition and personal expenses. If Susie lives with him, I'll lend him money to support her. But if her parents wanted this marriage to succeed as much as I do, they'd forget about her degree and contribute so Bill wouldn't have to borrow."

Bill said: "If Susie hadn't let herself get pregnant, she could have worked and gone to school nights. As it is, I think my father is right. I'll need my weekends to study. She'd give in if her parents would go along with dad's plan."

Susie said: "If I had finished college before we got married, I wouldn't be in this mess. Bill knew I didn't like housekeeping. I wouldn't have married him if he'd said he was going to law school. I'll live with him if he'll get a job; but if he goes to school, he'll have to let me live at home."

During the summer, the couple lived with Susie's parents and Bill commuted to a job. The counselor hoped that better understanding would develop in these weeks; instead, irritations accumulated and tension increased. Two weeks after their son was born they came in again.

Bill said: "It's not good. I'm not even sure Sue and I are in love any more. My father thinks divorce may be the only way out. If it's a choice between my going to school and sticking out the marriage, I'll go to school. If Sue wants a divorce, she can have it."

Susie said: "Bill's just like his father—rule or ruin. Mother and dad say if our marriage has to break up, now is as good a time as any. If we get a divorce, mother will look after the baby until I graduate. Then I can teach and make a home for us."

Divorce seemed imminent, but as I talked to Bill and Sue separately, I sensed that neither really wanted it. Could any way be found to preserve the marriage and still permit Bill to attend law school and let Susie get her degree?

Part of Sue's attitude stemmed from her ineptitude as a homemaker and her ignorance of child care; there were advantages to her staying with her mother till she gained skill and confidence. Finally this plan was evolved: Bill would enter law school, and Sue would stay at home and attend the local college for one semester. Sue and the baby would then join Bill. His parents would continue to pay his tuition and lend him money for living expenses. If Sue's parents wanted her to get a degree, they would pay her tuition and the cost of a baby sitter.

Fortunately the parents agreed, and Bill and Sue are satisfied. The young husband and wife are emotionally immature, but this plan gives them a year to grow up. With their parents united behind them, the marriage has a chance to work out.

Naturally, parents wish to help their children succeed in marriage. But when the children are emotionally immature individuals who rush into responsibilities for which they are not prepared, an action intended as helpful may do real damage. Assistance should be offered and proposals made only after careful consideration, thorough discussion with the couple, and if possible, consultation with the other set of parents.

PRESSURES OF ENGAGEMENT

"Henry and I became engaged a year after we met, planning to be married in three months, after my college graduation. Almost from the moment we told our parents, nothing went right. We could see each other only once or twice a month, since his job is four hundred miles away, and we had to depend on letters to make plans. This was a strain on everybody. His mother wanted a big expensive wedding which my parents couldn't afford; he got upset if I didn't agree with her on every detail, and I resented some of her suggestions. He thought my idea for a honeymoon plebeian and middle-class; I felt he expected too much intimacy before marriage.

"I got so on edge I began to doubt that we were right for each other. When I foolishly tried to tell him so, he blew up and left. The next day his mother telephoned to point out my mistakes and I lost my temper. Henry asked for an apology, and I gave back his ring, saying I wouldn't wear it till he cut the apron strings. I haven't heard from him since. I really thought we were in love and would be happy together. How could we have avoided breaking up?"

Lois's letter suggests that neither she nor Henry is emotionally mature, so perhaps their marriage would have been unsuccessful. But many of the pressures from which they suffered arise during the engagement of two people who are well suited and ready for marriage. With thought and planning, many of these strains can be avoided, or at least reduced.

Relationships with families. Rarely should two people become engaged before each has become acquainted with the parents of the other; ideally, both sets of parents should know each other as well. If there are serious differences of background, personality or standards, the sooner these differences are discovered and reconciled or accepted, the better. The danger of such unresolved differences is shown by the fact that a fifth of all divorces are caused by in-law difficulties.

Length of engagement. It is impossible to set an arbitrary figure on how long an engagement should be. If the couple date frequently and have had a satisfactory courtship of perhaps a year, an engagement of three to six months may be adequate. The engagement should be longer (or, better still, postponed) if the couple have had a short courtship, or if it will be difficult for them to see each other frequently.

Announcement of the wedding date should ordinarily be delayed until the couple have made tentative wedding plans that meet the approval of both families. Certainly no date should be set until the couple have discussed such questions as whether the wife will work after marriage, whether available income will be adequate, and whether children are desired.

Frank and honest communication during engagement is vital preparation for successful marriage, and one of the best guaranties of its happiness.

Avoidance of stress and strain. Getting ready to be married takes time, patience and energy. If the bride-to-be is also holding a job or completing her education, the pressures pile up. Careful planning, delegation of minor matters to friends and relatives, and adequate rest are essential if the exhaustion so many brides experience is to be avoided.

Other vital decisions immediately affecting marital adjustment concern selecting and furnishing an apartment and perhaps whether the budget will permit car ownership. The sensible couple weigh and decide such issues (including potential in-law problems) *during* or *before* engagement; they do not postpone them until their return from the honeymoon!

Easy...no cooking...just mix and freeze.

LEMON SNOW FREEZE

It's easy to make—and easier to eat! The smoothness comes from Eagle Brand sweetened condensed milk . . . a pre-cooked milk and sugar blend . . . the drifts of sweet crunchiness, from Baker's light, moist Angel Flake Coconut.

LEMON SNOW FREEZE

1 cup graham cracker crumbs • 6 tbs. sugar
3 tbs. melted butter • 2 eggs, separated
1 can (1⅓ cups) Eagle Brand
Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tbs. grated lemon rind • ½ cup lemon juice
1 can Baker's Angel Flake Coconut

Combine graham cracker crumbs with 2 tablespoons of the sugar, and melted butter. Press mixture on bottom and sides of lightly buttered refrigerator tray; chill. Beat egg yolks till thick. Combine with Eagle Brand Milk. Add lemon rind and juice gradually, stirring until thick. Stir in 1 cup Baker's Coconut. Whip egg whites until foamy. Gradually beat in rest of sugar, then beat until stiff. Fold into lemon mixture.

Pour into tray. Sprinkle top with remaining coconut. Chill in freezer until firm, about 4 to 6 hours.

Creamy smooth Eagle Brand and tender Angel Flake Coconut combine to make this the heavenliest frozen dessert ever. Easy—there's no cooking, no second beating, no refreezing.

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WITHOUT BLEACHING or DYEING

Ask your beautician for professional applications

By HARLAN MILLER

There's a man in the house.



"With my check-list system it's impossible to forget the least little item."

"Men are crazy," confides Betty Comfort, bandaging her ankle wounded by a spike heel, "to wear coats and neckties in this weather. My whole dress weighs less than a necktie!"

"Dad, don't worry about the three-minute limit with your egg timer," chides my son-in-law; "I'm paying for this long-distance call." (He leaves me not quite speechless.)

More and more teenage boys in our neighborhood show up with bloudish hair after brief exposure to the sun. The sun's rays seem loaded with peroxide fallout this year.

"I make my wife see two or three different doctors when her health worries her," boasts our town's most audible skeptic. "Just to double-check." Says she: "Such an agnostic!"

Our suburbs' stingiest millionaire promises his wife to dig dandelions, with one proviso: she must agree to cook him a mess of dandelion greens, though she reminds him he doesn't really like 'em.

"You can vote for or against any candidate you wish," argues our lunch table's deepest thinker, "without being guilty of bigotry. If you shrug off the pressure."

Warning about the next war: "It'll break out between smokers and nonsmokers," predicts our country club's most aggressive nonsmoker. "We'll make 'em eat their own cigarette butts!"

If chatter languishes (it isn't often!) local hostesses have the three latest divorces to fall back on (each a lab specimen). They're never exhausted till 1 A.M. if the host isn't exhausted.

A neighborly teenangel named Gwen discovered an artificial daisy made in Hong Kong for only 10 cents after I'd paid $1 for an artificial made-in-Paris daffodil. (I suspect Hong Kong can't really afford to sell 'em for a dime.)

My suspicious neighbor thinks his wife's attempt to interest him actively in her garden is a guileful scheme to enslave him. "She wants to wrap me around her green thumb!" he says darkly.

Brave-new-world bridge-table opinion: A weekly quarrel, argues our intrepid three-no-trumper, actually sweetens a pair of family lovers. (Maybe this works better if the wife wins the quarrel.)

Since the town's barbers began to charge $2 for haircuts, our most extravagant matron is up in arms. She threatens to clip her husband's hair herself if he'll pay her $1.

My Dream Girl's agreement of the month: that the story is always better'n the movie, and the movie invariably better'n the TV production. After all three, you're befuddled.

One of our globe-trotters who ate ham and eggs at New York's ten top restaurants finds ham and eggs at Curt Yocom's place on the edge of town better'n any of theirs. Patriotic, eh?

I discern among young wives that three or four babies in the early years of marriage are the strongest antidote to divorce. (And husbands hungry for security seem to agree.)

Last year, before my Dream Girl's onslaught on our luxuriant crab grass, our lawn from a short distance resembled one of England's lawns with 500 years of care. This year it doesn't even look like a 100-year lawn.

My congrats to our highway patrolman about to tag two out-of-state motorists when he saw both wore safety belts around their middles. He let 'em off with a courtesy warning ticket.

Beyond our hilly pasture, a pair of newlyweds have built a new house in a hollow without a view. "Why do we need a view?" asks the young husband. "We have each other."

Warmest compliment from my Princess of Sheer Delight: "He's easy to feed, he'll eat anything I set before him." Yes indeed, especially if it tastes a little like roast-beef hash or broiled pepper steak.

. . . When my red-haired daughter remembers
my love for kaleidoscopes and gives
me a new model which
makes patterns of my surroundings,
. . . And my flier son phones long distance
and asks if I'm adhering to my diet
and keeping my weight down,
. . . Or my daughter-in-law tactfully straightens
out my goofy bidding at bridge,
. . . And our youngest adopts
enthusiastically an opinion of mine
he scorned only yesterday,
. . . Or my Lady Love turns off my bed light
when I fall asleep with the seventeenth
volume of the encyclopedia on my chest,
Then I secretly congratulate
myself on becoming such a docile husband
and father in sheep's clothing.

A public statement concerning Metrecal, a new concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecal was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecal, Mead Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

September of 1959, a new product—Metrecal was introduced to the medical profession by ıd Johnson & Company. It was developed to ıvide physicians with a new technique for use ıudicious weight reduction of overweight ents.

Ve wish to stress the importance of the physi- in problems of weight loss and control. This articularly the case for individuals who are nendously overweight, patients with disease he kidneys, and patients with various forms of rt and blood vessel disease.

n view of the broad public and medical inter- n weight control, many persons have learned Ietrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual ement.

What is Metrecal?

trecal, when properly used, is an effective ght control agent. It is not a panacea.

Ietrecal is a complete food in powder form ch is mixed with water to make beverage ıls. It is designed to provide a low calorie diet ch contains all basic nutrients required by a son on a reducing program. *Metrecal contains rugs.*

Ietrecal can be used as the total diet for the iod required to achieve the weight loss which est for the individual. Thereafter, it can be l indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly devised Metrecal program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Metrecal users are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

One-half pound of Metrecal powder (a frequently specified day's supply) provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration. Metrecal is available in all drugstores.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

This statement has been reviewed by the Department of Advertising Evaluation of the American Medical Association and has been accepted for publication in the Journal of the American Medical Association.



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Wesson
pours in
wholesome
goodness...



Wesson glorifies chicken

as only pure vegetable oil can

When you reach for the skillet—*always* reach for the Wesson instead of solid shortening. There's no better or easier cooking method to help you cut down on the more saturated fats in your skillet. You see, shortening is hydrogenated to make it solid. But Wesson is never hydrogenated and so is *poly-unsaturated* as only pure vegetable oil can be.

So clear, so fresh, so pretty as it pours, Wesson brightens flavors—never adds taste of its own as some other oils do.

When your physician recommends modifying your diet and specifies pure vegetable oil to replace solid fats, poly-unsaturated Wesson is unexcelled among all leading brands.

NEW! WESSON CHICKEN DIVINE *(only 275 calories a serving)*

Halve 2 whole fryer chicken breasts, coat with seasoned flour. Brown in 3 tablesp. Wesson. Cover, simmer 30 min. Add 1 pkg. frozen broccoli (10 oz.) the last 15 min. Remove chicken and broccoli to warm oven. Stir 2 tablesp. flour into browned bits. Add ½ cup each skim milk and chicken broth, ½ teasp. tarragon. Stir until thickened. Salt to taste. Pour sauce over chicken and broccoli, sprinkle with garlic bread crumbs. Brown under broiler. Four servings, 275 calories each.

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ABBOT MILLS

Poolside picnic at the Brennemans'. Our architectural editor, family, friends.

journal about town

what we do... where we go... whom we meet

Summer, according to *Louella Shouer*, breezes women out of kitchens while men, armed with aprons and asbestos gloves, try their hand at cookouts (wives breathe easier when men work *off* the range). At least 20 JOURNAL children wait to savor juicy hamburgers, chicken, hot dogs. *John Brenneman* has a portable barbecue—a boon when the wind takes a wrong turn. *Bill McCleery* insists he's strictly nonpro—but no one's turned down a steak yet. Expert *Conrad Brown* has a few problems—he *learned* to cook on top of a mountain. When *Glenn Whitehead* heard this, he looked perplexed: "Near a grill I feel as if I'm standing on top of Old Smoky!" In spite of hazards, count on August to be a sauce-for-the-gander month, and a picnic.

ABBOT MILLS



Color-scheming Pierre Balmain, Mary Bass.

Home swimming pools are making such a big splash Richard Pratt *tells us, "In some homes they're taking the place of a third car." There are 171,000 today, all sizes and shapes. Average cost: $1200, but you can "pay as you swim." Tests not required, but lessons are sometimes included in the cost.* JOURNAL *editors who own pools (such as John Brenneman, above, Helen Everitt, Neal Stuart) estimate at least three hours a week labor. Here's one case where plunging into your work can really be fun!*

When Lola Fisher headed for Russia to play Eliza in "My Fair Lady," and found she could take only 66 pounds of personal luggage with her for ten weeks, she protested: "I weigh at least thirty pounds less than a man—can't I take the difference?" No, said airlines men. So Lola consulted *Nora O'Leary*. "Separates do it," said Nora. "A basic suit like our May one transforms with dickeys, scarves, flowers. Use creaseless fabrics. Going barefoot might help, but since this *would* raise eyebrows keep shoes (and hats) at a minimum!" Fair Lady Lola boarded the plane with no excess baggage—and not one raised eyebrow.

Speaking of summer travel, our executive editor Mary Bass *let us look over her shoulder as she was looking over sketches by Paris designer Pierre Balmain for the Queen of Thailand's wardrobe. (She's just finished an American tour, is now visiting Europe.) Idea excerpted: a different color for each day, complete with accessories, so she can dress quick as a fireman getting ready to slide down a pole. No blue Mondays on her schedule—she'll be cheery in yellow. And Sunday's a red-letter day—bright red, that is.*

We noted a new club the other day called the "Singletons," to bring unmarried men and women together for civic work (object matrimony). But our fast-marrying homemaking staff traditionally sticks to good food. *Kathy McDonald* thinks veal scallopine won her a proposal. *Jane Engel* tested recipes in the JOURNAL kitchen before trying them out on her fiancé: he proposed. And *Liane Waite* married her husband because *he* could cook!



DON ORNITZ

Difficult years for marriages: fifth to ninth. Best place to meet a husband: (1) school, (2) parties, (3) offices. Place of most proposals: cars. These and other facts we culled from the new book, "Can This Marriage Be Saved?", published by Dr. Paul Popenoe and Dorothy Cameron Disney from our pages. Couples photographed for the JOURNAL *are the real principals (see picture here), have told out happily married Dorothy that "little problems are the top of the iceberg—you have to sound out what's under them." Human life is in these pages—the material of which great novels are made. The volume is also a handbook of hints for the perceptive—showing them how their own marriages need never ask the question in the title.*

Dorothy Disney discusses a problem.

50 years ago in the Journal

In August, 1910, a poor widow who kept boarders jotted down the words and music to *The End of a Perfect Day* after watching the sunset in Riverside, California. The song made Mrs. Carrie Jacobs Bond rich and world-famous. Mayor Gaynor, of New York, used to walk to work across the Brooklyn Bridge. *The Chocolate Soldier* was a big Broadway hit, and the average American ate 82.6 pounds of sugar yearly.

In the August, 1910, JOURNAL, Annette Kellerman, best-known swimmer and diver in the world, advises JOURNAL readers, "Don't wear a corset in swimming—they cause many a case of cramps."

In this issue, the first woman to make a night ascension in America writes about My Night in a Balloon. Mrs. Eleanor Burnham says, "As I sat in a small basket 4000 feet above the sea and floated along at 40 miles per hour, a line of airships between New York and Boston no longer seemed an idle dream."

Menus for Summer Days includes this breakfast suggestion: "Iced currants, stuffed green peppers, hominy, beet salad and nut bread."

Concerned mother: "My year-old daughter who has always slept with her parents is a very restless sleeper. Can you suggest anything?" Replies the JOURNAL's baby expert: "Yes. Put her in a bed of her own at once."

"Pale yellow chiffon over pink silk makes a pretty afternoon dress."



THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE NOVELLA

By STUART CLOETE

THROW YOUR HEART OVER



Sometimes the barriers ahead seem impossibly high. To hurdle them we have to dare a little, and love a lot.

Helen heard her father say, "She's—she's not going to die, is she?"

She was the she, her. *It's me they're talking about*, she thought.

"No, John," Smitty said. Doctor Smith was his real name, but nobody called him that. "There's even a bit of improvement."

"How long will it take her?" daddy said.

"I don't know, Johnnie. You see, we don't even know just what she's got. It's not polio—at least not an ordinary polio. It's something different—something new. If only this were America. They know more there. In ten years ——"

"Ten years," her dad said. "In ten years she'll be twenty-one and I'll be forty-two. . . . Marriage, children. What's there for her? What'll her life be?"

"She's not going to die, Johnnie. There's some improvement. Let's leave the rest to God. There is a God, you know—that's something we doctors find out."

"Expecting a miracle, Smitty?" her dad said.

"There are miracles too. Wonderful things still happen. Things that cannot be explained."

"Like her being struck down with this thing—an innocent child."

That's me, Helen thought. *I'm an innocent child.* The idea pleased her. Then she thought about God. She thought He must be something like her grandfather. Bigger, of course, with a bigger white beard, but resembling him in many ways. It was interesting to lie here and hear every word they said in the adjoining bedroom. Of course they didn't know about it. How could they, since she didn't talk to herself?

Then Smitty said, "The kid's bored. She's an outdoor girl. What about a pony? Ever think of a pony, Johnnie?"

Helen pulled herself up in bed and clasped her hands together.

"A pony?" her father said. "You think she could ride?"

"One of the boys could hold her on. Old Herman, for instance. She could get around and see the veld again. The thorns are in bloom now. Yellow," the doctor said. "Yellow and perfumed." In her mind Helen saw the little fluffy yellow balls of the thorn flowers and smelled them. "I'm going to ask her," Smitty said.

"I can't buy a pony," her father said. "I can't even pay you."

The door banged and Smitty was in the room.

"Do you want a pony, Helen?" he said.

"No, I don't want a pony, doc."

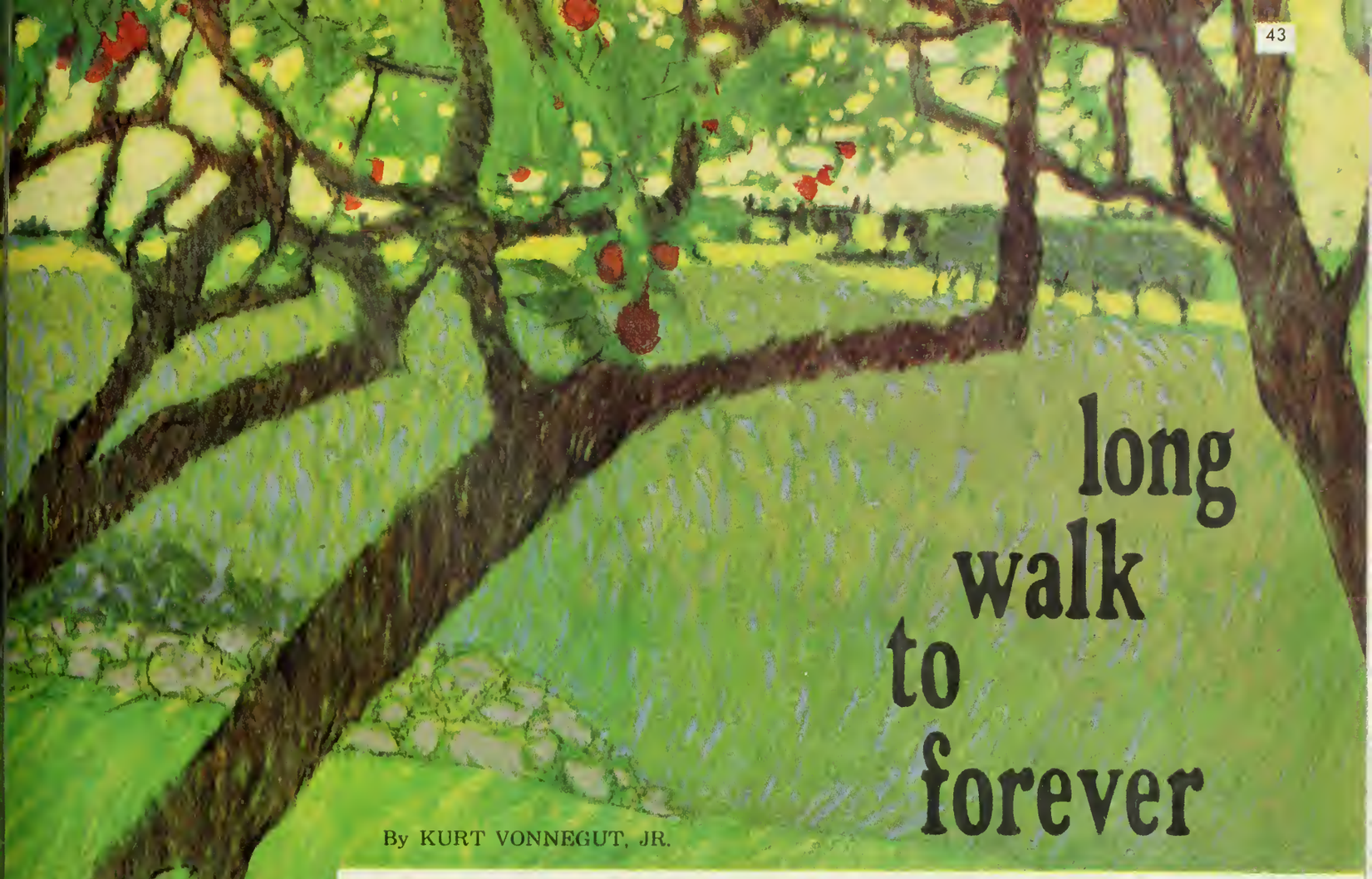
"It would do you good. You could get out. Get around again. Old Herman could hold you on."

Helen gripped the sides of her bed again and leaned forward. The round white enameled bars were hard and cold in her hand. Something big was happening. She was on the edge

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78



He had come
for a kiss
that would
cost him
thirty days in
the stockade.



long walk to forever

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

They had grown up next door to each other, on the fringe of a city, near fields and woods and orchards, within sight of a lovely bell tower that belonged to a school for the blind.

Now they were twenty, had not seen each other for nearly a year. There had always been playful, comfortable warmth between them, but never any talk of love.

His name was Newt. Her name was Catharine. In the early afternoon, Newt knocked on Catharine's front door.

Catharine came to the door. She was carrying a fat, glossy magazine she had been reading. The magazine was devoted entirely to brides. "Newt!" she said. She was surprised to see him.

"Could you come for a walk?" he said. He was a shy person, even with Catharine. He covered his shyness by speaking absently, as though what really concerned him were far away—as though he were a secret agent pausing briefly on a mission between beautiful, distant and sinister points. This manner of speaking had always been Newt's style, even in matters that concerned him desperately.

"A walk?" said Catharine.

"One foot in front of the other," said Newt, "through leaves, over bridges ——"

"I had no idea you were in town," she said.

"Just this minute got in," he said.

"Still in the Army, I see," she said.

"Seven more months to go," he said. He was a private first class in the Artillery. His uniform was rumpled. His shoes were dusty. He needed

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

You can't get ahead today unless you read

Parents: Encourage your children to READ. Persons who read more write better. speak better. think better and know more. Naturally. then. they are more successful in life. By GEORGE GALLUP



Most famous Gallup Pollster. Dr. Gallup. ex-professor. thinks many children's reading lists dull. He'd like them updated. exciting. rewarding. so more children would happily. and profitably, read.

With knowledge in all fields expanding at a remarkable rate. and with competition growing keener for top positions in the business and professional world. the importance of reading must be carefully reassessed.

The cultural value of reading is well established. Likewise. the pleasures of reading have been widely extolled. These will not. therefore. be the chief concern of this article, but rather the very practical reasons why young and old should spend more time reading.

Fortunately. or unfortunately. competition starts at an early age in our highly competitive society. There was a time in America when the accepted formula for success was hard work. Today the formula calls for a college education. This new factor is so widely recognized that nearly seven of every ten parents throughout the country want their children to go to college. And at least half of all high-school seniors have definite plans to continue their education. During the next few years this proportion is likely to increase. just as it has during the last two decades.

The desire for a college education is most laudable. The only problem is how to expand college facilities and teaching staffs to take care of the onrush of millions of high-school graduates.

The simple truth. which every parent should recognize. is that our colleges and universities will not be able to take care of all those students who are planning to go to college and that a rigorous screening process will be employed to sort out the students who are best prepared.

Already the institutions in the country with the highest academic standards are carefully selecting their students. and in some instances accepting only one of every five applicants. Since only the better-qualified students tend to apply to these colleges. parents can gain some idea of how difficult it is for their sons and daughters to obtain admittance to one of these top institutions.

Even in the universities where by law. or by policy. all graduates of accredited secondary schools are permitted to enter the freshman class. the struggle to stay in for the full four years and to emerge with a college degree has become a very tough one.

Time was when a student who demonstrated a moderate interest in his work and who spent a reasonable amount of time in study could be fairly certain of getting a bachelor-of-arts degree. But those happy-go-lucky days are gone forever. College CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS

GREENWOOD
EVERGREEN
SAN FRANCISCO
HOUMAS

By RICHARD PRATT

In the days of their glory, these and their likes were the dreams that decorated both sides of the Mississippi the whole length of Louisiana. The days of their glory were the fifty years that ended with the Civil War. During these years there seemed to be no limit to the wealth of sugar cane and cotton which grew up from the rich alluvial floodlands of Old Man River. Each plantation bore a romantic resemblance to a private principality, with whole populations of help living in oak-lined avenues of cabins. In most cases, grouped around the pillared and galleried great house were gatherings of other buildings called dependencies: the kitchens; the garçonnière for male guests; dovecots called pigeonniers; and often an architecturally elaborate little building that would now be called a rest room. Of all the fine old houses that were, many picturesque ruins remain, but only a few still look anything like the way they looked in the days of their glory. And of those few, these are four of the finest remaining.

GREENWOOD PLANTATION

This great Greek Revival mansion, a hundred feet square, surrounded by twenty-eight columns of plastered brick, was built in the 1830's by the Barrow family from the Carolinas, complete with silver hardware and reflecting pond to mirror the house's glory.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD PRATT

EVERGREEN PLANTATION

This is a rarity among the surviving Louisiana plantation establishments in that it has been beautifully and thoroughly restored during the years since 1946 when it was bought, just in the nick of time, by Mrs. Matilda Gray, of Lake Charles, Louisiana, New Orleans, New York City, France and Guatemala, where she also maintains handsome homes. What makes it rarer still is the fact that it remains a virtually complete plantation, with many delightful dependencies gathered around the great house, and off at a distance, down a long alley overhung with a double line of live oaks dripping with moss, twenty-four slave cabins, long since unoccupied, but standing there still. The house itself dates from the 1830's.





Kitchen



Bedroom



PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER





EXTERIOR: FRANK LOTZ MILLER

SAN FRANCISCO PLANTATION

Dreamier even than most of the big plantation houses standing back from the banks of the Mississippi were the famous river boats that did their best to look like floating palaces. San Francisco was a plantation house that did its best to look like one of the wedding-cake side-wheelers, following a style that has become known as Steamboat Gothic. This fanciful house was concocted in 1849, across the river from Evergreen, by a man named Valein Marmillion. But the burden of building the house, both physical and financial, was too much for his health, and he died before he had quite finished it, leaving it a monument to his dream.

The pride and joy of San Francisco are the painted ceilings, walls and doors; in particular the painted ceiling of the drawing room pictured here, one of the four great corner rooms of the gallery floor. If you look closely you will see that the charmingly rococo décor is painted directly on the cypress boards of the ceiling, where it has survived well over a hundred years of bad times as well as good without losing any of its original freshness—the work of Dominique Canova, cousin of the Napoleonic sculptor. San Francisco, like neighbor Greenwood, is open to visitors.





HOUMAS HOUSE

The overhanging roof supported by its surrounding colonnade is no mere stylistic effusion on these big Louisiana plantation houses. This impressive architectural feature served the very practical purpose of shading and cooling the high-ceilinged rooms within from the burning summer heat of the sugar-cane climate. Houmas does this with great magnificence: one of the finest and most famous of the plantation places; for most of its history, and even now, a bachelor's establishment, restored with fine taste and understanding, and furnished with the best work of the renowned New Orleans cabinetmakers. Though the house is of princely palatial size and extent, it is thoroughly homelike throughout, from the informal dining room in the old Creole summer kitchen to the typical vista beneath from breakfast room to parlor. Even the graceful staircase in the huge entrance hall winds upward unpretentiously.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER



Front hall



Kitchen

Dining room



We loved him, but ——

His father was too busy to be with him.
I couldn't bring myself to punish him for misbehaving.
We sided against his teachers when they complained about his schoolwork.
As he grew up, he would hardly discuss the time of day with us.
He was expelled from school.
We gave him money—so he wouldn't steal again.

—— we didn't abandon him, even then.

JERRY YULSMAN



I went when the police called—to turn my own boy over to them.
As I watched them search him, my life seemed to end.

I REARED A CRIMINAL

My only son is a public enemy who is serving his third term in a state penitentiary. He has robbed at gun point, forged checks, stolen cars, abandoned a family, wreaked disgrace on his father and me and brought a thousand teardrops to my eyes. Yet my son possesses above-average intelligence, he is mentally sound and has no handicaps or physical defects that could have warped his mind or made him bitter. Indeed, he is a handsome young man with a winning personality, and he was reared in a fine home by parents who loved him.

Why is he a criminal? Psychologists have said that his father and I "made mistakes" in training him. I look around today and I see many other parents making these same mistakes. I fear these parents are going to pay the same terrible price for their neglect that my husband and I have paid. I am telling how my son went wrong in the hope that I can help other mothers and fathers avoid the heartbreak that my husband and I have known. Let me start my story at the beginning.

When our little boy was born, Leonard, my husband, and I had been married for three years. We had just bought a new home a few miles outside the small Western city where my husband had established a building-supply business. Like many other young couples, we were short of cash, but we had a growing business and a good start on a fine home. We looked to a bright future; and since my husband wanted an heir, he was overjoyed when our first child proved to be a boy.

I had a difficult time carrying my son, and I was very weak after his birth. When our second child, a girl, arrived twenty months later, I nearly died and doctors said I could never have another. But this didn't matter too much because we now had a family, Leonard, Jr. (Lennie), and Judy Ann.

In the early years of our married life, all my problems at home were overshadowed by my husband's struggle to keep our business on a firm foundation, and expand it. Like many other husbands, he worked long hours each day, and when he came home at night he was too tired to devote much attention to household problems. We gradually reached an understanding that I was to take care of the home and rear the children, while he devoted all his attention to the task of bringing in money and building for our future. It wasn't the best of relationships, but do not many husbands today spend much of their time at the office, or with clients, and devote little real attention to problems in their home?

Our children were a joy during those early years. They were handsome, with blond hair and attractive features. They were also happy and very healthy. But as our son reached the age of four it became evident that he had achieved a condition known as "being spoiled." He lorded it over his sister, demanded his own way, and when things didn't please him he gave way to fits of anger. This was due to several things. First of all, I was not strong for several years after the birth of our daughter, so my mother helped me with my household duties. There is nobody like a grandparent when it comes to indulging and spoiling a child, in my opinion. Secondly, I seemed to lack the fortitude that was required to inflict on our son the punishment which he so richly deserved at times. His tears seemed to melt my anger. I rarely spanked him, and often I reneged on my word when I threatened him with punishment if he committed a specific offense again.

Another problem was created by my husband's activities. Leonard felt guilty that he had so little time to devote to the children. To make up for this, he lavished gifts on them, especially Lennie, who occupied a special place in his father's heart. These gifts were not always wisely chosen. Our boy got a bicycle before he was old enough to appreciate it, and when it was rendered useless through neglect he was given another one. Throughout the first six years, our son got almost his every wish from my husband, who attempted to win a place in the child's affections in this manner. This CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

A WELL-KNOWN PSYCHIATRIST SAYS:

"This portrays true typical behavior of parents who cannot believe that they have a desperate problem on their hands until it is too late. Over and over again I have seen this division between parents. First one, then the other tries to avoid harshness, both hoping against hope they are not dealing with a child who will turn out to be a criminal.

"Whether adequate discipline and firmness at a very early age would have changed the picture here is, of course, very difficult to say.

"It might easily be true that the parents were dealing with the 'bad seed.' Studies conducted by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, of the Harvard Law School, revealed that in 60 per cent of their cases the tendency toward delinquency showed up by the age of six. If discipline and training *are* to be brought to bear on the child, they must be started early. But there is no assurance that if one did start early, one would necessarily succeed.

"A number of parents might benefit from this story. It might give them courage to take firmer steps to break up odd patterns of behavior which manifest themselves early—even though they may not be raising criminals. The story of indulgence by first one and then the other of the parents is a typical story about the delinquent boy or girl.

"There are a lot of wasted lives which might be corrected if parents would take a firmer stand early."



WILLIAM PAHLMANN ASSOCIATES

Beautifully painted, silk-lined cabinet houses a charming mixture of old fans and antique china. A most decorative and original collection, it includes exotic Chinese and painted French fans, also examples in rose-point lace and in ivory. English and French porcelains mingle with pieces of Oriental Lowestoft against this pretty background of unusual fans.

Small, cherished objects can be handsomely arrange in bookcases, break fronts, cabinets, on tabletops.

SHELF COLLE

Architectural banks are great fun to collect. Of painted metal, some are inscribed with the names o





Part of actress Hermione Gingold's collection of blue glass is arranged on the top of a chest. Most of these are blue milk glass, some pieces are Bristol. The lettuces are particularly fascinating. Miss Gingold's arrangement of bead flowers provides height under one of her many charming pictures of children.



Here, an idea for powder room or foyer: coral and shells mingle on glass and brass shelves. China shells hold flowers.



A bookcase lined with gay striped fabric makes an amusing background for an assemblage of china cats. These are antique and new, imported and domestic; the collection includes a fat modern Scandinavian charmer, a group of semiprecious felines in amethyst, pink quartz and aventurine, and a large Staffordshire pair.



Very narrow hanging bookcase is an ideal place for this collection of soldiers. Top shelf holds modern English guardsmen; below are replicas of the coronation coach and entourage; underneath that there are four mounted knights, Scots Greys, and more guards, all contemporary.

Recessed shelves embellished with lovely old china can be one of the prettiest forms of decoration anywhere in the house. This collection features, from the top down: first shelf, Oriental Lowestoft platter and teapot, Vienna coffeepot and cup; second shelf, all Spode pieces; third shelf, Oriental Lowestoft pitcher and covered bowl, Spode plate, Worcester bowl, Vienna pot; fourth shelf, all Oriental Lowestoft except for shell-shaped Derby dish in center; bottom shelf, all Worcester except large bowl, which is a French copy of Oriental Lowestoft.



CTIONS

...s of the late 19th century.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

PHOTO BY OZZIE SWEET



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD FOWLER



ERIC SCHWAB

Mme. Marcelle Brunschwig, of Switzerland, was reared in a country which expects women to do nothing but stay home and look after the children. She did that, too, but when disaster struck she discovered that she possessed unexpected talents.

Some of the richest and most glamorous women in Europe and Asia are almost unknown in America. Here are

The Richest Women

By PETER BRIGGS and MARGARET PARTON

One of them owns the heart of a long-dead Scottish queen, the ghost of a mad ancestor and the skull of an ancient enemy. Another has a herd of wild boars, and forty diamond tiaras. A Spanish lady has, among other possessions, twenty-two letters Columbus wrote to his son; and an Indian businesswoman enshrines a pair of Mahatma Gandhi's sandals in her prayer room. One of the world's richest women almost owned the Brooklyn Dodgers, and another has possession of a secret treasure.

Outside their femininity, the only thing these women have in common with one another and such well-known Americans as Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton is money—lots of it. Most of them are richer than the Americans, and all control their own fortunes. One is a queen, and one an ex-queen. Two are of the nobility. One was a beauty queen and another was a chorus girl. And most of them by their lives indicate that money can bring the possessor many fascinating things—except, perhaps, happiness.



KEYSTONE PRESS

Rumor claims that a vast fortune was hidden away around the world by the wily Aga Khan III, spiritual leader of a Moslem sect of twenty millions who died in 1957—and that only his widow, the beautiful begum, knows the secret of the treasure. True or not, the begum has enough millions to be able to continue to live with her accustomed elegance, although she is now in semiretirement.

PICTORIAL PARADE



Monarchy may be disappearing in Europe, but the Netherlands and Great Britain each retains a queen of vast popularit and equally vast personal wealth. Juliana, who here welcomes Elizabeth II to the Netherlands, is independently wealth and also the daughter of possibly the richest woman in the world. Elizabeth is the wealthiest woman in her own kingdom her jewelry collection alone is thought to be worth around $150,000,000. To their subjects, this is only as it should b

...n the World

The richest woman in the world is probably former Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, who retired in 1948 after fifty years as a ruling monarch. The exact extent of her wealth is a well-kept royal secret, but it is known that she holds important shares in Holland's largest bank, in its biggest trading firm and in the world-wide oil empire, Royal Dutch Shell. "It would take a big warehouse merely to contain the cases which hold her shares and bonds," says a family friend. If her holdings were turned into cash she would be worth (at a conservative estimate) more than $600,000,000.

Wilhelmina, who took the title of Princess when she abdicated to her daughter Juliana, owns an apartment house in Washington, D.C., and other real estate in the United States, Canada, Western Europe and South America. Last year she gave the nation 18,000 acres of land, complete with farms, homes and hotels. These will belong to the nation, but the income will go to her daughter.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112



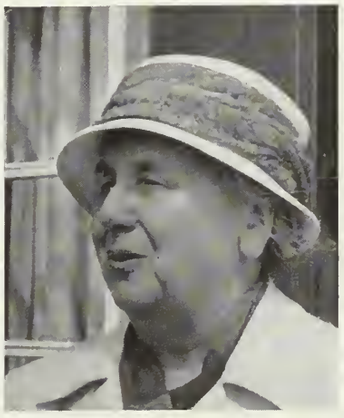
The richest woman in fabled Spain is the beautiful young 18th Duchess of Alba. She is a direct descendant of King James II of England, possesses more than forty lyrical Spanish titles and five palaces inherited from her father. Among other possessions are a duque (a type of carriage) and a favorite pair of American-bought blue jeans.

KEYSTONE PRESS



Nina Caroline Studley-Herbert, the Countess of Seafield, is the second richest woman in Great Britain. Her family history reaches back into mists of time; her father was the inspiration of one of America's most famous books for children; her own life resembles an improbable fairy tale. And if her hair had been a different color she might never have inherited the fabulous castles and great domains.

COMBINE



Former Queen Wilhelmina, 80, is sturdy example for thrifty Dutchmen and also possibly the world's wealthiest woman.

KEYSTONE PRESS



Suzanne Volterra, French millionairess, has a very special attitude toward the matter of luck. This may have something to do with the $40,000,000 she inherited, or possibly even the forty-five horses she thought she didn't want. Today she has 100 Thoroughbreds and quite a reputation on the track.

B.S.V. RAO



In India, where many women still remain behind the veil and close to home, Sumati Morarjee is conspicuous not only for her wealth but for the skillful management of one of her country's largest shipping companies. Her home, now a museum of art, once hid revolutionists; showing it to visitors, she proudly says, "Gandhi slept here."

By JOHN LATHAM TOOHEY



This story really starts with my friends the Sheffields, bless their pointy little heads. The city was hot and sticky, and I had an idea for a television script that I wanted to work on in peace and quiet. I had notions of fleeing to the country for two or three weeks, preferably to an air-conditioned villa. *Surely one of my friends has such a villa*, I reasoned. All my careful hints fell on flinty soil, though, until I came to the Sheffields.

"Why, you can go to Green Island, Timothy," said Marge. "We have a house there you'll just *love*, and we're not using it this summer. Of course it isn't the Pierre."

"Does it have all its buttons?" I asked. "Stove, refrigerator, running water?"

"It certainly does," said George Sheffield icily. "There are gradations between the Pierre and a foxhole, Timothy."

"No insult intended," I said. "I just know my limitations."

"Pooh," said Marge. "You writers and your imaginations. You only *think* you can't do things for yourself, Timothy."

A week and a half later, when a taxi deposited me on a wharf in Rockland, I was carrying a typewriter, a suitcase, and a wicker basket containing Potash and Perlmutter, my Siamese cats. Potash is an old banker-type cat, jowly and sedate, while Perlmutter is altogether different, a lithe, nervous dandy. They had been cooped up all day in the basket, and it was hot. One whiff of the fragrant fish smell of the wharf and Perlmutter began howling, and pacing up and down inside the basket.

"What you got *in* thayuh?" asked the taxi driver.

"Cats," I said briefly.

"I wouldn't keep no cats in no box all day," said the driver.

"They love it," I said. "The big one brings me the box in his teeth." CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

the playboy and

WHAT CAN A MAN EXPECT FROM A GIRL WHO'S A PLUMBER, ELECTRICIAN AND AN ALL-AROUND HANDY MAN?



"You've got fourteen minutes
of your hour left," P. J. said.
"I'll bet the kitchen is a mess.
I'll bet you didn't even make your bed."

the plumber

"I weighed 320 pound. then lost 160"

By cutting her weight in half, Shirley Hambrick, housewife and mother of two daughters, has more than doubled her prospects of future happiness and good health. She says, "Absolute determination to stick to my diet, a friendly, interested doctor and, most of all, a loving and understanding family—those were the 'big three' behind my success story." By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor



Poor me—poor chair— **320**

Same chair, but now you can begin to see it—I'm down to a mere **289**

I'm beginning to feel like a sylph. **182**

Same chair, but I can share it with my daughter, Diana **16**

One day in May, 1957, 320-pound Shirley Hambrick, feeling unusually nervous and irritable, telephoned her doctor to ask him to prescribe a pill for her jitters. Her own doctor was out of town and his associate, never having met Mrs. Hambrick, explained that he couldn't prescribe over the telephone for a patient he didn't know, but that if she would stop by he would be glad to see her.

Startled at the sight of grossly overweight Shirley, and horrified at her blood pressure (280 over 150), the doctor ordered her into a hospital the same day. "Diet or die" was the frightening diagnosis. Hospitalized, Shirley subsisted on a 500-calorie-a-day diet supplemented with prescribed amounts of vitamins and minerals. When thorough examinations and tests showed that aside from problems caused by her obesity there was nothing else wrong, she was released in 17 days.

Shirley was told to continue her 500-calorie diet for three months, after which her doctor would raise it to between 700 and 800 calories a day. During her 23 months of dieting, she never ate beyond 800 calories' worth of food a day—and reduced to 160 pounds.

At the end of the diet, Shirley's doctor suggested that she gradually increase her food allotments, weigh herself regularly, and find out how far she could go—in calories—to *maintain* her new weight. The answer, for Shirley, is between 1200 and 1500 calories a day for maintenance. If she goes over this, the scales tell on her.

"For years," says Shirley, "I suffered through the humiliation and embarrassment with which all fatties are familiar. I was ridiculed, pitied, whispered about, snubbed, sniekered at wherever I went. My personal feelings bounced back and forth from shame to remorse to that chip-on-the-shoulder feeling: 'It's nobody's business what I do—I'll eat all I want.'

"But the worst—the really worst—moment in my life came when I was to weigh in at the hospital. One scale wouldn't accommodate me. Imagine the chagrin I felt when another scale was brought in and I was told to stand, one foot on each scale, for an accurate weight-taking!

"Obviously I will always have to watch what I eat," Shirley adds. "But that is scant price to pay for my new-found happiness and health, my sense of pride, and the glances and words of real admiration I receive from my family and friends."

BEFORE AND AFTER MEASUREMENTS

	MAY, 1957	APRIL, 1959
HEIGHT	5′6½″	5′6½″
WEIGHT	320 pounds	160 pounds
BUST	52″	38″
WAIST	49″	29″
HIPS	60″	40″
UPPER ARM	17″	11″
FOREARM	12″	9¼″
THIGH	30″	21″
CALF	17″	12½″
ANKLE	9½″	7¾″
NECK	17″	13″
DRESS SIZE	52 plus	16–18



JOHN ENGSTEAD

Sample diet days—one day each for 500 calories, 700–800 calories and 1200–1500 calories (for maintenance). Vitamin and mineral supplements were used throughout Mrs. Hambrick's entire diet. Nutritional requirements vary with the individual. The JOURNAL advises each person contemplating a reducing diet to have his or her own doctor plan it.

500 CALORIES A DAY

BREAKFAST	CALORIES
Orange juice (4 oz.)	55
Toast (½ slice, plain)	30
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Coffee, plain	0
	170

LUNCHEON	
Bouillon (1 cup)	10
Roast lamb (1 slice)	100
Cauliflower (½ cup)	15
Tea or coffee, plain	0
	125

DINNER	
Cottage cheese (¼ cup)	55
Lettuce-and-tomato salad	30
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Cantaloupe (½)	35
Tea or coffee, plain	0
	205

Total calories for day 500

700–800 CALORIES A DAY

BREAKFAST	CALORIES
½ orange	40
Poached egg (1)	75
Toast (1 slice, plain)	60
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Coffee, plain	0
	260

LUNCHEON	
Cottage cheese (½ cup)	110
with dietetic canned apricots (½ cup) and lettuce	35
Nonfat milk (8 oz.)	85
Tea or coffee, plain	0
	230

DINNER	
Consommé (½ cup)	10
Veal roast (average serving)	200
Fresh green beans (½ cup)	15
Lettuce salad with lemon juice	15
Fresh strawberries (10)	45
Tea or coffee, plain	0
	285

Total calories for day 775

1200–1500 CALORIES A DAY (MAINTENANCE)

BREAKFAST	CALORIES
Grapefruit juice (4 oz.)	50
Scrambled egg (1) in tsp. butter	105
Toast lightly buttered	95
Coffee, plain	0
	250

LUNCHEON	
Broiled whitefish, lemon juice	185
Fresh asparagus	30
Sliced tomatoes and cucumbers	40
Whole milk (8-oz. glass)	165
Apple (fresh)	75
	495

DINNER	
Broiled steak (average serving)	295
Baked potato (95) with tsp. butter (35)	130
Large tossed green salad, diet dressing	30
Fresh fruit gelatin	90
Tea or coffee, plain	0
	545

Total calories for day 1290

...aReached— 160

Young Woman's World of Fashion...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Who is she... the young woman in the tweed suit boarding a plane for a university campus, or a bus that takes her to a tall glass skyscraper, or a suburban train city-bound for shopping? College girl, secretary, career girl or young wife—many of her fashions are much the same. You'll see her also in a reversible coat or a gray chinchilla, in a silhouette-making black dress... and always and forever at some point in her beloved sweater and skirt—the insignia of young America.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor

College

Gail Jarvis, Vassar '60, summers at home in Venezuela, returns to a New York career in the fall. This plaid wool jacket dress by Dan Keller is ideal for travel or business—a date dress without its jacket.

HANDBAG BY OSCAR WOLF

Secretary



Miss Nadine Cannon, secretary to Mr. Arthur H. Watson, president of IBM World Trade Corporation, likes a gray chinchilla coat by Dan Millstein because it goes with daytime wools, and with black at night.

HANDBAG BY HARRY JASON

Judy Ann Phillips, class of '60 at the University of Miami, now Mrs. William Murphy, of Cincinnati, looks for a wool dress with a new silhouette. The checked tweed by Robert Crystal worn with a reversible coat.

COAT BY MAURICE SUNDERLAND

Young Woman's World of Fashion...



Gold tweed suit with a cotton blouse by Ted Fell for a college or career girl or a newly married. Mrs. William Murphy wears it.

The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



Sara Hunter, tall blond junior at Sarah Lawrence College, wears the flame tweed suit designed by Stefan, a stitched velvet beret by Janet Sloane, carries out brown accessories in her gloves, bag and pumps.

Young Married

Mr. and Mrs. Hillar Sarepera, married their senior year (he at Rutgers, she at Douglass), will come to New York to begin careers this fall. Her reversible topcoat matches her tweed dress by Frank Adams.





Miss Nadine Cannon likes bright wool dresses at the office, usually wears a single piece of jewelry and a watch. This sapphire-blue wool with unpressed pleats by Morgan Fauth.

Career

Helaine Carlin, class of '64 at Hunter College, prefers the amber colors. With her box-pleated skirt she wears a brushed wool-and-mohair sweater with tied belt, by Mr. Mort.



College

Sara Hunter chooses a clan-plaid wool dress by Pendleton for campus or weekends. Comfort is top specification and this dress, cut like a shirt and softly sashed, takes honors. A red overarm handbag by Roger Van S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





the long and the short of a coat design

By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

If you are looking for a full-length coat, what could be prettier or more in fashion than our rich gold fleece on the opposite page? The color is surprisingly wearable and pretty over a matching jersey dress or over deeper tones. And if a costume look is more to your liking, the same coat design can be made three-quarter length. This has special appeal if you choose a dramatic combination of fabrics like beige tweed lined in a leopard-fur fabric. Add a matching skirt and an overblouse to complete the effect. The short plaid coat (this, too, is from the same pattern) with a slim basic dress underneath is a perfect costume for first fall days. Your dress could pick up any one of the pretty shades of the plaid. *All* the coats are made from Vogue Design No. 5082. The gold dress is Vogue Design No. 9998. The beige skirt, Design No. 9593. The overblouse, Design No. 9706; and the lavender dress is Design No. 9988.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 140. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI



HAT BY EMME

Combine beige tweed with a dramatic leopard-fur-fabric lining.

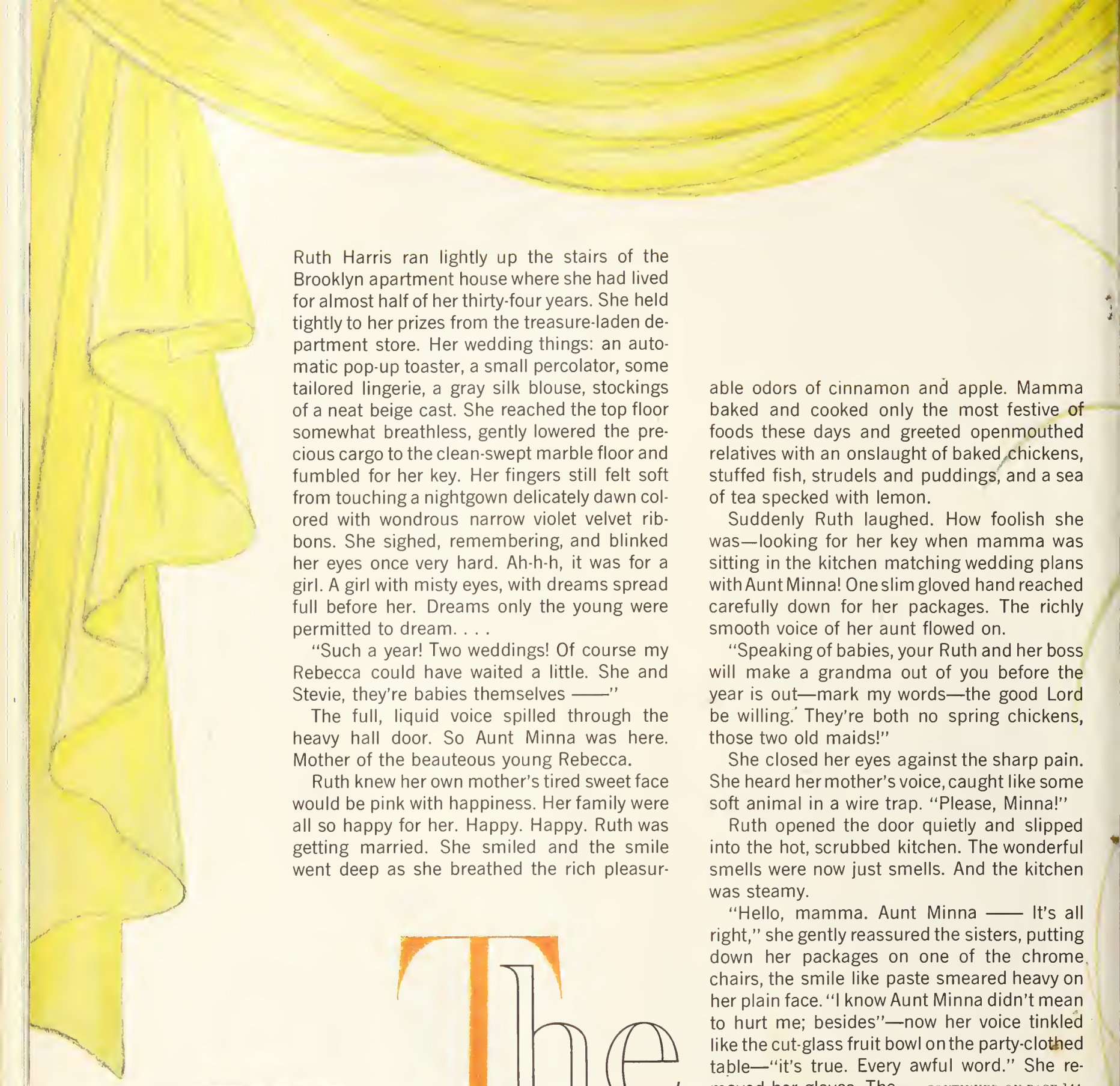


HAT BY MR. JOHN

A beautiful plaid with a slim color-co-ordinated basic dress.

A marvelous monotone combination in gold fleece over matching jersey.

BAG BY RICHARD KORET HAT BY MICHAEL WINTER



The Wedding

THE Journal PRESENTS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE

Lilly Gordon Einstein

GUARD WELL YOUR DREAMS; SOMEDAY THEY MAY COME TRUE.

Ruth Harris ran lightly up the stairs of the Brooklyn apartment house where she had lived for almost half of her thirty-four years. She held tightly to her prizes from the treasure-laden department store. Her wedding things: an automatic pop-up toaster, a small percolator, some tailored lingerie, a gray silk blouse, stockings of a neat beige cast. She reached the top floor somewhat breathless, gently lowered the precious cargo to the clean-swept marble floor and fumbled for her key. Her fingers still felt soft from touching a nightgown delicately dawn colored with wondrous narrow violet velvet ribbons. She sighed, remembering, and blinked her eyes once very hard. Ah-h-h, it was for a girl. A girl with misty eyes, with dreams spread full before her. Dreams only the young were permitted to dream. . . .

"Such a year! Two weddings! Of course my Rebecca could have waited a little. She and Stevie, they're babies themselves ——"

The full, liquid voice spilled through the heavy hall door. So Aunt Minna was here. Mother of the beauteous young Rebecca.

Ruth knew her own mother's tired sweet face would be pink with happiness. Her family were all so happy for her. Happy. Happy. Ruth was getting married. She smiled and the smile went deep as she breathed the rich pleasurable odors of cinnamon and apple. Mamma baked and cooked only the most festive of foods these days and greeted openmouthed relatives with an onslaught of baked chickens, stuffed fish, strudels and puddings, and a sea of tea specked with lemon.

Suddenly Ruth laughed. How foolish she was—looking for her key when mamma was sitting in the kitchen matching wedding plans with Aunt Minna! One slim gloved hand reached carefully down for her packages. The richly smooth voice of her aunt flowed on.

"Speaking of babies, your Ruth and her boss will make a grandma out of you before the year is out—mark my words—the good Lord be willing. They're both no spring chickens, those two old maids!"

She closed her eyes against the sharp pain. She heard her mother's voice, caught like some soft animal in a wire trap. "Please, Minna!"

Ruth opened the door quietly and slipped into the hot, scrubbed kitchen. The wonderful smells were now just smells. And the kitchen was steamy.

"Hello, mamma. Aunt Minna —— It's all right," she gently reassured the sisters, putting down her packages on one of the chrome chairs, the smile like paste smeared heavy on her plain face. "I know Aunt Minna didn't mean to hurt me; besides"—now her voice tinkled like the cut-glass fruit bowl on the party-clothed table—"it's true. Every awful word." She removed her gloves. The CONTINUED ON PAGE 144



vat the big hullabaloo
ding," he said.
I thought I'd never
v—I want it now."



Looking over the President's Shoulder

Good-by to the White House after 21 years as butler there—

by Alonzo Fields

CONCLUSION

The Trumans moved back to the newly renovated White House in March of 1952. It had been a tough job putting the old place back into shape. Though there were many fine improvements, the house looked the same. Care had been taken so that everything would be an exact likeness of the original rooms. I suppose the biggest change was in the State Dining Room. The old English oak-paneled walls had been tinted green instead of their original stain. Many of us were apprehensive about this, but once you saw the change it surprised you how much it added to the room. With the new Truman china, the same shade of green and gold, placed on white damask linen it added brightness to this room which is inclined to be dark and somber.

We christened the new dining room with a luncheon for Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. She and Prince Bernhard were not strangers to us, for during their exile in Canada during the war we had often had them as off-the-record guests. Her Majesty was just as charming as ever and had developed a graciousness and poise suitable to the ruler of a country.

Saturday, April 5, the royal party was scheduled to leave the airport at 9:15. Breakfast was to be served for her Majesty and the CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

© 1960 by Alonzo Fields



COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

"As we went over the menus the day Governor Stevenson was expected, President Truman said he wanted me to meet the Democratic candidate. I was fascinated with the warmth of the governor's handshake and his friendly eyes."



EUROPEAN

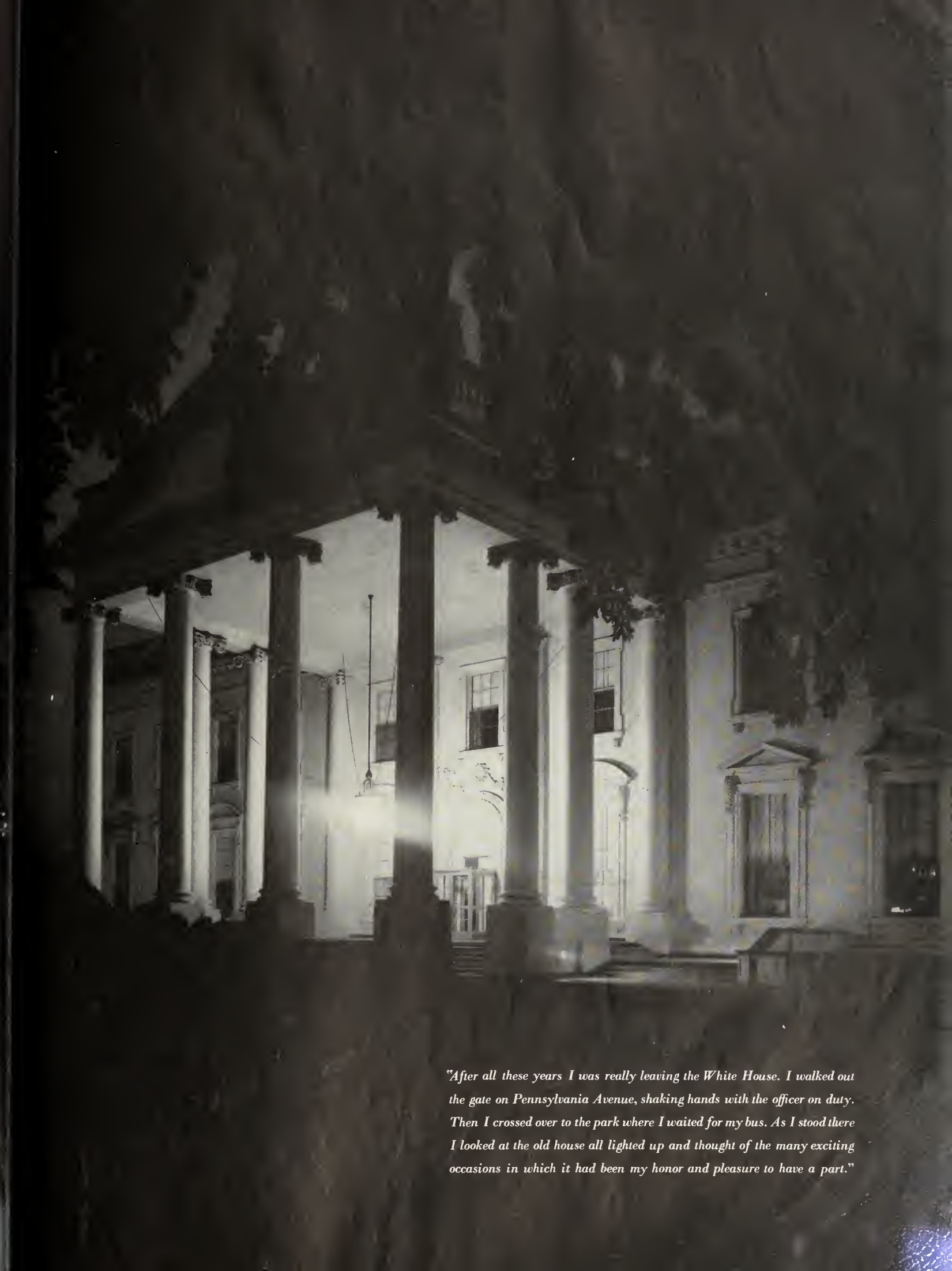
"Mrs. Eisenhower visited Mrs. Truman according to custom, but made no tour to meet the staff. The transformation from one Administration to another is as sudden as death. You serve breakfast to a family with whom you have spent years; at noon they are gone and here are new faces, new likes and dislikes."

The First Lady samples a presidential birthday cake. The Eisenhowers had "trays for their family dinners—with TV paneled in the walls to watch."



JAMES MAHAN

COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



"After all these years I was really leaving the White House. I walked out the gate on Pennsylvania Avenue, shaking hands with the officer on duty. Then I crossed over to the park where I waited for my bus. As I stood there I looked at the old house all lighted up and thought of the many exciting occasions in which it had been my honor and pleasure to have a part."

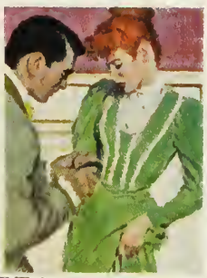




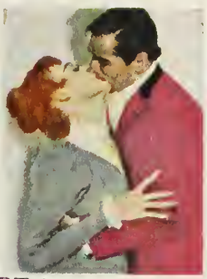
PART 1



PART 2



PART 3



PART 4

The MISTRESS of MELLYN

BY VICTORIA HOLT

I was afraid, more afraid than I had ever been since I came to this house. The body of Sir Thomas Treslyn, who had died after supping at Mount Mellyn, was to be exhumed. People were suspicious of the manner in which he died, and as a result there had been anonymous letters. Why should they be suspicious? Because his wife wanted him out of the way; and it was known that Connan and Linda Treslyn had been lovers. There had been two obstacles to their union—Alice and Sir Thomas. Both had died suddenly.

But Connan had no wish to marry Lady Treslyn. He was in love with me.

A terrible thought had struck me. Did Connan know that there was to be this exhumation? Had I been living in a fool's paradise? Was I being used by a cynic? Why did I not use the harsher word? Was I being used by a *murderer?*

I would not believe it. I loved Connan. I had sworn to be faithful to him all my life. How could I make such a vow and then believe the worst of him at the first crisis?

I could see that the household was divided between two topics of conversation: the exhumation of Sir Thomas and the proposed marriage of the master and the governess.

I was afraid to meet the stern eyes of Mrs. Polgrey, the lewd ones of Tapperty and the excited ones of his daughters. Did they, as I had begun to do, connect these two events?

I asked Connan what he thought of the Treslyn affair.

"Mischiefmakers," he said. "They'll have an autopsy and find he died a natural death. His doctor always told him that he must expect to go off like that."

"It must be very worrying for Lady Treslyn."

"She will not worry unduly. Indeed, since she has been pestered by letter writers she may well be relieved to have the matter brought to a head."

I pictured the medical experts. They would no doubt be men who knew the Treslyns and Connan. As Connan was going to marry me—and he was very eager to spread the news—was it possible that they would approach the matter in a different spirit from that in which they would if they believed Lady Treslyn was eager to marry again?

Who could say?

I must drive away these terrible thoughts. I would believe in Connan. I had to; if I did not, I must face the fact that I had fallen in love with a murderer.

The invitations for the ball had gone out. Lady Treslyn, being in mourning and with the autopsy pending, was of course not invited. It was to take place only four days after our return from Penlandstow.

Celestine and Peter Nansellock rode over the day before the ball.

Celestine put her arms about me and kissed me. "My dear," she said, "how happy I am. I have watched you with Alvean and I know what this is going to mean to her." There were tears in her eyes. "Alice would be so happy." CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

CONCLUSION

A voice said, "My darling—my darling." It was Connan's voice, and I knew that a miracle had happened.

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DI PIETRO

There's magic in a casserole, it's elegant, yet so easy to prepare!

I LOVE LEARNING TO COOK

By JOANNE WOODWARD

as told to JEAN ANDERSON

When I was growing up in Georgia, my whole life was acting. I don't ever remember cooking or being much interested in it. Then in 1952 when I set out for New York, my father slipped a cookbook into my suitcase, and I think that's what got me started, plus the fact that I was on my own for the first time in my life and *had* to cook. I wasn't much good at it. My first party was disastrous because I decided to make an asparagus pie which I'd read about. I don't think I've ever seen anything so ghastly, but my guests were polite and brave and ate it all.

My husband, Paul Newman, and I like to entertain, although we don't have enough time for it. When we're in New York, Sunday is our only day and dinner is our time for company. In California it works a bit differently. Sunday is still *the* day, but life moves more casually and we generally serve buffet brunches. I like to try new recipes on guests, which horrifies my mother. She says a good cook would never dream of such a thing. She also has never recovered from the dinner I gave

Paul says my hollandaise sauce is the best he's ever eaten. I often serve it because the recipe is almost foolproof. With us, the simpler the salad the better—just cool crisp greens, oil-and-vinegar dressing.

STUART

recently for twenty. I had spent the entire afternoon in the dentist's chair, then raced home to prepare my favorite casserole—ham and chicken—which seems terribly gourmet but is very easy to make. The dinner was an enormous success in spite of my spur-of-the-moment cooking.

Many of our friends serve dinners with a theme—a Chinese meal authentic to the chopsticks, a German dinner. I've never been able to do this, so I like to think of my meals as kind of United Nations dinners.

Paul, who is an excellent cook himself and the charcoal-grill chef in our family, encouraged me to try gourmet recipes by giving me an elegant cookbook the Valentine's Day before we were married. Some of our favorite recipes are made of leftovers, however. I am a great miser about food—can't bear to throw anything away. And because we move about so much, we're often caught with a refrigerator of odds and ends. One morning I had only three packages of chicken livers, a little bacon, some mushrooms and half a loaf of bread. I put together a brunch which was quite mad, but the guests adored it: sautéed chicken livers with crisp bacon served in a sauce over toast.

This may sound as if I'm a haphazard cook, but I'm not. Actually, I am a great traditionalist about baking cakes. One of our favorites is like the famous Brown Derby grapefruit cake, a recipe that's a deep, dark secret. But I've worked out something rather similar.

I love to bake—especially soufflés. One night while I was pregnant and alone (Paul was doing *Sweet Bird of Youth*), I made a cheese soufflé and ate it all. I was still ravenous, so I made an orange soufflé and ate that one too. I was halfway through my third soufflé, a chocolate one, when Paul came in and finished it. Making soufflés is wonderfully soothing—there's just something about seeing them come out so puffed and light.

I've had great fun in my kitchen and have discovered that I do like to cook. I'm still beginner enough that many of my concoctions are crazy—"creative," we call them. Still, I'm learning—and loving it!

Grapefruit Cake

1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon finely grated grapefruit rind
½ teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
¾ cup butter
3 eggs
3 cups cake flour
¾ teaspoon salt
3½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon baking soda
½ cup grapefruit juice mixed with ½ cup water

Place sugar, grated rinds and butter in a mixing bowl and cream until very light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift cake flour with salt, baking powder and soda. Divide mound of dry ingredients into 4 parts. Now add ¼ of dry ingredients to creamed mixture along with ⅓ of liquid ingredients and mix just enough to blend. Repeat twice, mixing lightly after each addition. Finally, mix in last ¼ of dry ingredients. Place equal quantities of batter in two greased 9″ layer-cake pans and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for 30 minutes or until cake is browned and pulls from the sides of the pans. Run a spatula around edges of pans and let cakes cool about 10 minutes before inverting on wire racks. Cool layers and frost with fluffy grapefruit-cheese frosting.

Fluffy Grapefruit-Cheese Frosting

3 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese, softened
1 tablespoon softened butter
4 teaspoons finely grated grapefruit rind
1 teaspoon finely grated lemon rind
1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon vanilla
6–6½ cups confectioners' sugar
Sections from 2 grapefruit and 2 oranges (garnish)

Cream cheese, butter, rinds and vanilla until fluffy. Now beat in sugar, a little at a time, until fluffy and of a good spreading consistency. Put together the 2 layers of grapefruit cake with a thin layer of frosting, then frost top and sides of cake, swirling the frosting around. Garnish with alternate grapefruit and orange sections around the top of the cake and with clusters of fruit at the base. This recipe makes enough to frost one 9″ two-layer cake.



Chicken-and-Ham Casserole

1 cup flour
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1¼ teaspoons powdered savory
4 chicken breasts, split (8 halves)
¼ pound butter
4 thin slices precooked ham
1 pound mushrooms, wiped (pick out 5 of the prettiest, slice them and chop the rest)
2 onions, peeled and chopped
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
1 tablespoon minced parsley
⅛ teaspoon mace
1 cup chicken broth (or ½ cup each chicken broth and dry sherry)
2 teaspoons light brown sugar
½ cup orange juice
2 heads Belgian endive, quartered (or 8 hearts of celery or lettuce)
1 (10-oz.) package frozen peas

Place flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon savory in a paper bag and shake to blend. Now, lightly dredge the chicken breasts by shaking them in the seasoned flour. Brown chicken in ¼ cup melted butter, adding more butter as needed. When golden brown, remove chicken breasts and drain on paper toweling. Trim slices of ham of extra fat, cut in half lengthwise and roll up, securing with a toothpick. Brown ham lightly and drain on paper toweling. To the same skillet add remaining butter, if any, the chopped mushrooms, onions, garlic, parsley, ¼ teaspoon savory, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, mace, and sauté until mushrooms and onions are tender. Add chicken broth (and, if you like, the sherry), brown sugar and orange juice. Cook, stirring, for about 5 minutes. Now, as artistically as possible, arrange chicken breasts and ham rolls (remove toothpicks) in a large round shallow baking dish. Pour mushroom-onion mixture over all. Sauté the sliced mushrooms in a little butter and place these around the pieces of chicken and ham along with the quartered endive. Cover casserole tightly with aluminum foil and bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for 1 hour. Remove foil, baste well with juices. Break frozen peas into clusters and place them in the casserole. Bake for about 15 minutes more, basting frequently, until peas are just done. Serve at once. Makes 6–8 servings.

Sautéed Chicken Livers

6 slices bacon
¼ cup butter
2 cups thinly sliced Bermuda onion
4 cups thinly sliced mushrooms
1 tablespoon chopped chives
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon powdered rosemary
¼ teaspoon powdered savory
⅛ teaspoon chervil
1 pound chicken livers
1 cup beef consommé (or ½ cup each consommé and dry red wine)
2 teaspoons flour mixed with ¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
6 slices buttered whole-wheat toast cut diagonally in half

Cut bacon slices into 1″ lengths. Pan-broil until crisp and drain on paper toweling. Pour off drippings. In the same skillet melt the butter, add onion and mushrooms and sauté just until tender. Add all seasonings and the chicken livers and sauté slowly for about 10 minutes. Add consommé and, if you like, the wine, and simmer slowly 10–15 minutes more. Blend in flour-water paste and heat, stirring until thickened. Add chopped parsley and crisp bacon and serve immediately over hot buttered whole-wheat-toast points. Makes about 6 servings.

Joanne's Hollandaise

3 egg yolks
3 tablespoons cold water
Pinch pepper
½ pound butter, melted
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon salt

Beat yolks, water, salt and pepper in top of a double boiler until blended. Place over *just-simmering* water, heat and beat until mixture thickens and is custardlike—a minute or two. Turn heat to low and add butter, a tablespoonful at a time, beating all the while. When all butter is added, remove sauce from heat and stir in lemon juice. Serve hot over broccoli, cauliflower or asparagus. Makes about 1 cup sauce.

Just about perfect for a party is this golden casserole: tender chicken breasts, rolls of pink ham, mushrooms, onions, all in an herb-scented sauce. Guests adore it and I love a recipe so elegant and effortless. Our favorite sweet: moist and tender grapefruit cake frosted with a fruity cream-cheese frosting.



SALADS

COOL, SATISFYING, BEAUTIFUL



STUART-FOWLER

Vibrantly green, sweet and fresh to the palate—a cold, crisp salad is the perfect meal for a day of sparkling August sun. On the left, a dessert-salad of chilled strawberries, cantaloupe balls and frozen cream-cheese squares, served with a bouquet of Boston lettuce and tangy French dressing. (You might start the meal with a cup of hot chicken consommé, or a heartier hot soup.) A delectable chef's salad includes julienne strips of ham, tongue and turkey, and chilled raw vegetables, tossed with chutney dressing. (Try this one with hot garlic bread, lemon sherbet for dessert.) In the center, a French classic, Salade Niçoise, combines luscious chunks of tuna with cooked, crisp green beans, tomato wedges and anchovy curls, is served with a sharp mustard dressing. (And lots of hot, buttered corn on the cob as first course?) A molded honeydew-melon aspic is surrounded by bright watermelon balls, sections of fresh pineapple and avocado, and creamy Camembert dressing. (Buttered rolls, warm from the oven, with this?) Our Salad Valencienne (upper right) involves big cold shrimp and chicken chunks, bedded in curried rice, and a tart dressing. Finally, at lower right, the lobster salad to outshine them all, Spanish in origin, with potato cubes and jewel-green peas, turned gently in a spicy saffron dressing. More ideas and recipes for salad worshipers on Page 76.

SALADS

COOL, SATISFYING, BEAUTIFUL



SIDNEY KIRSTEIN

The ingredients for a wonderful salad are as varied as the imagination can make them!

SALAD VALENCIENNE

1½ cups rice (4 cups cooked)
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon butter
3 chicken-bouillon cubes
¾ teaspoon curry powder
1 cup finely chopped water-cress leaves, chilled
Pinch pepper
2 cups cooked chicken meat, coarsely chopped and chilled
2 cups cooked, cleaned shrimp, coarsely chopped and chilled
1 head romaine, washed and chilled
2 stalks endive, washed and chilled

Dressing

½ cup vinegar
¼ cup olive or salad oil
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon finely cut fresh dill

Prepare the dressing by placing all the ingredients in the order listed in a jar an shaking well. Let stand at room temperature for an hour. Cook rice according t package directions, adding the salt, butter, chicken-bouillon cubes and curr powder to the water. Cool and chill. Toss together the rice, water cress and pepper Add the chicken and shrimp and toss again. Now add the well-mixed dressing a little a a time, and toss after each addition. Taste as you go; you may not need all the dress ing. Serve mounded in a bowl surrounded by romaine and endive. Decorate wit sprigs of water cress and a few whole shrimp, if you like. Makes 6 servings.

SPANISH LOBSTER SALAD

2½ cups cooked lobster meat, cut iato bite-size pieces
1½ cups cooked, cubed potatoes
1½ cups cooked peas
¾ cup Boston lettuce, washed and chilled
¾ cup romaine, washed and chilled
6 or 7 large ripe olives (garaish)

Saffron Dressing

1 cup mayonnaise
¼ cup lemon juice
⅛ teaspoon powdered saffron
1 tablespoon water
2½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
4 drops liquid pepper seasonin
2 tablespoons minced oaion
1 teaspoon prepared mustard

Chill the lobster, potatoes and peas. *For the Saffron Dressing:* Mix together th mayonnaise and lemon juice. Dissolve the saffron in the water. Add to the mayon naise with the remaining ingredients. Mix well. Shred the greens into a bowl. Ad the lobster, potatoes and peas and dressing. Toss lightly but thoroughly. Chill fo ¾ to 1 hour. Serve mounded with a frill of Boston lettuce. Garnish with olives Makes 4–6 servings.

SALADE NIÇOISE

2 cups cut, cooked fresh green beans, chilled, or 1 package (9 oz.) frozen cut green beans
3 cups Boston lettuce, washed and chilled
3 cups escarole, washed and chilled
2 cans (3 oz.) white meat tuna, drained and chilled
1 peeled cucumber, sliced thin and chilled
2 tomatoes, cut into wedges and chilled
1 can (2 oz.) rolled anchovies, drained and chilled

Mustard Dressing

¼ cup butter
¼ cup flour
2 cups milk
2 teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon sugar
4 teaspoons dry mustard
¼ cup water
¾ cup vinegar

Prepare the dressing first. Make a cream sauce with the butter, flour and milk. Add salt and sugar. Mix mustard and water to a smooth paste. Add to sauce. Beat in the vinegar. Cool and chill 2 hours. Mix well before serving. Cook the frozen beans according to package directions. Drain well. Plunge into ice water. Drain and chill. Arrange the greens in a large bowl. Pile chunks of tuna in the center. Place cucumber fanwise round the tuna. Arrange beans in mounds. Add tomatoes and garnish with anchovies. Serve with Mustard Dressing. Makes 6 servings. 3 cups dressing.

FRUIT SALAD WITH FROZEN CHEESE SQUARES

3 packages (3 oz.) cream cheese
¾ cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
3 tablespoons water
1 can (1 lb. 4½ oz.) crushed pineapple
¼ cup finely chopped, seeded green pepper
1 tablespoon grated onion
¾ cup heavy cream
2 pints strawberries, washed, hulled and chilled
4 cups cantaloupe balls, chilled
4 cups grapefuit sections, chilled
4 cups orange sections, chilled
6–8 cups assorted salad greens, washed and chilled

Let cheese soften at room temperature. Beat until smooth. Add mayonnaise, lemo juice and salt. Beat again. Heat gelatin and water until gelatin dissolves. Drain syru from pineapple and add it to gelatin. Beat into cheese mixture. Stir in pineapple green pepper and onion. Whip cream until thick and shiny. Fold into cheese mix ture. Pour into freezing trays to a depth of 1½". Freeze until very firm but no solid. Cut into 16 squares. Arrange on a platter alternately with strawberries, melo balls, grapefruit and orange sections. Place a bowl of assorted salad greens in th center. Serve with your favorite French dressing. Makes 8 servings.

MOLDED MELON ASPIC

2 or 3 very ripe medium-size honeydew melons
3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
¼ cup lemon juice
4 cups watermelon balls, chilled
2 avocados
4 fresh peaches peeled and sliced, or 2 packages (12 oz.) frozen peaches, thawed, drained and chilled
1 cups fresh pineapple chunks, chilled
3 cups chicory, washed and chilled

Camembert Dressing

4 ounces Camembert cheese
1 package (8 oz.) cream cheese
⅓ cup tarragon vinegar
⅓ cup buttermilk
Pinch white pepper
½ teaspoon sugar

Remove seeds from melons and scoop out all soft flesh into a bowl. Purée in a blender or food mill. Put through a medium-fine sieve; discard what will not go through. Heat gelatin and ½ cup melon purée until gelatin dissolves. Add gelatin mixture and 1½ teaspoons lemon juice to 3½ cups melon purée. Mix well. Pour into a 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. Peel and remove pits from avocados. Slice, place in remaining lemon juice and chill. Prepare the dressing. Allow the cheeses to soften at room temperature. Beat until well blended. Then beat in the vinegar, buttermilk, pepper and sugar. Strain to remove Camembert rind Cover and chill for an hour. Beat again just before serving. Unmold the melon mixture on a platter. Tear chicory into small pieces and arrange round base of mold. Place separate mounds of each fruit on the chicory. Serve with Camembert dressing. Makes 6 servings. 2 cups dressing.

CHEF'S SALAD WITH CHUTNEY DRESSING

1 cup julienne strips boiled or baked ham
1 cup julienne strips cooked smoked tongue
1 cup julienne strips cooked white meat turkey
1 cup julienne strips Swiss cheese
1 can (3¾ oz.) boned sardines, drained
4 cups assorted salad greens, washed and chilled
1 cup peeled, cubed cucumber, chilled
1 cup shredded, scraped carrots, chilled
1 cup cauliflowerets, chilled
6 radishes, sliced, chilled
6 mushrooms, peeled, thinly sliced and chilled
1 red onion, peeled and thinly sliced
Radish roses (garnish)

Chutney Dressing

1 cup mayonnaise
1 cup chili sauce
¼ cup chopped chutn
2 teaspoons grated onion
½ cup heavy cream

Chill the meats, cheese and sardines. Mix all the dressing ingredients together the order listed. Chill for an hour. To serve: shred the salad greens and place i large bowl. Arrange meats, cheese and sardines in separate mounds on the gree Pile the cucumber in the center. Toss the remaining vegetables together and arra on the greens. Garnish with radish roses. Serve with Chutney Dressing. Makes 8– servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE

3 SOUPER SALADS

Make 'em the easy way...with soup!

They're cool. They're quick. They're creamy-delicious. Wonderful soup salads! You make them first thing in the morning (or even the night before) . . . and you make them with soup for extra-rich flavor, subtle wake-up seasonings. Then into the refrigerator. And no matter how high the mercury climbs, your family has a taste-tempting treat when dinnertime comes around. Try a cool-off salad soon.



Creamy Tuna Salad. Sprinkle 1 env. unflavored gelatine on ½ cup cold water to soften; place over boiling water; stir until gelatine is dissolved. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup with a 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese; add dissolved gelatine, a 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), ½ cup shredded carrot, ⅓ cup chopped celery, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Pour into 1-qt. mold. Chill until firm. Unmold; serve on crisp salad greens. 4 servings.



Ham-Macaroni Salad. Combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ¼ cup chopped celery, ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper, ½ tsp. prepared mustard, dash Tabasco, dash pepper. Stir in 2 cups cooked macaroni (4 oz. uncooked) and 1 cup diced cooked ham. Chill. Serve with tomato wedges. 4 to 6 servings.



Shrimp Lamaze. Blend 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup with 1 cup mayonnaise. Add ¼ cup sweet-pickle relish, ½ tsp. grated onion, ½ tsp. prepared mustard, and 1 tbsp. lemon juice. Makes about 2½ cups dressing. Serve over cooked shrimp. Or try with lettuce wedges, hard-cooked eggs or mixed greens. Delicious every way!

Look for other easy recipes on the back of every can.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soup*

THROW YOUR HEART OVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

of an event. Like a precipice, a vast space loomed ahead and below her. This was her opportunity. She had always wanted a pony. But not now.

"Ponies are for kids, doc," she said. "I want a horse—a real horse. I'm a girl now. I'm not a kid any more."

In her mind she saw the horse—a milk-white Arab with a flowing mane and tail. She stared into his liquid eyes. She felt his hot breath in her face. Tears came into her eyes. She brushed her hair back from her face and stared at Smitty and her dad. They looked very big standing there looking down at her in her bed.

"All right, a horse. Do you want one? Do you want to get out?"

Smitty was close to her now. She could smell him. She smelled tobacco, whisky, tweed, dog and the hair stuff he used. His eyes, behind the thick lenses of his glasses, were enormous. She stared into them. She drowned herself in them. *I'll marry him*, she thought. *If he'll wait till I'm grown up and well, I'll marry him.* The tears ran down her cheeks. They were salt in her mouth. She could not speak. There was so much she wanted to say, and all she could do was to cry like a baby, like a kid.

Smitty had her wrist in his hand. She could feel his strength pouring into her. She pulled herself together.

"Yes," she said, "oh, yes. A horse. I want to get out." In her mind she saw it all again: the veld, the thorns, the rocks, the cattle, the tall golden grass bent before the wind; the weaver birds' nests hanging like grass balls from the swaying branches of the willows by the spring. She was sobbing now and he held her. Smitty was holding her. Everything was going to come right. There were Smitty and God and a horse.

Then her mother came in. She held her, too, and her father patted her hand. *I'm too small*, she thought. *If I was bigger everyone could hold me.* She wanted everyone to hold her.

She knew why her mother hadn't been with them. Helen knew she had been afraid of what Smitty might say after he had examined her. Her mother was beautiful. Fair skin with big blue-gray eyes. She smelled of lavender. Dad smelled of gas and grease and oil. Once he had smelled of the farm—of cows and milk and manure and hay all mixed up with tobacco and sweat. He worked for Mr. de Wet of the Central Garage now and mother ran the farm. It was the only way they could make ends meet, they said, since the drought had hit them. Three years of drought and only one spring—the one where the willows with the weaver nests were still strung. Helen often wondered what meeting ends were. What happened when ends did meet? When they didn't the cattle died and dad went to work for Mr. de Wet. Before that he'd been on the farm. But she had been too small to really notice what went on. *I was just small and happy then*, she thought. *Just a baby.*

Vaguely, half asleep, she saw Smitty open the door for her mother and pat her shoulder. "You're a good girl, Grace," he said. It was funny to hear him calling mother a girl. But daddy did, too, sometimes. Grownups were really very funny. There was no way of understanding them—except Smitty. There was something about him with his big owl's eyes. Of course it was the glasses that made them look so big. *But I'd like to marry him*, she thought. The horse, the milk-white horse, was all due to him. The dream that was going to come true. When she'd been well she hadn't wanted a horse or pony. Why should she have, when she could run about so fast on her own two legs? But since she had been ill she'd thought about horses so much. Looked at pictures of horses galloping. How wonderful that must be, to be on the back of a galloping horse.

The last things she remembered were her dad standing at the door looking back at her and the click of her mother's heels on the staircase. Smitty must be waiting for dad.

In the old car on his way back to the garage Johnnie Blackett went over what Smitty had said. No worse . . . getting better . . . trust in God . . . a horse. . . . A horse. What was the old story? For lack of a nail a shoe was lost, for lack of a shoe a horse was lost, for lack of a horse a battle was lost. . . . "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse." That was Shakespeare—or at least he thought it was. *For lack of a horse my daughter may be lost.*

He'd never forget the look in her eyes, big as saucers—she had Grace's eyes—with tears balanced like drops of dew in the corners, and her remark: "Ponies are for kids. I'm a girl now." A girl, and in just a few years she'd be ripe for life, for love. Horses seemed to mean a lot to her. She had never mentioned it before. Perhaps because she was ill. Perhaps because as long as it wasn't mentioned it could not be refused. She was an old-fashioned kid with plenty of courage and a mind and will of her own. That frail little fairylike creature made of ivory and gold had a will of steel. And Smitty had seen it and thought of an answer. If she set her mind on anything, she'd do it, or die in the attempt. He remembered what his own father had told him when he began to jump his first pony: "Throw your heart over first, Johnnie, and you'll follow it, Johnnie boy." After that he'd never been afraid. She was like that. But a horse —— Horses cost money. There weren't even any horses around to look at and maybe borrow any more. Ten years ago a dozen men would have lent him a horse. Ten years ago he could have bought a dozen horses.

He looked out at the veld as he drove along the red dirt road. How beautiful it was. Rolling country dotted with clumps of bush and isolated thorns, all splashed with the gold of spring. Soon it would be summer, and they might get good rains this year.

When Johnnie got to the garage he was surprised to find it unchanged. It looked exactly as it had looked yesterday. But yesterday was so long ago. So much had happened since then. How afraid he had been when he drove home to talk to Smitty. Helen was going to live. She was better. She might get well *I could get her a horse*, he thought. Suc ple thing, really—or it used to be. E even in Africa a horse was a rare anima from valuable show horses and so ordinary farm riding horses had all disa

Hendrik de Wet came out of the fro to greet him. "Everything O.K., John said. He meant about Helen, of course time everyone in Boomspruit would k Smitty had made a new and detailed e tion after the specimens came back f laboratory in Johannesburg.

"O.K. At least she's no worse, holds out hope. Slow, of course. But

"Slow but sure," de Wet said. "Th ticket." He was an Afrikaner and such phrases. He became businesslik tractors have come, Johnnie. They're siding. Get them down and line 'em u soldiers," he said. "Like a lot of *Rooisbadgies*—redcoats." He laughe booming laugh that shook the belly th out in a great shaking ellipse below "Nice and straight," he said. "All six so that the farmers can't miss them. he said. "The plowing season. We'll some plows from the store—three plows and disks—and hook them u 'em the idea." He became confiden took Johnnie's arm. "Farmers," he sai to show 'em. You've got to put two together for 'em. See the tractors an never think of plows. See the plows an never think of tractors." He seemed forgotten that Johnnie was a farmer.

Two hours later the bright red tract aligned with not a six-inch difference them and each had a plow or a disk ho behind it. "All done," he said to "Come, Kyk—look at 'em. Pretty as a

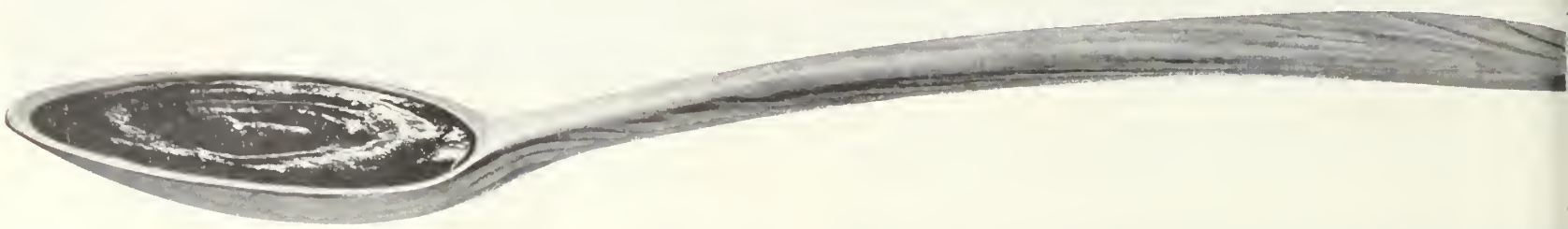
They stood together in the sunlight at the scarlet tractors glistening in the uniforms of paint.

"Pretty," de Wet said. "Beautif stroked the hood of the one nearest

"See the horses, Johnnie?" he said.

"What horses?"

A.1. STEAK SAUCE...in Jiffy Hamburge



the spoonful that enriches every mouthf



Zesty, hearty A.1. Steak Sauce brings out *more* steak taste in any cut of ground beef

RECIPE: (Serves 6)
1½ lbs. fresh ground beef
1 tsp. salt
2 Tbsps. A.1. Steak Sauce
6 strips bacon

Add A.1. Steak Sauce and salt to ground beef. Work in well. Shape into 6 fat patties. Wrap each patty with a bacon strip. Secure with toothpick. Broil until bacon is crisp and meat done to your taste. Garnish with onion slices and watch 6 hungry people enjoy the tastiest hamburgers you've ever served. P.S. Keep a bottle of A.1. Steak Sauce on the table. Men love it as a pour-on, too.

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"Cooking with Your Hat On"
A.1. SAUCE COMPANY (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.



sale yard. Stock sale tomorrow, you ednesday. The old and the new," de "Tractors coming in and the farm ing out. This lot must be about the d here. That's why I got the tractors heard a lot of farmers were selling a dealer and jumped in. Took a risk, . But a calculated risk. That's busi- nnie boy. That's what I like."
if I go up and look at them?" John-

at what?"
orses."
ure, go ahead. If you see any of the ing 'em back to see these beauties." as if the tractors were chorus girls. sit. Easy terms. Go ahead, my boy." him on the back. Hendrik de Wet at patter. Men on the shoulder; chil- e head; and women—well, he patted , wherever he could.
rses, all oldish farm animals, most of ch the worse for wear, work and a k ride, stood with lowered heads in kraal. Grays, blacks, bays; there uch to choose between them.
nnie went up and leaned his arms on one horse, a roan mare that he had before, looked up and came toward en she was about a yard away she and extended her nose toward his er nostrils were wide open. She blew hem softly. Her eyes, one of them a ooked into his. *A horse, my kingdom e. . . . For want of a horse my daughter*

is a great thing, altogether a t good, which alone makes everything that is heavy, and es evenly all that is uneven. it bears the burden without g burdened, and makes sweet tasteful everything that is r.

FROM IMITATION OF CHRIST
BY THOMAS A KEMPIS
THE TRANSLATION OF EDGAR DAPLYN.
RIGHT 1960 SHEED & WARD, INC., N.Y.

"Remember there's still a God," d said.
he and the roan were looking at er a tall, thin, sunburned man came im. "Dog meat," he said. "That's y are. More's the pity. And to think e down to this. There's no good or es no more. Just fat and thin. That's r. Imagine judging men that way, for th—fat or thin."
s?" Johnnie said.
. I was a horse dealer once—real mean. Saddle horses, cart horses, r breeding, studs, even a blood horse again. Do you think I like it?" He n Johnnie savagely. "Man," he said, horses. Take her for instance"—he is head at the mare; "that's a good od mare. I've never seen a bad roan I like a walleye. No, she's not blind le caught her head collar—she was hem now—and flashed his hand over eye. "See her wink," he said.
ohnnie thought, *God sent Smitty. God roan. God sent the dealer. God told to tell me.* "Will you sell her?"
Of course I'll sell her, and much o you than to the knacker."
much?"
ou know how they sell horses today,

do they?"
e pound. Like butter or cheese or old ad horse is worth as much as a sound at, that's what they are. Not horses e. Just dog meat. Meat for pets." He he dust with disgust. "Old horses, yes, n-out horses. That's one thing. But 's not even aged. Nine years old she nine years of work left in her and nine ls if you want to breed her. She's bred Roomy," he said. "If you put her to a orse you'd get something. But no- wait no more. Nearly a year's gestation. ore years for the foal to come to hand. t's four years when you think of the of it?"

"How much?" Johnnie asked again.
"Thirty pounds, mister, and that's what she cost me, more or less, but I'll make enough on the others."
"Will you hold her for me while I get the money?" Hendrik would advance it to him. "Will you wait?"
"I'll wait. I got to hang around anyway till the sale tomorrow. You'll find me at the hotel. Ask for Frank Sparrow. Sparrow the horse dealer."
As Johnnie turned to go Sparrow said, "Listen, mister, this is a deal you can't lose on. You take her. You'll feed her up a bit naturally, and if you don't like her I'll buy her back any day and give you a profit. Can't lose, man," he said to Johnnie's back, "and there's not many deals like that in the world today."

Hendrik de Wet began to laugh when Johnnie told him what he wanted the thirty pounds for.
"Man," he said, "this is 1959. What do you want a horse for?"
"She's a good mare," Johnnie said, "a roan with a walleye on the near side, and only nine years old—too good for dog meat."
"Man, you're so bust you've got to borrow to buy her. What is it? You going soft or something?"
"I'm not soft, de Wet," Johnnie said. "No, I'm as hard as hell. So hard that I'll chance everything on this gamble."
"You're not going to race her?"
"I am, Hendrik."
"When? How?"
"I'm going to race her with death, and the stakes are high."
"You're mad, Johnnie."
"I'm not. It's Smitty."
"The doctor?"
"Yes. He thinks if I can get Helen on a horse she has a chance."
De Wet pulled out his pocketbook and counted out six fivers. "Here you are, Johnnie.



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Recipe: perfect homemade peach jam. Peel, pit and crush 3 lbs. fully ripe peaches. Mix 4 cups prepared fruit in very large saucepan with 1 box powdered Sure-Jell. (Or use liquid Certo—recipe on bottle.) Stir over high heat until mixture comes to hard boil.



Stir in 5 cups sugar at once. Bring to full-rolling boil. Boil hard for *1 minute only*, stirring constantly. A short boil time means less juice boils away—so you get up to 50% higher yield, and the flavor comes through fresher—with *Sure-Jell* or *Certo!*



Remove from heat; alternately stir and skim off foam for 5 min. Ladle quickly into 9 medium glasses. Cover with paraffin. Sure-Jell and Certo are recommended by General Foods Kitchens.

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

and it's not a loan. You've done more than your job here."

"I'll pay you back, Hendrik."

"In your own time when you are on your feet again."

Johnnie took his hand. They turned away from each other, embarrassed by their unaccustomed emotion. Each had seen something in the other that he had not known existed, for neither had thought the other had a heart.

Mr. Sparrow was in the bar of the Jacaranda Hotel fondling the ears of a crossbred ridgeback with one hand and holding a glass of beer in the other

Johnnie sat down beside him and put the money on the table. "Here's the thirty quid."

Sparrow put down the glass and stuffed the money into the breast pocket of his coat "I'm glad," he said. "She was too good for it. It's not her time yet. You know, Mr. ——"

"John Blackett," Johnnie said.

"Mr. Blackett," Sparrow went on, "we all come to it—man and horse and dog. One day we'll all come to the end of our tether. But it should be the end, not in the middle, like"—he paused—"nor the beginning."

"Beginning?"

"I lost a boy in the war," he said. "Nineteen he was. And he had the making of a good 'un, though I says it myself."

"That's why," Johnnie said.

"Why what, Mr. Blackett?"

"I want her."

"Go on, tell me."

"It's for my girl. She's paralyzed and the doctor thinks riding might help her. I only wonder if she can hang on. It's her legs, you know."

Mr. Sparrow put a brown veiny hand on his knee. "She's alive, Mr. Blackett. That's something. That's a lot."

Johnnie got up. They shook hands. He seemed to be shaking hands with everybody today. "I'm going to say something funny," Johnnie said, "and if you laugh I'll knock you down." His eyes blazed. "I think God sent you and I don't believe in God. At least I didn't."

Then he turned and went out of the bar. The big ridgeback wagged its tail slowly from side to side and looked up at Mr. Sparrow.

Now it was a matter of getting the mare home. It was only five miles and Johnnie arranged with Franz, the boy who did odd jobs around the garage, to take her.

"I'll tell you when," he said, "and take you up to get her "

"*Ja, baas.*" Five bob he was getting. That was a whole day's wage and the *baas* was driving him back in his car. It was like Christmas. Man, if this happened every day, what a life he would lead!

At five o'clock Johnnie took Franz up to the kraal and they caught the mare. It was not difficult. She seemed to recognize him when he called her, and came up to him on her own.

She led easily. It would take Franz only an hour or so to get her back to the farm. Johnnie drove fast and went straight to Helen's room, and with her wrapped in a blanket on his knees waited on the stoep with his eyes fixed on the farm road till he saw them coming. The black man walked easily, tirelessly. Five miles was nothing to him. The mare followed like a dog, the riem he was holding hanging slack in a loop.

Helen saw them almost as soon as he did. "There's a boy coming, with a horse, daddy," she cried, "a boy with a horse, and they're coming this way. We'll see them. Oh, daddy, we'll see them." To see anything had become an event for Helen.

The man and the horse got bigger.

"It's Franz," Helen said, "with a roan."

"Certainly looks like it," Johnnie said. "I wonder what he wants."

"It's late," Helen said. "Perhaps they could stay the night. Perhaps you could put me up on the horse for a minute, daddy, and we could play pretend."

"Pretend what, darling?"

How stupid could grownups be? "That he's ours," she said, "our very own horse."

"We'll see, darling."

Franz pulled up at the stoep. He tied the riem to the rails. "Here you are, *baas*."

"What's he mean, daddy?"

"What he says."

"He said 'Here you are.'" Helen was wriggling like an eel in her father's arms.

"Well, here she is, Helen," Johnnie said. "Your horse."

"Oh . . . oh, she's really ours!"

"She's yours, darling. With compliments of Dr. Smith and Mr. Hendrik de Wet."

"Put me up, daddy. Put me up."

"She's filthy."

"Never mind. Mother can wash me again. Oh, please, please." She clasped her hands together as if she were praying.

Her mother came onto the stoep. "What is it, Johnnie?" she said.

"I bought a mare, Grace, and Helen wants me to put her on her back, but she's too dirty."

"Put her up, Johnnie. The child will wash and so will her pajamas."

"Put me up, daddy. Mother says I can. Mother says ——"

Johnnie lifted her onto the mare's back and held her there.

The horse turned her head and nuzzled the child's knee.

"Oh," Helen said, "she's got blue eyes. Just like mother."

"Only one eye," Johnnie said.

"One of each," Helen said. "One like mother's and one like yours. How wonderful!"

Johnnie laughed. It was wonderful to see her so happy. Then he took her down. "Bed now," he said, "and another bath. Tomorrow we'll wash her. I've got to drive Franz back to the dorp now." He kissed his daughter and put her into her mother's arms.

Helen spent all the next day in the kraal sitting on a box beside the mare, listening to her munching hay and crunching mealies. Old Herman sat watching them both, smoking his pipe.

Everything the mare did was wonderful. The way she ate. The way she drank from the bucket Herman brought her. The way she rolled, kicking her legs in the air. When she'd done all this the horse came and stood beside the girl with her soft gray nose almost in her lap, while Helen stroked her face and pulled her ears.

Her father found them like that. He had come home early to wash the horse. It took five washings with soap and water to get her clean enough to satisfy Helen. Then she was dried with a whisk of hay and rubbed down with a bit of sacking. Her tail, mane and forelock were combed with a metal comb Johnnie had picked up in the dorp, and the long hairs on her heels were trimmed off with Grace's dressmaking scissors. She looked a very different animal now.

"She's lovely," Helen said, "ever so lovely."

"Wait till tomorrow. When she's really dry we'll brush her." Johnnie threw an old blanket over the horse and fastened it in place with a surcingle. "Bedtime, Helen," he said. "Bedtime for you both."

Old Herman led the mare off to a shed that had been bedded down with veld grass, and Johnnie carried his daughter into the house.

Before he went to work Johnnie went to look at the mare. She raised her head and neighed when she saw him. He went up to her; she rubbed her head against his chest. He gave her some crusts of bread he had brought from breakfast.

This was not the same horse, not the same horse at all. He wished Mr. Sparrow could see her now.

Life on the farm now changed its pattern. Where Helen had been the center, the axle around which the wheel of their lives revolved, it was now the mare, because it was around the mare—that Helen had named, for some reason, Old Lucy—that Helen herself revolved. Old Lucy and old Herman, who took care of both her and Helen.

There was a regular routine. In the morning Lucy was saddled. The saddle consisted of a pillow fastened with a surcingle. Lucy also wore a head collar with a riem that Herman held with one hand while he balanced Helen with the other. In this fashion they covered the whole farm and even went beyond it. In the afternoon Helen rested and Old Lucy grazed near the homestead. In the evening Helen rode again.

Every day the mare put on condition. Every day she became more tame, more human. "More like a dog than a horse," Grace said.

"Perhaps more horses would be like dogs if they were treated like dogs," Johnnie said.

Helen didn't need Herman to hold her on any more now. She managed very well with her fingers twisted around the mare's mane. Sometimes she even managed a slow canter with Herman running in front of the horse. But they were always out of sight of the house when she tried something new. She was getting better—stronger—she could feel it.

I'm going to surprise them all one day, she thought. And happy. She'd never been so happy before. But perhaps you had to be unhappy before you could be happy.

Sometimes the Metz children came over to play with her and ride Old Lucy. Charmian was twelve, a year older than Helen, and Charlie was ten. They were nice children. They always brought an apple or sugar for Old Lucy. Their daddy brought them over in the afternoon and Helen's daddy drove them home when he got back from work. Helen always sat on the front seat beside him.

One day, after they had been coming for about a month, Charmian said, "Can we try to jump her, Helen?"

It seemed a great idea and the children rolled out two empty five-gallon dip drums, leaving them on their sides, and set a blue-gum lath across them. Charlie led Lucy up to the jump and told her about it.

"Jump it, Charm," he said to l
"You show her how."

Charmian jumped. Then she said, '
if she'll follow." She led Lucy back a
and ran to the jump with the mare
behind her. She never hesitated, and
came over side by side.

Helen clapped her hands. "Ag
said, "do it again!"

"Give her an apple," Charlie said

They gave Lucy half an apple and
the jump again.

"She likes it," Charmian said. "I'm
try riding her over." She climbed on
back with Charlie's help. The horse s
like this even better.

"I'll stand them up," Charlie said
about that?"

"O.K.," his sister said. "We'll
patted the horse's neck. The boy s
drums up on end.

Lucy cocked her ears and popped

Helen, sitting on the grass with He
hind her, was entranced. It was won
was beautiful the way Old Lucy came
jumps and took them clean. Like a bu
like a bird through the air. Her coat
nate chestnut and white hairs shone
satin. Her mane and long tail flowed.
lock divided itself into two plaits,
side of the white star on her forehead
ful, that's what it was, with the blue,
sky above and the chickens scratchi
veld behind the sheds and kraals wh
had set up the jumps.

After this they jumped almost e
with an audience of Grace and old
Mr. Metz and Johnnie in the eveni
Metz came over, too, sometimes, t
The jumps were regular jumps now—
high—the gum laths resting on pegs
poles Herman had sunk into the gro

There was no doubt about Helen's i
ment, Smitty said. It was not so much
There was very little difference there
her general health, the brightness of
in her happiness. She was, as he had
fore Old Lucy came, an outdoor girl
pining away in the white cage of her b

That was how the conversation
Then it came out.

"I've arranged for her to go into ho
some tests in Johannesburg," Smi
"There's a man there now, an Ameri
cialist, who's interested in her case."

"Soon?" Johnnie said. "How lo
going to stay?"

"Now," Smitty said. "He's got to g
so I'll drive her in tomorrow."

"How much will it cost?" Grace a

"Not too much. They're friends of
the nursing home."

"We'll manage," Johnnie said.

Grace turned to her husband. "I'll
her and stay with Muriel. You can ma
a bit, can't you, Johnnie?"

"I'll manage." He knew he could
and the farm did not need much a
now. They couldn't plow till it rained.
few cattle they had left could take
themselves. All they needed was a
once a week—and he'd do that on Su

Lucy was the only thing that worrie
This was adventure. It was change.
never been in a big town. She said,
She'll miss me. You'll look after her,
Her voice was anxious.

"I'll look after her, darling."

"Talk to her, daddy. She likes to b
to, especially while she's eating."

What a wonderful kid she was. No
about herself at all. Just her horse,
horse had become almost a part o
symbol of activity.

"I'll talk to her," he said, "and t
kids will be over every day, I expect."

"Bed now," Grace said, and that
way the evening ended, with Smitty
his pipe in silence and Johnnie think
lonely he would be.

And Johnnie was lonely. There we
from Grace almost every day, but ther
Grace to come home to, and he pi

CONTINUED ON

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

letters up at the post office in the dorp. No little girl to be carried in his arms. No talk of Old Lucy and how wonderful she was.

It was to have been a month, but it was longer and the bills were coming in. Not big bills. Smitty had been right. They were cutting things to the bone, but they were bills and they had to be met.

The cattle went. The two last boys were paid off. Only old Herman stayed on.

Johnnie was standing by the spring looking at the weaver birds' nests, just thinking about things, watching the beautiful black-and-yellow birds flying about, watching the green grass balls of their nests sway.

Yes, a lot of things had gone, including Old Lucy. She'd been the last thing. That was his only justification. He'd sold everything else first: his gold cuff links, his father's watch, the silver tray. And he'd not told Helen. No good worrying her. He looked over the empty veld. Empty to him because not a head of stock on the place was his any more. He'd rented the grazing to a butcher.

It was amazing how he missed the mare. She'd been a link with them, with Helen and her mother—with the girls. Every night she'd been waiting for him when he went to see her before he went to bed. Sometimes he'd taken a walk under the stars with her following like a dog, and now she was gone. Metz had sent a boy over for her this afternoon and everything seemed empty, and more lonely than ever.

What a difference the horse had made in his life and Helen's. That was the thing that worried him. How was he going to explain it? The mare had saved Helen. He saw that, saw that now that it was too late. It was Lucy that had given her the lift, made life worth while again. In every letter she asked about Old Lucy. She'd even posted a handkerchief to give to Lucy to smell. *I had it in bed all night, daddy.* He'd done it. He'd given it to Lucy and she had looked into his face and whinnied, and now he'd sold her. For Helen, of course; and his own things had gone first, everything practically, but how was he to explain it? If only he'd told Grace about the things he'd sold. He hadn't wanted to upset her, but she'd find out when she came back. That was what always happened. One thing led to another. One lie led to the next.

He had his supper and went to bed. The frogs were croaking. There would be rain soon. He would be able to plow if he could get the time off to do it. He had not sold the tractor, thank God. But perhaps he should have; not that it would fetch much—still —— It took him a long time to fall asleep. He woke suddenly. He had been dreaming of Old Lucy—dreaming he heard her.

But he was awake now, and he did hear her. Neigh after neigh. Without bothering to put on a jacket or shoes, he went out. She was there. Lucy was there, standing by the fly-netted door of the stoep.

He went out and she almost tried to climb into his arms, as if she were a dog, as if she were saying, "I'm home again. There has been some awful mistake, but I'm home." She forced her head between his arm and his body. He pulled up her head and kissed her nose. *I've never kissed a horse before*, he thought. *But Helen has kissed her a thousand times, has felt that soft mousy nose with a few prickly hairs against her own lips.* In a way it was almost like kissing Helen. He took the mare for a walk. He needed a walk. Then he watered her, put her in the kraal with some hay.

Sleep came easier now. He was exhausted, but Old Lucy was home. It could not last, of course. She had been sold and paid for. The fifty pounds Metz had given him was in the post on its way to the nursing home. Still, for the moment God was in His heaven and Old Lucy was home.

Frank Metz's shouts woke him. It was hardly light. "Johnnie," he shouted, "she's here, I see."

Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Johnnie got up. "She's in the kraal," he said.

"I saw her."

"What happened, Frank? I was asleep when she came. She woke me."

"I expect I woke you too."

"You did."

"Well, I had to come at once. The kids are crazy with worry."

"What happened?"

"Happened? We put her into the kraal with mealies and hay, and she seemed to be nicely settled. Then in the night the kids climbed out of their windows to look at her and found her gone. They rushed in to us yelling blue murder. Charlie was crying."

"Did you leave the gate open, Frank?"

"Of course not. She jumped the poles—five there are, imagine it—and came straight here—straight as a crow flies."

"There are six fences between us," Johnnie said. "Barbed wire."

"I know. Imagine it. Barbed wire in the dark."

"I never heard of a horse jumping wire," Johnnie said.

"Nor have I, except in Australia. Some horses do it there. But they train them to. Hang a coat or a bag over it at first and then make it smaller and smaller."

"Can't make a mistake with wire," Johnnie said. "Catch a foot in it and it twists. I've seen kudu caught that way."

"I know. Well, that's that. I'll leave the boy I've got with me and he can bring her back. I'll stable her tonight."

Frank Metz got into his car and gave the boy his instructions. "Give him breakfast, Johnnie," he said. "I must get back to the kids. Pity you had your phone taken out."

That was just another of the things. *I could have phoned Grace*, he thought, *if we still had the phone.* But that would have cost money too. He looked at Frank Metz's shiny new car disappearing down the farm road and wished he was a checkbook farmer too. Still, Metz was a good guy. Very decent. If he hadn't been so decent it would never have happened.

Whom, then, do I call educated? First, those who control circumstances instead of being mastered by them, those who meet all occasions manfully and act in accordance with intelligent thinking, those who are honorable in all dealings, who treat good-naturedly persons and things that are disagreeable; and furthermore, those who hold their pleasures under control and are not overcome by misfortune; finally, those who are not spoiled by success. SOCRATES

He'd said, "Why don't you let me have the mare, Johnnie? I'll give her a good home. Helen can see her and ride her whenever she wants." He had lit a cigarette and said, "I'll give you fifty quid for her."

That was what had done it. Just the exact figure. Just the number. He couldn't have done it with forty quid or even sixty, though it was ten pounds more. Fifty was the nursing-home account that had just come in the mail. Fifty was the bull's-eye, the target.

"All right," he'd said, and never had anything been less right. It was worse now. Old Lucy hung back in the riem and the boy leading her swung around and hit her with the loose end he had in his hand.

Johnnie was beside him in a flash. Lucy was looking at him. "Don't let him take me," she seemed to be saying. *Nonsense*, he said to himself, *a horse can't talk*, but he knew she was saying it.

He gripped the boy's arm. "Do that again and I'll take the hide off you, and I'll call the *baas* when I get to town and ask him to see if there is a mark on her." He patted Lucy's quarters. She gave him another look and followed the boy slowly with her nose almost on the ground.

Nothing went right that day for Johnnie. Two tractor sales fell through. He got a flat coming home, and old Herman met him with a long face and asked him what he should say to the little missis when she came home. "She loved that horse, *baas*. They used to talk together. *Ja*, horses," he said, "talk like people. The little missis would talk and horse would go 'What . . . what.'" He blew air through his nose as if he were a horse. "*Ja*," he said, "they talked. They talked like people."

That night Johnnie hardly slept at all. He was listening for Lucy. He knew she couldn't come, that she was stabled. But she came. He heard her galloping, faintly at first, then louder and louder till the hoofbeats pulled up with a scuffing, sliding sound below his window and she neighed. Not as she had last night but wildly, giving almost a scream, the way a horse does if it's caught in a fire. There is only one worse sound and it is the scream of a woman. Johnnie's hair stood on end. He thought, *The wire. She's hurt herself.*

She was standing by the screen door still neighing when he got down. He did not even pat her, but rushed to her hind legs and ran his hands over them, from hocks to pasterns. No blood. Not a cut. *Thank God*, he thought, *thank God.* She had turned to him. Her nose was in his belly. His pajama coat was open and he felt her warm breath. She was blowing hard. It sounded almost as if she were sobbing. Her neck was wet with sweat. So were her ears as he fondled them. He thought, *Suppose she'd made a mistake and put a foot wrong.* There was a bit of a moon. But suppose it had been darker. "Why didn't you come by the road?" he muttered. She whinnied softly as if she were saying, "It's too far by road. I was in a hurry. She might be waiting for me."

I'm mad, Johnnie thought. *I'm mad, thinking she said that*, but he answered her all the same. He said, "I know, Lucy. It's ten miles by road and five as a crow flies." *As a crow flies or a horse jumps.*

That night he didn't go to bed again, but sat outside with Lucy beside him. Just before dawn she lay down as near to him as she could get. *Well, this is it*, he thought. *Now everything is clear.* He'd raise another mortgage on the farm and buy her back. *I'll give Frank a hundred pounds for her and there'll be plenty over to pay for Helen too. More than enough.* He wondered why he hadn't thought of it before. He had thought of it and then he'd stopped thinking because the interest on one bond was almost more than he could pay. But God was in this somehow—or Providence—something that was supernatural, which he felt he must not buck.

This time Frank drove up with the children. They were out before the car had stopped and rushed up to Lucy's legs. "She's not hurt, is she? She's not hurt?" they shouted.

"She's all right, Charlie," Johnnie said. "She's O.K."

The children were patting Lucy and kissing her. Charlie climbed onto her back.

"She wins," Metz said.

"I'll buy her back, Frank," Johnnie said.

"She wins, Johnnie. It's something you have to see to believe. She can stay here."

"I'll give you a hundred pounds for her," Johnnie said.

"No. No. But let's put that value on her. I gave you fifty and so she's half mine and lives here and my kids can ride her whenever they want." He held out his hand.

And that was the way that Lucy came home.

At least the lies were over now, and Johnnie could really write to Helen about Old Lucy instead of having to invent as he had yesterday. That had been a hard letter to write with Lucy just gone. *Lucy's fine. I put her to bed and went to see her before I went to sleep after dinner.* What a tissue of lies. And what could he have said tomorrow if she had not come home? or if she had been hurt? How could he have gone on writing?

Johnnie now began to understand the relationship his daughter had had with the old mare. Not that Lucy was old or looked old now. Helen had given her the name before she'd had her bath and beauty treatment. She had certainly looked old when he'd bought her. But she was still in her prime really. A horse was at its best at five and stayed like that till ten or more if it was looked after.

The worst was over now—even the loneliness—because he had Old Lucy to talk to. Old Herman talked to her too. Of course they didn't really talk to the horse. They just talked and Old Lucy cocked her ears to listen and blew out of her nostrils. She liked the sound of a human voice. But he certainly hoped it didn't get around that he was bats and ta to a horse.

A fortnight later Johnnie was holding ter from Grace with an enclosure from H when Smitty came into the house with a that loosened the screen door on its hi He was smiling all over his face.

"Good news, Johnnie, very good news

"Will she walk?"

"No, no, not yet—but she will. There real deterioration. They've finished all tests. They had to wait for the reports to c back from America."

"Then?"

"Now it's just a mental block. You k the way muscles work. The nerve centers them a message, a sort of telegram, only th no telegraph boy for Helen. But he'll c Johnnie—he'll come!"

Smitty was looking around the room. of things had gone. Johnnie's two guns Purdy twelve bore, and the Manlicher. Sc the big silver tray that had belonged t father. Queen Anne it was supposed to h he hadn't been rooked he should have good price for it.

"She can come back, Johnnie. She's ing. I'm driving in to fetch them tomorr

He saw tears come into Johnnie's eyes. missed them," he said. "Like the sun," he "Like days without any sun and nights out any stars. No sun, no moon, no stars time even. Just emptiness and silence."

"They're good girls," Smitty said. "Y a lucky man, Johnnie. One day you'll back on all this and see what I mean. Helen well again and Grace happy. you'll know the stuff that good women made of. The guts, my boy. Helen never f up, never gave up. Grace never compla Not about the drought that took everyt nor Helen's illness."

"Once she got out she began to imp Smitty. The horse was a wonderful idea

"I'm glad you got her back."

"So you knew?"

"Everyone knew."

"It's going to be hard to tell her, Smi

"She'll understand. After all, you ga everything else first."

"So you knew that too?"

"I've got eyes; and besides, do you you can send all the stuff you have awa post without there being talk? I tell Johnnie, your stock's up in the dorp. You mayor someday if you're not careful, John

"Then I'll be careful." Johnnie was la ing now. "This time tomorrow they' home," he said. "I must go and tell Lucy

Smitty gave him a queer look. But he d care. "I talk to her," he said. "She like

Smitty was laughing now. "That's what say in the dorp. 'Johnnie's talking to horse of his now that his wife and kid away.'"

"Everyone talks to Lucy," Johnnie "The Metz kids when they come to jump old Herman ——"

"Everyone, Johnnie? And who's every Some children and a pensioned-off old h that's a bit touched in the head, and you tell you something. It's a good thing to be crazy like that and talk to animals. It sh capacity for love, and that's something short of in the world today. You can't l car or a tractor," he said. "You can keep in good order. You can polish 'em and 'em, but you can't love 'em. People yo love if they're lovable, and animals. But is a thing most people don't want. Th they talk about it all the time." He puffe his pipe. "They want to be admired, to b vied, but not to be loved. To love an loved is a responsibility.

"I'll go now," he said. He got up. "See tomorrow when I bring them." He p Johnnie's shoulder. "You're a good boy

"Good boy be damned—we're the age."

"Perhaps I'm a good boy, too, Joh Who knows?"

Everything was ready for the return. table was laid, the kettle was full of wat

CONTINUED ON PAG



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

make them a cup of tea. He'd bought cakes in the dorp, and cans of peaches that Helen liked. He'd stocked up with staples—salt, pepper, catchup, flour, sugar, tea, coffee, bacon, potatoes, butter. There was an unopened bottle of sherry on the sideboard beside the glasses. He'd put on his blue suit. Old Herman had on the clean khaki pants and shirt he'd given him. Lucy, whose riem he held, shone in the evening light.

Yes, he'd done everything that could be done. Even Grace's stoep plants had had their leaves washed. But he was still worried at the reception his news would get. *I'll have to tell her. She'd find out anyway from the Metz kids or old Herman or someone.* But how did one do a thing like this? How did one begin?

"They come, *baas*," old Herman shouted. "They come."

Johnnie was furious. *I should have seen them first*, he thought. He'd been watching the road for an hour and the minute he looked away they came, and old Herman had seen them first.

After that things were a bit blurred for everyone—a bit choky and hard to talk. They could only kiss and hug one another. To hug Helen, Johnnie had to hug Smitty, who was carrying her, and he almost kissed him in his excitement. Lucy had come into the act and was nuzzling Helen in Smitty's arms. Old Herman had hold of Helen's foot. He could not reach her hand and was shaking it and kissing it. "The little missis," he kept saying, "the little missis."

Grace was a good girl. If she saw anything was missing in the house, she didn't say so. As a matter of fact, she saw that the silver tray had gone the minute she came in. *My tray* she thought, and opened her mouth to speak. Then she saw the empty gun rack and she knew. She'd wondered all the time about money. Johnnie had never mentioned it. The visit had cost her nothing. She'd stayed with her sister Muriel and even used her car to go to the hospital, so she had never mentioned money in her letters.

She went into the kitchen to make tea and saw that Johnnie had left everything ready for her. Tears came into her eyes.

Smitty stayed on, of course. Helen sat on her father's lap. Old Herman hovered in the background and ate a piece of cake. Lucy, waiting outside, had a piece of cake. Then they all had sherry and Smitty drove off.

Now's the time, Johnny thought. *I'll get it over with.*

"Helen," he said, "did you know I sold Lucy?"

She looked at him with big sad eyes. "She's back," she said.

"I had to tell you, honey. I sold everything else first. My guns, your mother's silver tray, the cattle ——"

"I must have cost a lot," Helen said.

"It was worth it. You're better."

"I'm better, daddy. They say I'll get well. And Lucy's back."

"I had to tell you," Johnnie said.

"I knew, daddy. Charmian wrote and told me that they had Lucy now and they loved her and would take good care of her."

"And you never wrote to me about it?"

"I think I knew why you'd done it, and then Charmian wrote again to say they didn't have her any more, that she wouldn't stay, and how they worried about her jumping those barbed-wire fences, but that they came over and rode her here nearly every day and that now she was half theirs."

She was quiet for a moment, then she said, "We must buy her back, daddy. I suppose they'll let us buy her back? She's mine, daddy—ours. How can we have half a horse, and which half, which end, is ours?"

It was scarcely light next morning when Helen called her father.

"Get me out, daddy. Show me everything. Get me onto Old Lucy and lead me around."

On the veld beyond the almost empty milking kraals Helen saw the big jumps the Metz kids had put up. "Big jumps for Old Lucy," she said. "Fancy her being able to jump like that."

Johnnie said, "They love it, and she loves it. You've forgiven me?" he asked. "I sold everything else first."

"I know," she said. She could feel his big hand on her thigh. *I could not feel it once*, she thought. Then she said, "And now, is she theirs or ours?"

"She's half ours, darling, and half theirs. So they have riding rights too."

"They don't hurt her, do they?" Her voice was anxious. "Her mouth, I mean. Or use a whip? They never used to, of course, but the jumps are so much bigger."

"They love her," her father said.

"But she's mine, she's mine, isn't she? One day we'll pay them off and she'll be all mine again." In her mind there was a plan forming. *If Lucy can jump I'll jump her*, she thought. *I'll enter the show and win money. I'll tell her and she'll understand.*

They went all around the farm and then it was time for breakfast and the job.

For a month everything went on much as it had before Helen had gone to hospital. There was no doubt about her being better. She was beginning to use her thigh muscles. She rode farther and farther every day and for longer hours. But she had an object in mind, a secret project, and one morning when her father had gone to work Helen got Herman to carry her to the kraal where the mare was munching a mixture of chaffed hay, bran and mealies.

"Put me down," she said.

Herman set her in the soft powdered manure that covered the kraal three feet deep.

"Now," she began a conversation with the mare Lucy, "you've got to jump me. We'll jump in the show and make money and buy you back."

The mare took her head out of the manger and nibbled at her hair, spilling a mixture of chaff and mealies in it.

Herman said, "They say you can't talk to a horse, missis." He felt the time had come to stop this.

"*Ja*, I can, and do. Put her saddle o lift me up."

"She hasn't finished her scoff yet, mis

"By the time you've got it on sh have." Helen reached out a hand and h mare's foreleg below the knee. Lucy nearer to her.

"Pas op," Herman shouted. "She'll s you."

Helen laughed. "You couldn't mak she said, and holding the leg pulled under Lucy's barrel belly. "Put the sad and no bridle, just the head collar."

When the bag and surcingle were on, said, "Now lift me up."

Herman lifted her.

"Now lead her to the jumps."

"No!" Herman said. "What will th say?"

"The *baas* won't know."

"And if the missis falls and breal neck?"

"I won't. I promise."

"*Ja*, you promise, but what about He *Ja*, what about old Herman if the missis breaks her neck?"

"Put me up," she said.

Herman lifted her up.

"Now to the jumps."

He led her there.

"Take off all the bars except the b one. I've got to learn, you know."

Herman took off the top three poles t Metz children had used.

"Now, Lucy," Helen said, "take it st

The mare turned her ears back to Helen stroked her neck and pulled hers ward.

"Now," she said again, and tapped flank with her hand.

Lucy started off at a gentle canter. she reached the jump she went over it w hesitation, drifting over it as lightly as She went on for twenty yards or so and to a stop.

Helen stroked her neck and pulled h gently. "Good girl," she said. "Good gi Herman she said, "Put up the next bar."

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led Lucy round by her ear and the
ice was repeated. They jumped for
hour. Then Helen said, "Get me
v. We'll try again this evening."
Johnnie came home he couldn't be-
eyes. Helen was jumping Old Lucy,
over three-foot jumps without even
And what a seat! His heart almost
eating and then leaped like a bird
iroat.
are cantered up to the jump and
ver like a buck, like a kudu. With
beyond her withers, her face almost
the mare's mane, her arms around
t. Her thighs were around Lucy's
her legs, out of control, wobbled like
a sawdust doll. After clearing the
Lucy slowed up and stopped. Helen
r by pulling on her ear. She spoke to
hey jumped again. Then Helen saw
".
, daddy," she said. "We're jumping."
ee. But it's pretty high, and are you
afe?"
' she said. "I was safe in bed when I
nove. Do you want me back there?"
ut I still think it's high."
going higher, aren't we, Lucy?" She
er the mare's neck.
ised her head and neighed.
'g," Herman said, "*baas*, this is going
y. She and the little missis talk to-
," he said, "the horse is *tagati*, be-
and talks like a man. *Baas*," he said,
o give my notice. The devil is here."
," Johnnie said. "Perhaps it is God."
baas says so, I will stay."
e put his arms around his daughter
ed her into the house. Old Herman
evils! He talked to the horse himself.
s notice was just a trick to try to stop
siness in case Helen got hurt and he
ied.

were new problems now for Johnnie
ce. Helen had the bit in her teeth. Nothing would stop her jumping, and the mare was a natural jumper. If Helen showed her a jump, she would clear it on her own. She'd jumped 6'6" clean as a whistle that way and come back to Helen to be petted.

"She's got something in her mind, Grace. She's not the same girl since she came back," Johnnie said. "She's got some secret."

"And have we ever got a secret out of her?" Grace asked.

"It's not natural for a kid to be like that," Johnnie said.

"Well, she is like that and I'm glad in a way," Grace said. "That's what'll cure her. Her will. Her iron will."

"The kid with the iron will," Johnnie said, laughing. He was proud and upset at the same time.

Next time Smitty came over they talked to him about it.

"What'll we do, Smitty?"

"Let her go, Johnnie."

"Suppose she falls?"

"Suppose anyone falls?" Smitty said. He put his hand on Johnnie's knee. "There's something in this that's beyond us. Call it what you like. I prefer God myself. But don't interfere. She might come right any day. Just like that. And I believe she will."

But she didn't, and she just went on jumping, with her extraordinary seat, fluttering like a bird above the cushion she still rode on.

Then it came. One evening Helen announced that she was going to compete in the high jump at the Boomspruit stock show.

"No," Johnnie said. "I won't have it."

Helen played her trump. "Then I'll go back to bed. I won't get up." They knew she had them and she knew too.

It was a sensation, that show. Helen Blackett's jumping was all anyone talked about. The cattle were forgotten, the harness horses, hacks, and blood horses that did their stuff in the ring were hardly looked at. Everyone was watching for the paralyzed kid—they called it

THE DEVIL IS ALWAYS WITH US

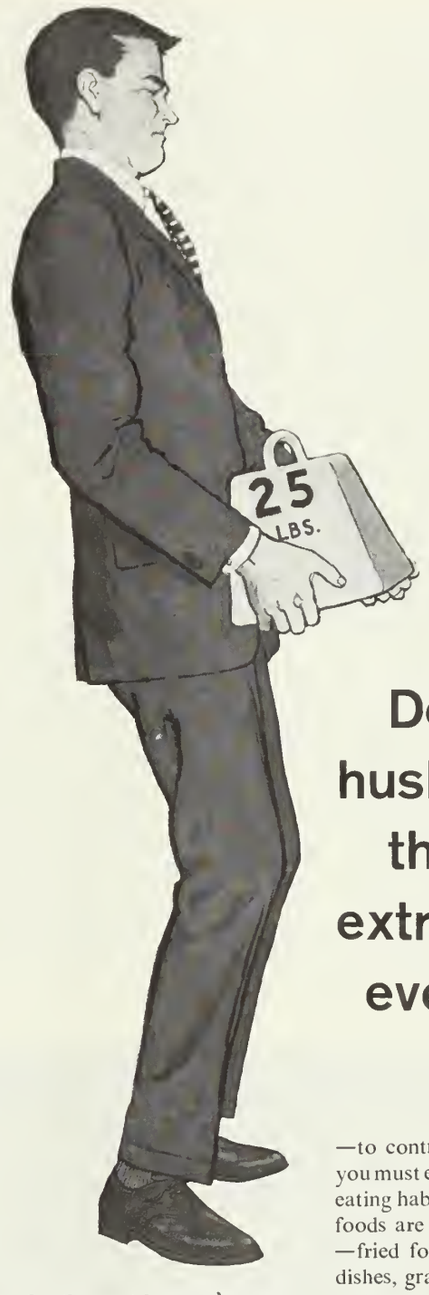
Children are taught a great deal
o "good"—at home, at school and
urch—but very little about evil:
God, but not about the devil.
devil—instead of being part of
life and the fight against evil a
experience—is a distant man-
a-tail, living in a furnace one can-
ter alive.
ave come to feel that the failure to
the closeness and the daily reality
il ill fits the young for what life
. A "Pollyanna" approach to hu-
nature is a dangerous approach. It
y when one realizes how prevalent
evil is that one understands the
power of the forces of good.
t beyond this, it is dangerous, for
tting up a false measure of the
dence of good in human nature—
ndeviling the world—one sets a
for the unwary. They become dis-
oned when they see man fail to
ure up to standards falsely set;
lose heart and become discour-
when they first observe evil at
—TV scandals, dishonest politi-
, crooked labor leaders, thieving
essmen, Communists or just evil
bors, evil friends. Those disillu-
d become embittered and use the
nce of evil in the community
h they should have been taught
ts natural state) to be grounds for conceding the battle to the devil and even for losing confidence in the health and vitality of free Western civilization.

History teaches us that the devil is a part of all periods, all communities, all races. If one recognizes evil for the prevalent force that it is, one meets it with greater strength or at least is not taken by surprise by the enemy.

If the devil is so all-prevalent, then it becomes more remarkable that the forces of good do triumph. It might even be that the real news in the TV scandals was not that they developed, not that the perpetrators at all levels had defenders (the devil always has advocates), but the final victory of right-thinking people. The people of strong conviction did not need to be a majority—it was only necessary that they be strong and right.

When the devil is recognized as a normal part of man and of his society, greater emphasis will be placed on the remarkable power of public revulsion, and less on the obvious fact that evil exists. It might even be that if more people recognized that the devil is always among us—and that paradoxically much that is good comes out of evil—there would be more to join in the challenge and they would have a heightened sense of purpose.

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There's no easy way to lose weight. But the struggle is worth the effort. By keeping your weight down permanently, you can avoid the burden which excess pounds put on your heart, kidneys, liver and other organs.

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paralyzed. It was good enough. Crippled, anyway.

It began with the first round. The high jump was set at 4′ and three horses failed to clear it clean before Helen and Old Lucy came on. A sort of gasp, a prolonged "Aaah" went up from the crowd when they saw the little girl with long hair on the roan mare. A kid and not even a proper saddle. No stirrups. No bridle. Only a headstall with a riem fastened under the chin. Her parents must be mad. The committee must be mad. It was a disgrace.

But the mare seemed to know what she was doing. The kid leaned forward and spoke to her. Her hands holding the riem were twisted into the mare's mane.

The horse cantered up to the jump and took off. The girl's long golden hair was flying out behind her as she left the horse's back. Her arms were around the mare's throat her crippled legs dangling. But they were over . . . and safe. For an instant there was dead silence. Then there was a roar of approval and clapping.

It went on like that. Horse after horse was knocked out. At 5′6″ only one other horse, a chestnut gelding, a winner at some of the bigger shows, was left in the competition. He was a big, hot-tempered beast with rolling eyes and touched the bar, knocking it off its pegs at 5′7″.

Smitty and her father were standing beside Helen while she watched.

"You all right?" Smitty said. He knew she was all right—more all right than she'd ever been. She liked the excitement and applause.

"We can do it," was all she said. And they did. As if she knew and wanted to show off, Lucy cleared the bar with inches to spare.

Lucy got her ribbon. Helen got a cup and ten guineas prize money. Everyone congratulated her. But all she said to her father was, "That's the beginning, daddy."

"The beginning of what, darling?"

She didn't answer. She just patted Lucy and began to cry.

That was when Mr. Lonstein came up to them. He was a fat little man who'd made a fortune with diamonds in West Africa.

"You her father?" he said to Johnnie.

"That's right," Johnnie said.

"Magnificent," Mr. Lonstein said. "Wonderful! Wonderful! She ought to jump in Johannesburg."

Helen pulled herself together. "I want to," she said. "Lucy could jump a house."

"It can't be done " her father said.

"Why not?" Mr. Lonstein asked.

"Money," her father said, "entrance fees, expenses; it just can't be done."

"I'll do it," Mr. Lonstein said. "Let me. I'll send the horse up to the city in a trailer, drive you and your daughter up in my car. A pleasure," he said. "What a day it would be. What a thrill."

"It's very kind of you," her father said, "but ——"

"We'll go," Helen said. "And thank you very much."

The show was not till the fall; *and a lot can happen between now and then*, Johnnie thought. But nothing happened except that the rains were good and his 100 acres of mealies looked wonderful, and Mr. Lonstein came down every month to see Helen and Lucy.

At first he stayed at the Jacaranda Hotel, but after a while he stayed in the house.

They learned a lot about him. That he was rich they knew. That he was eccentric was obvious. That he was generous, lovable and very funny they soon found out.

"I know what worries you, Mr. Blackett," he said. "Why should a fat little Jewish financier do this? And you're right. There must always be a motive. Well, here it is. Like I told you the first day when I met you, there's the thrill of it, the fun of it. Next there is the fact that the world should see how well Lucy jumps and Helen rides and, finally, the courage." He patted Helen's head. "Brains I've got, but no courage."

After that they took him to their hearts and loved him.

At last the great day came.

Helen and old Herman who carried her piggyback were entranced by the crowds and the livestock at the fair. Many of the beef cattle, dairy cattle, sheep, goats, horses, poultry and rabbits were new to them. Never had they seen oxen so fat or dairy cows with such udders.

There were the usual events: a musical ride by the mounted police, the cattle parades, the hacks, the hunters, the ponies, the ladies' hacks, Thoroughbred stallions, a bayonet-fighting display by the Transvaal Scottish. The jumping—five-bar, stone wall, water jump, in and out and the rest of them. On the third day came the high jumps with forty entries. Of them all—even the old-timers—Helen remained calmest, and Lucy, as long as someone of the family was with her, was undisturbed by the noise or the crowd outside the ring.

As their numbers were called the riders went in.

A black gelding cleared the jump. A brown mare with a dark girl tipped the bar. A gray cleared it. A bay Thoroughbred came next, cleared it, and almost ran away when he landed.

Helen was next. Mr. Lonstein led her out and let go. Once again there was a hush. *Fancy a kid like that competing with adults . . . the horse looks all right, but ——*

That was when Lucy started for the jump. No saddle, no proper bridle . . . a crippled girl. How could they —— But there she was, going at it.

Old Lucy cocked her ears and slowed her canter. Helen pulled herself forward by her mane, climbing the mare's mane like a monkey on a stick, as Lucy dug her heels into the ground and shot forward.

"She's off!" someone shouted. But they were wrong. And the mare was over.

Helen jumped twice more that day time it was the same. She was watch sort of horrified silence that was fol a roar of approval.

That night the *Star* had headlines:

CRIPPLED GIRL JUMPS

Miss Helen Blackett, of Boomspru strength in her legs which are crippled developed a style of jumping that t hearts of all who watch her into their m gets her over.

Mr. Lonstein was jubilant. "Oh, t it," he said, and took them all out t Helen was a heroine, but she took There was only one thing in her n prize money, a hundred guineas this nothing was going to stop her.

"Then you'll be mine," she whis Lucy, "all mine, not the front half or half, but all of you . . . all . . . all . . . e

Her mother looked at her and about her. The child wasn't smil wasn't proud. She just seemed pre Her mouth was a thin, hard line, her stuck out. Her eyes were cold. She to everyone, but no more.

Her dear lovable little Helen had g was a determined girl. What wa wanted? Kudos? Praise? Adulati didn't seem to. Her mother knew she win.

What she did not know was how f Helen was. Only Mr. Lonstein knew he was so easily made afraid hims known the first time he saw her in Bo That was what he had admired so m was real courage. Any fool with could be brave, but she was smart e be afraid and strong enough to over fear, a kid like that. But he did not k what she said to herself each time she to a jump was, *Throw your heart ov* and that in her mind she threw it up jump like a ball as Old Lucy took of



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finals there were only three entries oung Englishman riding a gray Irish a Johannesburg girl riding a bay mare Kitty, and Helen. The Irish hunter t 5'10". He cleared it but, being a vas careless and hit the pole with his d hoof. That put him out. Both the he bay and Helen cleared it.

irl said, "Funny us both being girls ng mares."

said, "Yes," but didn't think it

irl was slim and beautiful and could e bay mare was beautiful. The girl's and gear were beautiful. The girl's d breeches were beautiful. Her boots autiful. Her long slim thighs that the beautiful saddle on the beautiful re were beautiful. Helen hated her. was only this girl between her and of Lucy she did not own. She thought d have killed her; at least she under- w why people were killed: they were utiful. All those actresses that were d in the Sunday papers.

atted Lucy's neck.

eet eleven inches. It was the girl again. ame was listed as Georgina Haslett, was just *the girl* to Helen. The girl it. Helen cleared it. Two men put up another notch—6'.

take it," the girl said. "My girth king."

one shouted to the judge. He shouted man ran up to explain. He put his o the mike.

name is Miss Helen Blackett" came air as if God had shouted it.

girl, Helen thought. *She's afraid. nothing wrong with her girth. And I am* ix feet was so high. As high as daddy. nuch more than an inch higher than She tried to remember the world's mp: 6'6", she thought. Only 6" more. was cantering slowly toward the two d-white posts that supported the bar. The closer they got, the higher it seemed to Helen. Then her courage came back.

"It's for you, Lucy." she said.

The mare laid one ear back to listen. Then she cocked it forward and switched her tail. She seemed to think this was fun. This was real jumping. She slowed up a little as she felt Helen climbing up her neck.

"N-n-now," Helen shouted. "Now, Lucy!" and they were off. One—two great bounds that were almost leaps and they were airborne.

Helen came right up higher than Lucy's head. She could look down on her forehead and the star. She noticed the way her forelock, divided into two as usual, was blowing back. She saw the white faces of the people in the grandstand and then she slid back. They had done it. She patted Lucy and the crowd roared.

Now let her try, Helen thought. *Let that girl and her damn bay mare do it.* She was surprised at herself. She had never said "damn" before.

But the girl did not do it. She was afraid and the mare knew it. The bay never even came up, but struck the bar with her chest.

Everyone was around them now: daddy and mother and Smitty and old Herman and Mr. Lonstein. They all went up with her. like a deputation, to get her cup, the check in an envelope, and a blue ribbon for Lucy.

She'd done it. It was over.

"You're famous," someone said.

"Fancy a kid winning the Rand Show high jump!"

But Helen hardly heard them. What she did hear was Smitty, who said, "I've got crutches for you, Helen. I'm sure you can use them now," and he slipped them under her arms as he helped her down from the horse. He held her till she got her balance and she found she could use them. Her left leg would support her if someone held her belt.

They stayed two more days. Her left leg could support her. The right was still weak, but she could get about on her own and had seen most of the show again. Everyone knew her and liked her. Most of them had seen her jump Old Lucy.

She was eating an ice-cream cone when a stableboy ran up to her. She knew him well by sight, a boy called Franz. He looked after two other jumpers.

"Missis! Missis!" he shouted. "Come quick. The man," he said. "*Ja*, the *baas*, he's trying to jump her and she won't. Then he hit her with his sjambok."

Helen looked at him wide-eyed, wiping the ice cream from her mouth.

"Jumping? Jumping who?"

"*Die missis se perd,*" he said. "Your horse, Old Lucy. Man he struck her, and your boy is killed."

Before he had finished Helen was off, hopping toward the practice jumps like a wounded rabbit. A man trying to jump Old Lucy. Herman was dead. He had tried to stop it. The man had hit him. He'd hit Lucy.

The blood boiled in her veins. Suddenly she knew that she had never been angry in life before. Not like this. *I said damn*, she thought. She said it again. *Damn him! Damn him!* A murderer! Beating Old Lucy, and old Herman dead!

He —— She increased her pace. Coming around the side of the stables she saw him—a big redheaded young man on Old Lucy's back, trying to force her over a jump that she had refused. Her mouth was bleeding from the heavy bit he had put into her mouth, and she had a curd of froth and foam on her chest.

"I'll teach you," he said. "*Ja*, you damn lazy *skelm*." He raised his whip and brought it down on Old Lucy's quarters. She laid her ears back and showed the whites of her eyes, but did not move. The man jumped off, holding the riem in his hands, and began to thrash the mare.

Without knowing how she did it, Helen was running. She had let one crutch fall and charged the man, using the other like a bayonet. She struck the man in the side. As he turned to face her, Old Lucy pulled free and swung around to her mistress' side.

"What the hell!" the man shouted.

"My horse," Helen hissed at him. "You dared to hit my horse. And my boy." Old Herman was not dead. He hobbled toward her.

"I was just teaching her," the man said. "A horse must learn to respect a man—a woman too. *Magtig*, never before has a woman struck me. Never before ——"

He did not finish. The crutch point took him in the throat. He went down and Helen beat at him as if he were a snake.

He got up and tried to seize her arm. Old Lucy chopped at him. Then with a flash of teeth and flaring nostrils she took him by the collar of his coat and shook him like a rat.

By now a crowd was around them, white and black, visitors, owners, grooms.

"Like a bloody rat," a man said. "I've heard a horse could lift a man in his teeth, but I've never seen it."

Helen was sobbing, with her arms around Old Lucy's neck. Old Herman was patting her shoulder. "Drunk," he said. "*Ja*, he was drunk. I tried to stop him and he hit me flat."

It was all a nightmare, a dream. It wasn't true. The mare pushed her nose into her chest. Helen pulled her ears and rubbed her poll, kneading it with her fingers. Then she looked down and saw her crutch on the ground. It had been broken in the scuffle.

What'll I do? she thought. *How will I get about, and where is the other one?* Then it dawned on her. She was standing. She had run. She had fought a man. She had won a hundred guineas and could buy Lucy back. *I can walk*, she thought, *and Lucy's mine.* That she had won a great competition was forgotten. The little Helen that her mother loved was back.

Helen was standing crying bitterly, her arms wound around her horse's neck, when Grace and Johnnie found her. END





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You see *Strawberry Fruit Freeze* in the making, above. Again PET whips at room temperature—with frozen fruit and powdered sugar. When it's light and whipped-creamy, freeze without stirring. Recipe No. 11.

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My child has a Teacher



The richest gift our schools offer is not books or buildings, but good teachers.

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

Alfy is ten years old and in the fifth grade. He knows that t tiny hairs on the rootlets of a germinating rye plant grow total of three miles a day, and that a robin's feet were made for perc ing on tree branches, while a hawk's claws are for picking things u

He knows that India, isolated from other lands by oceans and hi mountains, was "a quiet country" (in contrast to warlike Persi and the right place for Buddhism to develop (he knows the Buddh Eightfold Path, too, and has read parts of the Gita, which is mo than I have done). He knows the really important difference betwe the Ionians, who founded Athens, and the Dorians, who found Sparta. Here is an excerpt from his copybook:

"Archilochus, a young man from the Isle of Paros, joined Ionian army which was fighting in Thrace. Things got too tough f him, so he took to his heels and ran, then wrote:

'Some lucky Thracian has my noble shield,
I had to run. I dropped it in a wood.
But I got clear away, thank Zeus!
So, hang the shield! I'll get another just as good.'

"Would a Spartan ever write such a thing about a shield? Wou a Spartan ever write?"

Those last two lines are pure Mr. Kirk, his teacher at Kimbert Farms School. Mr. Kirk is a tall young man, well able to handle bas ball and gym in the afternoons (he's a former track man himsel but no one would look into his sensitive, thoroughly nice face a call him the athletic type. I don't know many particulars about hi but the ones I do know add up. He made a trip to India as a ve young man. He and his wife have adopted two little girls from Pea Buck's Welcome House, the older part Japanese, the baby part Ea Indian. They have bought a farm miles and miles out in our Easte Pennsylvania countryside, and he dreams of someday establishi his own school for boys there. His wife, whom I have never me wrote Alfy a thank-you letter for his Christmas-gift subscription f the *Ladies' Home Journal*—a vivid three-page letter describing t excitement of being snowed in (deer were in their back yard looki for food), showing so much warmth and imagination that only a ra person could have written it. I have an idea that Mr. Kirk's ov mind is constantly waylaid by the remarkable things in the worl and that no other profession than that of waylaying the minds

oung, startling them with all the things s, could conceivably make him happy.
y knows what Heraclitus thought about e orld, and he knows Socrates' prayer to y heart ("Beloved Pan and all ye other who haunt this place, give me beauty in e ward soul . . ."), but he can also handle ers as nimbly as the Mesopotamians, who e learned this year) hadn't invented mul- tation tables, and multiplied by the most ng method of adding and subtracting a small boy could proudly learn and nstrate to his mother.
. Kirk founded an arithmetic club, the ership requirement being that the boy or each the others something new. Alfy d for a slide rule and spent the next few ngs teaching himself how to multiply and with it. Another boy taught the club how l square roots, and for days Alfy invented e-root problems for himself. This was urricular, you understand. For fun.
. Kirk invents charming arithmetic prob- using the names of the children in the in which the girls bake enormous cakes ing 32 eggs (some drop on the floor) and picnic lunches involving 9⅞ jars of pea-

THOUGHTS FOR A NAP

By KATE BARNES

he wild poppies grow by the river,
The hills are full of sheep,
nong the shadows of the rocks
Gray lizards creep.

hite sky and white dust
And cattle lying down,
he river running very small,
The hills all shimmering brown.

mmer lies across the land
In a dreaming tide of noon
d sheep like stones drift among
stones
Where the wild doves croon.

atter, and the boys build tree houses. ("It 428 swings of the hammer for Calvin to the first nail in. He then had 17⅞ blisters s left hand and 34¾ on his right.")
. Kirk, to my certain knowledge, had no le keeping his class alert for most of the He told them in the fall that one day, day in the coming year he would stand certain spot, point to a certain place on ackboard, and tell them a story about an . Anyone who spotted him when the nt came would be allowed to stand s desk and wave his hand. The reward unprecedented and delightful that Alfy to bed every school night for six months ering if Mr. Kirk would do it tomor- I could imagine the entire class watch- m like hawks. He was as good as his word pring, and I understand the whole class gleeful few minutes on their desk tops.
. Kirk gives a great deal of thought to his tional theories, and wants the parents of ildren to understand them. He has visited and when something is on his mind that n no longer hold back he mimeographs conversational, sometimes quite funny . He wrote one at the time our children the national standard achievement tests, ning that he did not *really* believe in ple-choice tests himself, and he would we didn't take them too seriously either. rote another, asking, "How many of emember who fought the Peloponne- War?" This was by way of explaining in certain "idea" subjects (geography, y, science), his chief aim was to leave hildren with a memory of joyful in- , with mastery of facts secondary, but n others, which he called the "skill sub-jects" (reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic), competence was his *first* aim, with enjoyment second.

We received no bare statistics by mail from *him* on our children's ranking in the national tests. Those who wanted the figures were invited to come see Mr. Kirk personally and confer about the whole child. On the other hand, he does not mark from charity. Alfy has unshakable faith in Mr. Kirk's fairness and high standards, and will spend half an hour doing over a botany lesson because of a blot at the bottom of a page. He knows: he got a C in history in one quarter because, although he had done the work adequately, he had been careless about keeping up his notebook—the tangible evidence of work completed which each child is expected to keep not only up to date but visually attractive.

The new crafts teacher said to me in her first week, "Ah, Alfy's in Mr. *Kirk's* class. That's the only class I have sorted out yet. It's the best behaved, you see." Alfy says, "There was another fight at recess today. Gosh, why do the other grades always have to get in fights? In our class we all like each other. Mr. Kirk says cliques are *silly*."

The words "Mr. Kirk says" are a refrain often heard from Alfy. "Mr. Kirk says the purpose of man is to be conscious." . . . "Mr. Kirk says you shouldn't be wishy-washy with your teacher. If he says, 'Trains have wings,' he doesn't want us to say, 'Yes, teacher, oh yes, teacher.' He wants us to say, 'I don't think so. This is what I think.'" . . . "Mr. Kirk says nowadays everybody spends their free time looking at television, but in the old days they used to get together and talk about things. That's what we do in *our* class, we talk about things. We're like a Greek academy."

There's just one postscript to add to this a remark of a board member, said with a sign: "How we all wish we could pay our faculty a living wage!" END

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E MISTRESS
MELLYN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

nked her and said, "You have always
ch a good friend to me."
as so grateful that at last the child had
governess who really understood her."
d, "I thought Miss Jansen did that."
ss Jansen, yes. We all thought so. It was
he was not honest. Perhaps, though, it
e temptation of a moment. I did all I
o help her."
r had come up. He took my hand and
it lightly. Connan's look of displeasure
ny heart beat fast with happiness, and I
hamed of my suspicions.
tunate Connan," cried Peter exuber-
'No need to tell you how much I envy
there! I've brought over Jacinth. I told
I make you a present of her, didn't I?
she's my wedding present. You can't
to that."
oked at Conan. "A present for us
I said.
, no," said Peter. "She's for you. I'll
of something else for Con."
ank you, Peter," I said. "It's generous
."
uldn't bear the thought of her going to
else. I feel sentimental about that mare.
a good home for her. You know I'm
t the end of next week."
soon?"
erything has been speeded up. There's
nt in delaying further." He looked at
nificantly. "Now," he added.
w that Kitty, who was serving us with
was listening with all attention.
stine was talking to Connan, and Peter
n: "So it's you and Con after all. Well,
keep him in order, Miss Leigh. I'm sure
t."
m not going to be his governess, you
"
n not sure. Once a governess, always a
ess. I thought Alvean seemed not dis-
d by the new arrangement."
nink she's going to accept me."
nink you're an even greater favorite than
ansen was."
or Miss Jansen! I wonder what became
."
leste did something for her. She was
worried about the poor girl, I think."
, I'm so glad."
lped her to find another place—with
riends of ours, actually. The Merrivales,
ave a place on the edge of Dartmoor. I
r how our gay Miss Jansen likes Hood-
Manor. Finds it a bit dull, I should imag-
ith Tavistock, the nearest town, quite
les away."
was very kind of Celestine to help her."
ell, that's Celestine all over." He lifted
ass. "To your happiness, Miss Leigh.
henever you ride Jacinth, think of me."
hall."
d if," he went on, "you should change
nind ——"
ised my eyebrows.
out marrying Connan, I mean. There'll
ittle homestead waiting for you on the
side of the world. You'll find me ever
l, Miss Leigh."
ughed and sipped my wine.
next day Alvean and I went riding to-
, and I was mounted on Jacinth. She
wonderful creature and I enjoyed every
nt of the ride. I felt that this was another
glorious things which were happening
. I even had my own mount now.

ball was a great success and I was sur-
how ready the neighborhood was to
t me. I felt that Connan's neighbors were
ding one another that I was an educated
woman and that my family background
passably good. Perhaps those who were
of him were relieved because he was en-
to be married, for they would not wish
o be involved in the Treslyn scandal.
e day after the ball Connan had to go
again on business.
neglected a great deal during our stay at
ndstow," he said. "There were things I simply forgot to do. It is understandable. My mind was on other matters. I shall be away a week, I think, and when I come back it'll be but a fortnight before our wedding. You'll be getting on with your preparations, and, darling, if there's anything you want to do in the house—if there's anything you want to change—do say so. It mightn't be a bad idea to ask Celestine's advice; she's an expert on old houses."

I said I would, because it would please her, and I wanted to please her.

"She was kind to me right from the first," I said. "I shall always have a soft feeling for her."

He said good-by and drove off while I stood at my window, waving. I did not care to do so from the porch because I was still a little shy of the servants.

When I went out of my room I found Gilly standing outside the door. Since I had told her that I was to be Mrs. TreMellyn she had taken to following me around. I was beginning to understand the way her mind worked. She was fond of me in exactly the same way that she had been fond of Alice, and with the passing of each day the two of us became in her mind merged into one. Alice had disappeared from her life; she was going to make sure that I did not.

"Hello, Gilly," I said.

She dropped her head in that characteristic way of hers and laughed to herself. Then she put her hand in mine and I led her back to my room.

"Well, Gilly," I said, "in three weeks I am going to be married, and I am the happiest woman in the world."

I was really trying to reassure myself, for sometimes talking to Gilly was like talking to oneself.

I thought of what Connan had said about altering anything I wished to in the house, and remembered that there were some parts of it which I had not even seen yet.



Summer is the time of roses, and the floribunda roses are abundant, even in the small garden. Here—set off in a simple white vase—are floribundas shading from deep crimson to shell pink. Scarlet petunias and a few delphinium complete the picture.

By JANET COTTIER

Summer Flowers from a small garden

A blaze of flowers—reds, yellows and pinks—is the signature of the summer garden.

JOSEPH DI PIETRO





The warm colors of zinnias bring the glow of outdoors to the shady corners of the house. Above—stripped of their often rather shabby leaves and mixed with viburnum foliage—a variety of red and pink zinnias makes a pleasing bouquet in a lined wicker basket. At left, yellow marigolds, wonderfully long-lasting even in the heat, in a copy of an old Etruscan vase.

I suddenly thought of Miss Jansen and what I had been told about her having a different room from the one I occupied. I had never seen Miss Jansen's room and decided that I would go now and inspect it. I need have no qualms now about going to any part of the house I wished.

"Come along, Gilly," I said. "We'll go and see Miss Jansen's room."

She trotted along contentedly by my side, and I thought how much more intelligent she was than people realized, for it was she who led me to Miss Jansen's room.

There was nothing very unusual about it. It was smaller than mine. But there was a rather striking mural. I was looking at this when Gilly tugged at my arm and drew me close to it. She pulled up a chair and stood on it. Then I understood. There, in this wall, was a peep like that in the solarium. I looked through it and saw the chapel. It was, of course, a different view from that to be seen from the solarium, as it was from the opposite side.

Gilly looked at me, delighted to have shown me the peep. We went back to my room, and clearly she did not want to leave me.

I could see that she was apprehensive. I understood, of course. Her somewhat confused mind had so clearly associated me with Alice that she expected me to disappear as Alice had done. She was determined to keep an eye on me so that this should not happen.

All through the night a southwest gale was blowing in from the sea. The rain which came with it was driven horizontally against our windows, and even the solid foundations of Mount Mellyn seemed to shake. It was one of the wettest nights I had known since my arrival in Cornwall.

The next day the rain continued; everything in my room—the mirrors, the furniture—was misty with damp. It was what happened often enough, Mrs. Polgrey told me, when the southwest wind came bringing rain with it, which it invariably did.

Alvean and I could not go out riding that day.

By the following morning the skies had cleared a little, and the heavy rain gave way to a light drizzle. Lady Treslyn called, but I did not see her. She did not ask for me; it was Mrs. Polgrey who told me she had called and that she had wished to see Connan.

"She seemed very distressed," said Mrs. Polgrey. "She'll not rest until this terrible business is over."

I felt sure that Lady Treslyn had come over to talk to Connan about his engagement to me and that she was probably distressed because he was not at home.

Celestine Nansellock also called. We had a chat about the house. She said she was so pleased because I was becoming very interested in Mount Mellyn.

"Not only as a home," she said, "but as a house." She went on: "I have some old documents about Mount Mellyn and Mount Widden. I'll show them to you one day."

"You must help me," I told her. "It'll be fun discussing things together."

"You'll make some changes?" she asked.

"If I do," I assured her, "I shall ask your advice."

She left before luncheon, and in the afternoon Alvean and I went down to the stables for the horses.

We stood by while Billy Trehay saddled them for us.

"Jacinth be frisky today, Miss," he told me.

"It's because she had no exercise yesterday." I stroked her muzzle and she rubbed against my hand to show she shared my affection.

We took our usual ride down the slope, past the cove and Mount Widden; then we went along the cliff path. The view here was particularly beautiful with the jagged coast stretched out before us and Rame Head lying in the water, hiding Plymouth and its Sound from view.

Some of the paths were narrow, cut into the cliffs at spots where it had been convenient to do so. Up and down we went; sometimes we were almost down to the sea, at others we climbed high.

It was not very easy going, for the rain had whipped up the mud and I began to feel a little anxious about Alvean. She sat firmly in her saddle—no novice now—but I was conscious of Jacinth's mood and I expected Black Prince's was not much different, although, of course, he hadn't Jacinth's fiery temperament. At times I had to rein her in firmly; a gallop would have been more to her taste than this necessarily slow careful walk along paths which were a good deal more dangerous than when we had come this way on our last ride.

There was one spot on this cliff path which was particularly narrow: above the path loomed the cliff face, dotted with bushes of gorse and brambles; below it, the cliff fell almost sheer to the sea. The path was safe enough ordinarily; but I felt a little nervous about Alvean's using it on a day like this.

I noticed that some of the cliff had fallen in places. This was continually happening. Tapperty had often said that the sea was gradually claiming the land, and that in his grandfather's day there had been a road which had now completely disappeared.

I thought of turning back, but if we did I would have to explain my fears to Alvean;

RITUAL

By ELIZABETH GRAHAM

Early summer morning,
  Golden in its luster,
Girls not half awake
  Meet in petal cluster;

Put Baby in a Cradle,
  Circle Round the Moon—
Giggle over jacks
  Till it feels like noon.

Gather up the game
  And Last Tag for home,
Find a strange true
  In a hum-paper comb.

Four-o'clocks and daisies
  For a honey-jar bouquet,
Hide-and-Seek, Red Rover,
  First Star I Wish I May.

Take a Giant Step,
  Bend a bough for plums,
And gather up the game
  When night comes.

and I did not want to do this while she was mounted.

No, I thought, *we'll continue on this path until we can climb to the top road. Then we'll go home a roundabout way, but on firm land.*

We had come to that danger spot and I noticed that the ground was even more slippery here, and that there had been a bigger fall of cliff than I had seen on other portions of the path.

I held Jacinth in and walked her slowly in front of Alvean and Black Prince, for we naturally had to go in single file.

I pulled up and looked over my shoulder, saying, "We're going very slowly along here. You just follow."

Then I heard it. I turned quickly as the boulder came tumbling down, bringing in its wake shale, turf and vegetation. It passed within a few inches of Jacinth. I stared, in fascinated horror, as it went hurtling down to the sea.

Jacinth reared. She was terrified and ready to plunge anywhere—over the cliff, down to the sea—to escape what had startled her.

It was fortunate for me that I was an experienced rider, and that Jacinth and I knew each other so well. Thus it was all over in a matter of seconds. I had her under control. She grew calm as I began to talk to her in a voice which was meant to be soothing but which shook a little.

"Miss! What happened?" It was Alvean.

"It's all over," I answered, trying to speak lightly. "You managed perfectly."

"Why, Miss, I thought Black Prince was going to start a gallop."

He would, I thought, *if Jacinth had.*

I was terribly shaken and afraid to show it, either to Alvean or to Jacinth.

I suddenly felt the need to get off that dangerous path immediately. I glanced nervously up and said, "It's not safe to be on these paths, after the weather we've been having."

I don't know what I expected to see up there, but I was staring at the thickest of the bushes. Did I see a movement there, or did I imagine it? It would be easy for someone to hide up there. What if a boulder had become dislodged by the recent rains? What an excellent opportunity if someone wanted to be rid of me. It merely had to be rolled down at that moment when I was on the path—a perfect target. Alvean and I had made a habit of coming along this path at a certain time.

I shivered and said, "Let's get on. We'll get onto the top road and won't go back along the cliff path."

Alvean was silent; and when in a few minutes we were on the road she looked at me oddly. I saw that she was not unaware of the danger through which we had passed.

It was not until we were back in the house that I realized how alarmed I was. I was telling myself that a terrifying pattern was being formed. Alice had died; Sir Thomas Treslyn had died; and now I, who was to be Connan's wife, might easily have met my death on the cliff path this day.

I longed to tell Connan of my fears.

But I was a sensible, practical woman. Was I going to refuse to look facts in the face because I was afraid of what I might see there if I did so?

Suppose Connan had not really gone away. Suppose he had wanted an accident to happen to me while he was believed to be away from home. I thought of Lady Treslyn at the Christmas ball. I thought of her beauty, her sensuous, voluptuous beauty. Connan had admitted that she had been his mistress. Had been? Was it possible that anyone, knowing her, could want me?

The proposal had been so sudden. It had come at a time when his mistress' husband was about to be exhumed.

It was small wonder that the practical governess had become a frightened woman.

To whom could I go for help?

There was Peter or Celestine—only those two, I thought. No, I could not betray these terrible suspicions of Connan to them. It was bad enough that I entertained them myself.

Don't panic, I cautioned myself. *Be calm. Think of something you can do.*

I thought of the house, vast and full of secrets, a house in which it was possible to peep from certain rooms into others. There might be peeps as yet undiscovered. Who could say? Perhaps someone was watching me now.

I thought of the peep in Miss Jansen's room, and that set me thinking of her sudden dismissal. Then I was saying to myself, *Hoodfield Manor near Tavistock.*

I wondered if Miss Jansen was still there. There was a good chance that she might be, for she must have gone there about the same time that I came to Mount Mellyn.

Why should I not try to meet her? She might have some light to throw on the secrets of this house.

I was desperately afraid, and at such times it is always comforting to take action.

I felt better when I had written the letter.

Dear Miss Jansen: I am the governess at Mount Mellyn and I have heard of you. I should so like to meet you. I wonder if that would be possible. If so, I should like our meeting to be as soon as you can manage it.

Yours sincerely,
MARTHA LEIGH.

I went out quickly to post the letter before I could change my mind. Then I tried to forget it.

I longed for a message from Connan. There was none. Each day I looked for his return. I thought, *When he comes home I am going to tell him of my fears, because I must do so. I am going to tell him of what happened on th path. I am going to ask him to tell me the I am going to say to him, "Connan, why ask me to marry you? Was it because y me and want me to be your wife, or wa cause you wished to divert suspicion from self and Lady Treslyn?"*

The devilish scheme which I had in seemed to gain credibility with every p moment.

I said to myself, *Perhaps Alice died b dent, and that gave them the idea of r themselves of Sir Thomas, who was th obstacle to their marriage.* Did they slip thing into his whisky? Why not? And it not have been merely by chance that the der came hurtling down at that preci ment. Now there was to be an exhumat Sir Thomas and the countryside knew relationship between Connan and Lady lyn. So Connan became engaged to th erness in order to divert suspicion. *Th erness is now an obstacle even as Alic even as Sir Thomas was. So the gov could have an accident on her newly ac mare to which it might be said that she h yet grown accustomed.*

Three days later there was a letter Miss Jansen, who said she was eager to me. She would be in Plymouth the foll day and if I would meet her at the White which was not far from the Hoe, we have luncheon together.

I told Mrs. Polgrey that I was going Plymouth to shop. That seemed pla enough, since my wedding was due to place in three weeks' time.

I made straight for the White Hart.

Miss Jansen was already there—a tremely pretty, fair-haired girl. She g me with pleasure and told me that Mrs. the innkeeper's wife, had said that we have luncheon together in a small ro our own.

We were conducted to this private roo there took stock of each other.

The innkeeper's wife talked with en asm of duck and green peas and roast but we were neither of us very interest food.

We ordered roast beef, I think it was as soon as we were alone, Miss Jansen "What do you think of Mount Mellyn?"

"It's a wonderful old place."

"One of the most interesting houses saw," she replied.

"I did hear from Mrs. Polgrey, I think old houses specially interest you."

"They do. I was brought up in one. ever, the family fortunes declined. That's happens to so many of us who become ernesses. I was sorry to leave Mount M You have heard why I went?"

"Y-yes," I said hesitantly.

"It was a very distressing affair. I was ously angry to be unjustly accused."

She was so frank and sincere that I bel her, and I made that clear.

She looked pleased; and then the foo brought in. As we sat eating it she told the affair.

"The Treslyns and the Nansellocks been having tea at the house. You kno Treslyns and the Nansellocks, of course

"Oh, yes."

"I mean, I expect you know quite about them. They are such friends of the ily, are they not?"

"Indeed yes."

"I had been treated rather specially." flushed slightly, and I thought, *Yes, you pretty.* Connan would have thought so. aware of a flash of not so much jealou uneasiness as I wondered whether in the to come I was going to be continually je of Connan's appreciation of the attra members of my sex.

She went on: "They had called me in t because Miss Nansellock wanted to ask questions about Alvean. She did dote o child. Does she still?"

"Indeed yes."

"She is such a kind person. I don't what I should have done without her."

"I am so glad somebody was kind to

CONTINUED ON PAG



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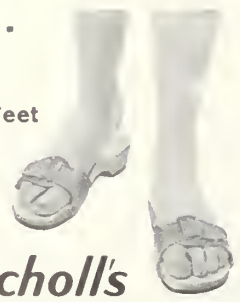
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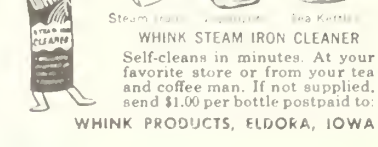
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

"I think that she looks upon Alvean as her child. There was a rumor that Miss Nansellock's brother was the father of Alvean, which would make her Miss Nansellock's niece. Perhaps that is why ——"

"She certainly does feel strongly about Alvean."

"So I was called down to talk to her and I was given tea and chatted with them—as though I were a guest as they were. I think that Treslyn woman resented it—she resented my presence there altogether. Perhaps they were a little too attentive to me—I mean Mr. Peter Nansellock and Mr. TreMellyn. Lady Treslyn has a hot temper, I am sure. In any case, I believe she arranged the whole thing."

"She couldn't be so vile!"

"Oh, but I am sure she could. You see, she was wearing a diamond bracelet and the safety chain had broken. It had caught in the upholstery of the chair, I think. She said, 'I won't wear it. I'll take it down to old Pastern to get it repaired as soon as we leave.' She took it off and put it on the table. I left them at tea and went to the schoolroom to do some work with Alvean. It was while we were there that the door was thrown open and they all stood there looking at me accusingly.

"Lady Treslyn said something about having a search made because her diamond braeelet was missing. She was trueulent. One would have thought she was already the mistress of the house. Mr. TreMellyn said very kindly that Lady Treslyn was asking that my room be searched, and he hoped I would not object. I was very angry and I said, 'Come on, seareh my room. Nothing will satisfy me but that you should.'

"So we all went into my room, and there in a drawer, hidden under some of my things, was the diamond braeelet.

"Lady Treslyn said I was caught red-handed, and she was going to have me sent to prison. The others all pleaded with her not to make a scandal. Finally they agreed that if I went at once the matter would be forgotten. I was furious. I wanted an inquiry. But what could I do? They had found the thing there, and whatever I had to say aftcr that they wouldn't believe."

"It must have been terrible for you."

She leaned across the table and smiled in a kindly way. "You are afraid that they may do something similar to you. Lady Treslyn is determined to marry Connan TreMellyn."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure there was something between them. He was, after all, a widower and not the sort of man, I think, to live without women."

I said, "I suppose he made advances to you?"

She shrugged her shoulder. "At least Lady Treslyn imagined I might be a menaee, and I am sure she ehose that way to get rid of me."

"What a foul ereature she is! But Miss Nanselloek was kind."

"Very kind. She was with them, of course, when they found the bracelet. And when I was paeking she came to my room. She said, 'I'm very distressed, Miss Jansen, that this should have happened. I know they found the bracelet in your drawer, but you didn't put it there, did you?' I said, 'Miss Nansellock, I swear I didn't.'

"I had very little money and I shall never forget her kindness to me. She asked where I was going and I gave her this address in Plymouth. She said, 'I know the Merrivales are going to want a governess in a month or so. I am going to see that you get that job.' She lent me some money, which I have now paid back, although she did not want me to do so; and that's how I lived until I went to the Merrivales'."

"Thank goodness there was someone to help."

"Heaven knows what would have beeome of me if she had not been there! Ours is a precarious profession, Miss Leigh. We are at the merey of our employers. No wonder so many of us beeome meek and downtrodden." She brightened. "I try to forget all that. I'm going to be married. He is a doetor who looks after the family. In six months my governessing days will be over."

"Congratulations! As a matter of faet I, too, am engaged to be married."

"How wonderful!"

"To Connan TreMellyn," I added.

She stared at me in astonishment. "Why-y," she stammered, "I wish you the best of luck."

I could see that she was a little embarrassed and trying to remember what she had said about Connan. I felt, too, that she thought I should need that good luck.

I could not explain to her that I would rather have one stormy year with Connan than a lifetime of peace with anyone else.

"I wonder," she said after a pause, "why you wanted to see me."

"It is because I had heard of you. They talk of you often. Alvean was fond of you and there are things I want to know."

"But you, who are soon to be a member of the family, will know so much more than I can tell you."

"What did you think of Gilly—Gillyflower?"

"Oh, poor little Gilly. A strange, Ophelia-like creature. I always felt that one day we should find her floating on the stream with rosemary in her hands."

"The ehild had a shock."

NEXT MONTH

"Henry," Belinda said quietly, "no one is going to understand, no one could possibly think it right—except us."

They were in love, deeply, truly. But Henry was already married—to a wife who was mentally ill.

Thus the very love that gave meaning to their existence bore always the threat of scandal and shame. They were intelligent people caught in a trap of hopeless circumstanee. Was there any way out for them?

ECHO ANSWERS

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Complete in the September JOURNAL, condensed from the novel soon to be published by Harper & Bros.

"Yes; the first Mrs. TreMellyn's horse nearly trampled her to death."

"You must have gone there soon after the death of Mrs. TreMellyn "

"There were two others before me. I heard they left beeause the house was too spooky. A house couldn't be too spooky for me!"

"Oh, yes, you're an expert on old houses?"

"Expert! Indeed I'm not. I just love them. I've seen a great many and I've read a great deal about them."

"There was a peep in your room, Gilly showed it to me the other day."

"Do you know, I lived in that room three weeks without knowing it was there."

"I'm not surprised. The peeps are so cleverly concealed in the murals."

"That's an excellent way of doing it. Do you know those in the solarium?"

"Oh, yes."

"One overlooking the hall; the other, the chapel. I think there's a reason for that. You see, the hall and the chapel would be the most important parts of the house at the time it was built."

"You know a great deal about period and so on. At what period was Mount Mellyn built?"

"Late Elizabethan. At the time when people had to keep the presence of priests in their houses secret. I think that's why they had all these peeps."

"How interesting."

"Miss Nansellock is an expert on houses. That was something we had in common. Does she know we're meeting?"

"No one knows."

"You mean you came here without telling even your future husband?"

Confidenees trembled on my lips. I dered if I dared share them with this stra I wished it were Phillida sitting opposite Then I could have poured out my hea her; I could have listened to her advice, w I was sure would be good.

But although I had heard Miss Jan name mentioned so much since I had eon Mount Mellyn, she was still a stranger to I could not tell her.

"He is away on business," I said. "W to be married in three weeks' time."

"I wish you the best of luek. It must happened very suddenly."

"It was August when I went to the hou

"And you had never met before?"

"Living in the same house, one quickly to know people."

"Yes, I suppose that is so."

"And you yourself must have become gaged in almost as short a time."

"Oh, yes, but ——"

I knew what she was thinking. Her plea country doctor was a very different pe from the master of Mount Mellyn.

I went on quickly: "I wanted to meet because I believed you had been falsely cused. I am sure that many people at the h think that."

"I'm glad."

"When Mr. TreMellyn returns I shall him that I have seen you, and I shall a something can be done."

"It is of little consequenee now. Dr. combe knows what happened. He is ver dignant. But I have made him see tha good purpose could be served by bringin the matter again. If Lady Treslyn ever tri make more mischief, then something coul done. But she won't; her only desire was t rid of me, and that she did—quite effectiv

"What a wicked woman she is!"

"I know. But don't let's talk of it. You tell Miss Nansellock that you have me?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then tell her that I am engaged to Luscombe. She will be so pleased. there's something else I would like he know. Perhaps you'll be interested too, about the house. That house will soon be home, won't it? It's one of the most inte ing places I've ever seen."

"What were you going to tell me to pas to Miss Nansellock?"

"I've been doing a little researeh on a tecture, and my fiancé arranged for me t Cotehele, the Mount Edgeumbes' place. more like Mount Mellyn than any house ever seen. The chapel is almost identical, to the lepers' squint. But the squint at M Mellyn is much bigger and the construc of the walls is slightly different. As a matt fact, I've never seen a squint quite like th Mount Mellyn. Do tell Miss Nansellock. would be interested, I'm sure."

"I'll tell her. I expect she'll be more i ested to hear that you are so happy and you are going to marry."

"Don't forget to tell her, too, that I rem ber I owe it all to her. Give her my kin regards and my thanks."

"I will," I said.

We parted, and on my journey home I that I had obtained from Miss Jansen s fresh light on my problem.

There was no doubt that Lady Treslyn ranged for Miss Jansen's dismissal. Miss sen was very pretty indeed. Connan adm her and Alvean was fond of her. Con would eonsider marriage because he w want sons; and Lady Treslyn, possessive tigress, was not going to allow him to m anyone but herself.

I believed now that Lady Treslyn was p ning to remove me as she had removed Jansen; but beeause I was already engage Connan she would have to use more dr methods.

Connan did not know of this attempt on life. I refused to believe that of him and fusing, I felt a great deal happier.

Moreover, I had made up my mind. W Connan came back I was going to tell everything—all I had discovered, all I feared.

The decision brought me great comfort

days passed and still Connan had not
l.
Nansellock came over to say good-by.
leaving that night for London on his
join the ship which would carry him
ralia.
tine was with him when he came to say
. They thought Connan would have
l by now. As a matter of fact, while
re there a letter arrived from Connan.
coming back if possible late that night;
as early as possible next day. I felt
lously happy.
e them tea, and as we talked I men-
Miss Jansen. I saw no reason why I
not do so in front of Peter, because it
who had told me that Celestine had
er a job with the Merrivales.
t Miss Jansen the other day," I began.
were both startled. "But how?" asked

ote and asked her to meet me."
it made you do that?" asked Celes-

l, she had lived here, and there was a
about her, and I thought it would be
interesting, so, as I was going to
th ——"
harming creature," mused Peter.
You'll be pleased to hear that she's
to be married."
interesting," cried Celestine, her face
pink. "I'm delighted."
he local doctor," I added.
ll make an excellent doctor's wife,"
lestine.
husband's male patients will all be in
h her," put in Peter.

**tory records that France had
y-nine kings, of which number
y three were loved by their sub-
ts. Those three were the only
gs who had been raised by their
thers, the others being reared
private tutors, and governesses.**

CHARLES ALLEN AND C. L. WALLIS

t could be disconcerting," I replied.
good for business," murmured Peter.
e send us greetings?"
icularly to your sister." I smiled at
e. "She is so grateful to you; you were
ful to her. She says she'll never forget."
as nothing. I could not let that woman
she did and stand by doing nothing."
think Lady Treslyn deliberately
that theft? I know Miss Jansen does."
re is not a doubt of it," said Celestine

at an unscrupulous woman she must

lieve that to be so."
l, Miss Jansen is happy now, so good
ut of evil. By the way, I have a special
for you. It's about the house."
at house?" asked Celestine with great

one. Miss Jansen has been to Cotehele
been comparing their squint, in the
with ours. She says ours is quite
"
really! That's very interesting."
bigger, she says—I mean ours is. And
something about the construction of
ls."
stine is aching to go down and have
at it," said Peter.
miled at me. "We'll look at it together
ne. You're going to be the mistress of
se, so you ought to take an interest

becoming more and more interested.
ng to ask you to teach me lots about

miled at me warmly. "I'll be glad."
ed Peter what train he was catching,
answered that it would be the ten
from St. Germans.
ride to the station," he said, "and
he horse there. The baggage has gone
ad. I shall go alone. I don't want any
rewells at the station. After all, I shall
bt be home this time next year—with a
fortune. Au revoir, Miss Leigh," he went on. "I'll come back one day. And if you do feel like coming with me—it's not too late even now."

He spoke flippantly, and his eyes were full of mischief. I wondered what he would say if I suddenly agreed to his proposal, if I suddenly told him that I was filled with terrible doubts about the man I had promised to marry.

I went down to the porch to say my last farewells. The servants were there, for he was a great favorite. I guessed that he had bestowed many a sly kiss on Daisy and Kitty, and they were sad to see him go.

He looked very handsome in the saddle, and beside him Celestine seemed insignificant.

We stood waving to them.

His last words were, "Don't forget, Miss Leigh—if you should change your mind!"

Everybody laughed and I joined with them. I think we all felt a little sad that he was going.

As we were going back into the house Mrs. Polgrey said to me, "Miss Leigh, could I have a word with you?"

"Certainly. Shall I come to your room?"

She led the way there. "I've just had word," she said. "The result of the autopsy. Death through natural causes."

I felt floods of relief sweeping over me. "Oh, I'm so pleased about that."

"So are we all. I can tell you, I didn't like the things that were being said—and him dying after he'd had supper here."

"It seems as though it was all a storm in a teacup," I said.

"Something like that, Miss Leigh. But there you are—people talk and something has to be done."

"Well, it must be a great relief to Lady Treslyn."

She looked a little embarrassed and I guessed she was wondering what she had said to me in the past about Connan and Lady Treslyn. It must have been disconcerting to discover that I was going to be Connan's wife. I decided to sweep aside her embarrassment forever, and said:

"I hoped you were going to offer me a cup of your special Earl Grey."

She was pleased and rang for Kitty.

We talked of household affairs while the kettle boiled. When the tea was made she tentatively brought out the whisky and when I nodded and a teaspoonful was put into each cup, I felt we had indeed resumed the old friendly relationship.

I was glad, because I could see this made her happy, and I wanted everyone about me to be as happy as I was.

I kept telling myself, *If Lady Treslyn really did attempt to kill me by sending that boulder crashing down in front of me when I was mounted on Jacinth, Connan knew nothing about it. Sir Thomas died a natural death, so there was nothing to hide; he had no reason to ask me to marry him except the one which he gave me: he loves me.*

It was nine o'clock and the children were in bed. It had been a warm and sunny day and there were signs of spring everywhere.

Connan was coming home either tonight or tomorrow and I was happy. I wondered what time he would arrive. Perhaps at midnight. I went to the porch to look for him, because I had imagined I heard horses' hoofs in the distance.

I waited. The night was still. The house always seemed very quiet at times like this, for all the servants would be in their own quarters.

I guessed that Peter would be on his way to the station by now. It was strange to think that I might never see him again. I thought of our first meeting in the train; he had begun by playing his mischievous tricks on me even then.

Then I saw someone coming toward me. It was Celestine, and she had come by way of the woods, not along the drive as usual.

She was rather breathless. "Why, hello," she said. "I came to see you. I felt so lonely. Peter's gone. It's rather sad to think that I shan't see him for a long time."

"It does make one sad."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



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NT UED FROM PAGE 103

H layed the fool a great deal, of course,
I very fond of him. Now I've lost both
br hers."
Co e in," I said.
Co naan's not back, I suppose?"
N I don't think he can possibly be here
or midnight. He wrote that he had busi-
s attend to this morning. Won't you
he ?"
D you know, I rather hoped you'd be
he
D you?"
I nted to have a look at the chapel—
s int, you know. Ever since you gave me
s nsen's message I've been eager to see
c n't say so in front of Peter. He's apt
au at my enthusiasm."
D ou want to have a look at it now?"
Y please. I've got a theory about it.
re ay be a door in the paneling which
s another part of the house. Wouldn't
e in if we could discover it and tell
in about it when he arrives?"
Y " I agreed, "it would."
L s go now, then."
Ve ent through the hall, and as we did so
ri d up at the peep, because I had an un-
ny eeling that we were being watched. I
ag I saw a movement up there, but I was
st , and said nothing.
Ve vent along to the end of the hall,
ou the door, down the stone steps, and
e the chapel.
h lace smelled damp. I said, "It smells
ugh it hasn't been used for years." And
v e echoed weirdly through the place.
e tine did not answer. She had lighted
the candles which stood on the altar.
it ed the long shadow which the flicker-
fi t threw against the wall.
L s get into the squint," she said.
r gh this door. There is another door in
st int itself which opens onto the walled
de That was the way the lepers used to
ea."
h arried the candle high and I found that
we in a small chamber.
T s is the place," I said, "which is bigger
th ost of its kind."
h did not answer. She was pressing dif-
n parts of the wall. I watched her long
e at work.

u enly she turned and smiled at me. "I've
a had a theory that somewhere in this
s here is a priest's hole—you know, the
ey ole of the resident priest into which he
it l when the queen's men arrived. As a
t of fact, I know that one TreMellyn did
wi h the idea of becoming a Catholic. I'll
a here is a priest's hole somewhere. Con-
co uld be delighted if we found it. . . . It
wi be the best wedding present I could
gi m." She hesitated, and her voice was
wi ith excitement. "Just a minute—there's
so ing here."
c ne close to her, and caught my breath
in mazement, for the panel had moved in-
an nd shown itself as a long, narrow door.
sh urned to look at me. Her eyes were bril-
it ith excitement. She put her head inside
ap erture and was about to go forward
sh he said, "No, you first. It's going to be
yo ouse. You should be the first to enter it."
sh caught her excitement. I stepped ahead
in and was aware of an unrecognizable,
sli ht odor.
I said, "Have a quick look. It's probably
ho ul in there. Careful. There are probably
ra She held the candle high, and I saw
we ere two of them. I went down those
ste and as I did so the door shut behind me.
"C lestine!" I cried in terror. But there was
a wer. "Open that door," I screamed. But
I ice was caught and imprisoned in the
dr ss, and I knew that I was a prisoner
wi Celestine's prisoner.
"I darkness shut me in. It was cold and
ra foul, evil. Panic seized me. How can I
in such terror? There are no words to de-
sc it. Only those who have suffered it could
un tand. Thoughts—hideous thoughts—
an to be battering on my brain. I had
tr apped. I had walked the way she who
ha to be rid of me had directed, and, like
bo I had asked no questions.

My fear numbed my brain as it did my body.

I mounted the two steps. I beat my fists against what now seemed to be a wall. "Let me out. Let me out!" I cried.

But I knew that my voice would not be heard beyond the lepers' squint. And how often did people go to the chapel?

She would slip away—no one would know she had even been in the house.

I was so frightened I did not know what to do. I heard my own voice sobbing out my terror, and it frightened me afresh because, for the moment, I did not recognize it as my own. I felt exhausted and limp. I knew that one could not live for long in this dark, damp place. I pulled at the wall until I tore my nails and I felt the blood on my hands.

I began to look about me because my eyes were becoming familiar to the gloom. Then I saw that I was not alone. Someone had come here before me. What was left of Alice lay there. At last I had found her.

"Alice!" I screamed. "Alice! It is you then? So you were here in the house all the time?"

There was no answer from Alice. Her lips had been silent for more than a year.

I covered my face with my hands. I could not bear to look. There was the smell of death and decay everywhere.

I wondered, *How long did Alice live after the door had closed on her?* I wanted to know because so long I might expect to live.

I think I must have fainted for a long time and I was delirious when I came to. I heard a voice babbling; it must have been my own because it could not have belonged to Alice.

I was mercifully only half conscious. But it was as though a part of me understood so much.

During that time I spent in the dark and gruesome place I was not sure who I was. Was I Martha? Was I Alice?

Our stories were so much alike. I believed the pattern was similar. They had said she



SHAW

THE WELL-FED BRIDEGROOM*

By MARGARET WILLIAMS



STUART

Sure way to a man's heart—this delicious dinner featuring jellied veal and strawberry pie.

For your first dinners at home, keeping calm and cool is necessary for the bride—as well as her new husband. I have deliberately kept all this in mind, and planned a meal that is easy and delightful.

So, start in the cool of the morning and work at a leisurely pace. This meal can't be hurried anyway. And who wants to hurry when the temperature is climbing? Here is your menu:

Hot Tomato Bouillon
Veal in Jelly
Marinated Salad
French-Fried Potatoes
(if your husband is a hearty eater)
Orange Muffins
Strawberry-Glaze Pie

TO PREPARE THE MEAL:

1. Begin by making—

Hot Tomato Bouillon: Mix together 1 cup tomato juice with 1 cup undiluted beef consommé. Season with a clove, a good grating fresh pepper, a dash of salt and one of onion salt. Hold in the refrigerator until a half hour before serving dinner—then just heat and serve.

2. Buy a thin veal cutlet weighing no more than a pound.

Veal in Jelly: Sauté the veal in 2 tablespoons butter until lightly browned—about 20 minutes. Add 1 can undiluted chicken stock and 2 tablespoons minced onion. Season with 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon each marjoram and savory, and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer until very tender—about 1½ hours. Remove the meat from the pan and trim away all the fat and bone. Divide the cutlet into two servings. Chill. Add another can undiluted chicken stock to the pan and heat. Skim off all fat. Add 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin. Heat until the gelatin is dissolved. Pour a thin layer of stock into a small pan. Chill until set. Arrange the meat, along with a small garnish, on the gelatin. Chill the remaining stock until very thick and syrupy and pour over the meat. Return to the refrigerator until ready to serve.

3. While cooking the veal, bake an 8" pie shell.

4. Now you are ready to make the filling.

Strawberry-Glaze Pie: Whip two 3-ounce packages cream cheese. Add 1 tablespoon each milk and sugar and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Spread evenly over the bottom of the baked crust. Wash and hull 1 quart strawberries. Stand the prettiest on end in the cheese, covering it entirely. Crush the rest, or buzz in a blender. You should have about 1 cup juice. If not, add water. Now mix in a saucepan ⅓ cup sugar and 2 tablespoons cornstarch. Add the strawberry juice, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Heat, stirring constantly, until the glaze is thickened. Spoon over the berries and chill.

5. This salad is excellent for long standing. Marinate it for at least 2 hours before serving.

Marinated Salad: Toss together in ¾ cup well-seasoned French dressing ½ cup each diced artichoke bottoms and sliced, cooked celery, and ¾ cup cooked peas. Cover and chill.

6. Wash, separate and chill the lettuce cups for your salad. Slice four radishes. Toss these into the salad at the last minute. Now you have finished everything to be done ahead and can relax.

7. An hour before serving time, set the table. Unmold the jellied veal and arrange the two servings on dinner plates. Return to the refrigerator to keep cold. Light your oven so that it will be preheated to 400° F. for baking muffins. Heat the soup.

8. A half hour before dinner, mix the orange muffins and bake according to package directions. Put the frozen French-fried potatoes in the oven, on the top shelf, and heat at 400° F. for 25 minutes. Package directions indicate heating time for these potatoes is flexible—and it is.

9. Make the coffee. Drain the salad from the extra French dressing and arrange in lettuce cups on the plates with the jellied veal.

10. Everything is done now, so set out your strawberry pie and enjoy a delicious meal with the person who means the most.

FOR THIS MEAL YOU WILL NEED: 1 small can tomato juice, canned beef bouillon and canned chicken stock, 1 veal cutlet, 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin, 1 package frozen French-fried potatoes, 1 package orange-muffin mix, 1 small can artichoke bottoms, two 3-ounce packages cream cheese, and 1 quart strawberries.

YOU SHOULD HAVE ON HAND: butter, whole cloves, salt, onion salt, pepper, onion, marjoram, savory, French dressing, lettuce, radishes, lemons, milk, flour, cornstarch, sugar, cooked peas and a little celery.

✳ *Margaret Williams, whose first book is a cookbook, The Well-Fed Bridegroom (Doubleday and Company, Inc., Garden City, N.Y.), was born in New York City. She now lives in New Orleans, runs a gift shop, helps cater Mardi Gras balls and, in addition, manages to keep her own large home running smoothly.*

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ran away with Geoffrey. They would say I had run away with Peter. Our departure had been cleverly timed. "But why," I said, "but why?"

I knew whose shadow I had seen on the blind. It was hers—that diabolical woman. She had known of the existence of that little diary which I had discovered in Alice's coat pocket and she was searching for it because she knew it could provide one of those small clues which might lead to discovery.

I knew that she did not love Alvean, that she had tricked us all with her gentle demeanor. She had used Alvean as she had used others, as she was going to use Connan.

It was the house that she loved.

I pictured her during those delirious moments looking from her window in Mount Widden—coveting a house as fiercely as man ever coveted woman, or woman man.

"Alice," I said, "Alice, we were her victims—you and I."

And I fancied Alice talked to me—told me of the day Geoffrey had caught the London train and how Celestine had come to the house and told her of the great discovery in the chapel.

I saw Alice—pale, pretty, fragile Alice—crying out in pleasure at the discovery, taking those fatal steps forward to death.

But it was not Alice's voice I heard. It was my own.

Yet I thought she was with me. I thought that at last I had found her, and that we had comfort to offer each other as I waited to go with her into the shadowy world which had been hers since she was led by Celestine Nansellock into the lepers' squint.

There was a blinding light in my eyes. I was being carried.

I said, "Am I dead, then, Alice?"

And a voice answered, "My darling . . . my darling . . . you are safe." It was Connan's voice, and it was his arms which held me.

"Are there dreams in death, then, Alice?" I asked.

I was conscious of a voice which whispered, "My dearest—oh, my dearest ——" And I was laid upon a bed, and many people stood about me.

Then I saw the light glinting on hair which looked almost white.

"Alice, there is an angel."

Then the angel answered and said, "It's Gilly. Gilly brought them to you. Gilly watched and Gilly saw ——"

And oddly enough it was Gilly who brought me back to the world of reality. I knew that I was not dead, that some miracle had happened; that it was in truth Connan's arms which I had felt about me, Connan's voice I heard.

I was in my own bedroom from the window of which I could see the lawns and the palm trees and the room which had once been Alice's, on the blind of which I had seen the shadow of Alice's murderer who had sought to kill me too.

I called out in terror. But Connan was beside me.

I heard his voice, tender, soothing, loving. "It's all right, my love. I'm here—I'm with you for evermore."

AFTERWARD

This is the story I tell my great-grandchildren. They have heard it many times, but there is always a first time for some.

They ask for it again and again. They play in the park and in the woods; they bring me flowers from the south gardens, a tribute to the old lady who can always charm them with the story of how she married their great-grandfather.

To me it is as clear as though it happened yesterday. Vividly I remember my arrival at the house and all that preceded those terrifying hours I spent in the dark with dead Alice.

The years which followed with Connan have often been stormy ones. Connan and I were both too strong-willed, I suppose, to live in perpetual peace; but they were years in which I felt I had lived life richly, and what more could one ask than that?

Now he is old, as I am, and three more Connans have been born since that day we married—our son, grandson and great-grandson. I was glad I was able to give Connan children. We had five sons and five daug and they in their turn were fruitful.

When the children hear the story they every incident explained.

Why was it believed that the woma died in the train was Alice? Because locket she wore. But it was Celestine wh tified the locket as one which, she sai had given Alice, but which, of course, s never seen before in her life.

She had been eager that I should Jacinth when Peter first offered the m me—I suppose because she feared it w possible that Connan might be interes me and therefore she was ready to enc the friendship between myself and Pete it was she who later, discovering the lo boulder on the cliff, had lain in wait f and attempted to kill or maim me.

She was the sender of the anonymous to Lady Treslyn and the public prose commenting on the suspicious circums of Sir Thomas's death. She had believe if there was a big enough scandal, ma between Connan and Lady Treslyn have been impossible for years. She had oned without Connan's feelings for me when she knew that I was engaged to him, she immediately planned to remo

NEXT MONTH

It was a frightening decision make—whether to tell this seventee year-old girl. If she didn't know, might be killed when she could ha saved herself. If she did know, might talk sometime—in the m innocent way. . . . This new three-p serial is the story of "a perfect crim and the women who were involved

OPERATION TERROR

BY THE GORDONS

begins in the September JOURN

She failed to do this on the cliff path, the I was to join Alice; the fact that Pete leaving for Australia on that day mus made her decide on this method. The household knew that Peter's attitude had been a flirtatious one, and it would a that I had run away with him.

It was Celestine who had put the dia bracelet in Miss Jansen's room becau governess was learning too much abo house and the knowledge would ine lead her to the lepers' squint and Alic had worked on Lady Treslyn's jealousy pretty young governess, for she had Lady Treslyn to be a vindictive woma given the opportunity, would bring a malice to bear on Miss Jansen.

She was in love—passionately in with Mount Mellyn, and she wanted to Connan only because thus she would b tress of the house. So in the first plac covering the secret of the squint, she ha it to herself and had chosen her oppor to murder Alice. She knew of the love between Alice and her brother Geoffre knew that Alvean was his child. It work so easily because she had waited for h portunity. If it had not been possible to Alice's death appear to have occurred train accident, she would have found other way of disposing of her, as she h tended to dispose of me through Jacint

But she had reckoned without Gilly. would have thought that a poor simple should play such a big part in this diab plan? But Gilly had loved Alice, as lat was to love me. Gilly had known Alice the house, for Alice had made a habit o ing to say good night to her when she c same to Alvean; she had always done it she went out to a dinner party. Becau

r forgotten, Gilly did not believe she otten this time. Gilly therefore con- believe that Alice had never left the nd had gone on looking for her. It 's face which I had seen at the peep. w all the peeps in the house and used equently, because she was always for Alice.

he had seen Celestine and myself en- all from the solarium. I imagined her the room and looking through the the other side of the room so that she nter the chapel. We crossed to the ut that side of the chapel could not seen from the solarium squint, and sped along to Miss Jansen's room, om that peep she could have a good he squint. She was just in time to see earing through the door, and waited come out. She waited and waited, tine naturally left by the door to the d and slipped away so that, since she that no one had seen her come into e except myself, she could let it ap- t she had not been there at all.

while I lived through that period of n Alice's death chamber, Gilly was on her stool in Miss Jansen's room, the door to the lepers' squint.

n returned at eleven and expected the ld to give him a welcome.

Polgrey received him. "Go and tell gh that I am here," he said. He must n a little piqued because he was—is—the sort of man who demands the ffection and attention, and the fact uld be sleeping when he came home nceivable to him.

ired the scene: Mrs. Polgrey reporting is not in my room, the search for me, ible moment when Connan believed Celestine had intended he should believe. Nansellock came over this afternoon od-by. He caught the ten o'clock from hans."

: wondered often how long it would n before they discovered that I had away with Peter. I could imagine what might have happened. Connan's losing that belief in life which I believed I was beginning to bring back to him, perhaps continuing his *affaire* with Linda Treslyn. But it would not have led to marriage; trust Celestine to have seen to that. And, in time, she would have found some way of making herself mistress of Mount Mellyn. Insidiously she would have made herself necessary to Alvean and to him.

How strange, I thought, that all this might have come to pass and the only two who could have told the truth would have been two skeletons behind the walls of the lepers' squint. Who would have believed that even at this day the story of Alice and Martha would never have been known, had not a simple child, born in sorrow, living in shadow, led the way to the truth?

Connan has told me often of the uproar in the house when I was missing. He told me of the child, who came and stood patiently beside him, waiting to be heard; how she tugged at his coat and sought for the words to explain.

"God forgive us," he says, "it was some time before we would listen to her, and so we delayed bringing you out of that hellish place."

But she had led them there—through the door into the lepers' squint.

She had seen us, she said. And for a moment Connan had thought that Peter and I had left the house together, slipping out that way so that we should not be noticed.

It was dusty in the squint—for no one had entered it since Alice had gone there with her murderer; but in the dust on the wall was the mark of a hand, and when Connan saw it he began to take Gilly seriously.

It was not easy to find the secret spring to the door even if it had been known that it was there. There was an agonizing search of minutes while Connan was ready to tear the walls down.

But they found it and they found me. They found Alice too.

They took Celestine to Bodmin, where she was eventually to be tried for the murder of Alice. But before the trial could take place she was a raving lunatic. At first I believed that this was yet another scheme of hers. It may have started that way, but she did not die until twenty years after, and all that time she spent locked away from the world.

Alice's remains were buried in the vault where those of an unknown woman lay. Connan and I were married three months after he had brought me out of the darkness. That experience had affected me even more than I realized at the time, and I suffered from nightmares for a year or more. It was a great shock to have been buried alive, even though one's tomb was opened before life was extinguished.

Phillida came to my wedding with William and the children. She was delighted. So was Aunt Adelaide, who insisted that the wedding take place from her town house. Thus Connan and I had a smart London wedding. Not that we cared, but it pleased Aunt Adelaide, who, for some reason, seemed to have the idea in her head that it was all her doing.

And so we honeymooned, as we had originally intended, in Italy and then we came home to Mount Mellyn.

I dream over the past when I have told the story to the children. I think of Alvean happily married to a Devonshire squire. As for Gilly, she never left me. She is with me now. At any moment she will appear on the lawn with the eleven-o'clock coffee which on warm days we take in that arbor in the south gardens where I first saw Lady Treslyn and Connan together.

I must confess that Lady Treslyn continued to plague me during the first years of my married life. I discovered that I could be a jealous woman—and a passionate one. Sometimes I think Connan liked to tease me, in repayment, he said, for the jealousy he had felt of Peter Nansellock. But she went to London after a few years, and we heard she married there.

Peter came back some fifteen years after he left. He had acquired a wife and two children, but no fortune. He was, however, as gay and full of vitality as ever. In the meantime Mount Widden had been sold; and later one of my daughters married the owner, so the place has become almost as much home to me as Mount Mellyn.

Connan said he was glad when Peter went back, and I laughed at the thought of his ever feeling he had reason to be jealous. When I told him this, he replied, "You're even more foolish about Linda Treslyn."

That was one of those moments when we both knew that there was no one for us but each other.

And so the years passed and now, as I sit here, thinking of it all, Connan is coming down the path from the gardens. In a moment I shall hear his voice.

Because we are alone he will say, "Ah, my dear Miss Leigh ——" as he often does in his most tender moments. That is to remind me that he does not forget those early days; and there will be a smile on his lips which tells me that he is seeing me, not as I am now, but as I was then, the governess somewhat resentful of her fate, desperately clinging to her pride and her dignity, falling in love in spite of herself—his dear Miss Leigh.

Then we shall sit in the warm sunshine, thankful for all the good things which life has brought us.

Here he comes and Gilly is behind him—still a little different from other people, still speaking rarely, singing as she works, in that off-key voice that makes us think she is a little out of this world.

As I watch her I can see so clearly the child she once was, and I think of the story of Jennifer, the mother who one day walked into the sea, and how that story was part of my story, and how delicately and intricately our lives were woven together.

Nothing remains, I think, *but the earth and the sea which are here just as they were on the day Gilly was conceived, on the day Alice walked unheeding into her tomb, on the day I felt Connan's arms about me and I knew that he had brought me back to life.*

We are born, we suffer, we love, we die, but the waves continue to beat upon the rocks; the seed time and the harvest come and go, but the earth remains. END



The oven is big enough to take a 24-pound turkey; yet the range is small enough to fit in only 30 inches of space.

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LONG WALK TO FOREVER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

a shave. He held out his hand for the magazine. "Let's see the pretty book," he said.

She gave it to him. "I'm getting married, Newt," she said.

"I know," he said. "Let's go for a walk."

"I'm awfully busy, Newt," she said. "The wedding is only a week away."

"If we go for a walk," he said, "it will make you rosy. It will make you a rosy bride." He turned the pages of the magazine. "A rosy bride like her—like her—like her," he said, showing her rosy brides.

Catharine turned rosy, thinking about rosy brides.

"That will be my present to Henry Stewart Chasens," said Newt. "By taking you for a walk, I'll be giving him a rosy bride."

"You know his name?" said Catharine.

"Mother wrote," he said. "From Pittsburgh?"

"Yes," she said. "You'd like him."

"Maybe," he said.

"Can—can you come to the wedding, Newt?" she said.

"That I doubt," he said.

"Your furlough isn't for long enough?" she said.

"Furlough?" said Newt. He was studying a two-page ad for flat silver. "I'm not on furlough," he said.

"Oh?" she said.

"I'm what they call A.W.O.L.," said Newt.

"Oh, Newt! You're not!" she said.

"Sure I am," he said, still looking at the magazine.

"Why, Newt?" she said.

"I had to find out what your silver pattern is," he said. He read names of silver patterns from the magazine. "Albemarle? Heather?" he said. "Legend? Rambler Rose?" He looked up, smiled. "I plan to give you and your husband a spoon," he said.

"Newt, Newt—tell me really," she said.

"I want to go for a walk," he said.

She wrung her hands in sisterly anguish. "Oh, Newt—you're fooling me about being A.W.O.L.," she said.

Newt imitated a police siren softly, raised his eyebrows.

"Where—where from?" she said.

"Fort Bragg," he said.

"North Carolina?" she said.

"That's right," he said. "Near Fayetteville—where Scarlet O'Hara went to school."

"How did you get here, Newt?" she said.

He raised his thumb, jerked it in a hitchhike gesture. "Two days," he said.

"Does your mother know?" she said.

"I didn't come to see my mother," he told her.

"Who did you come to see?" she said.

"You," he said.

"Why me?" she said.

"Because I love you," he said. "Now can we take a walk?" he said. "One foot in front of the other—through leaves, over bridges ——"

They were taking the walk now, were in a woods with a brown-leaf floor.

Catharine was angry and rattled, close to tears. "Newt," she said, "this is absolutely crazy."

"How so?" said Newt.

"What a crazy time to tell me you love me," she said. "You never talked that way before." She stopped walking.

"Let's keep walking," he said.

"No," she said. "So far, no farther. I shouldn't have come out with you at all," she said.

"You did," he said.

"To get you out of the house," she said. "If somebody walked in and heard you talking to me that way, a week before the wedding ——"

"What would they think?" he said.

"They'd think you were crazy," she said.

"Why?" he said.

Catharine took a deep breath, made a speech. "Let me say that I'm deeply honored by this crazy thing you've done," she said. "I can't believe you're really A.W.O.L., but maybe you are. I can't believe you really love me, but maybe you do. But ——"

"I do," said Newt.

"Well, I'm deeply honored," said Catharine, "and I'm very fond of you as a friend, Newt, extremely fond—but it's just too late." She took a step away from him. "You've never even kissed me," she said, and she protected herself with her hands. "I don't mean you should do it now. I just mean this is all so unexpected. I haven't got the remotest idea of how to respond."

"Just walk some more," he said. "Have a nice time."

They started walking again.

"How did you expect me to react?" she said.

"How would I know what to expect?" he said. "I've never done anything like this before."

"Did you think I would throw myself into your arms?" she said.

"Maybe," he said.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," she said.

"I'm not disappointed," he said. "I wasn't counting on it. This is very nice, just walking."

Catharine stopped again. "You know what happens next?" she said.

"Nope," he said.

"We shake hands," she said. "We shake hands and part friends," she said. "That's what happens next."

Newt nodded. "All right," he said. "Remember me from time to time. Remember how much I loved you."

Involuntarily, Catharine burst into tears. She turned her back to Newt, looked into the infinite colonnade of the woods.

"What does that mean?" said Newt.

"Rage!" said Catharine. She clenched her hands. "You have no right ——"

"I had to find out," he said.

"If I'd loved you," she said, "I would have let you know before now."

"You would?" he said.

"Yes," she said. She faced him, looked up at him, her face quite red. "You would have known," she said.

"How?" he said.

"You would have seen it," she said. "Women aren't very clever at hiding it."

Newt looked closely at Catharine's face now. To her consternation, she realized that what she had said was true, that a woman couldn't hide love.

Newt was seeing love now.

And he did what he had to do. He kissed her.

"You're hard to get along with!" she said when Newt let her go.

"I am?" said Newt.

"You shouldn't have done that," she said.

"You didn't like it?" he said.

"What did you expect," she said—"wild, abandoned passion?"

"I keep telling you," he said, "I never know what's going to happen next."

"We say good-by," she said.

He frowned slightly. "All right," he said.

She made another speech. "I'm not sorry we kissed," she said. "That was sweet. We should have kissed, we've been so close. I'll always remember you, Newt, and good luck."

"You too," he said.

"Thank you, Newt," she said.

"Thirty days," he said.

"What?" she said.

"Thirty days in the stockade," he said—"that's what one kiss will cost me."

"I—I'm sorry," she said, "but I didn't ask you to go A.W.O.L."

"I know," he said.

"You certainly don't deserve any hero's reward for doing something as foolish as that," she said.

"Must be nice to be a hero," said Ne Henry Stewart Chasens a hero?"

"He might be, if he got the chance, Catharine. She noted uneasily that th begun to walk again. The farewell ha forgotten.

"You really love him?" he said.

"Certainly I love him!" she said ho wouldn't marry him if I didn't love hin

"What's good about him?" said Ne

"Honestly!" she cried, stopping again you have any idea how offensive you're t Many, many, many things are good Henry! Yes," she said, "and many, many things are probably bad too. Bu isn't any of your business. I love Henry, don't have to argue his merits with you

"Sorry," said Newt.

"Honestly!" said Catharine.

Newt kissed her again. He kissed her because she wanted him to.

They were now in a large orchard.

"How did we get so far from home, N said Catharine.

"One foot in front of the other—th leaves, over bridges," said Newt.

"They add up—the steps," she said.

Bells rang in the tower of the school f blind nearby.

"School for the blind," said Newt.

"School for the blind," said Catharin shook her head in drowsy wonder. "I've go back now," she said.

"Say good-by," said Newt.

"Every time I do," said Catharine, " to get kissed."

Newt sat down on the close-cropped under an apple tree. "Sit down," he sa

"No," she said.

"I won't touch you," he said.

"I don't believe you," she said.

She sat down under another tree, t feet away from him. She closed her eye

"Dream of Henry Stewart Chasens said.

"What?" she said.

"Dream of your wonderful husband-t he said.

"All right, I will," she said. She clos eyes tighter, caught glimpses of her hus to-be.

Newt yawned.

The bees were humming in the trees Catharine almost fell asleep. When she o her eyes, she saw that Newt really was a

He began to snore softly.

Catharine let Newt sleep for an hou while he slept she adored him with a heart.

The shadows of the apple trees grew east. The bells in the tower of the scho the blind rang again.

"*Chick-a-dee-dee-dee*," went a chicka

Somewhere far away an automobile s nagged and failed, nagged and failed, fe

Catharine came out from under he knelt by Newt.

"Newt?" she said.

"H'm?" he said. He opened his eyes.

"Late," she said.

"Hello, Catharine," he said.

"Hello, Newt," she said.

"I love you," he said.

"I know," she said.

"Too late," he said.

"Too late," she said.

He stood, stretched groaningly. "A nice walk," he said.

"I thought so," she said.

"Part company here?" he said.

"Where will you go?" she said.

"Hitch into town, turn myself in," he

"Good luck," she said.

"You, too," he said. "Marry me, C rine?"

"No," she said.

He smiled, stared at her hard for a mo then walked away quickly.

Catharine watched him grow smaller long perspective of shadows and trees, that if he stopped and turned now, if he to her, she would run to him. She would no choice.

Newt did stop. He did turn. He did "Catharine," he called.

She ran to him, put her arms around could not speak.

THE KING

By ARNOLD WEINSTEIN

Weak lions roar outside my rusting gate
to tend my windless town and state.

My palace spreads toward a faithful few
who sing as you sang, but are not you.

It is not perfection makes me hate
the imperfection of my town and state.

It is one member of my royal crew
sings not as you sang, but is you.



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Remember, for purity, for complete confidence in your eye make-up insist on Maybelline



For her wedding, Mollie chooses traditional white: a wedding gown worn by two cousins before her. She adds a new finger-tip veil, a double half circle of white illusion. The headband is covered in embroidered organdy. Price of fabrics to make the veil is $8.90.

trousseau finale

BETH HART

We love a wedding, and especially so when the bride is our own Barbara Journal! Mollie Farnham, who has been Barbara J. for the past whole year, became engaged four months ago. Since then, she has made all fashion purchases with her trousseau in mind: a bright pink basic dress in May, play and travel clothes in June, and other final midsummer fill-ins last month.

Mollie left her going-away costume and special dress for evenings until the very last. She wanted them to have a look of the fall season ahead, and to wear in her *new* role as Mrs. Richard Love. Mollie's two major investments shown here, incorporated with past purchases, make a wardrobe complete for any time, any season. Mollie has spent a minimum of fashion $'s because she knew (and will always know):

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!



Mollie adds a chiffon overskirt (yards of chiffon gathered onto black satin ribbon) for her most glorious addition of all, $4.56. A huge red rose could accent this or the dress alone, $2.00.

PRIGENT



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Love. Here she wears her other important trousseau addition: a black crepe dress which costs her $17.95. The narrow straps can be worn with or without the tiny matching bolero. Turquoise handbag, $2.98.

DRESS BY PETRINA LA BARBARA



SUIT BY JEANNE ESSIG



© VOGUE

Mollie's biggest investment for her trousseau is her new suit. She fell in love with color and fabric—a lilac wool tweed. The skirt is slim, the jacket cropped and semifitted. Jacket, $17.95; skirt, $11.95—and a new beige handbag for $2.98.

Mollie makes a beige silk blouse from Vogue's "Easy to Make" Design No. 9628.* This addition costs her $4.56. She also adds a lavender chiffon scarf, $1.00, and a gold butterfly pin with "diamonds," $4.00.

*For back view, sizes and price, see page 119.

THE RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

Included in estimates of Wilhelmina's fortune is jewelry amassed by the reigning House of Orange during four unbroken centuries. The collection, said to be the most valuable of any royal jewelry collection in Europe, includes forty diamond tiaras and fourteen different table services of pure gold. Just before the Germans invaded the Netherlands in 1940, Wilhelmina managed to ship all the jewelry, the other valuables and the stocks and bonds to England, where they remained in safety for the duration of World War II.

They are back home again now, but these days their owner has little use for diamond tiaras or gold plate. Princess Wilhelmina will be eighty years old on August 31, and now lives a life of strict retirement from which she emerges only rarely to officiate at patriotic occasions. Even as queen she was never interested in fashion, society or clothes, and now in retirement she is free at last to lead the quiet life she prefers, attired in her favorite baggy tweeds and comfortable, clumpy shoes.

During the winter she usually stays at her mansion at The Hague, and in spring and fall she sometimes goes to a secluded country house in the dunes on the coast of the North Sea. But her favorite home is a small castle on her estate, "Het Loo" in East Holland, where she lives very simply in only a few rooms and occasionally shelters Dutch refugees from Indonesia in the rest of the palace. The castle is surrounded by a wild and lonely forest inhabited by wild boars which serve effectively to ensure the ex-queen's privacy.

Painting is her principal occupation. Often she goes out into the forest before dawn in a little pony-drawn house on wheels; while the princess sets up her easel and prepares to paint a favorite view, smoke curls from the chimney of the little house and a servant cooks breakfast. The princess also likes to walk and read and to be with her four granddaughters, the children of Queen Juliana. Last year she published her memoirs, the title of which breathes the contentment she now feels: *Lonely, But Not Alone.*

Not quite in a class with Wilhelmina's fortune, but almost, is the wealth rumored to belong to Miss France of 1930, who became the fourth wife and later the widow of the Aga Khan III. The begum, who once worked as a dressmaker, was married to the aga in 1944, when she was thirty-five and he was sixty-six. For many years the aging leader of the Ismaili sect of Moslems and his tall and beautiful wife were conspicuous and glittering members of international society, but since the aga's death in 1957 the begum has lived in semiretirement. Before her husband's death she promised him she would spend every winter near his tomb in Aswan, Egypt; she now spends several months a year in her glistening white villa overlooking the Nile 700 miles south of Cairo. Her favorite hobby, sculpture, helps to pass the warm, lonely hours, but she has little use at Aswan for her dazzling jewel collection or her magnificent Paris wardrobe. The rest of the year the begum lives quietly at beautiful "Yakamour," the villa overlooking Cannes on the Riviera, which she shared for so many years with the devoted aga.

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANGE

When you appliqué, use white school paste to hold pieces in place, suggests Mrs. W.A.R., of Darby, Montana. Paste saves tedious basting, keeps threads from fraying—and washes out in the laundry.

After his death the begum was said to have inherited between $150,000,000 and $750,000,000. Her stepson Aly Khan called these figures "ludicrous," but rumors nevertheless persist that the wily old aga (who was literally worth his weight in diamonds many times over) left a half-billion-dollar fortune hidden around the world, safe from the prying eyes of tax inspectors, in places which only the begum can (but won't) reveal.

Nobody knows exactly how rich the begum is, and nobody knows exactly how rich the Queen of England is either. It is known, however, that Elizabeth II is the wealthiest woman in Great Britain, with vast personal holdings in real estate and a personal jewelry collection (apart from the state-owned Crown jewels) which has never been officially valued but which is thought to be worth around $150,000,000.

Every year she receives $1,330,000 from the government, tax-free. (She has to pay taxes on the income from her personal holdings.) Philip gets an additional $112,000 a year. This would seem to be rather a lot of income for a young couple until one realizes that a ruling sovereign is expected to use the official allowance for "royal expenditures of a personal character" and that in Elizabeth's case this means the maintenance of five official residences, bevies of upstairs and downstairs maids, butlers, grooms, jewelkeepers and nannies. It can mount up.

There are many other wealthy women in Great Britain, but the richest by far is the gentlewoman listed in Burke's Peerage as: "The Countess of Seafield (Nina Caroline Studley-Herbert), Viscountess Reidhaven, and Baroness Ogilvy, of Deskford and Cullen, and Viscountess and Baroness Ogilvy of Cullen, all in Scotland."

The countess is a shy woman, and despite the fact that she is the second richest woman in England her name is little known today. But back in the '20's when she was a beautiful young girl newly come into a vast inheritance and betrothed by rumor every weekend to a different European prince, she was a favo subject for the Sunday-supplement writ And no wonder, either, for her history h sort of romantic glow which fiction can ra match.

The Ogilvy and Grant lineage goes b almost a thousand years to the thunder beginnings of Scottish history. In 1701 earldom of Seafield was created, and var peers and peeresses have held it ever s along with 500,000 acres of valuable Scot real estate. They have also held, held on to increased, a family heritage of many mill of pounds—a few millions of which accu lated during the lifetime of a sporadically sane eighteenth-century earl who didn't sp much money because he was so frequentl confinement.

Due to a family squabble the eighth e James, found that he had the title but that elder brother's widow, Caroline, Dow Countess of Seafield, had the great estates all the money. James's son, Francis, in the of penniless heirs, thereupon became a ro black sheep. After many disgraceful ad tures he finally landed in New Zealand, wh he was married and redeemed to a worthy by a Salvation Army worker. Several y later he died, leaving a young son who unaware that he had become the eleventh of Seafield.

If the story begins to sound like someth out of Frances Hodgson Burnett—it is. W the impoverished little earl was discovere the dowager countess's sleuths late in nineteenth century, the story became a wo wide sensation, and Mrs. Burnett used it the model of *Little Lord Fauntleroy.*

Real life, however, was not so smooth as book's plot. When the dowager countess fered to raise the boy in Scotland his mo refused, thus incurring the deadly enmit the old countess. The boy was reared in N Zealand and married the pretty daughter New Zealand physician. A few years late sailed for England with his wife and his l daughter, Nina, to take his place in the p age of Scotland and Great Britain. But



Whether you like high, mid or low heels . . . dressy or tailored styles, you'll love the kitten-lightness of the softest shoes you've ever worn. $15 to $18. Watch for the exciting 1960 "Kitten Contest" in September Ladies' Home Journal. Where to buy? Write Brauer Bros. Shoe Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

r still held the purse strings and the the castles.
night never have relinquished them or one thing: five-year-old Nina had , the flaming, golden-red hair which all true Seafields. When the countess 1911, shortly after the child had won rt, she made Nina her heir; in 1915, e eleventh earl was killed on the bat- of France, the nine-year-old girl be- istress of the estates and Countess eld, one of the few titles in Great that a woman can hold in her own

e mid-'20's Nina was considered the catch and the greatest heiress in all ritain and the empire. She had inher- additional $30,000,000 from a New relative. Queen Marie of Romania ng to arrange a match between Nina rie's second son, Nicholas. But the ell through, and in 1930 the countess a wealthy but comparative unknown, Herbert Studley-Herbert, of the Grena- ards. They have two children: Ian Francis, Viscount Reidhaven, who is agricultural student; and Pauline pretty sixteen-year-old who attends n Switzerland.
narriage ended in divorce in 1957. A er the countess's husband was married merican society woman, Mrs. Marga- s Potter. And two weeks later the s announced that she would marry Archbold, an American oil millionaire rginia, whom she had met in Nassau

lebrate the engagement the couple set a cruise among the Hebrides Islands the countess's yacht. But two days r. Archbold collapsed and was rushed to a Scottish hospital, suffering the f a gastric-ulcer hemorrhage. He died afterward, with the countess at his

f cannot be bought off," says the s today. "Naturally, one enjoys having but there are so many things in life not for sale. Happiness, for one."

She took Mr. Archbold's ashes to his family in Virginia, and returned to Scotland to revisit the places which they had visited and loved together. "It's my way of saying thank you and good-by to Armor," she explained. "I loved him very much."

The countess owns 500,000 acres of land in Scotland, which were valued in 1948 at $24,000,000. She also owns a shooting lodge and two castles. One of these is old Castle Grant in Morayshire, which is partially in ruins but which still contains some hoary relics of ancient battles, among them the skull of Comyn of Fraichie from whom the castle was captured some 500 years ago. The other is Cullen House in Banffshire, the countess's principal residence, a magnificent show place dating from the sixteenth century and filled with priceless family paintings, furniture and tapestries. The ghost of the mad fifth earl is said to haunt the Pink Staircase, and the heart of a wife of Robert the Bruce is buried in the chapel. The castle has forty bedrooms, seven miles of corridors, and a permanent staff of nine (supplemented by "locals" when the countess is in residence). Outside are resplendent gardens and 800 square miles of deer forest and grouse moor. The countess often entertains shooting parties although she herself hates to shoot. She also maintains a three-bedroom apartment in London and a house in Nassau.

Her interests are those which come naturally to a shy woman with a bad stammer (which she has). She loves music, and the perfection of Cullen House reflects her interest in interior decoration. She likes to cook, and sometimes rents a villa in France, where she feels free to do all her own cooking. She has little personal interest in fashionable clothes, and owns no fabulous jewels. Her friends consider her friendly, charming, generous, but awfully vague about places, time and people.

The countess was a bit rueful when she heard of the engagement of her godson early

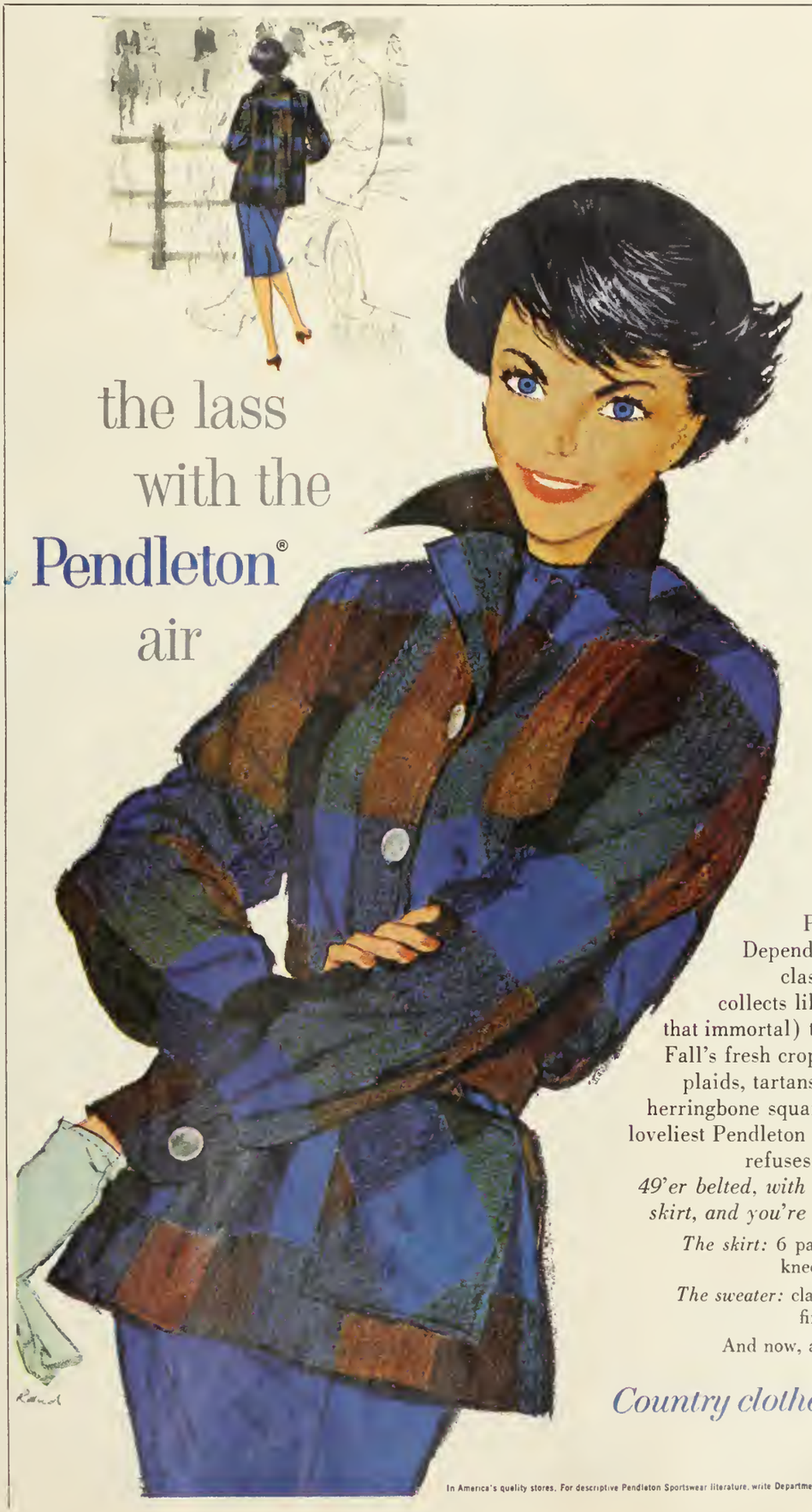
A PROMISE FOR CYNTHIA, ON HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

ithia, take heart. For your horse
is there;
a will find him tomorrow or
perhaps in May,
l he will be all that the
storybooks say—
t and delicate and wild and gay
l marvelous as your dreaming
will dare.

lare to dream marvels. Set your
heart,
the heart too cautious of being
broken
ardly worth breaking. Wishes
must be spoken,
uted, perhaps—and defended
with art.
t-throated whisperers are lost
at the start!

l if you must wait, be glad there
is time
take your dream's measure and
will it higher;
l time to grow worthy of your
heart's desire:
ilver-maned steed, the sun at
prime,
orld of reason, a spirit of rhyme.



She's a girl on the go. Packs 28 hours into 24. Depends on Pendleton and her classic 49'ers® (which she collects like coins, they're nearly that immortal) to take her *everywhere!* Fall's fresh crop is bright and bracing: plaids, tartans, checks, the handsome herringbone squares pictured. In softest, loveliest Pendleton virgin wool that simply refuses to wear out. *Wear your 49'er belted, with a color-cued Pendleton skirt, and you're wearing a suit.* 17.95

The skirt: 6 panels, half-lining, knee-pleats fore and aft. 14.95

The sweater: classic short-sleeved slipover. fine-gauge virgin wool. 7.95

And now, all sweaters mothproof too.

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ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

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this year. "I feel awful," she told a friend. "I've never done much about him."

Her godson happens to be Antony Armstrong-Jones, whose godmother may be a countess, but whose bride is a princess.

Separated by more than the English Channel from the heiresses of Great Britain is dashing Suzanne Volterra, one of the wealthiest women in France. Born forty-eight years ago in a Parisian near-slum, Suzanne's heritage consisted only of beauty, a talent for dancing, a shrewd head and a sunny outlook on life. "Always behave as if bad luck didn't last" is her favorite motto. For Suzanne, it hasn't.

As a girl Suzy fought her way up through the Paris theatrical world, becoming in turn a chorus girl and then a ballerina at the Paris Opera. One holiday at the race track she met Leon Volterra, a former penniless program seller and ticket scalper who, through many clever deals, had become the multimillionaire owner of a dozen Paris theaters, night clubs and music halls. Suzy married Mr. Volterra, and stopped being a ballerina.

Her husband's ruling passion was the turf, and when he died unexpectedly in 1949 after only four years of marriage, he left Suzy $40,000,000 and 45 Thoroughbred horses. Suzy knew what to do with the forty million but not with the horses (which her husband's will asked her to keep, if possible). At that point she knew little about the care and maintenance of prize-winning horses, but when the late Aga Khan promised to help her she decided to keep the stable.

Today she has a great stable of 100 Thoroughbreds, which provide her principal interest in life. She was the first Frenchwoman to win England's Epsom Downs classic, and her horses have twice taken first place in the Grand Prix de Paris, the French equivalent of the Kentucky Derby. "I'm not only happy my horse won," she told Queen Elizabeth at Epsom Downs, "but happy because he carried my husband's colors. That was the greatest homage I could have shown him."

Suzy devotes almost all her time to her horses, and two years ago gave up using a favorite perfume because it made the horses nervous. She has an apartment in Paris, with a couch covered with a huge leopardskin and walls lined with gold and silver trophies. She has a beautiful villa on the French Riviera, where she goes swimming and boating when the horses aren't running. She also has a blue chauffeur-driven limousine, which she often drives herself.

"This elegant Amazon, Suzy," a friend once called her. She is five feet ten inches tall, slim and still blond. She dresses quietly but elegantly, loves to listen to gypsy music in small cabarets, and prefers old friends to high society. "They're faithful," she says, "and that's the most important thing in the world. Happily, they know nothing about horses."

What could be defined as "democratic friendliness" in America is sometimes thought of in French aristocratic circles as too effusive. Mme. Volterra, who dislikes formality, loves to laugh and encourages even her jockeys and stableboys to call her "Suzy," is therefore not welcomed in their inner circle by some high-born Europeans. Suzy, however, doesn't seem to care a bit. She is one of the world's richest women who seems truly happy, perhaps not only because of what money can accomplish but also because of her heritage.

Moving to the south, we come to a different type entirely—a Swiss lady who inherited two fortunes and a flourishing department store, who manages them all but who believes that the best thing a woman can do is take care of a family.

"All I've done in my life is to marry, keep a good house and bring up a good family," she says. "In fact, I seem to belong to a vanishing breed. That's all I was brought up for. In my youth, nobody in our kind of society thought of preparing a woman to do anything else, and certainly not of preparing her to meet catastrophe as women today so often have to do."

Nevertheless, Mme. Marcelle Brunschwig, now fifty-eight, has for many years managed a fortune inherited from her parents, and a fashionable Geneva department store inherited from her husband. In a country where women still do not have the vote, and men hold most of the purse strings, Mme. Brunschwig is very definitely, but also very quietly, the richest woman now controlling her own wealth.

Her big, rambling and informal house straddles a ridge above Geneva, and looks out to spectacular views in either direction. There she entertains Swiss society, or French diplomats who fly down from Paris for dinner. She has three sons and five grandchildren; all of them visit her frequently and for their benefit she has recently installed that rarity in Switzerland, a swimming pool. She herself is an active sportswoman, and loves to ride, ski and play golf.

"The doctor told me," she recently reported happily to her worried family, "that I had another ten years of skiing and fifteen years of golfing in me."

Not all her activities are devoted to business, social life and sports. Loving music, she has helped many young musicians in Switzerland. Conscious of her Jewish heritage, she is devoted to the cause of Israel and serves fervently as an officer of the Geneva chapter of the Women's International Zionist Organization, which sponsors schools and welfare centers for children and women in Israel.

In Greece, as in Switzerland, it is unusual for a woman to control her own fortune, and augment it if possible; if she does so she lives quietly and stays out of the public eye as much as possible lest anyone think her "unfeminine." Thus, not very much is known about Marika Venizelou, of Athens, Greece. What *is* known is that she owns and manages millions.

The source of Mrs. Venizelou's fortune is a shipping business inherited from her father, a wealthy Greek shipowner. Today she owns and manages five large tankers and dry-cargo vessels with a shrewdness which has won her the respect of other Greek owners. She has multiplied by five the family fortune which she took over in 1943, and is now worth many millions—an outstanding feat in a land where women do not ordinarily take part in business.

Marika Venizelou was married to Kyriacos Venizelos, son of Greece's great modern statesman, Eleftherios Venizelos (masculine and married feminine surnames have different endings in Greece). After the death of her father Marika turned the shipping business she had inherited over to her husband to manage, and devoted herself to raising their two boys, Nikitas and Eleftherios, and their daughter, Charis.

During World War II the young family, following a pattern set by other Greek shipowners, moved bags, baggage, ships and themselves to New York for the duration. Then, in 1943, Mrs. Venizelou suddenly found herself a widow in a strange land at war, with three young children to bring up, and a flourishing shipping business badly in need of continued management. Energetic and intelligent, she accepted the challenge, mastered the intricacies of the tough, cutthroat business, developed an ability to foresee trends in the fickle freight market—and was soon making money hand over dainty fist.

She managed to find time, however, to see to the education of her children and to make sure that they were well launched in life. Nikitas has been trained for the business, in which he now works with his mother. Charis has been married off to a promising Greek diplomat. And Eleftherios has been sent into politics to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious grandfather.

In 1947 Mrs. Venizelou tried a second marriage, this time with a writer, the author-playwright Alecos Lidorikis. It ended in divorce after a few months, and she has vowed since never to marry again.

Now in her mid-fifties, the richest woman of Greece lives quietly and is little known in her own country or elsewhere. She maintains a town house in New York, where she spends much time, and a home in Athens, where she moves only within a closed circle of friends and relatives. She deliberately stays out of the limelight as much as possible.

Her enemies charge her with dominating her family to the point of suffocation. Her friends say that she has youthful effervescence and a lovely smile which breaks the long lines of her patrician face—in non-office hours only. Everyone agrees that she has energy and brains.

Oddly enough, the only other woman in the world who controls her own shipping business lives in India, where women have for cen been even more confined to the home they have in Greece. The exact extent o wealth is unknown, for in India it is no moral nor prudent to reveal how much m you have. Finance officials in the governm however, think that she is the richest wo in India—in other words, worth many lions.

Her name is Sumati Morarjee, and s managing director of the Scindia Steam N gation Company, which controls more th per cent of India's seagoing vessels.

Mrs. Morarjee was born in Bomba March 13, 1903. Her father was a fina wizard who became known as "the kin Indian textiles." Her mother was a de Hindu. Sumati learned much from both today her Bombay office is filled with fine statues of Hindu gods as well as with trib models.

Sumati was educated at home by pr tutors, and at thirteen was married to S tikuman Morarjee, the son of a Bombay ping tycoon. Her new father-in-law was a crusader for women's education, and en aged the young girl to continue her stu As she grew older he began teaching he shipping business, and by the time she twenty-one Sumati was going to sea in family's vessels, frequently as hostess to dreds of veiled Moslem women on the se of their pilgrimage to Mecca.

When her father-in-law died in 1929, S became a partner in the family firm. Sh so successful that in the years that foll her husband gradually stepped aside an the real decisions to his wife. Both are st the board of directors, although they are rated and now maintain different reside They have no children.

The only activity ever seriously to thre Mrs. Morarjee's preoccupation with ship was the struggle for Indian independence British rule. Her big, rambling house on B bay's Juhu Beach was a haven for leade the Quit India movement. Jayaprakash rayan, the Socialist leader, hid in the h after escaping a British prison in 1942. hatma Gandhi used it as his headquarte Bombay and frequently preached from Morarjee's garden wall to thousands of ans assembled on the beach below. Becau her reverence for the great leader, Mrs. M jee calls her house "Gandhigram."

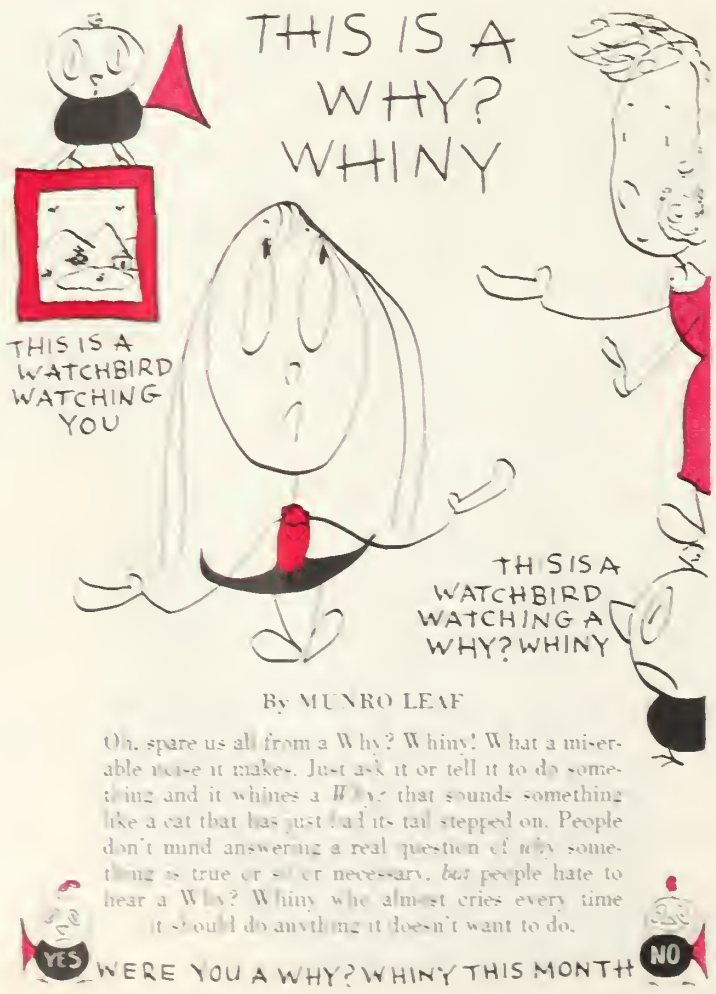
Gandhigram is a cream-colored stucco sion, surrounded by a garden and a high The garden is filled with scores of mem and ancient carvings: a huge ship's bell tolls the hours; ship's lanterns; a thous year-old statue of Jalanath, the Hindu g the sea; wood carvings and statues fro earliest days of Indian history.

"My home," says Mrs. Morarjee, "is vate place. Only my friends are invited My business requires me to entertain quently, and I always give these parties ab whatever one of the Scindia liners happe be in the harbor."

In any case, Gandhigram is too filled her art collection to allow much roo parties. One room is given entirely to s ture, another to wood carving, anoth ancient toys and still others to bronzes, p lains and antique textiles. The room Gandhi used to sleep is a miniature mu and shrine. Some sandals once worn b mahatma stand beside the hard pallet he rested. His copy of the Bhagavad-Gita of the holy books of Hinduism, lies nearby table. The house will become a tional trust after the owner's death.

Mrs. Morarjee actually uses only a sparsely furnished rooms of the mansio her own living purposes. Her tastes in clo are gay, however, and her closets are with hundreds, possibly thousands, of b silk saris, most of them in her favorite and many of them heavily embroidered in and silver. She also has a large collectio precious jewels, but rarely wears them. O other hand, she likes to poke about in kitchen overseeing her cooks, and on a idle afternoon she likes nothing better th make hot South Indian pickles.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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Bell Telephone System

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

Mrs. Morarjee has been too much influenced by her mother and Mahatma Gandhi to lead a "society life," in the Western sense of the phrase. She is a nondrinker and a strict vegetarian who declines eggs as well as meat on religious grounds. She rises early, and her normal day begins with prayers at 6 A.M.

"My mother taught me to pray," she says. "I could no more stop praying than I could breathing."

East is East and West is . . . well, different. Across the world from India, for instance, lives a lady who tried to buy the Brooklyn Dodgers for $8,000,000. Once when she was sick her husband spent $150,000 laying a special television cable to her home so that she could watch all the games played by her favorite baseball team.

This rabid fan is Mrs. Dorothy Killam, of Canada. She is far and away the richest woman, and maybe person, in Canada; some say she's a runner-up for the richest-woman-in-the-world sweepstakes.

She was born Dorothy Johnston in St. Louis, Missouri, some sixty years ago, and in 1922 married Izaak Walton Killam, a Canadian millionaire who made most of his money in paper, pulp, newspapers and brilliant investments. He died in 1955, leaving his wife a fortune estimated at between $250,000,000 and $275,000,000.

Mr. Killam was a sportsman, and his wife shared his interests. She is a fly-fishing expert, and still maintains a lavish fishing camp in New Brunswick, as well as homes on the Riviera and in Nassau and an apartment in New York. Her principal home, large but unremarkable, is in Montreal on a fashionable but changing street which would be the equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue. She spends the winter in Nassau, the spring in New York and later New Brunswick (for the salmon fishing); the rest of the year is divided between Montreal, New York and the Riviera. She has no children.

She was a baseball fan as a girl in St. Louis, and her husband shared this interest. They had a box seat at Ebbets Field and went year after year to see the home games and to see their friends, the Dodger officials and star players. At all the games, says a Montreal sportswriter, "Mrs. Killam did her share of shouting." After her husband's death, Mrs. Killam offered to buy the team in an effort to stop the move to Los Angeles, but was turned down because the profit prospects in California were so bright.

A dainty, quick-humored woman, Mrs. Killam entertains moderately and dresses with quiet elegance. She loves jewels, and doesn't mind paying for them—as why should she? A few years ago, for instance, she bought $150,000 worth of diamond gewgaws from a Montreal dealer, but indignantly rejected the paste replicas which accompanied the real jewels.

"If I'm going to spend this much on gems I want to wear the things, not imitations," she announced.

THE GOSSIPS

By MARY PETERS

Oh, let them talk! I find delight
In dodging barbs. A withered
tongue
Does little harm and pain is slight
When flesh is young.

But should they cease to find me
food
For slander; should I fail to keep
Their pot of defamation brewed,
Then shall I weep.

Another lady who prefers the real to the imitation is a gentlewoman whose family has been accustomed to the genuine for a good many centuries now: the beautiful young eighteenth Duchess of Alba, the richest woman in Spain.

Her full name is Maria del Rosario Cayetana Fitz-James Stuart y de Silva, Duchess of Berwick, Alba de tormes, de Liria y Xerica, de Arjona, and de Montoro. Through the Fitz-James Stuarts she is the direct descendant of King James II of England. When asked last winter how many titles, English and Spanish, she has, she replied vaguely, "Forty-two or forty-four, I think." Some set the figure at sixty-six, but no one dares to set the amount of her wealth at anything more exact than "enormous."

The Duchess of Alba seems to have had more fairy godmothers and happy wishes around her cradle than any of the other of the world's richest women.

At thirty-two she is a golden-skinned beauty, tall and slim with a sensitive face and soft brown hair.

She has a tall, dark and handsome husband named Don Luis Martinez de Irujo y Artazcoz.

She has four small, dark and handsome sons, ranging in age from twelve down to one year. Alfonso, the ten-year-old second son, plays the guitar and is talented at painting, as is his mother.

She is religiously devout, active in charitable works, and would rather paint or go horseback riding with her children than fritter her time away in frivolous Spanish society. No breath of scandal has ever touched her life.

She knows how to dress, prefers elegant sports clothes, never wears hats except to luncheons in New York. She loves to travel, and always travels modestly. The last time she visited America, she brought only three suitcases, one hatbox and one maid. She took back with her one pair of blue jeans and one American bathing suit.

"She rides, I don't ride," her husband the duke says affectionately. "I shoot, she doesn't shoot. I sail, she doesn't sail. But we ski."

Much of her time and interest go to s causes, and at least 10 per cent of her i to orphanages, hospitals, health reso children, a private symphony orchest aid to young artists.

She inherited five palaces from her all declared "national monuments" b government because of their architectur historic value. The greatest of these Palacio de Liria in Madrid, which was b 1792, partially bombed during the S Civil War and recently rebuilt. It co twenty-two salons filled with paintings b masters as Titian and other great artists Renaissance. It also contains the letter Columbus to his son, as well as a map New World drawn by Queen Isabella tégé. "Anyone who wishes may see," sa duchess graciously. The duke and duche in a four-room suite on one floor, the ch on another.

In spring they all spend a few weeks i Seville palace, a fantasy of Moorish ar ture dating from the fourteenth centur palace has five courtyards with fountair is situated on a farm raising cows, shee goats.

She also owns a vast ranch in Salar and assorted other property around She loves bullfights, but doesn't raise fi bulls.

The duchess has a little Fiat, whi drives herself. In Seville, following old c she often rides with her family in a carri landau or berlin—with a driver up in In Madrid she sometimes likes to go fo ings in a *duque*, which is a two-horse c seating four in facing seats. This she herself, although a groom rides along afraid I'm the last person in Madrid to carriage," the duchess says sadly.

She is, very definitely, an aristocrat traditionalist. She is also a woman of tion, charm and great good fortune. Th things, alas, cannot be said for all the w wealthiest women.



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EARED RIMINAL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

unusual, however, as a psychologist ied our case said—it was a typical be- attern of a father who is unable to me to his children.

l years came. Judy Ann did well, but was a problem. I literally talked him the elementary grades by seeing his promising them I would help the etter, convincing them that he should oted when he did not deserve to be. often stayed out of school and got th it. He lost so much school that and Judy Ann were in the same class. d sit in the back of the room, put his n the desk and ask irrelevant ques- get the teacher off a subject he hadn't He was smart enough when he wanted himself, but he was always trying to game." Once when he was supposed written a paper and had come to class ed, he asked classmates what they ten, and when called on to recite he od report from a blank piece of paper. Ann was always complaining to me, I mention Lennie's poor schoolwork usband on several occasions when it I that our boy might fail again. My passed off these reports by saying, just a little country school. Those are no good. We'll send Lennie to a hool someday." I was inclined to e were taking our child's side against ol. How many parents reading this ve done the same thing?

were other reports of my son's mis- : from the school-bus driver, from ager of the local theater that held matinees, and others. He misbe- badly on the bus that the driver often off along the road. He would call to his sister, "Tell maw to come and " (He knew I hated to be called When he didn't arrive on the bus I the car and made the two- or three- e to bring him home.

high time that Leonard and I got over our son's problems, but we took rted action. I tended to withhold in- n concerning our boy's bad behavior onard. My husband came home from e, and he was usually tired and pos- ite worried over some matter. His d never lightened, because after he building-supply business on an even ranched out into contracting. He was our great future, and it didn't seem me to annoy him at night with re- out the petty misbehavior of our boy. sbehavior was a household matter should handle.

ay, on the occasions when I couldn't nie's misdeeds to myself, my husband eplied, "It's just a stage the boy is rough. He'll outgrow it. I was full of when I was a kid." I felt my husband t. Surely our son would straighten out w older and more responsible.

t mention that our daughter was problem. As I look back, I feel that ons included the fact that I made a on out of her, and such a relationship rely lacking between my son and his taught my daughter household duties, ith her, learned what was going on nind and tried to help her. Further- e was not the recipient of so many toys, knickknacks and candy from and and thus did not develop such a ttitude as our son did.

passed; my husband's business ven- gan to prosper, we added a basement oom and a guest bedroom to our d we acquired some extra land with es and room for a vegetable garden. uld have been very happy for all of t wasn't always happy, because when ntered high school the battles of the e, chores and family car got under oking back, I can see that my husband st all these battles, primarily because had learned how to exploit the division between his parents. He sensed that my husband and I were not together in disciplining and training him, and he quickly learned how to turn this to his advantage.

In the matter of an allowance, my husband felt quite strongly that when a child is old enough to want money he's old enough to earn it. Lennie was to be given $2.50 per week while in high school and this allowance was to cover his lunches as well as provide spending money. If the boy wanted anything that cost more, the money could be advanced to him, provided he would work at the business office or at home to repay the advance. My husband thought this plan would teach Lennie to be industrious. It probably would have worked had my husband and I stood together to enforce its terms.

As things turned out, our son got his advances to buy things he wanted, but the work he was supposed to do never quite got done. When I wanted Lennie to work at home he would plead that daddy had a job for him at the office and vanish. Likewise, his father never got much work out of our son because Lennie would plead that he had repaid a certain debt by doing chores at home.

I remember how angry Judy Ann used to get about this. One fall their father asked the two children to go out and pick a box of apples. They were not supposed to shake these off the tree because the fall would bruise them. Lennie took the car and drove Judy Ann all over the countryside. They got back late. Lennie did a quick job of shaking the fruit to the ground and then rushed the boxful into the cellar so nobody would see the bruises. He told us the reason he was late was that he had picked each apple carefully.

In those days I didn't know exactly what was going on. Looking back, I am certain that our son simply obtained money and then bamboozled both of us into believing that work had been performed to pay for the advance. My husband and I bear a guilt for our negligence during this period. We should have got together and supervised this doling out of allowances and advances, for much harm was done to our child in those years. He received more money than the average high-school student sees, he spent freely and he learned to obtain money through trickery or deceit. Unfortunately, it was the same old story: my husband was "too busy."

It was the issue of the family car that finally brought our son's waywardness forcibly to our attention. Leonard taught the boy to drive, and as soon as Lennie got his driver's license he wanted the car. He was given the car on Saturday nights to take his girl to the dance nearby. This permission was granted with misgivings, for both Leonard and I had noticed that Lennie was traveling with a wild crowd. The upshot was that our car was completely demolished on the third Saturday our son took it out. Lennie was in the hospital with back injuries for several days, and another boy suffered a broken leg. State patrolmen said that our son was driving recklessly when the accident occurred.

My husband put his foot down and ruled that Lennie was never again to drive the family car. But what a battle this decision brought on. Lennie wanted the car badly, and he had never been denied anything in his life that he really wanted badly. He plagued my husband, and begged and argued and made every Saturday night a nightmare. It didn't seem that he was going to take no for an answer; then suddenly he stopped mentioning the car, although he still went to the dance.

My husband and I were foolish enough to think that we had won this argument until one Sunday morning when we got up early to go to town and discovered that the car's engine was still warm. It had been used, but not by my husband, who had parked it in the garage Saturday afternoon. Our son had learned, from his friends, how to wire around the ignition and start the car without the key. This brought on another series of battles in our house, and my husband commenced parking the car by a kitchen window where it was visible at all times.

About three weeks later a bombshell hit us; the police called from town to say that our boy had been arrested for car theft. He and two friends had been caught joy riding in a stolen vehicle and were being held in the city jail while their parents were summoned. We rushed to town and got Lennie out of jail. Later, through our friendship with the local magistrate, we managed to get the charges against our son dropped by promising that we would supervise the boy closely and see that he didn't do such a thing again.

Now we were beginning to pay for our neglect of our child's training. Our son had grown into a young man who would scarcely discuss the time of day with his parents. He came and went as he pleased and he told us nothing about his activities outside the home. He would be pleasant enough most of the time, but if we tried to question him about his activities, or impose any curbs on him, he became sullen and silent. He would take no advice, nor would he make any explanations of his waywardness. He couldn't be reasoned with; we couldn't seem to reach his mind.

He became so delinquent at school he was expelled in his junior year. Since Leonard and I had no control over him, we lived in dread that he would steal another car or get into some other trouble. My husband, who once was too busy to devote time to our son, was now so worried over the boy he scarcely had time to devote to business.

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SHULTON



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The real tragedy of the situation was the fact that the damage to our son could not be undone. My husband tried, at this late date, to make a companion out of our boy. He took Lennie fishing, to sports events, even to church. But this effort was a complete failure. Even though they had lived together for sixteen years, Leonard and his son were strangers to each other. Lennie's outlook on life had grown so warped that the more my husband learned about the boy, the more appalled he became. A psychologist whom we consulted at the time told us that Lennie was unlikely to make a distinct change for the better. The boy had reached maturity, and people do not readily change at that stage of life. The sapling had grown into a bent tree and little could be done. This psychologist recommended a strict program of supervision for our son, and if the boy would not adhere to this program, to withdraw all his support and, in effect, abandon him and see what results this method would produce.

But we didn't abandon him; we stood by him for the same reason that many parents stand behind wayward young men and women. We felt guilty because we knew that our neglect was at the root of the boy's troubles. We allowed him to stay at home, come and go as he pleased, and even complied with his requests for money because we were afraid he'd steal if we didn't provide for his support. All the while we pleaded with him to straighten up and go back to school. He promised to return to school, then one day he came to us and said he would like to quit school, get married and settle down. His choice of a wife was amazingly good, a fine young girl.

My husband was overjoyed and immediately offered to take Lennie into the business. We also made the down payment on a home for the young couple, and helped them buy furniture and other essentials. Leonard and I treasured the hope that our problems with the boy would soon vanish. We should have known better. We should have guessed that a young man who would not be responsible for himself certainly would not accept the responsibility of taking care of others. He made the worst kind of husband, being gone much of the time, refusing to do any chores around his home and spending most of his income on himself, leaving his wife to look to Leonard and me for support.

Even worse was his performance of his duties at the office. He showed up in the morning whenever he pleased, kept demanding more money and did as little work as possible. He and Leonard quarreled constantly, and Lennie's presence in the office demoralized everyone working there. Finally, Lennie simply disappeared one day after an especially bitter argument with my husband, leaving his wife and baby for us to look after. We were worried sick over his disappearance. Then a forged payroll check showed up in my husband's bank statement, soon another and another. When the forged checks totaled $1000 we still continued to honor them because we knew who was cashing them. We tried desperately to trace our son by searching the nearby cities where the checks were being cashed. Finally, when a check written for nearly $500 came in, my husband refused to honor it, charging that it was a forgery. Leonard said that he had taken all he could take from the boy. Almost immediately Lennie was arrested, jailed and charged with forgery. Once again we went to his aid.

Lennie was frightened and weeping, and oh! how we love him when he's that way. That's the only time a person can get to him; he's penitent, willing to admit the error of his ways and full of promises that he'll do better. My husband was grief-stricken over causing his son's arrest and tried to get the charges dropped. We couldn't kill the charges, but we did manage to get his sentence so reduced that the boy actually served only about five months.

We had hopes that this sentence would teach Lennie a lesson and bring about an improvement in his behavior. What futile hopes these were! We have learned that serving time in prison usually makes an offender worse. First of all our son became addi a habit-forming type of pill called a "b which prisoners circulate. Secondly, contact with all decent friends and dev a circle of companions who were as he was. I know that people who prison are not supposed to get togeth side prison walls when they are parole they do. In prison they make appointm meet when they are free, plan escapad even crimes. When they get out the together and there isn't much hope that of them will truly "go straight."

Our son came home from the refor hardened and full of prison lingo. Frien dropped around to visit him bore the o stamp of ex-cons. He was as much a p as ever, and his wife finally divorced hi father had kept Lennie's name, as an as in his business, on his trucks and on hi ness stationery all through the time was in the reformatory; now, final ceased attempts to sponsor Lennie in bu However, we still allowed him to live at for our feelings of guilt were great.

My story has a climax which was r on a stormy December night. Police came to our door and said that Lenn in "real trouble." They said our boy try to contact us, and if he did to notify headquarters immediately. They left w telling us the nature of Lennie's crime.

My husband and I sat up that ni silence, crushed by the chain of terrible in which one child had enmeshed us. 10 P.M. the telephone rang and I hear nie's quivering voice whispering to me, me the car and some money. You bet this. I need help bad." He said he Berry's Tavern, a cheap pool parlor a at the lower end of town.

I called the police and they said, down and pick us up. Then keep your ap ment with your son." I drove to the s where two officers got into the back se crouched. Then I headed the car towa tavern. It was the longest drive of my li a thousand thoughts ran through my



"Do we always have to spend my day off having fun? Why can't we just sit around and do nothing?"

how many times Lennie had dis-
as a little child, and I had not
—I couldn't bear to see him cry
hen go to his room and pout.
the time Lennie was in the sixth
he driver had put him off the
or misbehavior. I drove out on
and picked up my son, but I
that if he was ever put off the
again he would have to walk
pened again, and I couldn't bear
my boy alone on the highway in
kness, so I went after him again.
of the time we had bought Lennie
esire, a pony. We warned him not
my go free in the yard where he
n the highway and possibly be
Lennie turned the animal loose
nd a truck killed the pet. Our
sobeyed us, but he was so heart-
the loss of his pony that we
another one.
lone Lennie a favor by being so
and willing to forget his mis-
we had betrayed him in the worst
sible, for we had failed to teach
live and be happy in this world.
d in front of the tavern, and I saw
nder figure emerge from the door
ward me. I closed my eyes. The
pened and Lennie started to say,
" then the back door shot open
cracked, "Put up your hands!"
n of the tavern lights I watched
my son; when they pulled a re-
his coat my life seemed to end.

t have passed since that terrible
brought a repetition of our trou-
n has constantly been in and out
have consulted several psychol-
ad them examine our son, and us,
develop some treatment or method
n that might bring Lennie to his
hologists can't help us, and here
ict:
d foremost, Lennie was reared in
ome." There was no divorce or alcoholic problem or anything like that. There simply was a division between the parents; my husband and I did not stand together in training our son. Our son learned to exploit the situation and profit through dishonesty and deceit. He is still trying to do this in his relationship with the world. He prefers dishonest tactics to hard work, and he isn't apt to change his outlook because deceit and dishonesty were so deeply ingrained in him during his formative years.

2. We destroyed our son's "insight into the future" by constantly protecting him from the evil effects of his misdeeds. If he broke a toy, he got another; if he disobeyed, he was forgiven; when he got into trouble at school, he was defended and fished out of trouble; when he got into trouble with authorities, we shielded him as much as we could. As a result, he cannot see clearly ahead and realize that improper behavior is bound to cause him trouble. He can't realize that "crime does not pay." Petty crime paid him handsomely for a long period of time, and he will ever search for ways to make it pay again. Prison sentences may change the pattern of his criminal activities but they will never truly reform him. This inability to see clearly all the probable effects of misbehavior is present in the make-up of virtually every criminal, according to psychologists.

3. Our son is dangerous. When denied what he wants, he tends toward the same fits of anger he displayed when denied things at the age of four. The only difference is that now he carries a gun and is capable of killing.

4. Nothing can be done for him. On one of my visits to him in prison—and it is a terrible thing to see someone you love behind those bars—I brought him a picture of his son. "Who's that?" he asked. When I told him, he laughed and said, "He's a nice-looking boy." He might have been commenting on a stranger—as indeed his own son is. He has no sense of responsibility for anybody. There is nothing wrong with him mentally or physically, so there is no treatment for his condition. Because of improper training he grew into the wrong mold, and now that he has matured he can't be "unmolded." The material of which his character is fashioned has, in a sense, cooled and hardened.

So, a home which produced a daughter who graduated from a university with honors, became a college instructor, then married and settled down to rearing a fine family, also produced a son who is not only a criminal but who is ranked as a dangerous public enemy. Why the difference between these two children who were reared in the same environment by the same parents? Nothing more than the training and companionship extended to one, but which did not reach the other.

It can be truly said that our son was our ruination. The stories of his misdeeds, and the sensational capture in which I participated, were widely printed in the newspapers. It was more than my husband and I could stand. We sold our business and our home at a loss, and moved far away from the city where we had suffered so much unhappiness. Today we are not in the best of circumstances, and we still must help our son's divorced wife rear our grandchild. The future my husband worked so hard to build has turned into a nightmare, all because we neglected one child.

The moral of this story should be quite clear to readers, but I will sum it up.

First of all, one parent cannot properly rear a child. Parents must stand together, and cooperate in the training of children. It is bad enough when a child loses a parent through divorce or death. It is much worse when the child has two parents but learns to play one against the other to achieve his ends. This child loses all respect for his parents, and bows to no authority.

Secondly, training must be administered from the cradle to the day the child leaves home and enters the world. There is no such thing as a child's "outgrowing" his shortcomings. The process of "outgrowing" actually is a result of training and discipline being applied by parents and the world as a child grows older. If improper training and discipline are applied at home, and the youth is protected from learning lessons in the world, the child will not outgrow anything. Instead, he will confirm and expand his bad habits. A growing child will not show any improvement in conduct at any given age; rather, his character is being molded every day of his young life. A mother can well look at her young son each morning and say, "What he is today he'll be when he's twenty-one."

Never be too busy to pay heed to the training of a child. Never put off discipline. Tomorrow may be too late, and damage that is being done to a child each day through neglect can never be undone. Furthermore, when parents make a failure of the task of training a child, everything they have worked for in life is apt to be lost. That's the bitter lesson that my husband and I have learned.

Above all, bear in mind that rearing a criminal is easier than you think. END

BACK VIEW,
SIZES AND PRICE OF VOGUE
PATTERN ON PAGE 111



Vogue Design No. 9628.
"Easy to Make" Blouse; 10-18 (31-38). 60c. Version shown requires 1 yard of 45" fabric without nap, size 14.



NEW BETTY CROCKER COUNTRY KITCHEN CAKE MIX

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Rich in Living is their Harvest

From Texas to Montana, from May to September, the Wisdom family follows the harvest.
Raymond and the crew sometimes work 24 hours a day;
Faye feeds 11 from a trailer kitchen, delivering hot meals to fields 25 miles away.
For their children, the summer is one long, golden holiday.



Dear Editors: We do commercial harvesting. Raymond, my husband, runs combines in the summer and I go along and cook for the hands. There are eleven to cook for, including our children. We have a forty-foot trailer house with two bedrooms, a bath, a complete kitchen and a living room.



The Wisdom caravan—house trailer, two pickups, three combines, three hauling trucks and the crew's bunk bus.

My family is: Raymond, our two sons, Steven Ray, who is 7 years old; Raymond Paul, 4; and our darling little girl, Judy, 18 months old.

We have a bus with bunks and a shower in it for the boys who work for us to live in. We start harvesting wheat, oats and barley around the middle or last of May at Crowell, Texas. And we move slowly north until September finds us in Northern Montana. I have gone on harvest six years and love every day of it. It is hard, dirty work and the hours are long.

A day at Crowell begins at about 4:30 or 5. Raymond pushes me out of bed and I start breakfast. Everyone eats a big breakfast because it is a long time until lunch. Then the men are off to the field to service the combines and start cutting. I dress the children; the little boys, Steven and Paul, can go with their daddy if they want to.

Trailers are compact, but everything has its place. Beds have to be made up and clothes washed and toys put away. I start lunch as soon as breakfast is over and the dishes are do Sometimes I have to take lunch as far as twenty-five miles to t field. I sometimes stop on the road and feed a truck driver w is taking in a load of wheat. I cook in large pans and take t food to the field in them. I make about 4 gallons of tea a sometimes 1½ gallons of ice cream.

It is usually 2 or 3 o'clock when I get back to the trailer bring Steven and Paul back. We all have a bath. I do the dish and start supper. I like to have it to the men in the field by 6: and usually get back to the trailer around 8 or 9 P.M. Anoth bath and to bed for the kids. But I have dishes, dishes a more dishes to wash.

Some may frown on our life and think it is a bad way bring up children. But our children are as normal as any a I would be proud to stand them up with the best. Steve report card shows A's, B's and C's, and the past six wee he made all A's.

I think my story proves that teenage marriages can wo out. I was fifteen years old when I married and moved in the house with my mother-in-law and father-in-law. I do gi all the credit to my wonderful husband, who is nine yea older than I and is very thoughtful. Our son Steven was bo sixteen months after we were married, and I think his birth w the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me. And th the birth of our other two children was just as wonderful.

Sincerely,

FAYE WISDOM (Mrs. Raymond W

BY NELLE KEYS BEL

Judy loves the fields. There are jack rabbits, pheasants, curlews—and sometimes her father takes her for a ride on a combine.



"There's only one thing about going on harvest that I don't like," avers pretty 24-year-old Faye Wisdom, sorting armfuls of freshly laundered clothing and linens. "Sometimes it's impossible to get the children to church and Sunday school—we may be fifty miles from a church. But that's the *only* thing I mind.

"Oh, well," she concedes, looking over the big stack of clean towels, "I do miss my clothes dryer a little; it leaves towels and rugs so nice and fluffy. We have a good washer in the trailer, though, and things smell so nice when they're dried in the sun. Velora Drosselmyer told me to use her clotheslines any time I want to, and I keep them full."

She looks through a side window to the elm-shaded plastic pool where dimpled, agile Judy is splashing away. "Just during the last two weeks," she explains, "Judy has reached the stage where I never know what she'll get into next. If I don't watch her, she'll be halfway to Wyoming in five seconds."

Inviting odors are rising from the large pots on the butane-fueled range. Faye inspects the contents, and invites attention to the well-equipped kitchen, with double sink, nine-cubic-foot refrigerator, and generous counter and cupboard space. She is equally proud of the handsome bathroom, with both tub and shower; and of the more-than-adequate storage spaces throughout the trailer. Each member of the family has his own closet, and ample drawer space. "It's as easy to live in as our house in Lockney," Faye remarks. "As a matter of fact, this is a better kitchen than the one at home."

The trailer is parked near Glen and Velora Drosselmyer's farmhouse in Two Buttes, Colorado, where the Wisdoms expect to stay about three weeks. Raymond and the crew are cutting 1000 acres of wheat for the Drosselmyers, and will cut smaller acreages for several other farmers. The little boys, Faye explains, are out in the fields with their father.

Two Buttes is a small crossroads community which lies on the high plains of Southern Colorado. In every direction golden fields of wheat, level as the palm of a hand, stretch away to the horizon; they are broken only by the twin-peaked hill that gives the area its name, an occasional Chinese-elm tree, and the steadily moving combines gulping their way in wide swaths round and round the fields. Not one wisp of cloud marks the intense blue of the sky; and morning sun beats down in waves of heat that shimmer off the silvery sides of the trailer. The interior is kept comfortable, though, by the wind—which seems to blow all the time.

A red pickup truck swings to a quick stop beside the blue one parked near the trailer. From it descends blond, stocky Raymond Wisdom, 33, whose blue eyes sparkle from a face black with grime. Behind him come two small Westerners, Steven and Paul, with eyes as blue and faces as dirty as his own. "They all started clean this morning," Faye says hastily, "but you can't stay clean in a wheat field."

Raymond swoops his dripping daughter from the pool and brings her in with him. "Honey, we're moving to a new field," he says, helping himself to a drink of cool water.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Wheat grows so tall that when Paul (here still eating) walks into it, all that can be seen is his Western hat floating over a sea of waving grain.





"The crew is taking the combines and trucks over, and I came by to tell you how to get there."

The crew, he explains, consists of six high-school boys from "back home," one of whom is Faye's 17-year-old brother, Douglas Boone. "They all have to be good drivers and know how to handle heavy equipment," Raymond says, "and they have to be able to take responsibility and be willing to work hard and long. I've got a good crew this year—Jake, Ron, Curtis, Wayne, Butch and Doug. We guarantee all our work, and I have to have boys I can depend on."

When their father hurries off to the new field, Steven and Paul remain at the trailer. They are sturdy, intelligent little boys, interested in everything that goes on, and courteously amused by a benighted adult visitor who can't tell the difference between growing wheat and barley.

"I'm hungry, mamma," Paul remarks, "I want somefin' to ate . . . please."

"Wash first," says Faye automatically, dealing out cookies and milk all around.

Having quickly tucked away his share, Paul edges close to the visitor and confides, "One time down in Texas, me and my daddy were out in the field and we saw a jack rabbit and I shot him."

"*You* shot a jack rabbit?"

"Well," he asserts firmly, "me and my daddy did!"

"This morning," Steven reports, "we saw two combines on the road, and they were labeled 'His' and 'Hers.'"

"Why didn't we ever think of that?" Faye laughs. "Up till last year we could have called ours 'Ours' and 'The Bank's.'"

On harvest Faye and Raymond start the day by breakfasting alone—"The only time all day when we have any chance to really talk. When he comes in at night he's so tired he can barely stay awake long enough to get a bath and fall in bed."

Raymond goes to the bunk bus to waken the crew, who come to the trailer two or three at a time for breakfast. Freshly scrubbed, dressed in virtual uniforms of skin-tight Levis, wide, tooled-leather belts, and sport shirts, and carrying the inevitable broad-brimmed Western hats, they tuck their cowboy boots under the table and stow away remarkable quantities of food: about two pounds of bacon, two dozen eggs, a gallon each of juice and milk (Raymond is the only one who drinks coffee), three kinds of jams and jellies, and pan after pan of toast or hot biscuits. Faye serves pancakes about twice a week, making both buckwheat and "regular" ones, to suit all preferences.

Steven, Paul and Judy waken in their own time and fill in around the table; the little boys wear miniature versions of the crew's garb, complete with "buckle belts" and Texas hats whose brims are bent to a razor-sharp point, "just like Jake's." Members of the crew who have finished breakfast move to the living-room couch to play with Judy, and to josh the late arrivals. "You got a letter," Doug teases Jake, "but it was from some girl, so I just threw it away." CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

As far as eye can see, the wheat fields stretch level as the palm of a hand, an occasional tree breaking the monotony. Harvest is finished in this field, and the crew prepares to go on to the next.

How to make vegetables the interesting part of the meal

It's easy with appetizing foods by STOKELY-VAN CAMP!



Add life to Green Beans—devil with tempting sauce. Blend one teaspoon prepared mustard, two teaspoons Worcestershire Sauce into ¼ cup soft butter, add to hot, drained Stokely's Finest Green Beans—they're always . . .

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Serve peas in a new light, topped with crumbled, crisp bacon (fresh mint, slivered almonds, or Stokely's Finest Diced Pimiento). With Stokely's Finest you're sure of peas that are just-picked sweet and . . .

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

Ron asks, "Ma'am, may I have some eye-drops from the first-aid kit? This dirt up here burns my eyes a lot worse than Texas dirt."

By 6:30 the men leave for the harvest field. Steven and Paul go with their father, eager to "help" on the combines and ride in the big trucks. "They are no trouble in the field," Raymond says. "They know how to take care of themselves around machinery and what to stay away from. Of course I keep an eye on them, and so do the hands. I think it's good for them to grow up in the fields—I learned my business that way, and they will too."

Judy bitterly resents the fact that she is not permitted to go to the fields with the boys ("That'll be the day!" Faye remarks), but aside from that drawback the long summer on harvest is a golden holiday for the three small Wisdoms. Their parents carry a weight of work and responsibility that would strike many people as downright drudgery, but they, too, persist in having a fine old time. In reminiscing about former years on the road, they remember only the good times and the fun: meeting old friends (they harvest for many of the same people year after year, such as the Drosselmyers); the side trips to scenic spots, and the vacation at Lake Louise or Glacier Park with which they wind up each summer; the time when wheat straw, jammed around the exhaust on a truck, caught fire and Raymond put it out with the iced tea Faye had meant for dinner; the pride on Steven's face when, at age two, he was allowed to cross the road alone to go to the store right there in Two Buttes; perhaps the most vivid of all, the pleasure they get from being constantly together and working side by side to make a success of their summer's project.

And they do work, and work hard. Raymond has charge of the combines, the trucks, the work crew and the whole complex operation of harvesting. He is a good mechanic, and if something goes wrong with a machine he usually repairs it himself. Seven days a week he and the crew hit the fields in the early morning and keep at it, sometimes until one or two o'clock the next morning. One time when rain threatened, they worked all day and all night; Raymond came back to the trailer at dawn for a shower and breakfast, and then went back to work all through another day.

Faye is equally busy, keeping the trailer house meticulously clean, washing, ironing, marketing, looking after three active children, cooking three solid meals a day for family and crew, and delivering noon dinner and supper (both meals hot and plentiful) to whichever field the men are cutting in.

Whenever a spare part or some other piece of equipment is needed, she drives wherever is necessary to find it. "I'm the only one who can be spared," she says practically. "I fix a big bunch of sandwiches so they'll have something to eat while I'm gone, take Judy and either Steven or Paul—I always feel safe one of them along—and take off for P [150 miles] or maybe all the way ba Texas."

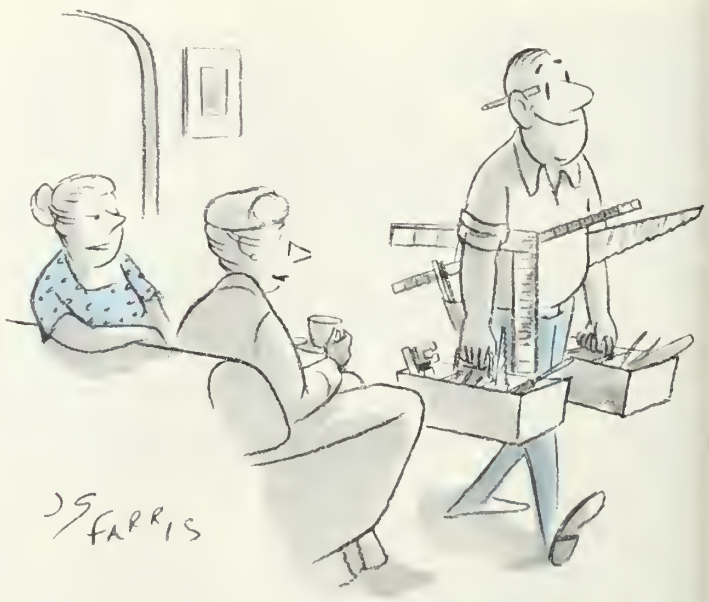
Each day brings some small crisis Faye—mentally rearranging schedules a planning menus—takes them all in easy On only one point is she adamant: she a has time for her children. Complete att greets Steven and Paul as they pour ou adventures; when Judy gets tired, Faye whatever she is doing and rocks her to "That's as much for me as for Judy, tho she remarks. "I just love to hold her." are almost the only times when Faye sits all during her busy day.

Faye's major task on harvest, of cou keeping the workers fed, a full-time j itself. But one summer when they were handed, she drove one of the big truc addition to all her other work. She b "I never had a bit of trouble with the and I didn't lose a grain of wheat. Not drivers can say that!"

With the men gone to the field, dresses Judy (for the first of many times the day). Asked how often she changes she laughs. "Top or bottom? I guess she five or six dresses and play suits a day like to keep her clean—and she never is washes dishes, puts a load in the wa machine, makes beds, dusts, and mo vinyl-tile floor throughout the trailer decides what to have for lunch, and st if it is to be something that needs long ing. Once or twice a week she may tak and drive into Springfield to do errand buy groceries—frequently $100 worth time. (Normally she must buy groceries other day, but here in Two Buttes Drosselmyer's generous invitation to u freezer gives Faye more flexibility in m ing.) Always she allows herself time e to have noon dinner ready to take to th at twelve o'clock.

Faye fits tight covers over the pots and which she packs into heavy cartons and in the back of the pickup. Iced tea accompanies the meal, which may be roast of ham or beef (or four fried chic with potatoes, a couple of green vegeta large pot of gravy and loaves and loa bread (all the men like gravy, and it is an how fast bread vanishes), and always green salad.

And always dessert; sometimes she ice cream in the electric freezer. For a meal she may bake cakes or pies—app cherry, if they're fruit pies; one day she four different pies: chocolate, coconut, b cream and pineapple. Asked why so ma explained, "Raymond likes chocolate always make those; Jake likes chocolat Doug and Wayne both are crazy about nut, Ron likes banana; and I can't fi *what* Butch and Curtis like specially. I the pineapple so they'd have a choice."



"He's going through a phase."

the eminence of her 24 years she "The boys are a long way from d most of them have never been on efore, so I like to pamper them a ess I just feel maternal toward them

Faye and Raymond are proud of the "crew is treated just like family," ay help to explain why the Wisdoms o hire and keep a dependable, hard- crew. The boys are paid $1 an hour d; by the end of summer each will ned around $1000 toward college The bunk bus where they live is with its own shower and air con- . Last year when they ran into unex- ld weather in Montana, the Wisdoms lectric blankets—both for their own d for the bunk bus.)

dinner stowed in the pickup, Faye her own and Judy's crisp cotton or pants and shirts. Then she faces problem: finding the field.

ond has given her directions: "Hon, v where the strawstack is, about three on the road to the buttes? Well, you out four miles and turn left—it's not road, just a trail. Go about a mile nd you come to a wheat field that's y planted around the edge; after that

EXT MONTH

first night Lory screamed his nts were near hysteria. What had over their handsome, bright -year-old? Ruthe and Sheldon know now: they are parents of f the most cruelly afflicted of be- —a mentally ill child.

SCREAM N THE NIGHT

EAL GILKYSON STUART

HOW AMERICA LIVES in the September JOURNAL

pasture—about a quarter section; catty-cornered across the pasture and e to another quarter section with one side and plowed ground on the nd a patch of sunflowers between Drive right down through the sun- about two miles, and at the far end e is down into the field where we're You ought to be able to see the com- om there. By the way," he added, ys there are rattlesnakes in that field. en't seen any, but keep an eye on

field Steven and Paul come tearing, the exciting events of the morning. found a baby owl," Steven tells her "He's going to name him Oliver."

as had a busy morning too. "Mamma," me and Jake took a woad in to the and you know what? I saw a boy and *freckles on his stomach!*" He pauses ve the effect of his startling news and ds, "*I'm hungry*. I want somefin' to

sets up a folding table in the lee of the nd lays out the mountains of food, covers on as protection against the wing dust. Plastic glasses, paper plates, and cutlery are ready; and paper o the men can dry their hands after them in a little of the precious drink- r from the water bags carried on each d combine.

body in the field is caked with dust ff—when they remove their hats, there rtling line of demarcation between ed face and clean forehead—so Faye e plates and fills the glasses with ice . She serves the children with the ut is so busy seeing that everyone is supplying "seconds" that she hardly has time for a bite for herself until the others have finished.

Raymond waits to eat with her; then he gives her a hearty, if somewhat grimy, kiss and tells her, "That was a mighty fine dinner, honey. Thanks a lot." Crew members add their encomiums: "Sure enjoyed that, ma'am"; or "Law, ma'am, what in the world did you put in those beans? I could only eat three helpings."

Sometimes Faye brings Steven and Paul back to the trailer, but more often they succeed in persuading her to let them remain in the field. First order of business now is baths and fresh clothing all around: "Every trip to the field automatically means a bath." Then Judy has a nap, and Faye washes the accumulated dishes and puts another load in the washing machine. If Paul has come in with them he *may* also nap, but only sheer weariness can force him into bed. Paul regards an afternoon nap as beneath his four-year-old dignity.

Threshing is hungry work, and for supper Faye takes another solid meal to the harvesters. Darkness has fallen by the time she leaves the field (this time Steven and Paul are brought back with no concession to argument). Raymond and the crew have returned to work, with lights on the combines and trucks. The stars are out, so brilliant in the clear air that you can almost reach up and touch them. Three tired children go to sleep on the seat of the pickup; to Faye the road back to the trailer seems long and lonesome under the night sky.

The drowsy children are bathed and tucked into bed before Faye starts on the dishes. "At home in Lockney, dishes are the only thing I mind about housekeeping," she remarks. "I really detest them. But on harvest I don't mind *anything*. I love going on harvest. We'll have to give it up someday, when Judy gets older—it's no place to take an adolescent girl—so I just enjoy it while I can."

"Raymond wouldn't let me come along summer before last," she reminisces. "I was six months pregnant with Judy and he thought it would be too much, so I stayed home in Texas with Steven and Paul. I was so lonesome I could have died; the little boys were uneasy too.

"Then one night, soon after Raymond had gone, the tornado alarm went off. It was some time after midnight, pitch dark, with rain pouring and wind tearing. I didn't know how soon the storm might strike, but I knew there was no time to waste—I had to get the boys to the storm cellar.

"I'd never had to face a real crisis without Raymond, and I was terribly afraid—I've *never* been so frightened—and I had to decide which of my children I'd take first, knowing I might never see the other one again. This all happened much faster than it takes to tell about, but it was just agonizing. Steven was five, and I knew that if he awakened alone in the storm he'd be terrified; Paul was too young to realize what was going on.

"I caught up Steven and ran like crazy, through the back yard, down the alley and across another lot. There were people in the shelter, so I thrust Steven, drenched but still asleep, at somebody and gasped, 'I've got to go back,' and tore back for Paul. I kept a suitcase packed for emergencies, and this time I grabbed it, too, so we'd have dry clothes. We made it back to the shelter all right; but I never wished for Raymond so hard in my life!

"After the harvest crew had been under way about two weeks Raymond came back to Lockney for a night. I begged again to go, but he still wouldn't agree unless I got an O.K. from the doctor. But my doctor knew how I felt about Raymond, and he said I'd be better off on harvest with him than fretting at home. So the children and I got to go after all, and everything was fine. We'd finished the harvest and been back in Lockney almost a month before Judy was born." She smiles. "After that night, anything that has ever happened on harvest looks like a picnic."

It is illuminating to watch the work crew in action. These hard-muscled youngsters are all in their teens—ages range from 17 to 19. Curtis graduated from high school in the



spring, is saving toward college. Douglas is a junior; the four others are seniors. Yet all are doing a man's work and taking a man's responsibilities.

During leisure moments, they yak about girls, and football, and the natural superiority of Texas; but on the job they are steady and dependable, and take as much pride in work well done as does Raymond himself. In the field one evening, Wayne approached Faye quietly. "Ma'am," he said, "the boys wanted me to ask you. Will you talk to Raymond and get him to let us work all night? We could finish this field by breakfast; then we could sleep a couple of hours and start the next one."

(Faye declined to interfere; that was Raymond's business, and besides, she thinks they all need more sleep than they get.)

"I like a young crew," Raymond says. "If I hire men around my age, they are likely to resent taking direction and want to do things their own way; the kids are willing to listen and learn. But I don't *give* them responsibilities unless they're qualified to *take* them. That's expensive equipment they're handling, and I'm not about to turn it over to some young squirt just to improve his character. These are good boys."

His very words are spoken in another context by Glen Drosselmyer. "Raymond is a good boy," says Glen, "conscientious, hard-working, and proud of his work—and you can't say that about all harvesters. I'm a hard man to satisfy; but if I were, say, laid up in a hospital, I wouldn't worry a minute if I knew Raymond was taking care of my crop. I know he'd do it just the way I'd want it done."

Raymond and Faye met on a double date in Hobbs, New Mexico, where her father was a sign painter-blacksmith. After his discharge from the Army, Raymond had borrowed money to buy a farm near Hobbs. "It was new land, and it looked good," he says wryly, "but the topsoil was only three inches deep in places and there was *caliche* under th worked like a dog on that farm, and it pu five thousand dollars in debt; but"—he s at his wife—"I've never been sorry I we Hobbs."

Faye laughs. "That first date was The boy who arranged it was suppos have finished planting cotton, but hadn' Raymond helped him, and we girls rod the tractors with them. Raymond and I t up a storm—I remember telling him being drum majorette in the school band that Daniel Boone was my great-great- great-great-grandfather. He talked abou on the farm where he'd grown up, ba Lockney; and about the ten jumps he'd in the paratroopers—he's taught all our dren how to fall properly. And we agr was quite a coincidence that both our m were nurses."

They were also impressed by the coinci that both their birthdays come in July, bu subject that they *didn't* discuss was their Faye was only 15; Raymond was 2 thought he was about eighteen," Faye "If I'd known how old he really was, I I'd never have thought of him again. B the time I knew, it didn't make a spe difference. I was in love."

One evening three weeks after thei meeting, they drove out to the Torch, petually burning natural-gas flame tha favorite spot for young couples in the There Raymond asked her to marry hi for the first time the question of age ca It no longer mattered to them, but it ma quite a lot to Faye's father. "He hit the c he said she was too young to get marri I was too old for her. And he told me t and not come back."

They continued to meet in secret, a August Raymond brought her an engag ring. "I would have run away with hi if I could have talked him into it," declares, "but he wouldn't marry me w my father's permission—and it didn't l if we were ever going to get it."

Faye's mother had disapproved e but she grew to like and trust Raymo eventually talked her husband into gi grudging consent. (He and Raymond ar of each other now.) They were marri day, November 1, 1950, "before dad change his mind," by a justice of the They went immediately to the farm, ar hours after the wedding the bride was the fields in jeans helping her husba feed.

"The house on the farm was just Faye remembers, "and we had to heat on the stove, but I wouldn't have cha thing. It was all so wonderful. Ever seemed as natural and right as turning a page in a book. Being a little girl—my er's little girl—was all over and done. was Raymond's wife." She laughs. "T thing my mother said to Raymond was if she needs spanking, you spank her. depending on you to finish bringing properly.' But of course he never did."

Faye was 5′4½″ tall and weighed 14 she was married. (She now weighs 130 5′6½″—"I stopped growing when I tall as Raymond!") She was a good co a competent housekeeper, having had years of active practice; her mother ha ill frequently and had lost three ba birth from Rh complications. (Faye had been a "blue baby.")

"I knew about the Rh factor, of c Faye says now, "but it never occurred that it could affect me personally unti was pregnant with Steven. Then I was sick. But the most wonderful thing— one chance in a million—it turned o Raymond is Rh negative too!" She half seriously, "Before I ever let one children even date anybody, I'm go make them take a blood test.

"My mother likes to tease me," Fa on. "She'll say, 'You'd better enjo daughter while you've got her. She ma at fifteen and leave you.' Why, I hop isn't even dating at fifteen!"

She adds firmly, "But it still seems me that I was married at fifteen, and right—even though I can't understa



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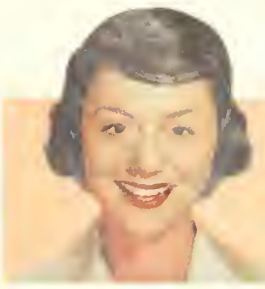


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ever managed to talk my parents into
n't think most people should get mar-
at young—girls should finish high
at least—but teenage marriages *can* be
ful. Ours certainly is. Raymond is so
d kind and good—and so funny!"
reason, Faye thinks, why their mar-
is worked out well is "Raymond is the
this family, and I like it that way. He
go around setting a big foot down—
he runs the business and I run the
And he isn't bossy about money. I
girls who have to ask their husbands
hey can buy a new dress! We keep our
in a joint account—I write most of the
—and if I need something and we have
ney I just get it. We usually agree on
but if something does come up we
out—and I'm always the one who
, because I always end up seeing that
ht.
ver let Raymond leave the house un-
" she adds earnestly. "He's good with
es and sensible about safety, but if he
orried or upset he might not be quite
ful. We've never had an accident, but
l that heavy equipment, you never
nond gives equal credit to his wife for
od marriage. "She has a happy dis-
n and she's a wonderful mother and a
usekeeper. She makes everything more
e enjoyed every minute since I've known
d we've never had any trouble—except
l, and that hasn't counted, as long as
ld be together."
k them two years to pay off the debt
d at Hobbs. Soon after their marriage
urned to Lockney to help run the farm
nd live with his parents. ("My mother-
is a wonderful woman," Faye says.
ever gives advice unless it's asked.")
ought their present home in Lockney
fore Paul was born; it is paid for, and
ll the farming equipment. The only
they now owe is a balance on the house
bought last year, which they are paying
73.50 per month. Raymond still shares
ork and management of the farm, but
ajor income is made during the three
on harvest.
take in quite a bit of money at com-
harvesting," Raymond says, "but
there's a big outgo, too, gas and oil and labor,
and depreciation. A combine costs about
$5500 new, and they really take a beating.
We figure it's more profitable to run them
about two years, then sell them off and buy
new ones. Last year was the first time we've
ever cleared anything to speak of—we've
been putting everything back into equip-
ment. We paid taxes last year on a little over
$6000; we've never got out of the 20 per cent
bracket."

"Our children get spanked when they need
it," Raymond says, "but not very often. Only
for things like disobedience or sheer impu-
dence—or for doing something that's really
dangerous. Mostly we talk things over with
them, and reach an understanding. And we
believe in letting them find out things for
themselves when it doesn't involve danger."
He grins. "Last summer Judy got hold of one
of those fiery-hot Mexican peppers. I told her,
and her mother told her, that it would burn;
but she bit into it anyway. She went around
sizzling and 'whew'-ing for an hour—but now
she *knows* those peppers are hot."

When their father is away, Steven and Paul
consider it their business to "look after mother
and Judy"; Faye's dependence on them is
actual. "Yesterday," she says, "Raymond sent
me into Springfield to get a hundred feet of
rope, and when I got into the store I had
forgotten the size he wanted. So I just went
out to the pickup and asked Steven to come
in and show me the kind of rope daddy
needed. He knew exactly too."

Raymond wants the children to go to col-
lege. "They'll probably be farmers," he says,
"for they already seem to like the fields as
much as I do. But they'll need education for
farming."

"If they want to go to college, I'd want
them to go," Faye says, "but what I want for
them most is to grow up in the church and be
fine, decent people, and have a good family,
and a wife or husband to love and care for."
She finished, out of breath, "I want them to
be happy."

That evening in the field, Steven and Paul
came running to show Faye the baby jack
rabbit they'd caught in the wheat. She said,
"It's a beautiful little rabbit, but I want you
to let it go. It needs its mother and she wants
it; listen, I think I hear her crying now."

"Jack rabbits can't cry!" scoffed Steven.

"Maybe not, but I know she's sad. Just
think how sad I'd be if a mamma jack rabbit
caught *you* and took you off for her babies to
play with."

Paul's eyes grew large and serious. He said
quietly, "Wet it go, Steven."

Sometime in the future, the Wisdoms hope
to sell off part of their equipment and buy a
ranch. "I'd like about four hundred acres of
wheat and a thousand acres of grassland, and
cattle and horses," Raymond says. "But, of
course, we would like to have another baby,
too, and we need a new car. I don't know
which will come first, but if the harvest this
year goes as well as we hope, we might get a
start on something.*

"We wouldn't sell off all the equipment," he
goes on. "We'd keep one combine. Someday
we'll quit harvesting, but probably not com-
pletely. It's hard work, but I like it. We
usually finish a summer swearing we'll never
go on harvest again, but by the next year
we're raring to go."



*Of necessity the Wisdoms' story was written during 1959 harvest season. The year went extremely well for them—they now have a new farm; a new car; and a new baby: Barry Wayne, who weighed 7 pounds 14 ounces at birth, March 15, 1960. Right now, Barry Wayne is somewhere in Colorado—on harvest.—THE EDITORS.

OKING OVER
IE PRESIDENT'S
OULDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

in the East Hall at 8:05. Her Majesty's
's were the Rose Room, and for the
the Lincoln Room where the Emanci-
Proclamation was signed.
table was in readiness and the queen
time, but the prince was not ready. I
ced breakfast to his Royal Highness
replied, "Just a minute!" as he poured
snort of Holland gin.
tly he rushed out and the queen, in
gave him a talking to. She was not
; and the tone of voice was that of a
olding a husband. And as a wise hus-
he prince kept quiet. I left the butlers to
erving and I thought, "Maybe they are
and prince, but right at that moment
ere just plain man and wife." At 8:45
le farewell to this delightfully human
and their royal party.
afternoon we had a tea for those on the
House Social Register and it was like
es again, for we were having 793 guests.
paration for the affair I ordered the
section to make lacy roll cookies. Be-
we found that the oven was not yet per-
even. These cookies are very delicate.
tter is thin and must spread evenly dur-
baking, for while the cookies are warm
ll them on the handle of a spoon. When
, they are very brittle and transparent-
g and tasty. In the new oven we found
hen the batter was spread it would run
an eighth of an inch thick on one side,
prevented them from rolling. Of course
we did not have lacy rolls for that tea. Even-
tually the oven was leveled and we had the old
ship in shape for the many activities ahead.

We had a series of dinners attended by busi-
nessmen, labor and political leaders who were
trying to induce President Truman to run for a
second full term. He refused to commit him-
self. When the insisting grew strong he would
always break it off by suggesting a tour of the
newly renovated White House.

There was one of these stag dinners on June
24 and, as usual, when the talk began about
the President's running again he suggested a
tour of the house. But at this dinner he said
he desired to walk out of the White House in-
stead of being carried out. It was then that I
felt sure that the President had no intention of
running again.

Not too long afterward at a Democratic
banquet in the Mayflower Hotel he told the
TV and radio audiences of his intentions. Mrs.
Truman was very happy over the President's
decision.

Then came the Democratic convention and
the President sponsored Adlai Stevenson, gov-
ernor of Illinois, for the top spot. The conven-
tion nominated Governor Stevenson, with
Senator Sparkman of Alabama in the second
spot. The Republicans nominated General
Eisenhower and Nixon, and again the parade
of campaign orators swept over the country.

The President invited both candidates to a
luncheon at the White House for the purpose
of briefing them on world conditions. The
Republican candidate refused the invitation
but, most naturally, the Democratic candidate
accepted. Mrs. Truman and the rest of the
family were in Independence for the summer,
so that morning when Mr. Stevenson was ex-
pected, I went over the menus with the Presi-
dent. He told me that he wanted me to meet
the Democratic candidate. This was indeed a
courtesy never before extended to a man in
my position.

So after the luncheon the President took the
governor and Senator Sparkman on a tour of
the place. The group went into the ushers'
office and he introduced them to the ushers:
Mr. Crim, Mr. Searls, Mr. Claunch and Mr.
West. I was in the dining room watching the
boys break down the table when the President
called me.

He said, "Come in, Fields. I want you to
meet the next President."

So I went into the ushers' office. The Presi-
dent introduced me, saying, "Governor, I
want you to meet just about the best man in
this business. This is Fields. He takes care of
the food end of the house."

Whereupon the governor said, "By all
means, this is the man to know," and he came
over to shake my hand. I was fascinated with
the warmth of his handshake and his friendly
eyes which made you feel at ease. Senator
Sparkman I had known for some time.

Next day when the President had finished
his breakfast, as usual I presented him the
menu for the day. He said, "Fields, you made
a hit with my boy, Stevenson."

I thanked him for the courtesy he had ex-
tended me by this introduction. The President
was sure of the governor's election, for it was
the opinion of many of the politicians that
General Eisenhower's campaign was bogged
down in a dry creek through August and Sep-
tember.

After that the campaign waxed warm and
then cold. The climax was Eisenhower's dec-
laration that he would go to Korea himself, if
elected, and see what could be done to end the
war. The President was making speeches, too,
and taking an active part in the campaign.

Mrs. Truman returned early in September
and we had a few important teas. One was for

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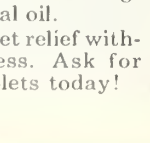
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the Daughters of the Confederacy. At this particular tea we served a confetti bread. One lady spoke to Mrs. Helm about how good it was and wanted to know what it was called. Mrs. Helm referred her to me, so the lady approached and told me she was from Georgia and wanted to know the name of the tea bread we were serving.

I told her it was confetti bread. She must have thought I said "Confederate" bread, for she said, "I think it is just grand to serve it to this group. It is just too thoughtful of Mrs. Truman and I am going to write her for the recipe."

I never heard if she did or not. Then she whispered to me, "I'll bet you have never served a party like this here."

I replied, "Why, madam?"

"Because," she said, "there isn't a damn Yankee in the crowd."

On October 31 Mrs. Truman left to join the President, who was campaigning and would wind up the trip by continuing to Independence to vote.

Well, on November 4 Eisenhower was elected by a landslide, carrying 39 states. There were two happy people in my family—my wife and my father out in Indiana. Dad said he was beginning to think he would never see another Republican President, and I had promised my wife that if a Republican was elected I would try for a transfer to Boston so she could have a home near the Lahey Clinic.

On November 5 the President, Mrs. Truman and Miss Margaret returned to Washington. When I saw the President I inquired how he was feeling. He laughed, saying, "I feel fine, but you know, Fields, I could have felt a lot better."

I laughed and said, "I think I know what you are referring to."

Early in December, Mrs. Truman's mother, Mrs. Wallace, passed away. She had been sick for the past year or more. Mrs. Wallace was a kind and lovely person, never complaining through all her illness. She was ninety years old, and though her death had been more or less expected, we were all upset over her passing. The President rushed over from the office, forsaking matters of state to comfort Mrs. Truman the way any other husband would do.

My wife had not been able to return from Boston and the doctors had given her not more than from six to nine months to live. I had talked with Dr. Poppin of the clinic and it was felt she should have home comforts near the clinic. When my first chance came I spoke to the President about transferring to a Federal position in Boston. He said that he would look into the matter, but I would have to stay until the new people got organized.

We had a farewell dinner, a stag affair, for the President's official family, past and present, on December 18. There were many speeches made in compliment to them—even to those he had fired.

A week later the family had their last Christmas dinner in the White House. Miss Mary Truman, the President's sister, was present and Mrs. Truman's three brothers, their wives and Mr. Fred's children were all there. When dinnertime came we had thirteen at the table. The Trumans had no superstitions about the number thirteen, but neither the Roosevelts nor the Hoovers would sit at a table for that number.

Well, we rolled along into January, 1953, and the day of the inaugural was soon—much too soon—at hand. We had been hearing rumors, as there always are, about the incoming family. It is funny how these start, but once started, they never seem to stop. There were stories from the War Department about the temper of General Eisenhower and his ability to blast you with the language of a sergeant. Mrs. Eisenhower, too, was reputed to have a temper and to be very difficult to deal with. In all my years in the old place, I had found out that people like to gossip. There is no excitement in talking about the good qualities of people, so what you hear is the opposite.

Mrs. Eisenhower visited the White House according to the custom of incoming First Ladies, but she made no tour with Mrs. Truman to meet the help. Mrs. Truman, however, told me she had talked with Mrs. Eisenhower about my desire to transfer because of my wife's health. She had told Mrs. Eisenhower that she was sure Charles Ficklin, whom I had groomed to take over, would make an excellent man to take my place. I thanked her for this.

The President had me go to Boston for interviews about the job transfer. I had appointments with the General Services Administration and the navy yard. First I went to the GSA office and talked with Mr. Paul Healy, assistant to the director, and Mr. Hanson, the personnel director. Mr. Healy made an appointment for me to see the regional director, Mr. J. J. O'Connor.

Upon my arrival at the navy yard Captain Gold, the commander, told me that he would like me to read the job description prepared for me. I read the description and, not being too familiar with the build-up sometimes read into these job descriptions, I almost jumped out of my skin. I was to head two divisions for the purchasing of electronic equipment and submarine equipment—not knowing the first thing about either, plus the fact that my chiefs and subchiefs would be men with fifteen to twenty years of experience in their lines.

I told the captain that I would not make my decision until I had had further talks with the GSA people. When I returned there and met Mr. O'Connor, he said he thought they could teach me to be an inspector of general supplies. I accepted this.

When I returned to Washington and told the President about my decision he said, "Oh, you could have learned to handle that job in the Navy all right. But perhaps this is the wisest thing. If you think this is it, we will set it up for you."

We still had received no information about the inaugural plans from Mrs. Eisenhower. The President and Mrs. Truman held a reception to say good-by to the office force and the household. Two or three days before the inaugural we were told that there would not be anything doing at the White House except for the family dinner that night. This was something new, for the old house always befor been a beehive of activity at such a time.

On the morning of the inaugural some Cabinet members came in after breakf say good-by to the President. Talk was around about the rebellion of the Presi elect against wearing a high hat and Pres Truman said he would not wear one eith

My crew had all gathered in the state d room where we said our final good-by t Trumans. Then the cars pulled out o ground, and still no information fro Eisenhowers except that there would, per be trays for dinner.

The old White House seemed so quie had thought that, after not being ther twenty years, the Republicans would w celebrate, but this was denied the rank file. After we had listened to the Presi acceptance speech the chief usher cam office and told me that Mrs. Eisenh wanted tea at 4:30 for 200 or 300 people

"Can you do it?" he asked.

I said, "As far as food is concerned, w serve two or three thousand. The menu ready. All we have to do is to prepare the wiches, and the kitchen and pantry can do that."

By 4:30 we had set up for 300 people State Dining Room when Mrs. Eisenh sent orders from the reviewing stand to sandwiches and 50 cups of tea and coffe out to the stand.

Then at 5 P.M. we were told there wou only about 50 people for tea after the p So we cut the table down and at 6 P. President and Mrs. Eisenhower, Vice dent and Mrs. Nixon and fewer than 20 arrived for tea. They did not stay long much, for the dinner hour was near dancee was to follow. But everything was along fine until Mr. Nixon said to Mrs. hower, "What are you going to do wi this food that is left?"

Mrs. Eisenhower turned and looked table. Like so many critics, the Vice Pre did not know the story behind the scene

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Our budget took a setback when it was discovered that, by adding a code number, I could dial a daughter in the next state.

Appreciation note from a seventh-grader to her teacher:

Dear Miss ——: I think my success in passing should be contributed to you for helping me with patience with my studies.

May I wish you luck and best wishes for further years in teaching.

Sincerely yours,

When a wandering boy finds himself, then all roads lead to Home.

The modern parent expects a child to do what he is *asked* to do, the old-fashioned parent expected him to do what he was *told* to do.

Human beings, like birch trees, often seem more interesting when a little off center.

Vacation's end: when dispositions, the shore and the lawn all become crabby.

Filling a sensible person with wholesome praise, like filling a sterilized jar with good fruit, never causes the container to explode.

Writes one mother, "Now that our son has his driver's license, he finds it hard to sit still unless he has wheels under him."

Three kinds of husbands: those wh throw clothes on sofas or seats; tho who hang them on chair backs; ar those who go the final mile—to t hangers in a closet.

Some women enjoy moving the shru bery around, spring and fall, as much they do the furniture.

Exact copy of a young boy's letter fro camp to his parents:

Dear Mother and Father: I could with some underwear. Please send some sox. Where is that film you we going to send me? We went to town see Romeo and Juliet. I rekomend th you see it. Thanks to the show I ov Georgie one dollar.

YOUR LOVING SON.

Woman with portable TV: "Now last I won't have to undress *after* I f asleep watching a program."

A mother-in-law says a house will only as clean as the can opener on t wall.

—— the kind of woman who wou take gravy to a picnic.

A parent will carry cards on his ov person giving full identification, b put nothing on a toddler who ca plainly tell his own name.

For wives of all ages: Wiles a preferable to wails.

ht, "Of all things—for a man to bring up stion like this!" Well, I knew then that lixon was going to have to grow up, for would be bigger and more important for him to do than to watch the leav- om a tea party.

in Mrs. Eisenhower turned and looked ıy. I said, "On occasions when indefinite ers have fluctuated, we have sent the left- to the children's hospitals and homes." s was my first impression of Mr. Nixon e President and I wanted to put an apron n. But I was impressed by the President at initial day. He told a colonel to be nd see about the status of Mooney, his right away. I am always touched by a vho is interested in the welfare of the who serve him.

transformation in the household from dministration to another is as sudden th. By that I mean it leaves you with a ious emptiness. In the morning you breakfast to a family with whom you pent years. At noon that family is gone your life and here are new faces, new itions, and new likes and dislikes. You o learn a new routine and to assure the mily that you are responsible and trust- y.

next day, naturally, there was a lot of king. The President had set up the small Room which had been used by Mrs. velt and Mrs. Truman as their private as his art room. He was working on a it of Bobby Jones.

n May until January the White House orn its new coat of renovation, but to o people to agree on a color scheme, es- y women in a home, is too much to or. One of the first acts of the new First was to change some of the colors on the floor, the presidential living quarters. ine Arts Commission of the District of bia has control over changes in the offi- rt of the house. Otherwise. it would ess lose its distinction.

derstand that when Theodore Roosevelt esident the State Dining Room was a s sight—more or less like a gameroom ib with trophies of stuffed animal heads, y the President, hanging on the walls. I eard Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt talk about s of "Uncle Ted" and how awful it was njoying a meal and then suddenly look ind the eyes of a stuffed moose or some nimal staring down at you.

new house communication system was ed to be the latest and most efficient, s did not meet the approval of the new amily, so electricians set to work tear- o the walls to set up a system to their

ident Eisenhower went into action like President Franklin D. Roosevelt e was determined to correct problems l by a long period of Republican ation. However, President Eisenhower t faced with a domestic crisis as Presi- oosevelt had been. The conferences the nt was holding nearly every morning at ast with Secretary Dulles and Mr. Stas- me to believe that he thought foreign were most urgent. Mr. Stassen's posi- s not clear to me, but most of the time present.

ng the time I was with the Eisenhowers ere no family breakfast gatherings. The nt never lunched at his desk in the s President Truman did. He had lunch e First Lady, served anywhere from one to two. Of course this was at the be- g of the Administration and no doubt settled down to a routine later. Trays e custom for the family dinner and V paneled in the walls, it did make ng TV and eating from a tray very en- . The Eisenhowers seemed to en- . Steaks and a standing roast of beef eir favorite meat dishes.

day the President gave the crew an un- ed problem. The chief usher, Mr. Crim, d to get some yoghurt, and the house- and Charles, like Mr. Crim, did not what yoghurt was. This little incident prevented my transfer being O.K.'d. s, whom I had been grooming for the d been declining it. Finally Charles accepted, telling Mr. Crim he would do his best, but not to expect him to be another Fields with all the answers. Well, this was flattering, but I have always had the habit when compliments were passed around to sort of take stock of myself. And it made me more or less ashamed, for I knew that I had not always had the answers, but the confidence others placed in me made me search for the answers and never let down people who believed in me.

It was not long before my transfer was effected, and the day came for me to say good-by to the old place. Mr. Crim told me that the President and Mrs. Eisenhower wanted to say good-by to me.

They were in the West Hall and Mr. Searls came for me and ushered me in as he would a person for any other appointment. Both the President and Mrs. Eisenhower have that gift of being able to put one at ease. The President talked about my new job and my Civil Service status. He was very precise about it and said, "If anything goes wrong, let me know right away."

Mrs. Eisenhower was interested in my wife's health. She said, "We appreciate your desire not to leave us, but we all have to do so many things for the sake of our families."

I replied, with a lump in my throat, "Good-by and thank you very much."

It was then I thought that, after all these years, I was really leaving the White House. I walked out the gate on Pennsylvania Avenue, shaking hands with the officer on duty. Then I crossed over the street to the park where I waited for my bus.

As I stood there I looked at the old house, all lighted up, and thought of the many exciting occasions in which it had been my honor and pleasure to have a part. I have often thought how, when we are a part of something, we do find fault and complain and say, "I sure will be happy when the day comes that I can walk out of this place." But, comes the day, somehow it is not always a day of rejoicing. I knew I would soon miss all the responsibilities I so often had complained about.

Within three days I was working on my new job, trying to find something important about counting the numbers of turns of wire on the neck of a broom or the ply of an illustrating board. Testing the strength of a sheet of paper and counting the threads in the warp of a piece of cloth were hard to get excited over.

I said to myself "It must be tough for a President who has had his finger on the pulse of the world suddenly to find that he is just a plain nobody, in a sense, or a has-been champ. Here I am, almost ready to feel sorry for myself, when after all it is the job that is important. So give your best and forget about the glories of what you now think were the great days."

However, I still would think of the fun we used to have amidst all the ceremony and formality. For instance, we had code names for the Presidents so that, for security or any other reasons, listeners would not know whom we might be talking about.

President Hoover, because he seldom smiled, we called, "Smiley." President Roosevelt I gave the name of "Charlie Potatoes." Out in Indianapolis there was a corner Greek grocer whose name was Charlie Pertastumas. He was a real diplomat. When people were displeased he could always sell them something else and leave them feeling that he was doing them a favor. I had an uncle who couldn't or wouldn't call him anything but "Charlie Potatoes." Hence we got a lot of fun out of talking about Charlie Potatoes.

President Truman, because of his outspoken manner, we coded as "Billie Spunk." Often when we were talking about some affair we would say, "Wait until Billie Spunk gets there. He will tell them where to get off." I was not with President Eisenhower long enough to give him a code name, but I don't think the boys on the staff have continued the practice.

Many people have asked, "Of all the Presidents you served, which one did you like the best?" When they ask this I think of my mother. She would never say that she liked someone. She would always say, "I do understand them so well and I am sure that they

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Low-Cost White House Recipes

During the heavy entertaining of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Administration, White House Butler Alonzo Fields worked out a number of recipes such as these designed to keep food costs within the budget, "when we had to try to get at least three parties for what one would normally cost."

STUFFED SWEETBREADS

Soak 4 pairs sweetbreads in cold water to cover for 1 hour. Rinse. Cover with boiling water to which 1 stalk celery, 1 bay leaf, 1 slice onion, juice of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper have been added. Cook gently for 20 minutes. Drain and plunge into ice water. When sweetbreads are cold and firm, remove the skin and membranes, and cut each sweetbread in half lengthwise.

Dressing: Sauté 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic in 2 tablespoons butter a few minutes, until garlic is tender. Remove garlic. Put 1 pound mushrooms through a food grinder and add to the butter. Simmer for 5 minutes. Stir in 1 tablespoon flour. Gradually add 1 cup cream, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ cup chopped parsley, and cook until thickened. Cool. Spread the dressing thinly on half of sweetbreads, placing other halves on top, holding them together with toothpicks. Place in buttered shallow casserole and spoon remaining dressing around sweetbreads. Pour ½ cup melted butter over sweetbreads and bake 25–30 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F., basting frequently. Pass the following sauce:

Sauce de la Real: In a small saucepan brown 1 tablespoon butter. Stir in 5 teaspoons flour and continue cooking until *roux* is very brown. Gradually add 1½ cups beef bouillon or consommé, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon bottled steak sauce, 2 teaspoons catchup, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ¼ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Simmer for ½ hour. Add ¼ cup cream (and, if you like, 2 tablespoons sherry) and cook another 10 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

DUTCH PORK TENDERLOIN

Slit 3 medium-sized fresh pork tenderloins lengthwise and sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of pepper. Peel, core and cut into eighths 2 Jonathan or Rome Beauty apples. Cook 24 small pitted prunes. Fill slits in tenderloins with alternately placed slices of apple and prunes (quantity depends on size of tenderloins). Sprinkle with 1 tablespoon sugar. Fold over and tie in three or four places. Dredge with a little flour and brown in 3 tablespoons bacon drippings in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15 minutes. Lower heat to moderately slow, 325° F. Add 1¼ cups water mixed with 1 teaspoon dry mustard. Cover lightly and cook until meat is tender, 30–40 minutes. Place meat on heated platter and carefully remove strings. Skim fat from pan. Stir in 1–2 tablespoons flour and 1 cup chicken broth. Adjust seasonings. Pass gravy with meat. Makes 6–8 servings, depending on size of tenderloins.

VICHYSSOISE

Peel and cube 4 medium potatoes and place in a large saucepan. Add 3 cups boiling water, 5 chicken-bouillon cubes, 3 tablespoons butter, and 5 leeks, minced fine, including 3" of green top (or 1½ cups minced onion). Cover and cook until potatoes are very tender, about 30 minutes. Press mixture, without straining, through sieve, or buzz in a blender. Mixture must be very smooth. Pour into saucepan. Add 1 cup heavy cream, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix well. Serve very cold with a garnish of ¼ teaspoon minced chives and 1 teaspoon paprika, or reheat and serve very hot. Makes about 1½ quarts soup.

MINESTRONE

Place 4 pounds lean beef, cut into small cubes, and 2 quarts water in a Dutch-oven-type utensil or kettle, and simmer, covered, until very tender. Remove meat and cut into bite-size pieces if necessary. Skim fat from stock. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Slightly beat 2 egg whites and 1 tablespoon cold water. Crush the eggshells and add with the egg whites to the stock. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly, and boil 2–3 minutes. Steep 20 minutes over very low heat. Strain through cheesecloth and the broth will be clear. Meanwhile, sauté 2 peeled and thinly sliced onions; 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic; 1 thinly sliced stalk celery; and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley in 1 tablespoon olive oil until tender and golden. Now add to the stock the diced meat, onion mixture, ¼ cup diced bacon, 1 cup canned tomatoes, 1 cup chopped spinach, 1 cup canned kidney beans, drained, 1 cup chopped cabbage and 1 cup cooked elbow macaroni. Simmer until all vegetables are tender. Reseason to taste and serve sprinkled with Parmesan cheese. Makes about 3½ quarts soup.

HERB GREEN SALAD

Toss ⅔ cup soft bread crumbs with 2 tablespoons melted butter and toast until golden in a moderately slow, 325° F., oven. Remove from oven, cool, mix in 1 tablespoon freshly grated horse-radish. Place 1 bunch water cress and 1 head lettuce or about 3 cups shredded lettuce hearts in salad bowl. Salt and pepper lightly. Toss with bread-crumb mixture. Add about ⅓ cup herb dressing and toss again. Makes enough salad for 4 to 6 servings.

Herb Dressing: Mix together 2 cups olive oil, ½ cup wine vinegar, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, ½ teaspoon paprika, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, 3 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 teaspoon each tarragon, basil, chervil and minced parsley, ½ teaspoon dill, 2 garlic cloves cut in half. Chill well. Makes 3 cups dressing.

STUART



Although pictures of White House meals are never allowed, with the help of the Lenox China Company, which has produced White House china since Woodrow Wilson's Administration, we have duplicated a State Dining Room buffet. These service dishes were ordered by President Truman when he changed the presidential seal—facing the eagle the other way, toward the olive branch of peace and away from the arrows of war.

equally understand me." So if the questi
"Which one of the Presidents did I unders
and which one did I think understood m
person?" I must say that the answer is I
dent Truman. I always felt that he unders
me as a man, not as a servant to be toler
and that I understood that he expected r
be a man, sincere in my duties and trying
what is right at all times.

President Roosevelt was genial and y
but he left you feeling, as most aristocrat
that they really do not understand you.
less fortunate human being, they exter
you a charitable, human tolerance, but
permit you the right to understand them
brother, who served him as a valet, an
other valets like McDuffie and Prettyman
haps were able to bridge this gap and so
the feeling of understanding and being u
stood.

President Hoover was much like Dr.
uel W. Stratton of M.I.T. He was an inte
human and kind man, very charitable, bu
never felt that you understood him or he
For the short time that I was with Pres
Eisenhower I sensed this feeling of u
standing. Perhaps it is rather presump
and unbecoming to one of my standing
tempt any appraisal of these great men
this is my humble impression.

Here is an example of what I mean.
President Truman is in Boston I always
call on him. I make no appointment. I
find out what hotel he will be stopping
his time of arrival and place myself in a
tion where he might see me. And he a
does. He will call out to me amidst a
people he is with, "Hello there, Fields,
make his way to me and shake hands. Th
will say, "Come on up. I want to talk to
I felt when he first came to Boston th
would expect to see me and would appr
my sincere desire to see him.

I would not have dared to assume that
dent Roosevelt would expect to see me
where and recognize me in public. Of c
it has been so long since I have seen Pre
Hoover that I doubt that he would ev
member my name.

Some people have asked if I was ever
of the attitude of President Truman bef
wrote some of his blistering letters, esp
the one to the music critic about his re
concerning Miss Margaret's singing.
fully, of all the men I have known, Pre
Truman never seemed to have a problem
not know of any attitude of his by his e
sion or manners, and I first heard of this
when I read it in the paper. I am sure n
in the household could tell when he was
bled. President Hoover always wore a s
expression, though he had a keen se
humor and wit. President Roosevelt
change his expression as suddenly as a
tor, and so likewise President Eisenh
Like all great leaders, they never per
themselves to show anything but firmne
confidence.

People have also asked about Mr.
Hopkins. Was he really the brain behi
scene? Well, of course I would not be
know that. One thing, though. Mr. H
was a very sick man during most of h
and he was devoted to the President. A
most sick people, I think you have to
stand that they cannot be all smiles, ar
unfair to point to this as a lack of goo
position.

President Roosevelt was one in a tho
With his difficulty in walking, he seem
enjoy living and gave you a feeling that
contented with his lot. So I can say, fr
point of view, that Mr. Hopkins was
many others in our democracy who giv
all to a cause when their personal health
should have forced them into retiremer

During the Christmas of 1953 I r
from the White House the portrait copy
ing of Lincoln by the President to co
the cycle of such gifts from the four Pre
I had served, and I am very proud of th
session. It was during this time that I
formation of the changes in the relation
household help and going back to
workdays, similar to the old system.

CONTINUED ON PA



One simple change will make a remarkable difference in these deviled eggs...cross out "salad dressing"....specify

MIRACLE WHIP



Actually, Miracle Whip is *more* than a "salad dressing." It is a truly *different* dressing, luxuriously rich and smooth...and so *wonderful* tasting.

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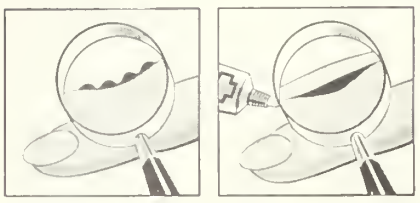
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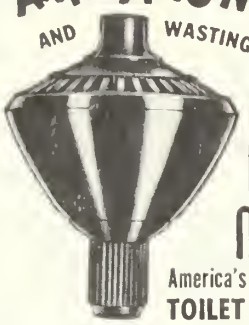
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

said that Mrs. Eisenhower insisted on saving the leftovers—even a spoonful of peas, carrots or a lamb chop. These had to be wrapped up and placed in the freezer. Of course I had doubts about this as to quantity—surely not a spoonful of peas.

At the time of President Eisenhower's second inauguration I spent a week in Washington and, like a visiting fireman, spent most of my time at the White House. I was fortunate in seeing the private swearing in of the President in the East Room and it was like being home again. During this trip I saw for myself the improved freezer system with the tiny packages of leftovers. Charles was doing a grand job and had added some improvements that made me wonder why I hadn't thought of them. I also found that, though Mrs. Eisenhower was a hoarder of leftover dabs, she had a great sense of appreciation, for Charles had many personal notes from the First Lady thanking him for his thoughtfulness in serving a special cake or something else pleasing to her. There were personal notes, too, written by little David for a party served him. Such little memos of thank-you are invaluable.

Many times I have been asked about the children and grandchildren in the White House families. President and Mrs. Hoover had two grown sons. Mr. Herbert, Jr., was married and his family lived for a short time in the White House. He was a very fine gentleman but his quiet, studious way made it difficult to approach him. He was very much like his father in that he did not appear to see you. Now Mr. Allan, though he seldom spoke, was very much like his mother. He could and would spot any breach of service, even the way a servant would walk as he approached the table. One waiter had to be transferred to a houseman's job because he sort of rocked or strutted when he walked. It was the man's natural gait, but Mr. Allan did not like his appearance as he walked to the table and that was that.

As for the Roosevelt children and grandchildren, they were without doubt the most individualistic. Mr. James was married, and Mr. Elliott also. Mr. Franklin and Mr. John were in Harvard, so they were not children. But these young men, when they got together, could raise a real roughhouse. One time Mr. Elliott, Mr. Franklin and Mr. John had such a roughhouse in the Lincoln Room that during the scuffle Mr. John sustained a fractured ankle and was laid up for weeks.

Mrs. Hoover during her stay had made a search and found the original Monroe furniture and had it brought to the White House. The Monroe sitting room was set up as an informal room for the serving of teas on the second floor. When the Roosevelts moved in the first thing the President said when he saw this room was, "Oh, my Lord! We cannot have this delicate furniture here. Can you imagine what my roughnecks would do to it after one fracas?" So the Monroe furniture was stored away for safekeeping.

I suppose Sistie and Buzzie Dall were the most popular grandchildren during my stay. They were such sweet children and so friendly. They were devoted to their maid and cook Kattie, who was with them in Tarrytown. After they left the White House to live in Seattle, whenever they visited Washington they would go to Kattie Hollyness' home in northeast Washington for dinner. They were just as excited about this as if they were going to the Mayflower Hotel. Mrs. Boettiger was a most understanding person, and she and Mr. James were the most friendly of the family. Both Sistie and Buzzie had their mother's charm and they were taught to be unspoiled.

With the Trumans, Miss Margaret was an only child and she was a very attractive and charming young lady in college. I do not think any young lady in our time was ever so suddenly thrust into the limelight as Miss Margaret. Although she was an only child, she had not been spoiled. Mrs. Truman is a woman of great character, down-to-earth ideas and wholesome dignity. Miss Margaret was devoted to her mother, father and grandmother. I can still see her walking to the table, escorting her grandmother by the arm, and Mrs. Wallace was so pleased and happy for her attention.

I must say Miss Margaret did disappoint me in one respect, for I had hoped to plan a wedding in the White House. Despite this, if I live to be 150 years old, I shall always remember Miss Margaret.

As for the Eisenhowers, there were only Major Eisenhower and his children and I was not there long enough to get acquainted with them.

This is my story of some of the happiest I have seen, heard and had a part in during long years which I spent in the White House doing my best to help four Presidents and their families to live and work in the midst of world history for our God and country and mankind.

NEXT MONTH

"Marian Anderson, when did you first know you were a Negro?"

"I knew my skin and hair were different from white children's," the great singer answered quietly, "but as for putting my finger on the exact time, it would be like setting the alarm clock for the moment when day turns into dusk." But once, in Philadelphia, awareness was thrust upon the young girl like a fist blow. And there are still incidents, even though Marian Anderson is world-famous. She tells her old friend, Emily Kimbrough, all about them—including why she hasn't sung in the South for over five years. "My Life in a White World."

"My husband is a household tyrant!"

Even on our honeymoon, Buff told me how to comb my hair, how to apply my lipstick, what dress to wear. He bullies and yells at Jimmy and me. I won't stand his violence any longer!" Strangely enough, most of the improvement in this marriage depended on Donna. The counselor was able to show her that Buff's pride in his masculinity, a vital part of his appeal for his wife, was in her hands. "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"

"What do you want?" she whispered, stalling. "You, Miss Sherwood, you."

Cautiously, Kelly Sherwood eased the car up the narrow driveway, a tunnel of blackness cut briefly by the headlights. Routinely, she silenced the motor and turned the lights out. Then a most unusual thing happened. Someone slid the garage door shut behind her. . . . Begin now the novel of suspense that will sweep like a rising wind through the homes of your friends. "Operation Terror," by the Gordons.

When a beloved child shrieks

It was a scream such as should never have to issue from the throat of a well-cared-for, adored little boy. It went on all that night, and the next day and night, and the next. Ruthe and Sheldon Paul did not know it then, but they do now: they are the parents of one of the most cruelly afflicted of beings—a mentally ill child. "Scream in the Night," by Neal Gilkyson Stuart, is an unforgettable "How America Lives" article about real people.

The man who saves marriages

Back in the 1890's, when Paul Popenoe was a small boy in Topeka, Kansas, his Victorian grandmother pointed out a large house in the neighborhood. "Over there," she breathed, in tones of horror and disapproval, "lives a *divorced* woman!" Today, one in four American marriages is breaking up; but Dr. Popenoe, now the renowned marriage expert, believes that most could be salvaged. "After all, monogamy is so well adapted to human nature!" "The Man Who Saves Marriages," by Betty Hannah Hoffman.

Also, "Our Practical Dream House," 11 wish-fulfilling pages of beautiful and usable ideas; high-fashion photographs rich with the glory that was (and still is) Rome; 4 pages of teenage patterns; Pat Boone; Jean Kerr; food, lovely food; and much more.

IN THE SEPTEMBER JOURNAL

S LADS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

SHRIMP AND ARTICHOKES VINAIGRETTE

u. s cooked, cleaned shrimp
p. anned artichoke hearts, drained
cu olive oil
up hite wine vinegar
as on salt
a on pepper
bl oons vinegar
bl oons finely cut fresh dill
bl oons finely chopped fresh tarragon
n on monosodium glutamate
a on dry mustard
bl oons lemon juice
bl oons capers
a Boston lettuce, washed and chilled

s imp and artichoke hearts in a bowl. t ether the oil, white wine vinegar, salt, pe vinegar, dill, tarragon and monoso- n lutamate until well blended. Mix mus- d lemon juice until smooth. Add to sa . Beat again. Pour dressing over m and artichoke hearts. Add capers. Mix li tly. Cover and refrigerate 4 hours. Stir fr om time to time so that all the mixture e n contact with the dressing. Drain. re n lettuce cups. Makes 8 servings.

POTATO SALAD CARUSO

6 cups cooked cubed potatoes
1⅓ cups chopped celery
1 onion grated
2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
16 slices bacon
2 eggs beaten
¼ cup sugar
¼ cup vinegar
¼ cup tarragon vinegar
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon powdered savory
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¼ cup cold water
6–8 cups assorted salad greens, washed and chilled
4 tomatoes, chilled

Toss together the potatoes, celery, onion and parsley. Fry the bacon until crisp. Remove and drain on paper toweling. Crumble into potato mixture. Measure the drippings in the skillet; you will need about ¼ cup. Mix the eggs, sugar, vinegar, tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper and savory. Make a smooth paste with the mustard and water and add to the egg mixture. Pour into the drippings in the skillet. Cook and stir until smooth and thickened. Add to the potato mixture. Mix thoroughly. Cover and chill, 4–6 hours or overnight. Serve mounded on a bed of assorted salad greens, with tomato wedges. Makes 6–8 servings.

T E PLAYBOY A D THE P UMBER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

w ked down to the end of the wharf with sl ting, yowling load. There was a small y d up at the foot, with a large, wind- n bearded pilot.

H' I said. "You go to Green Island?"

A ays have so far," said The Beard.

T t's good," I said. "I'm going to the ff ds'."

h Beard looked over at a wizened crony, s iled. The crony smiled back, tooth- y ilently, ominously.

T y do have a place there, don't they?" I

L t time I looked they did," said the y deadpan.

o ght all the Marx Brothers at once, I g t. The cats howled again. "P-o-o-o-or n tter," said Perlmutter.

Y got cats in that box," said the crony s gly.

L t time I looked I did," I said. *Har-de- t ou, Groucho.*

w s the only customer for the prehistoric ic wagon that came rattling down to e Island's stone wharf as the ferry nosed w in. The vehicle was in charge of a s nymph of fifty-odd, wearing dungarees a nan's shirt and an old felt hat.

T fella's goin' to the Sheffields', Mabel," c The Beard. "Cats and all."

h e was no door on either my side or o s, creating an interesting open-air effect. o drove her machine with the zeal of an g Ben-Hur; every now and then I'd r out and see a house zip past in the slip- a and once a block of about five build- n ooshed by.

V age!" bellowed Mabel, jamming her f wn even farther on the gas. Then she h brake and screeched into a sharp right a nd we went bouncing down a two-rut r d into the cool shade of a pine forest. A couple of minutes we slowed down, for a parent reason. The car creaked and p and panted, and then stopped with a d ring sigh.

H e you are," said Mabel, giggling. "a t much."

h pointed through the woods to a clearing, a there was a small brown house that k as if it had been constructed by leaning c of wood against one another.

U ," I said.

"Thank you and good day," said Mabel. "You need anything, there's a phone inside."

Off she went, rattledy-bang. I opened the cat box. Perlmutter leaped out and took off for the woods like a scalded bat. Potash slid over the side, sniffed at the grass, and then looked up at me sadly.

"So it's the country," I said defensively. "You wouldn't have liked it all by yourself in New York. You know how lonesome you get."

I picked up my typewriter and my suitcase and headed for the sagging porch. Thumbtacked to the front door was a shiny business card:

SEE P. J. FOR ANYTHING!
LAWNS MOWED, PLUMBING
ALL ELECTRICAL WORK
BAIT SUPPLIED, CLAMBAKES ARRANGED

P. J., I said to myself, staring in through the dusty glass of the front door at a truly Augean kitchen, *you have just acquired a brand-new pigeon.*

Inside, I turned the lone faucet in the kitchen sink. There was a drone as of distant bagpipes, and a trickle of dark brown water began to drip reluctantly onto my outstretched hand. I finally found the phone and jiggled the receiver. Nothing. Then I twisted the crank at the bottom.

"Ayeh," said a distant female voice.

"Can you tell me how I get hold of this P. J.?" I said.

"You're the man with the cats at the Sheffields'," said the voice.

"How do I ——"

There was a great clanking and buzzing on the line, and then another voice, male this time, said:

"Ayeh."

"This is the man with the cats at the Sheffields'," I said. "P. J.?"

"No, sir."

"Is this P. J.'s number?"

"Ayeh," said the voice.

"Good," I said. "I would like to see P. J. for anything. Did every summer house on the island get one of those cards?"

"Yours was the first we tacked up," said my new friend.

"I can understand that," I said. "Can P. J. be here in an hour?"

"Ayeh," said the voice. "We figured you'd be callin'. P. J. saved the time open."

I walked up to the store and bought a lot of canned stuff, and when I got back to the house I saw a jeep parked on the lawn. A pair of dungarees was sticking out from under the side of the house, and there was a great deal of clanking and muffled panting.



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"Hey, under there!" I called. "Come on out!"

Out into the daylight came a denim shirt and a perky, dirt-streaked face that scowled up at me. Its owner looked about thirteen.

"Hello, little girl," I said. "Where's your father? I thought he was saving the time open."

Dirty Face knelt on the grass and wiped her forehead. "*I* saved the time," she said. "And I am not a little girl."

I looked at her more carefully. She was absolutely right; she was by no means a little girl. "*You're* P. J.," I said. "How'd you know where to start?"

"I just picked up where I left off last year," she said. "Let's see if the water's running inside."

We went in and looked at the water. There was a lot of it to look at, for I'd never turned off the faucet, and the dark brown trickle had turned into a gushing stream. P. J. leaped for the faucet.

"What did you *do* under there?" I said.

"Turned your water on, is all," she said.

"You sure did," I said. "How are you with electricity?"

"That *can't* be out," she said. "I know for sure."

"No?" I said smugly.

I flicked three switches in rapid succession, and nothing happened.

"Uh-huh," said P. J. "Did you throw the master on?"

"H'm-m?" I said.

P. J. gave me a strange look, opened a cupboard, and pushed a big switch from OFF to ON. Every light in the kitchen blazed.

"I knew it," I said. "The angels sent you." I pointed to the kerosene stove. "I bet you even know how to work *that*."

She went over to the stove and twisted a gizmo and struck a wooden match. One of the burners flared into blue, glowing life.

"Amazing," I said respectfully.

P. J. walked over to the icebox, op[ened] door and peered in.

"This monster eats ice like peanu[ts]," said. "You'll need about sixty poun[ds] times a week. I bring it."

"Is there anything you *don't* do?" I [said]

"I don't usually have long conve[rsations] with strangers ——"

" —— in the middle of your workin[g]," I said.

"Yep," said P. J. "Well, it's been ch[arming]. And now, if you'll excuse me, I've g[ot] other calls to make."

"Come back at ten o'clock tomorro[w morn]ing, please," I said briskly. "The law[n needs] mowing."

"At ten I'm shingling Mrs. Ha[ll's] roof," said P. J.

"Noon, then."

"At noon I'm putting out Mr. Ha[ll's] outhaul." She had slid under the wheel of her jeep and was gunning th[e motor]. "Why don't you mow your *own* lawn?"

"Because I'm as shiftless as Jeeter [Lester]," I said. "Two o'clock? This is a cry f[rom the] heart."

P. J. hesitated. *Why, her eyes are gray*, I said to myself, *and her sunburn[ed nose] are as brown as cocoa.*

"O.K., helpless," she said. "Two o'[clock]."

She threw in the clutch, and the jeep [lurched] off down the road like a drunken h[ot rod]. I watched it out of sight, and then hear[d it] cough. Some twenty feet or so awa[y] a boy of about eight was leaning against a [tree] staring at me.

"Hello," I said.

"That was my sister," said the boy. "[That's] old dame that just left."

"How old *is* she?"

"Twenty-three," said the boy. "I [told] she can come here, I can come here."

"Absolutely," I said. "You want to [help] feed the cats?"

"Sure," said the boy. "My name is H[erbert]."

Herbert and I fed the cats, and he f[illed me] in a little on the recently departed cro[w].

"You live here all year?" I asked.

"You crazy?" said Herbert. "Sum[mers] I live here with my Uncle Pruett. Winte[rs] in Maplewood with my daddy. Penny['s in] New York. Some dumb apartment, bc[ause] got a statue you can put your han[d] through. It's got a plain old hole wh[ere the] belly oughta be."

Herbert brooded for a moment on [the] iquity of Henry Moore, while I spent [a] few seconds trying to equate my [old] plumber with this new picture of a Ne[w] sophisticate.

"Your sister's a very interesting [girl]," said.

"She's dumb," said Herbert. "*All* g[irls] dumb."

P. J. showed up right on the dot of [ten] next afternoon. I heard the jeep com[ing] by the time I got out of the hous[e] wrestled a little power lawn mower [out] back seat and onto the grass. She ha[d a] shirt on, and shorts instead of dungar[ees] looked quite unlike any other plumb[er] ever had dealings with.

"Just trim the edges, and not too [much] the middle," I said.

"Relax," said P. J. "You're talkin[g to] world's leading authority on this [—] could write a book."

She turned on the motor with a who-o[p] and started marching up and down bel[ow] tugging mower, round and round in [an] ually diminishing square. Her face w[as] serious, almost frowningly so, but h[er] legs were merry, and her red shirt was [a] I sat on the porch railing and sipped [a] beer as the grass melted away to a thic[k] stubble. P. J. did the grass in front, [then] did around each side, and then she ste[pped] mower up to me and shut it off. Tiny [beads] perspiration were sparkling on her fo[rehead].

"There!" she said.

"Bravo!" I said. "I will puncture [a] beer."

"I wouldn't *dream* of drinking beer [on] time!" said P. J. indignantly. "You [have] fourteen minutes of your hour left. I'll [be] CONTINUED ON PA



High roof makes the outdoors enjoyable, shelters terrace activities, glamorizes this living room.

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By JOHN BRENNEMAN, Architectural Editor

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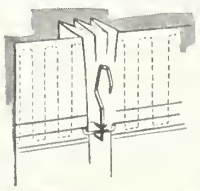
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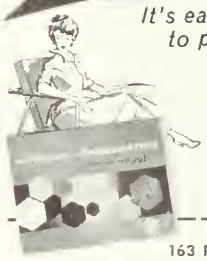


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136

kitchen is a mess. I'll bet you didn't even make your bed."

"Stop betting," I said. "You'll break me."

"Hmpf," said P. J., marching into the house with me right behind her. She stared at the kitchen sink.

"I *told* you I was shiftless," I said.

"Maybe I could have guessed," she said.

She washed the dishes, bustled past me with a *see*-what-I-put-up-with! glare, and made the bed before it knew what hit it. "There!" she said, as she mitered the last corner.

"Great," I said. "Now we can start on the second hour."

"All right," said P. J. "You name it."

"Well, I guess you don't have time to arrange a clambake," I said. "And I really don't want any bait. So suppose you sit down and have a beer with me. At the going rate."

P. J. turned a fascinating shade of puce.

"I am not a taxi-dance-hall girl, Mr. Thompson," she said. "I will not sit with you while the clock ticks."

"All right, all right," I said quickly. "There must be *something* else that needs doing. Let's see now." I walked out into the living room, looking around.

"First things first," said P. J., at my elbow. "Do you have a garbage pit dug?"

"Pit?" I said. "I intend to give all my garbage to the collector. Why would I save it?"

"You are far from collectors, Mr. Thompson," said P. J., smiling coldly. "Is your broiler clean?"

"I wouldn't know," I said. "I'm normally a poacher and a boiler."

"M'm-m," said P. J.

She went over and opened the oven and plucked out a black relic that looked old enough to have come from an Egyptian tomb.

"I thought so," said P. J. grimly. "You can tell a lot from a broiler. I'll put in another hour here. I can't *stand* this."

"You go right ahead," I said. "I'll have a beer, and kibitz, and keep you cheerful with witty sayings."

"Feel free to have the beer," said P. J., tossing the broiler into the sink with a *clonk*.

I had my beer in injured silence, while P. J. did the broiler, washed a couple of windows, thumbtacked some fresh paper on the shelves, swept up the kitchen and living room, and then went outside to dig a neat little hole just beyond the edge of my newly mowed side lawn. Finally she rested on her shovel, and blew a wisp of hair off her face with a sharp upward breath from the corner of her mouth.

"That's all for now," she said.

"It's frightening, all that energy," I said.

"It's the way I am," said P. J. "Now, being shiftless, that *is* frightening, if you ask me."

"I had not planned to ask you," I said. "How much for all the chores?"

"I'll give you a bill when you leave," said P. J. She hopped up into her jeep.

"Wait a minute!" I said. "Why don't you come back after dinner? On *your* time?"

"To do what?"

"To do whatever," I said. "Sit around and talk; it gets lonely here. I may even be moved to broil you some cookies."

"*Nobody* broils cookies," said P. J. "Not even you."

"All right," I said. "You can't have any."

"Eight-thirty," said P. J. "But I won't stay long."

She stayed pretty long, though. She showed up in a light blue print that did her no harm at all, and her hair was anything but tousled. We talked, and we played cribbage, and we talked some more.

"P. J., you drive yourself too hard," I said. It was about midnight, and we were at the kitchen table, living it up with beer and pretzels and cheese crackers. "Selective shiftlessness is the key to the good life."

"You're nuts," said P. J., banging her fist down on the table. "*Work* is the key. Hard, efficient work."

"I have nothing against work," I said. "In its proper place, I *like* work. I got a whole page of my script done this afternoon."

"How many pages is it going to be when it's finished?"

"Seventy-five," I said.

"It is just as well," said P. J., "that you are not embarking on Gone With the Wind."

She stood up and smiled.

"Good night, Jeeter," she said. "It's past my bedtime."

Maybe it was that smile; who knows? All of a sudden I didn't want her to go, and no measure was too desperate.

"Sit back down, P. J.," I said. "I just had an idea."

"I *can't* sit down," she said. "I'm on my way home."

"Hurry-hurry-hurry," I said. "For what?"

P. J. raised her eyebrows.

"Did it ever occur to you," I said," that we *both* might be able to use a change of pace?"

"No," said P. J.

"Think of the changes we could make in our lives! You slow down, I speed up. My typewriter will chatter like a machine gun, and I will do *four* pages an afternoon. Your jeep will slow down to a gentle crawl, and your ulcers will stop bubbling away ——"

"I don't *have* ulcers!"

"—— and by the time we get back to New York we will both be better-rounded people. I will have a tidy pile of manuscript, and you will find yourself able to walk, not run, to the Museum of Modern Art, or wherever else you go in the afternoon."

"I see Herbert's been talking," said P. J. "Why on earth should we do all this?"

"Because although I have known you for only a day and a half," I said, "I suspect I want to know you a great deal better. But first we have to shift our personalities so that we meet somewhere in No Man's Land, between the extremes of my laziness and your zeal. See?"

Hope is a light diet, but very stimulating.
BALZAC

"How much of that beer have you *had?*" said P. J.

"This is sweet reason speaking, not the beer," I said. "Come on, P. J. Bargain?"

P. J. thought it over for a good five seconds.

"This is crazy," she said finally. "Bargain. I guess you might be very different if you were less shiftless."

"Like day and night," I said.

"I think we'll start you off," said P. J. thoughtfully, "with a good brisk swim tomorrow morning. Seven o'clock."

"*Nobody* gets up at seven o'clock!" I said.

"I'll even join you," said P. J.

"Unfair," I said. "You're supposed to make changes too."

"Usually I'm up at five," said P. J. "This way I'll loll in bed for two extra hours. Good night, Timothy."

"Drive slow, now," I said.

She was out the door and walking across the lawn, and she wiggled her fingers over her head to say she'd heard me. Then she got into the jeep and drove off. Slow too.

The next morning I was summoned from the deep caverns of sleep by the rhythmic bellows of an enraged moose.

"Honk," he went. "Honk. *Honk-honk!*"

I burrowed deeper into the pillow.

"Honk-honk-*honk!*" went the moose fiercely.

I staggered over to the window and stared blearily out at the pearl-gray morning. P. J. was leaning on the horn. I groaned, and put on my trunks. Potash and Perlmutter, who'd been sleeping on the end of the bed, stared at me with wild surmise. I couldn't remember the last time I'd got up at seven. Neither could they.

I walked through the wet grass to the jeep, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. P. J. had on a two-piece suit and one of those far-out new cars. "*Good* morning!" she said.

"No commercials, please," I said.

I climbed in beside her and we jounced very sedately down through the pines to the cove.

"You're going to love the swimming here, Timothy," said P. J.

"I am counting the seconds," I said politely.

It turned out we had the little beach all to ourselves. P. J. kicked off her sandals.

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you in," she said with a grin.
get wet in my usual stately manner,"
)on't rush me, pal."
pposed to rush you. Fair is fair."
d down to the water's edge and put a
took it right out and did a furtive
ny toes.
ldn't throw a *fish* in there," I said.
ss *me*."
nse," said P. J. "The swimming's
ly this summer. Go ahead!"
ny eyes and held my breath and did a
ive. P. J. knifed into the water, and
sleek and dripping next to me. She
head and grinned.
it's like a *bathtub!*" she said.
d my blue lips and my chattering
a feeble, wordless smile.
hat!" said P. J. "You look just like
om of the Opera."
eled ourselves dry on the beach, and
ation started to come back to my
b legs.
ou're ready for breakfast!" said P. J.
ggs, toast, coffee. Sound good?"
ls great," I said. "Where are you go-
)k it?"
going to cook it," said P. J. "It's a
zy man who hasn't got the gumption
is own breakfast, Timothy."
ainly is," I said.
)ped at the store, and P. J. saw that I
l sorts of absurdly healthy things to
and bacon and milk and tomatoes—
dropped me off at my house.
)ut all my work today except the ice
e said. "What a couple of changed
we're going to be!"
" I said.
back with your ice about noon.
d!"
demon," I said. "Drive slow."
etcha."
at do-it-yourself breakfast provided
r of innocent merriment for the cats,
else. They came arching against my
nudged the smoking, spitting bacon
e frying pan or tried with notable
ccess to turn my fried egg over. The
me on the cheek, *pop!*, and it stung
chin, *pop!*, and then *pop-pop-pop!*
on the nose and twice on the fore-
mped the whole sizzling mess onto
nd grimly began to eat it all.
big mouth," I muttered to myself.
t of the morning ran along in the
ral pattern. In washing the dishes I
cup and busted a glass. Net result:
nger, one surly dishwasher. It took
y-five minutes by the clock to make
nd even then it looked as if it had
by Slovenly Peter. By the time I got
pewriter I was a fuming mass of
at there for two solid hours, staring
te paper. This was all that emerged:
You don't really *mean* that, Mon-
lu can't.
GUE: Of *course* I mean it, Mary. Do
to say I don't mean what I say?
That is *exactly* what I mean to say,
—
GUE: Ah, shut your bee-stung mouth.

den banter was obviously as profit-
e as it was for Montague and Mary,
d the paper out of the typewriter,
t into the sunshine, picked up a
t had been leaning against the back
se, and began to hack at the grass
ed the side lawn. It had no more
he thin, wiry stuff than if I'd been
t, and on every second stroke or so
d end of the scythe would bury itself
nd, and I would wrench it out and
ther patch. These maneuvers so ir-
I never heard the jeep drift up.
farmer," said P. J. The back of her
ull of big chunks of ice, under a wet
paulin. "How's work?"
," said. "How's leisure?"
aid P. J. "I've been lying around on
listening to Jean's Other Husband.
we've got problems."
mind," I said. "It will do you good."
ved her into the kitchen as she
a chunk of ice.
w going to take ten minutes off," I
nch?"

"Sure," said P. J. "What's going?"

"I don't know," I said. "Tomato sandwiches, I guess."

I found a tomato, and cut it in half, and put one of the halves between two pieces of bread and handed it to her.

"This is a tomato sandwich?" said P. J.

"I don't know how else you'd define it."

"It stopped me for a minute," said P. J. "In our house we do not cut the tomato."

We moodily gnawed at the sandwiches.

"Well," said P. J., "I've got to get the rest of my ice delivered. And then it will be time for my nap." She said good-by wanly.

I started the afternoon off by sitting down at the typewriter again, but Montague and Mary remained gracelessly mute, mired in their idiotic quarrel. Ten cigarettes, four glasses of water and two frustrating hours later I was in my trunks and on my way back to the beach, figuring that anything was better than staring at the keys. But the water was even colder than it had been in the morning, and I stubbed my toe on an unfriendly rock, and there was no P. J. to look at.

That was the way things went all day—all week, in fact, as can be seen from a few stabs I made at keeping a diary:

Monday: Early up, icy dip, lousy breakfast (black coffee, black toast, seeded orange juice, oh boy), arid stretch at typewriter. Why Montague so stubborn? Why Mary so stupid? While leaning on hoe (verified name of primitive tool from dictionary picture) saw P. J. at distance, walking across field, sun behind her, lovely sight. Waved at her, wistfully. She waved back, impossible tell how. Wistfully? Carelessly? Wish knew.

Tuesday: Montague and Mary still not speaking, but nice day today, because Ice Day today. P. J. very fetching in checked shirt, dungarees, very friendly in sharing cucumber sandwich. Turned down evening date, though, pleading Double Canfield engagement with Uncle Pruett. Seemed genuinely sorry.

Wednesday: Late up, *no* dip—have figured pneumonia is not the answer. More frantic staring at blank pages in machine. Brief visit from Herbert, reporting sister in apparent state of mild collapse: no vim, no vigor, just moody concentration on radio. Told Herbert to tell her keep stiff upper lip. Braced own lip by scything jungle in back of house. Now nursing stiff upper back.

P. J. was back on the ice run Thursday, and succumbed without too much arm twisting to an offer of dinner. We had all the bean soup anybody could want, and celery, and some of my famous black toast. Afterward we played cribbage and I trimmed her. About ten o'clock she looked reluctantly at her watch.

"I told Uncle Pruett I'd be early," she said.

"I guess it's just as well," I said. "I get behind in my scything if I don't get up early."

"Poor Timothy," said P. J., smiling. "I'm *proud* of you." She stared at me speculatively. "You do need a haircut, though, you know? You've got such nice hair, and it's a shame to let it get all shaggy."

"Thank you," I said. "On the other hand, you don't need a haircut at all. Your hair looks just fine."

"Thank you," she said.

We looked at each other just a little longer than necessary. And then we said good night.

The next afternoon, after a typically feckless morning, I sat on my porch and drummed my fingers, and then got up and went nosing restlessly through the closets. The Sheffields were apparently mad for broken electric fans and unstrung tennis rackets; I found four of each. I also found a large collection of wood of varying lengths, yellow and new-smelling.

Ah-ha! I said to myself. *This is a sign. I will build something.*

I stacked the wood neatly on the lawn, and rummaged around until I found a hammer and some nails. This all took the better part of an hour, and most of the afternoon was shot by the time I sat down on the grass next to my woodpile. Herbert appeared out of nowhere, and leaned over my shoulder.

"Hello," he said. "What're you going to make?"

"Hello, Herbert," I said. "I don't know. Any suggestions?"

"Maybe a box for the cat," said Herbert.

"That's what it will be," I said.

"Something's still wrong with my sister," said Herbert. "She's been *muttering* to herself."

"Tell you what, Herbert," I said. "You go on home and tell her to come over here. Say I said we should be miserable together."

"I don't get it," said Herbert.

"You don't need to get it," I said. "Here's a quarter just for remembering it."

I hammered away vigorously at the cat box for an hour or so, and it grew gratifyingly tall and wide, but strangely lopsided too. P. J. finally showed up, driving slowly through the trees and then over the lawn. She sat down next to me on the grass.

"I have kept the faith," she said quietly. "I have slowed down to an absolute *creep*."

"I have kept it too," I said. "I have speeded up into a scything, carpentering demon. Look at this."

P. J. looked at the box. "What *is* it?"

"A box for Perlmutter," I said. "One of my cats. I wanted to keep busy, so I made it."

"What is Perlmutter going to do with it?"

"Sit in it," I said.

There was a small silence.



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Only the Tension-Ease is available with a mattress of genuine Airfoam, by Goodyear. The Airfoam mattress is truly sag-proof, never loses its shape, never needs turning, and is completely non-allergenic.

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BRINGING UP BABY®, HINTS COLLECTED BY MRS. DAN GERBER, MOTHER OF FIVE

comfort cues for the crib and carriage set



Since a brand new baby spends most of his time sleeping, his comfort should be the big consideration. A few suggestions for sweeter dreams:



- The crib mattress should be firm, but not too hard. No pillow please—baby will sleep more sweetly without one.
- The nursery should be well-ventilated, but free from drafts. Make sure baby is dry, his tummy reasonably full.
- Your cherub needs plenty of wiggle-room when visiting in the land of nod. Nightie, sleeping bag or blankets should not be hug-tight. And there should be at least 2 fingers of space between your darling and his diaper.



Comfort cues for cooler weather. Baby should be as comfortable in his carriage as in his crib. The weather will have its ups and downs from here on, so when you take baby gallivanting, it's wise to check weather reports and dress baby accordingly. Remember, overdressing leads to overheating and thus chilling. Tight bundling restricts freedom of movement.

Four-in-one for your honey-bun. Almost before you can believe it, baby will be on cereal. That's the time to try Gerber Cereal Quads. This handy, 4-in-1 package contains Rice Cereal, Oatmeal, Mixed Cereal and High Protein Cereal to introduce baby to the delights of different flavors. Nutritionally, Gerber Cereals are enriched with blood-building iron, B-vitamins for appetite and growth, calcium for strong bones. All four are famous for a smoother than smooth texture. *And* they stir to creamy perfection in seconds when mixed with formula or milk.





Vitamin C . . . a necessity. Your doctor will probably specify vitamin D drops for baby, but when the need for vitamin C arrives, he'll most likely recommend orange juice. Gerber Strained Orange Juice is rich in this important vitamin . . . one can provides over 100% of the amount baby needs daily. Mild in flavor, it's carefully pasteurized for baby's protection. Another fine starting juice: Gerber Strained Apple Juice, enriched with vitamin C.

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"He's a ruddy fool if he does," said P. J. "That box is a superb symbol of everything that's been wrong this week. Do you have a hatchet, Timothy?"

"I believe I have two of them," I said.

I went inside and got a couple of hatchets I'd seen earlier, and brought them out. P. J. hefted one, and then wound up like a windmill and let fly at the box. It shuddered, but did not split.

"Permit me, madam," I said, aiming at the box with my hatchet, almost dislocating my shoulder as I missed it completely.

"Ireland forever!" shouted P. J. wildly, taking a grand whack at the box and cleaving a jagged hole in its side.

"On Wisconsin!" I cried, giving the box a mighty wallop that split it in two.

P. J. had a fine furious look in her eyes as she dropped her hatchet and stared at me. I dropped my own hatchet and stared back.

"I *can't* slow down!" she said. "m erable! I've been miserable all wee

"If I try to be anything but shift affects my writing!" I said.

"But what will we *do?*"

"Off with the new and on with said. "It's very good for the pe relationship to be complementary. us is going to be lazy, why can't

"And if somebody's going to be why can't it be *me?*" said P. J.

"Exactly!" I said. "For instanc now going to cook us both an excell for which I will pour the beer. And have done the dishes, you will tak wild and whirling ride in your jeep, tell you what the Spider told the F

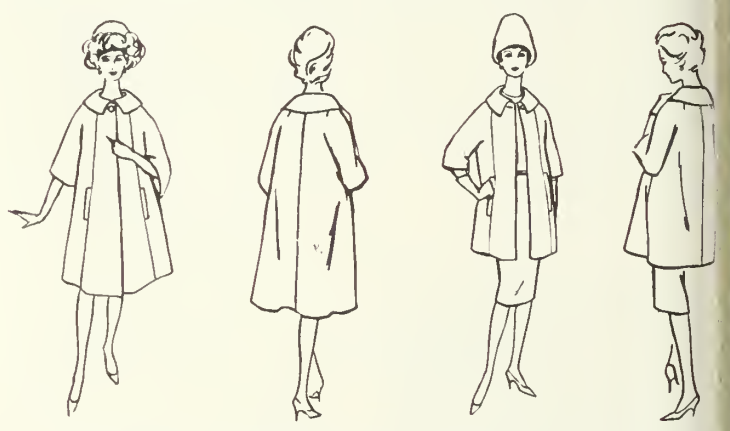
"What *did* the Spider tell the othy?" said P. J.

"I will tell you later, and you will

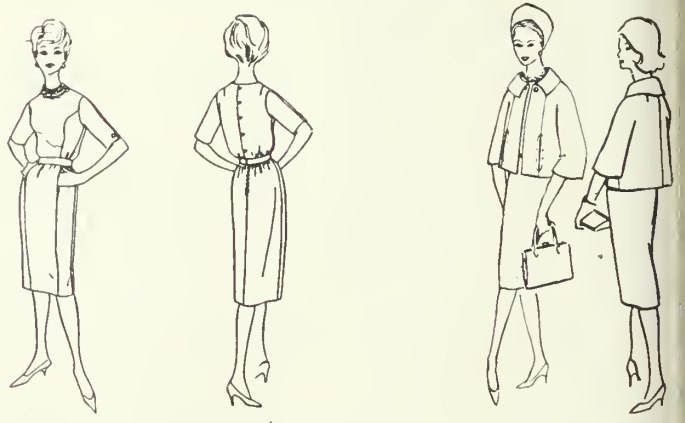
And I did, and she did.

long and short of a coat design

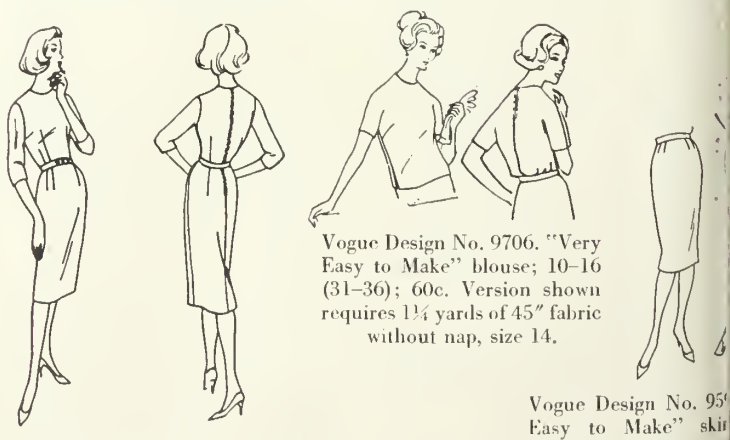
Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on pages 64 and



Vogue Design No. 5082. Coat; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00. Short version (below, right) requires 2⅜ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for coat and 2 yards of 39″ fabric without nap for lining. Three-quarter length requires 3¼ yards of 54″ fabric for coat and 2 yards of 54″ fabric with nap for lining. Long version requires 4 yards of 54″ fabric with nap for coat and 3 yards of 45″ fabric with nap for lining. All yardages size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9998. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9706. "Very Easy to Make" blouse; 10–16 (31–36); 60c. Version shown requires 1¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9988. One-piece dress and tunic; 10–18 (31–38); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 95 Easy to Make" ski waist measure; 60c. shown requires 1 ya fabric with or without 26 waist.

WHAT YOUR DOCTOR LOOKS FOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

vts has stayed close to the tenth percentile li, meaning that 10 per cent of children his a weighed less than he, 90 per cent of chil- dn more than he. Today's examination sws that in the six months since his last emination he has gained more than usual a is now at the twenty-fifth percentile line—2 per cent of children his age weigh less than h His mother states that life seems to be go- in particularly well for him. He is still a some- vat slender child on examination, but his nther and doctor have every reason to be ghted with the state of his health.

An extreme example at the other end of the s le would be a child whose physique looks pfect in today's examination; but his past rord shows that he was always overweight bore and his mother mentions that he has bn drinking and urinating more often than ual in recent weeks. This is a classical story f the onset of diabetes, which can be verified wh tests for sugar in the urine and blood.

Now let's run through the main parts of a pysical examination to see how much significe ce they have in the routine checkups of a by or of a child.

Since childhood means growth, the weight is n easy, factual way to keep rough tabs on pgress, as long as it is interpreted with good jgment. Length or height is always meas- ud, too, and provides a record of one aspect c body build and development. Usually it t es a serious chronic illness or family dis- tbance to throw a child's length off course.

Many doctors, including myself, don't take t temperature of babies or children who cne for routine checkups without symptoms cbhysical illness. It is seldom elevated under t se circumstances, and when it is elevated iusually indicates only the early stages of an cinary respiratory infection. Rectal temperate taking is felt to be an indignity by most yng children. However, other doctors prefer ttake temperatures routinely, thinking of t rare case in which an unsuspected fever pves to be a first sign of real trouble.

The first section in a doctor's examination iusually labeled "general appearance," and ts includes the child's build, state of nutrith, behavior, and whether he appears healthy cll. The doctor is gaining impressions about t se important aspects all the time he is with t child, without using his hands or any itrument, and is automatically comparing hn with other children of the same age. Te condition of the skin is seen in a glance. In infancy the head is measured and the fntanel (the soft spot) is felt, to rule out the pssibility of the rare diseases in which the hd enlarges too rapidly or slowly.

The lower eyelid is usually pulled down and ipected because pallor of the blood vessels he indicates the possibility of anemia (which ifairly common in the latter half of the first yr and in the second year), and the need for a blood count, in order to be sure. The "raightness" or co-ordination of the two es is also noted.

In the school-age child it is important that sneone give the vision-chart test at least nce a year, whether it's the school, the child's ngular doctor or the eye specialist. This is rticularly important in order to detect nrsightedness, which may develop fairly pidly at this age, especially if there is near- shtedness in the family, or astigmatism. (When there are severe defects of these two lds, the teacher or parent is likely to notice te unusual position in which the child holds a bok. But milder degrees may go unnoticed by others, and uncomplained of by the child.)

There are other parts of the eye examination hich the general doctor is able to perform: te size and roundness of the pupils; whether ey contract when light is shone into them or bught close to them; the appearance of the tina in the back of the eye when examined th the ophthalmoscope light. But these tests e often omitted in the routine periodic examinations of healthy children. They are made with great care when there are any symptoms pointing to disease of the nervous system or eyes. Examination of the retina requires considerable co-operation on the part of the patient, or drops to dilate the pupils.

The nose is briefly inspected with a flashlight, but this usually reveals something only when there is allergy, or a discharge from a cold, sinusitis, or an object which the child has stuffed up there.

The examination of the eardrums is very important in young children when there is or has recently been a cold or sore throat with fever, because they acquire ear infections much more readily than older children and adults. Some doctors, including myself, prefer not to anger or frighten, with an ear examination, the older baby or very young child who is too young to co-operate, when he has been well since the last examination.

The testing of hearing is usually not attempted routinely in the early years because it is very uncertain unless done by an expert. But if there is any doubt, or if a child has had serious ear infections or is slow in developing clear speech, he should be tested by an expert. The child over four or five who is in for a semiannual general checkup may be tested with a watch tick or the whispered voice.

The mouth and throat are always examined to keep track of teeth and tonsils, and to detect mild infections such as thrush, which is fairly common in infancy and intereferes with nursing. When there is acute illnesses with fever, the throat is, of course, the place where the seat of the infection is most often found. On the first examination after birth the roof of the mouth is inspected for cleft palate.

In the early months it is noted whether the head is held straight on the neck and can be rotated freely to both sides. In acute illness the doctor flexes the neck to rule out meningeal irritation. The lymph glands in the neck, armpits, groin are felt briefly. The commonest



What every baby dreams of—

going "bye-bye"!

Planes, trains, Daddy's car . . .
Grandma's house, the beach—
babies thrive on new sights,
new sounds, ask nothing
but to be comfortable.

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No wonder more mothers buy Chux
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conditions in which they are enlarged are throat, tonsil, skin infections. Occasionally they point to more serious diseases.

The lungs are often percussed (tapped) and listened to, briefly, but when a child is healthy this is mainly a doctor's habit. He would be quite surprised if he heard anything unusual. It's a very different matter when there is a serious cough, which raises questions of bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma; then the lungs are examined painstakingly in all parts.

The heart also may be percussed and listened to briefly. There is little chance that it could have become diseased from one visit to another unless the child has had at least mild symptoms of ill health, such as pallor and fatigability. A good percentage of children have a mild "accidental" heart murmur in the early years, which is of no health significance and which will fade away as they grow older. But the physician wants to keep track of these in his records, in case a question about the heart comes up later.

Blood pressure is taken infrequently in early childhood unless there are symptoms pointing to one of the rare conditions that elevate it. It is difficult to determine blood pressure without co-operation, and the effort bothers young children.

There are several aspects of the abdomen that are routinely checked in infancy. Is there more than the usual amount of gas? How far along toward closing is the umbilical ring? (This is of more importance to the mother than to the doctor.) What's the size of the liver? Is the spleen large enough to be felt below the ribs? Are there any unusual masses?

During the rest of childhood the abdomen is felt briefly, but there is rarely anything to be found except when there are symptoms of local disease such as appendicitis.

In infancy the genitals are examined to see that they are correctly formed—that the boy's testicles are descended and the urinary opening is in the right place. There is no need to go on checking these particular facts—unless, of course, there are symptoms such as burning, discharge, difficulty in urinating.

The baby's arms and legs are observed to see that he uses them freely and that there is good muscle tone. The doctor is on the sharp lookout for signs of orthopedic defects such as dislocation of the hip and any tendency to clubfoot, because early treatment of these is important. In the second year the child is watched for bowlegs, knock-knees, weak ankles, excessive toeing out or in. In later childhood almost any trouble with the legs will be announced by symptoms which the child or parent will report.

The doctor will test a few reflexes during infancy such as the knee jerks, the ankle jerks, the Babinski (the way the toes respond when the sole of the foot is scratched). There is considerable variation in these among healthy

Men do not stumble over mountains, but over molehills.

CONFUCIUS

babies who are developing normally, so these observations are little more than a formality. The reflexes are more important, and are tested more intensively when there is any question about neurological (brain or nerve) disease. A complete neurological examination could easily take a half hour or more.

I think I have said enough to give you a rough idea that there is no one definite performance which constitutes "a good physical examination." Its focus varies at successive age periods. The first examination by a new doctor, whether in infancy or later in childhood, has more ground to cover than subsequent routine re-examinations. Any one part of the examination becomes *much* more intensive when there are symptoms of acute or chronic trouble in that part of the body. In a sense, in most visits, the examination is mainly a check on the history.

To be sure, the examination is also intended to assure the patient and the physician that all the major areas of the body have been surveyed, in case there is trouble brewing which has given no signal yet. To a degree this works out. But the degree is very limited. If a doctor were to attempt the ultimate in ruling out any possibility of lurking disturbance at each visit, he would have to take a two-hour history, do a one-hour physical examination, and order several hundred dollars' worth of laboratory tests. If the patient and he could afford this they would still have to make other appointments to go over the findings and then discuss the matters which were actually bothering the patient or parent.

A beginning medical student takes over an hour to perform and write up a routine physical examination on a healthy baby. First he has to stop and think what he is going to do next. Let's say it's the lungs. He recalls the correct order of observations: inspection of the extent, rate and symmetry of chest expansion; palpation for vocal fremitus (the buzz that is felt by the hand when the patient makes sounds); percussion for resonance; auscultation (with the stethoscope) for the character of the breath sounds and voice sounds, and also for the clicks or wheezes which would denote bronchitis. He then repeats each procedure on every area of the lungs, very deliberately, focusing intently. The baby's vigorous movements frequently interrupt his progress. The insignificant little noises that babies are always making—coos, snorts, gurgles, burps—sound like a violent thunderstorm through the stethoscope, and raise all kinds of questions in the student's mind. If the baby gets crying, the uproar seems to blot out the sound of the percussion notes, and everything else that might be heard through the stethoscope. He has to pause after each step of the examination to write it down before he forgets.

The experienced physician taps several selected areas, which assures him that the lungs are clear (just as the history suggested) and that the heart is not enlarged. If the baby's screams obliterate the sound, he gets the same message of hollowness through the finger of his left hand which is being tapped. He shifts the stethoscope bell unhesitantly ove the same spots and instantly recognizes the ar- acteristic sounds of healthy lungs every re, He isn't bothered by—in fact, hardly not s— the much louder sounds of saliva and sn ing coming down from nose and throat. Whi le' listening he automatically observes the or- mality of the rate and depth and ea of breathing. The examination of this sma nal of lungs has probably taken less than a m ute.

The essentials of a monthly examinat of a baby who is prospering in all respects uld probably be done within five minutes in ost cases if the doctors didn't stop to tal und demonstrate to the mother. The before-s oo examination of an older child, which in de testing of blood pressure, vision and he ng would take longer. The examination of a ild who was sick with an obvious or pl ure disease would take longer still.

So the competency of a physician, a hi value to a family, has only a small rel on ship to the elaborateness or duration his average physical examination. It de ds, rather, on a balance of skills: attentivene nd understandingness in hearing the vario as- pects of the history, relating the sympto m his own mind to probable and possibl lis- orders (psychological as well as phy al, paying particular attention to those a ct of the physical examination that wou ds most apt to throw light on the diagnosi ut without ignoring other parts of the body ng ing enough time to discuss conclusions

Since the use of the time of any m ca visit involves judicious compromises nd since I believe that mothers are confi ce with psychological and developmental es- tions in their children a hundred times on often than with unsuspected physical d se I'll express my personal opinion that periodic office visit of a child who ap an physically healthy the examination shou be as brief as is sensible, to allow attention be given to the real concerns of the parent

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to re letters personally. However, he is delighted to gi suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—E

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WHAT IS LOVE?

If we are to make a mature adjustment to life, we must be able to give and receive love. By ANNA TREGO HUNTER

God intended life to grow as surely as He planted the seed of life upon this earth. To grow is our work—and hard work it is, as our restless frustrations show us almost daily. It seems to be an inexorable law of God that the real things we want most—pride and purpose and a sense of well-being—are reached only by pushing ardently on the outer limits of our capacities.

Is it really God who exacts this work of us? How do we know? In the last analysis, we know because we feel it is so; strength of feeling is the beginning and end of belief. But like all good things, this feeling is one that needs work to discover.

Life unfolds itself in a bewildering variety of impressions, but all of us are apt to have a pretty good idea within ourselves whether, for us, it is unfolding well or badly. It is unfolding well if we feel love every day of our lives; it is unfolding badly if we do not.

The hard part is to pin down that word "love." Christ spoke of it two thousand years ago; psychologists today are still reaffirming its power on every hand. We know assuredly now the remarkable fact that the infant requires it biologically, that he can scarcely grow straight without it. We know that we must be able to give and receive it if we are to make a "mature adjustment" to the world. We know that the destructive criminal is the unloving man, walking the bitter halls of loneliness. What is this magic thing, so vital to us all, which no amount of talking about can tarnish?

Love is separated from the experience of personal growth, it becomes the give and take of a dead fish in the hands. Love has its immense social implications, of course, just as every individual bit of life does. But we do not love *merely* because we want others to love us in return. If we fix our eye too hard on the social returns of loving, we are apt to go down pathetically wrong roads in search of it. People laugh at the politician, the social climber, the clown.

The man in search of constant public approval remains forever unsatisfied. Happiness is a stubbornly private phenomenon, not a public one. A man grows happy during the slow, delightful, intimate process of growing to love someone. He grows happy when he is struck with a sudden insight that is new to him. He grows happy at the moment that he catches himself—not when others catch him—doing something well that he was not sure he could do. He can be alone in a room with all the doors shut and be flooded with happiness.

These are the moments when we are stretching our sympathies, our perceptions, our abilities to new thresholds—the moments when we are growing. They are moments of creative adventure, requiring exertion on our part. But they come to us with the power and sweetness of love. And the whole import of this love, the message that it sings in our ears, is that we are progressing according to a plan greater than ourselves. We are feeling right, being right, doing right, by some unassailable and absolute standard of rightness. Our happiness is like a cry of recognition. Can anyone truly think that *man* invented love?

The rewards of love are great. Part of the miracle is that love enhances our relations with others in an infinite number of ways; it is the source of all our social order. Part of the miracle is the security and refreshment we gain from seeing meaning in life—a meaning to which we can contribute. And part of the miracle, ultimately, is our reverence for the fact that life should be endowed with love at all, for the Will beyond our will that decreed it so.

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THE WEDDING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

teakettle screeched, and with unseeing eyes she moved toward the sound and turned off the gas.

"What did you buy, darling?" crooned mamma, gripping the edge of the tablecloth so that the tears bursting her warm heart would not come.

Ruth stared at the girl with odd pale hair reflected in the shiny teakettle. *(Oh, mamma, it's good I didn't buy the stupid nightgown with those stupid violet ribbons!)* Then she turned to say, working carefully around her mother's pain, "Let's first have the tea and then we'll clear away the table and you and Aunt Minna can open the packages."

It was one of those March mornings when a perceptive sun shone on icy streets. Ruth opened the rough-textured draperies, the color of white sand, and adjusted the blinds in the lovely warm-colored room that was Nathan Grant's private office. She straightened his desk, brought in his mail, watered the plants in front of the long wide window, did the hundred little things she had done each morning for the past eleven years. Then she did one thing she had never done. She sat down in her customary place where she took her dictation and stared hard at the empty chair behind the desk. Why couldn't she see him? She tried harder—closing her eyes ——

The door opened silently. "Good morning, Ruth." Nathan Grant stood before her, smiling awkwardly, unused to the task.

"Good morning, Nathan." The name clung timorously to her tongue and had to be peeled off. He was removing his finely tailored black coat and placing it, along with his hat, scarf and gloves, in the wood-paneled closet cleverly concealed in the wall.

Ruth Harris had come to work for Nathan Grant as a young woman of twenty-three. She had been the first secretary he was able to afford. He had served in the war for four years and returned to his native New York to resume his studies under the G.I. Bill of Rights, attending school at night and studying for his degree as he ladled out clam chowder in a cafeteria on Seventh Avenue. As a result, he was thirty-two when he began the practice of law, a quiet, shy man with an enormous capacity for work. Never having taken time out just for being young had made him uncommunicative and humorless.

Together they had worked while Ruth cherished the dream that soon . . . soon . . . a young, laughing stranger with twinkling eyes —— Mr. Grant hired a lawyer to help him, and Ruth had her own stenographer. Two years ago they moved into these larger offices, acquired a law clerk, and a disdainful platinum blonde who ushered in clients in a hush lush voice to match the office.

The office was their home, hers and Nathan Grant's. Here they worked. Here they lived their lives. Here one night Nathan Grant found her crying on her typewriter celebrating her thirty-fourth birthday—and they clung like frightened children to each other for comfort, and warmth, and things without names.

Now she was marrying him. This quiet big man with short-cropped gray-speckled crisp hair and eyes that slumbered under black brows and rarely surprised you by their brilliant lightness. This man she had worked with for eleven years, and never saw. Whose soft voice had spoken words for eight hours a day for eleven years and was never heard. A man who rarely smiled and never laughed, who wasn't gay, wasn't shining—whose eyes would never flash or twinkle.

She watched him from where she sat, quiet hands folded, belying an unfolding uneasiness. She noticed for the first time how neat he was, how pleasant the odor of tobacco and after-shave lotion. He moved lightly and quickly for a large man and soon he had seated himself before the wide window, tilted his massive chair, folded his arms behind his head in a curiously young gesture, tried another smile at her, and sighed—"So-o-o"—as if facing a most pleasant duty.

"You look very nice today, Ruth, with your lemon blouse and your lemon hair."

Surprised, she hesitated a moment. "Thank you, Nathan." Shyly, then, and in spite of herself, a little smile formed, for she was secretly vain of her silken hair. Then the unfolding uneasiness spread wide within her. Drawing a shaky breath, she began: "Mr. Peterson was yelling like crazy this morning. He doesn't want any more adjournments."

"He doesn't, eh? And did you tell him the reason?" Something stirred, flickered, under the heavy brows.

She reddened suddenly. "I—I . . . well, if you must know, I didn't. I was embarrassed. I mean . . . he's been in and out of this office for years—oh, I don't know—anyway, I want to talk to you about that, if you're not too busy this morning."

Unfolding his arms, he pushed aside the mail in a queerly flamboyant gesture of freedom. "Busy! Busy! I've been busy all my life! Now I'd like to talk to you."

The lost years had come at last to Nathan Grant.

She moved restlessly to the edge of the chair. She hardly understood him lately. These peculiar outbursts startled her. She clasped her hands together primly high on her chest, unconsciously assuming a prayerful attitude; and when she realized this, she dropped her hands quickly to her lap.

"It's not only Peterson," she began hesitantly, feeling her way carefully through a fruit stall of words, discarding this one, retaining that. "There's Simpkins versus Simpkins . . . and the Atlantic Seafare Union contract coming up . . . oh, so much that really can't wait. I was thinking—we really shouldn't stay away too long. I mean, a three-day weekend, starting on a Friday—and we can both be back at the office on Monday." *(Why, hardly anybody would know we were gone at all,* she thought, hope rising like a fountain.)

The odd bright eyes were wakeful now and piercing. They watched her steadily and she was caught in their brilliance. She raised her eyes to the view behind him of their neighbor skyscraper and pushed on . . . now . . . now.

"Also, about the wedding ——"

He sat too quietly. Lowering her eyes, she caught the unblinking gaze full upon her and hastily looked across to the skyscraper again.

"I—I . . . don't want a—a—gown . . . and the hullabaloo of a big wedding. Besides, it will be an awful financial strain on everyone on my side of the family . . . two weddings within two months—my Cousin Rebecca and me." Strange her voice should strangle her. It was such a simple matter she was speaking of. "What do you think, Nathan?" Without waiting, she hurried on, eager to say it all and have it done with. "I think it would be much more sensible for us to be married without fuss and take my parents to a nice restaurant ——"

There was a great deal of heartiness in her summation. She felt clammy, thick-tongued, almost sick. The large and lovely room was silent except for the little sounds that take over when the human clatter disappears. His desk clock ticked quickly and the young morning winds rattled the windows as they blew up and down the city streets.

"Much more sensible," Nathan Grant said quietly. The brilliant eyes clung. "After all, you're not as pretty, nor as young, as your Cousin Rebecca."

"*Nathan!*" Her fists clutched the sides of her white face. She could feel pain in her flesh where her teeth cut in. Dazed, she stood up, and put her hands out in a weak futile gesture of warding off the black steel pellets coming at her, encased in a soft velvet voice.

"Well, that's it, isn't it? You had your chances, ten, twelve years ago, and you were passed by. What right have you now, a woman of thirty-four, to demand your white wedding gown, your veil, your music and your flowers?" The pellets followed as she fled across the endless ocean of gold carpeting. "Haven't you the courage to want them any more?"

She stopped and looked down at her hand trembling on the doorknob. Her head mutely twisting side to side. And weary and sad as a sigh, she answered him: "No, I haven't." Then she went home.

The next morning, on her way to the office, she saw the smart dark suit in the store window. Yes. Oh, yes. That was just what she had in mind. The evening before she had told her parents there would be no wedding. That she and Nathan would probably take just a weekend off for a honeymoon, they were that busy down at the office these days. She gazed long at the suit in the window, seeing herself in it. White gloves. Small white hat. A tiny corsage of violets. Why violets? She'd never had violets before. Strange.

Oh, yes, she thought, walking briskly down the windy streets of lower Broadway, holding her hat and her skirts, this was so much the wiser way. Each thing in its proper place. She turned into the narrow street opposite Trinity Church.

Trudy, her young assistant, hurried [to] her as she entered the office. "Miss [Ha]
Mr. Grant wants to see you right aw[ay]

She wondered what Trudy though[t] they all thought—of the two old maids [to] married. She passed through the lovely [re]
soft with thick carpeting and indirect [li]
It always gave her such a nice feeli[ng]
Grant had given her a free hand wh[en]
moved here and she remembered how [he]
silently stood in the middle of the re[st]
room with its wood paneling the c[olor]
honey, its pale beige furniture, its gold [ac]
ing, and what he had said:

"My dreams are all alive, Ruth."

She never thought how many tim[es]
pleased him. Soon she would have [a]
house to do herself. A whole house! [No]
Why would the two of them need a h[ouse]
rattle around in? A nice apartment, [or]
Hills, perhaps. Not too far from the o[ld]

She opened the door to his office. [He]
waiting, standing at his desk.

"Sit down, Ruth."

She was startled. His voice, alway[s]
was loud and vibrant. She sat down as [if]
that voice had physically thrust her [in]
Slowly he walked around his desk and [he]
took both her hands in his large stron[g]
She was disturbed and frightened. Th[is]
she had known so long had suddenly [be]
acquiring vitality and sound. It was as [if]
a rough pencil sketch of a man were [be]
given color and depth, and sounds and [mo]
tions added.

He took one of his hands away fro[m]
and lifted her chin to look at her. [He]
Ashamed, she averted her eyes.

"You are a fine person," he started, [in]
"A good, kind, sensible girl. I respect [so]
things in you." Dropping her hand, he [st]
away from her, over to the big windo[w]
shivered. Suddenly she was cold. Co[ld]
tired. "I have something that must be s[aid]

The big clock at Trinity Church boo[med]
hour. It hurt her head. Nathan Grant [looked]
off into the bright, broken skies.

"I've worked hard all my life. I neve[r]
had time to make friends. Now, sudd[enly]
feel cheated. Now, suddenly, I want [all]
He turned to look at her, so small and h[ard]
like a tired fighter, able now only to w[ait]
the blows. Softly, he went on: "We're [all]
ent, after all, you see. You're ashamed [of]
happiness before us." It was true. It w[as]
And the tears gathered. "I look forwar[d]
eagerly, hungrily. They will be my h[ome]
years. I have a good and fine woman t[o]
with me what I, Nathan Grant, alone [can]
never have. A home of my own, a wo[man]
care for, children, friends we'll ma[ke]
gether—everything that makes life wo[rth]
thing."

Then the tears came. The wonderfu[l]
tears of release. Alarmed, he took a fe[w]
toward her, but she nodded furious[ly]
helplessly he backed away. Then she r[an]
came to him and through all the [sob]
beautiful smile came shining through [and]
derly he wiped her wet face with hi[s]
white handkerchief, and gently said:

"I had nothing until I found you cr[ying]
your typewriter that night. Nothing. [I]
want it all. All that's mine. All I thou[ght]
never have. Do you now understand? [I]
the big hullabaloo wedding. I want the [ush]
maids, the little girl who throws the flo[wers]
She looked into his dear face, and his b[lack]
eyes glittered as he said, "I want my b[ride]
walk down the aisle all in white and [be]
me. I want it all. It's mine. It always be[long]
to me!"

And oh, what a wedding that was! [The]
choir, that food, the decorations—ju[st]
Hollywood!—not one, but two orc[hestras]
that played until the stars disappeared [in]
morning skies . . . and punch that flowe[d]
marble fountains, and statues of ices . [. .]
flowers! Whoever saw so many flow[ers]?
regular Botanical Gardens! And eve[ry]
had such a glorious time that nobody [knew]
when the miracle happened.

For as Ruth Harris walked, very t[all]
very proud, down the candlelit path to [her]
Grant's side, to dwell there forever til [the]
did them part, she looked into his tw[in]
eyes . . . and they fell in love.



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OU CAN'T GET HEAD TODAY NLESS YOU READ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

nistrators do not feel justified in providg classroom and dormitory space to lagr. There are too many young men and n knocking at the door—students who e ger to make full use of this educational rtunity.

S the problem does not end with gaining r tance to a college or university. To keep e grades at a high enough level to stay in l e and to qualify for a degree requires a g order of scholastic ability.

W at has this to do with reading?

A well-established fact is that students who ss verbal facility tend to score the highest llege-entrance examinations. And verbal ty is gained almost entirely through ex- e reading.

Clege students today complain loudly c the great amount of supplementary g assigned them by their professors. **The s eaders cover the ground easily; the slow e just don't have the necessary time.** The st eaders quite obviously get higher marks

Some children have difficulty in rning to read effectively—difficulty ich cannot be resolved simply by couragement. The estimated per- ntage of these children varies from per cent to 15 per cent—depending the interpretation of the term eading problem."

Poor instruction, emotional block- g, limited background, slowness of tellectual responses, physical ill- ss cause reading difficulties. Other- se bright, healthy and well-adjusted ildren may fail to learn to read, ough the family living room is wded with fine books, because of a mily history of mixed left- and right- ndedness or ambidexterity. In such ildren the language areas of the ain are slow to mature, so that they e not ready to read at six or seven ars. These children need special lp and training from teachers or erapists.

Parents concerned about progress in ading and writing will do well to nsult a language-disorders clinic for agnostic testing, and to follow its commendations in obtaining further lp.

THE EDITORS

ese assignments. The slow readers stand g d chance of being flunked out.

Iportant to many parents who haven't the ncial resources to provide a college educa- n for their children is the opportunity to r cholarships. The cost of a college educa- n anges generally between $6000 and $10,- 00 And if present trends continue, the cost a well be 50 per cent higher than this ten a from now.

The Government has instituted a lending r am, and most colleges make some provi- n or helping needy students through loans. v with this help, many also require scholar- u And scholarships, with rare exceptions, a to be placed on a strictly competitive as

Sdents who pass scholastic-achievement st with the highest scores have a great ad- r ge. **Invariably the students who win h rships are the ones who have read most t ir younger days.**

Many of the best professional colleges, h er they be law, medicine or engineer- g ow require students to have had two or o years of liberal-arts courses as a prereq- si for admittance. Some, indeed, are in- u g courses in the humanities in their pro- s nal curricula. Verbal skills are essential t student wishes to pass these courses.

Why is so much emphasis placed on verbal c y? One reason is that *words are the tools of thought*. Abstract thinking is carried on by word concepts. The more extensive, the more precise one's vocabulary, the more exact one's thinking.

Undoubtedly this explains why there is such a high correlation between the results of a vocabulary and intelligence or "I.Q." test. Often a simple vocabulary test can be substituted for an intelligence test when circumstances make it impossible to administer a long test.

A simple vocabulary test can also reveal to a surprising extent one's educational attainment. This statement, of course, applies to the typical person, and not to that rare individual who without benefit of college education has managed to do a great deal of reading and who has, consequently, given himself the equivalent of a college education.

To see for yourself the high degree of relationship between educational attainment and vocabulary, try out the list of words given below.

These words have been carefully selected from general-magazine articles and from newspaper editorials. They are all useful words; not one can be properly described as a "trick" word.

Go over the list carefully and check the words that you think you know. Then look up the doubtful ones in the dictionary to be sure you are right before you credit yourself.

Here is the list:

elite	plebeian	enervate
obese	inane	laconic
ostracize	sagacious	nepotism
nostalgia	plebiscite	soporific
omnipotent	surfeit	recondite
avocation	banal	panegyric

If you are a high-school graduate you should know the correct meaning of two of these words. If you attended college, but left before graduation, you should be able to define five of these words. And if you are a college

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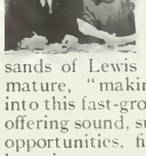
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David J. Wick, Headmaster, Scottsdale, Arizona

ARE you looking for the right school? Each one of the listings on this page is packed with important, interesting information to help you select the right school or camp. Read the advertisements carefully, then write for complete information and catalogs from those that interest you.



"How I use
Murine
to soothe
my eyes
and so
relax
tension"

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"Anyone who's familiar with horse racing knows what dust and wind can do to the eyes. That's why I use Murine regularly to cleanse and comfort my eyes. When my eyes feel better, I seem to feel better all over." Keep Murine handy—at home, office, in the car—to soothe your eyes and so relax tension whenever you feel the need.



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for your eyes*

THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

graduate, you should know eight of these words to equal the college average.

When this test was given to a national sample of high-school graduates it was found that one in every three could not define a single word correctly! And indicative of the lessened attention given to reading today, the most recent graduates tested had the lowest scores of all. On the average they knew only one word in the list, and fully half of those tested were unable to define correctly a single word!

Many parents are concerned about the lack of interest in reading displayed by their children. But they have found no easy way to induce these youngsters to read more. Only thirty years ago reading was one of the chief sources of entertainment—but that was before radio and television became so widely available.

Part of the blame for today's situation must be placed on parents. In far too many homes there is a tendency for the parents to urge young Johnny or Mary to "Run off to your room and read a good book" while papa and mamma sit glued to the TV set looking at an exciting Western or mystery.

If mothers and fathers have little time to give to reading—whether it be newspapers, magazines or books—they can be absolutely certain that their example will have a powerful impact on their children.

There is mounting evidence of a decline in reading interest in America, especially on the part of high-school and college graduates. In fact, some studies have brought to light the cases of college graduates who have not read a single book in at least a year. And in one survey it was found that more than half of those who were graduated from high school had not read a book during the previous twelve months.

It is a matter of national shame that new houses are being built without any provision for books. This lack of concern for a home library would have shocked earlier generations who prided themselves on the number and quality of books available in their own homes.

Each generation, of course, has its own special likes and dislikes. Books which were exciting to parents and to their parents can be frightfully dull to young people today—a fact which should be kept in mind in trying to induce the upcoming generation to spend more time reading

Too often the reading lists recommended by our public schools include books which are boring and unpalatable to present-day students. Requiring children to read these books is self-defeating. Often the result of forcing a child to read a book for which he is not properly prepared or psychologically attuned is to develop in him a distaste for all books.

Reading is a habit and parents should not be too much concerned as to whether critics or authorities have recommended a given book. The prime objective is to get young people to read, and obviously it is easier to get them to read what they like than to get them to read what they don't like. In the latter case it will be only a short time until they read nothing at all.

For this reason, I believe that teachers, parents and school librarians should co-operate in making up book lists, and these lists should be constantly revised. Books which students like, and books which they dislike, should be carefully identified. Equipped with this information, librarians can be reasonably certain that the book which they put into the hands of a student is one which he will enjoy, and having read it, he will be back next week for another book.

I would make it a regular order of business in parent-teachers meetings to discuss the success which those parents present are having with this problem of reading in their own homes. This exchange of ideas could be most valuable in discovering interesting books and the most effective measures for getting students to read them. And of equal importance is the regular reading of magazines and newspapers.

Many years ago I taught a course in freshman English at the University of Iowa. My students, I discovered, had read rather few books before they entered the university to start their college careers, a situation which is common throughout the country. The English Department at that time required these freshmen to read many books which were beyond their comprehension and appreciation. The result of this forced feeding was inevitable: literary indigestion. Most of these students, I am certain, came to think of "good" books as "dull" books, a fact which may account for the generally low interest in book reading displayed today by many of our college graduates.

I am certainly not opposed to "good" books. In fact, I am so desirous that such books be read in America that I do not want the interest in all books—both good and bad—killed by policies pursued for the right ends but by the wrong methods. The only certain way to get young people to spend more time reading is to make certain that the reading they do is both interesting and rewarding. The constant reader slowly but surely cultivates a taste for the "good" books.

A few years ago I enlisted the aid of teachers in some thirty high schools in various parts of the country in a study dealing with this problem. I suggested that they ask their students to list the most interesting and rewarding books they had ever read, and the age at which they had read each of these books. The results of this study were most revealing. Some books found on the recommended lists were mentioned, but most were books not on these standard lists. On the other hand, the books the students had liked best were not "cheap" or "trashy" books. They reflected the tastes and interests of a new generation brought up in entirely different circumstances from their elders, who had made up the lists.

Why all this fuss about reading? The answer has already been given. If students increase the amount of their reading of books, magazines, newspapers, then more of them will pass the college-board examinations, more will win scholarships, more will earn degrees.

Stated another way, persons who read more write better, speak better, think better. And it goes without saying that they know more. As a result of a knowledge of the past they can think better about the present and future.

Parents who despair of the quality of education their children are receiving can take new hope. It is in their province to do something about it. They need not reform the lo system, or move to a community wl better one. All they have to do is finc get their own children to read a g more. The deficiencies of almost a can be remedied by a carefully plan ing program.

If reading is all-important today dren, it is equally important for thei Reading is the one certain way to oneself. In a world which grows m plex, it is almost inconceivable that son who wishes to keep himself well on matters vital to himself and his and who wishes to improve his lot ca these goals without spending at least *each day in reading.*

Some years ago I seriously conside ing what I called the hour-for-hour c sons who joined this organization wc to spend one hour in serious reading for each hour they spent being ente still think the idea is a good one. And if this country wishes to keep ahead in the future, then it will have to much time as the Russians do in rea study. We are not so much smarter Russians that we can spend less t they do in these pursuits and still n keep ahead.

One of the great mistakes we in A often make is to think of educatio entirely in terms of formal or scho tion. This view is not held in most countries where school education is end at an early age but self-educa tinues for many years. We need alw member that learning is a process gins at birth and ends only with dea is no better way to spend some of o hours—which grow in number cor than to devote a regular part of the reading of newspapers, magazines ar

And this is not too much to ask. forget is that there is great excit learning, excitement which someti lost in our modern-day schools. We ways of bringing this excitement ba learning process. We must recapture of Erasmus, who said, "When I g money, I buy books; and if any is l food and clothes."



LADIES' HOME

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

Journal

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Calif.



SEPTEMBER, 1960 35c

THE ROYAL HONEYMOON OF TONY AND - PRINCESS MARGARET

Operation Terror— New Serial

OUR PRACTICAL DREAM HOUSE-11 PAGES OF BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL PICTURES

A Child Screams in The Night

FALL PATTERNS 6 MILLION TEEN AGERS WILL WEAR 4 PAGES IN COLOR

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My Life in a



Command Performance, about $4. Others, about $2, $3

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ary Brown's mother succumbs to "nervous" perspiration

How "nervous" perspiration—the most offensive, and hardest to control—can be checked with an amazing new deodorant called Ban.®

ACCUSTOMED as she is to public speaking, Mrs. Brown stands up to deliver a short to the PTA—and suddenly finds herself with perspiration.

"Nervous" perspiration. It's a perfectly normal human reaction. It happens to everyone. It can be triggered by any little tension or anxiety—getting the kids off to school, meeting new people, making a train, even making a little speech to friendly neighbors.

The trouble is that "nervous" perspiration is the worst kind, because it is hardest to control, and because it creates the most offensive odor. Far more offensive than odor created by heat or physical exercise.

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL September, 1960

VOL. LXXVII NO. 9

Journalities



Mildred Gordon



Gordon Gordon

ed Gordon, speaking
he writing team of
RED and GORDON GOR-
(*Operation Terror*, page 46):
ryone thinks husband-and-wife
borators must have some bat-
royal. We hate to disillusion
de, but we don't. Neither of us
s his words are sacred. Usually
ke those episodes in which
en predominate and Gordon
the men. Every few days we
ange pages and cut everything
the other has written, so no-
ever sees our best writing. We
both graduated from the Uni-
ty of Arizona in Tucson and
collaborated since our mar-
shortly thereafter. Gordon did
terespionage work with the FBI
ng the war years, but I don't
w how. He's as blind as a mole
nd the house. He couldn't find
lephant in a telephone booth.
be looking for spies isn't as
ult as looking for cuff links.
ive in an ancient Spanish-style
se in Sherman Oaks, Calif. We
it 'Columbus Slept Here.'"



Lucile Vaughan Payne

'll find *The Boy Up-*
s (page 52) a little
rent from the boy
door, but times have changed.
LE VAUGHAN PAYNE says, "I've
n writing stories for and about
agers since 1946, but this is the
one I've written for an adult
azine. Six years ago we moved
n Indiana to Oregon, where we
ten wonderful acres, one horse,
dog, one cat. My husband is a
her and former newspaperman;
have two young daughters to crit-
e and inspire us in our old age."

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LETTERS our reade write us

NORTH CAROLINA

SHOULD A DYING PERSON BE TOLD?

Dear Editors: Last night my husband and I got into a discussion with a friend who is also a doctor. I became so upset that I'm afraid I wasn't very rational, and perhaps you or your readers can help me straighten out my thoughts.

Recently my youngest and most dearly loved sister died of cancer. She had always been a vital, gay person who fully expected to live a hundred years, and her death only six months after her first symptom was a shock to all of us. What shocked me most, however, was that no one, not even Lucille herself, knew that she was going to die. The doctor took it upon himself to keep the fact that she had cancer to himself—so that she would, as he put it, "be happy during those last months."

Now maybe Lucille *was* happier not knowing she was going to die at thirty-three, but maybe she wasn't. Maybe she had lots of things to do and say before she died; I know I had lots I wish I had said to *her!* Even beyond that, should one person—be it doctor, husband, wife, child or friend—ever decide such questions for another? Sincerely,

Raleigh *Name Withheld*

U. N. FORCES IN KOREA

HORSE SENSE?

Gentlemen: Husbands die early because they are run to death.

In my early days we had horses to do the work now done by machines. At the end of the day the horses were put in shelter, groomed, fed and protected from disturbance. If modern wives would get some old books and study up on the care of work animals and then apply similar treatment to their husbands, they would have them for many years longer.

Sincerely yours,
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

FLORIDA

NEIGHBORHOOD DIET LUNCH

Dear Editors: We are a group of five neighbors with young children. We usually spend our afternoons together, but until a few weeks ago we all had the pre-school-mother blues.

Then one day we decided to do something about our favorite topic of conversation: bulging hips, expanding waists and flabby thighs. We agreed to meet at one another's house from twelve to one o'clock Monday through Friday. Each hostess would serve a lunch of not more than 300 calories. (The children would be fed in their own homes and a play area would be available in the h where our lunch was served.) It was decided that all of us would eat two l or soft-boiled eggs and one piece o toast for breakfast, and all the mea vegetables we wanted for dinner.

Before our Diet Lunch began, I us ate two sandwiches and a glass of I discovered the total calorie count nearly 800, yet I didn't enjoy it, or as comfortably full as on the 300-ca lunch. Our five luncheS:

	CALOR
MONDAY	
Tomato juice (4 oz.)	
Tuna casserole (small serving)	2
Fresh fruit cup (½ cup)	
Coffee with sugar substitute	
	3
TUESDAY	
Consommé	
Loin pork chop (small, lean meat)	2
Asparagus (6 stalks, green, canned)	
Dietetic pineapple (2 slices)	
Coffee with sugar substitute	
	3
WEDNESDAY	
Grapefruit juice (4 oz., unsweetened)	
Sliced chicken with celery—2 large lettuce leaves	1
Radishes (2)	
Diet ice cream (¼ pint)	1
Coffee with sugar substitute	
	3
THURSDAY	
Apple juice (4 oz.)	
Deviled crab	17
Lettuce with low-calorie dressing	1
Ladyfingers (2 small)	4
Lemonade with sugar substitute	1
	2
FRIDAY	
Vegetable juice (4 oz.)	2
Oven-barbecued chicken (low-calorie sauce)	12
Mixed greens with low-calorie dressing	2
Peach upside-down cake (made with low-calorie spongecake mix and dietetic peaches)	13
Coffee with sugar substitute	
	3

On Saturday and Sunday we c tinued the Diet Lunch in our o homes. A few even persuaded their h bands to join them!

Along the way we picked up point on foods to buy and how to serve th For instance, each ounce of fat in h burger contains 250 calories, so watch to be sure there is none in round steak before the butcher grinds We discovered we dislike skim-m cottage cheese, and since it has only f calories less per ounce, we use the re lar. We found that certain cakes (an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8


Lather hairdo shaped by Enrico Caruso
Drench your hair in luxury
with Liquid Prell...
the extra-rich shampoo!
Prell



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a red cross shoe

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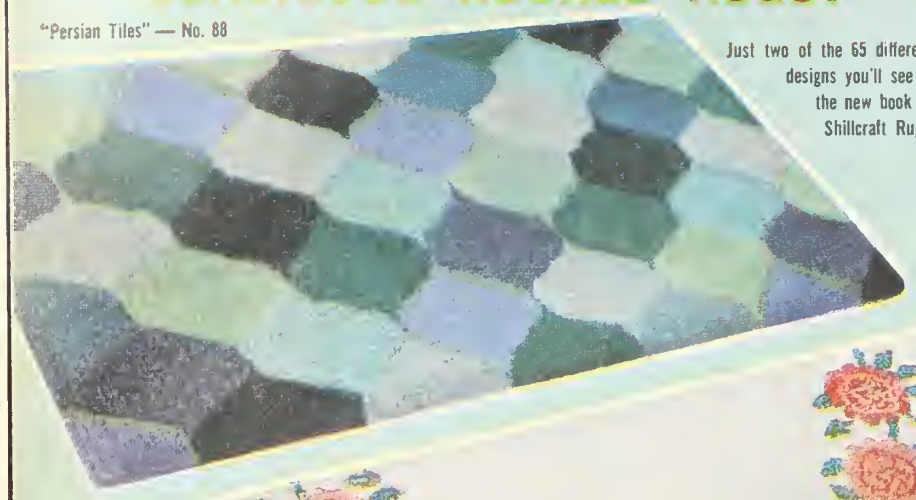
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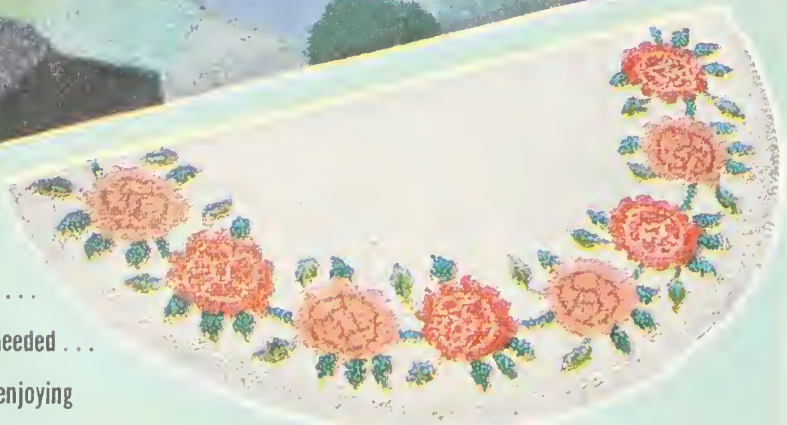
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

food, sponge) have fewer calories than other types. If we must nibble, we eat raw, crisp vegetables.

By the middle of the second week, we started exercising before the diet lunch. We arrived fifteen minutes early, used our own towels for mats and wore shorts.

At the end of three weeks we had all lost weight, felt younger, stronger, more able to accomplish necessary household chores. We recommend the same neighborhood fun for anyone else who needs her morale boosted!

Sincerely,
DOROTHY MARSHALL
Indian Rocks Beach

WASH., D.C.

DEFENSE OF FERTILIZERS

Gentlemen: In the June *Ladies' Home Journal*, Dorothy Thompson states: "Our bodies, we are warned, are being chemicalized by poisonous sprays applied to fruits and commercial fertilizers to soil."

There is no basis in fact for the allegation that chemical fertilizers "poison" the soil or the produce therefrom. The plant-nutrient content of commercial fertilizers consists of minerals only, on which plants have always subsisted. This can be substantiated by soil scientists, agronomists, and Federal and state government officials.

The Curtis Publishing Company traditionally has been staffed with competent, well-informed editors and writers with a pronounced sense of responsibility. It would be helpful if you would print a retraction.

Sincerely yours,
PAUL T. TRUITT, *President*
National Plant Food Institute

YOUNG MARRIAGES
TEN YEARS AFTER

Would You Advise
Others to Marry Equally Young?

Were you or your husband—or both of you—under eighteen when you were married? Have you been married at least ten but not more than fifteen years?

We would like to hear some real-life stories of early marriages, and how they have worked out. Letters should be typewritten and should not exceed 1000 words. We will pay $200, on publication, for all rights to any letters which we choose to print.

We will try to return unpublishable manuscripts as promptly as possible, though we cannot be responsible for them. Stamps should be enclosed for return. ED.

CALIFORNIA

THAT MAN ON PAGE 70

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: One of the subjects we discuss here at the American Institute of Family Relations from time to time is the ignorance of our clients, and of the public in general, on everything pertaining to the job of making a success in marriage! As I look back over our 30 years in this work, however, I have been impressed by the fact that people are better informed than used to be, particularly in the mentally important area of sex a production. Without adequate edge of these subjects, it is not create a happy marriage.

To verify my conclusion, I ask of our counselors, "Do you fee husbands and wives are going int riage today with a better general standing of sex than was the case twenty years ago?" I was interes find that 43 of them replied "Yes" out any qualifications; two mor "Yes" with some reservations; onl replied "No."

As we discussed this improveme naturally asked ourselves where th lic has gained this needed inform The colleges have been slow to dea it; the high schools even more so almost unanimous opinion of our selors was that the public is getti information from magazines, and of them mentioned the *Ladies' Journal* in this connection, comme on the readability as well as the s scientific value of the articles you published. They felt that these have a contribution of the highest valu creating sound attitudes toward riage and family life in North Am

Cordially y
PAUL POPENOE, *Pres*
American Institute of Family Rela
Los Angeles

NEW YORK

BEST MEDICINE

Dear Editor: It has suddenly da on me that I haven't heard the sou real laughter for the longest time.

I turn on television and all the co ans do is disparage their wives mothers-in-law. I had a party for el year-olds and I practically had to them to play some games. I substitut a nursery school and the director said I exhilarated the children too muc cause they were having a good laughing and yelling!

Is it just me, or has the atom b disintegrated laughter?

Since
Brooklyn BELLE EISEN

NEW JERSEY

IT BURNS ME UP!

Dear Sirs: Why, oh, why do appli companies use plastics on their produ I have been in a new house just months and already have had to rep the temperature-control knob on my o three times. The heat simply melts it

This morning I used my new grill the first time, and the control knob, plastic, either expands with the hea the metal contracts. The only way I turn the grill off is to unplug it.

I have also had a refrigerator w plastic shelves. The cold makes the p tic brittle and the shelves crack.

There is a never-ending list of produ that have been ruined by the use plastics, toys being top on the list.

I love all the modern conveniences we have today. I just wish they'd m them so they'd work.

Sincere
Medford Lakes HONORE K. KE



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
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VASE OF FLOWERS. Katerina Wilczynski, illustrator of several books, has been exhibited in the world's important cities. Some of her best work has been of Grecian gods and temples.



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The "Educators" need Re-Education

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

For the first time in my lifetime, which has been long, the United States of America is not only hated but held in contempt by much of the world, including countries and peoples who have accepted unprecedentedly generous economic benefits and who are allied with us. Its domestic and to some extent its foreign policy has been marked by blunder after blunder; actions have produced results foreseeable by any informed and intelligent mind; its domestic policies (as the present presidential campaign demonstrates) have been, and are, determined by organized pressure groups, economic and ethnic, each ruthlessly pursuing its own interests regardless of the effect on the nation as a whole.

Corruption is rampant in public and private life. What was once called "graft" is now, euphemistically and mellifluously, called "payola." A disc jockey, testifying before a congressional investigation committee, said that payola is "romance"; "It's the American way of life." That, at least, was a testimony to truth.

Our export markets are shrinking as our commercially manufactured products become costlier and costlier, glossier and glossier, and shoddier and shoddier.

In attempting to outline and write an autobiography of myself and my times, which embrace more than the whole of this century, I have constantly been reminded of the danger of sentimental nostalgia. I came of age in the days of the "muckrakers" and radical reformers, when writers and others of great industry and ability were exposing, in a fighting press, *The Shame of the Cities* (Lincoln Steffens), the appalling collusions between wardheeling politicians, commercial prostitution and gambling saloons (Jane Addams), the unconscionable means, legal and illegal, by which many of the great fortunes of America had been amassed (Ida Tarbell), and the horrors prevailing in the slums of our great cities (Walter Rauschenbusch).

None of these has a comparable counterpart today.

In my lifetime great social advances have been made in America, and many of the dreams of the reformers of my youth have been more than fulfilled. Yet these reformers (were they still alive) would be sunk in deepest melancholy should they now be able to review the results of their fulfilled efforts. These men and women, almost without exception, were driven (against their own interests) by intense dedication to freedom and democracy—both in a sense that no longer vigorously exists. They were genuinely devoted to promoting "the dignity of the individual." They fought evil with eloquence, organization, CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

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NT UED FROM PAGE 11

mp and sacrifice. They sought to lift the
el the poor, the stupid and the lazy to
nev ere near that of the comfortably sit-
ed. ne intelligent and the industrious.
Ma of them were forerunners of the New
al (w an Old Deal) and the welfare state.
ey vocated and supported trade-unions
t th right to strike when to do so was as
ch s one's life was worth. But they cer-
nly id not foresee the day when unions
e t teamsters') would be practically un-
sec able rackets, when strikes would be
rely nd simply tests of power and holdups
the ublic, and be settled, neither on the
sis justice, reason nor the condition of
y ble economy, but on the balance of
liti and economic power.
No ould many of them foresee that a radi-
ar universal improvement in the physical
vir ment (the standard of living) might
t r lt in making people *better*, more in-
str is and self-reliant, but in making them
ug elf-satisfied and indolent.
The are, of course, exceptions (and many
the) to every rule. But the generality sets
e to and goal of society, and in general
day producers are interested almost en-
ely n emoluments, benefits and privileges
he han in perfor ance. Feeling little or
ple in work or in competition for ex-
lenc, they are, of course, unhappy.
Th old radicals believed in the extension
ed ation, and *by "education" they knew*

AGE OF UNCHIVALRY

y PATRICIA DUFF McGINLEY

hen it comes to sharing, most
tots are the same:
enerously unsparing with
measles and blame.

at ey meant. They meant that every child
d uth should, *according to his ability*, have
i rmed mind, a developed intelligence
d developed *character*, enabling him to
e nd overcome the shocks and hazards
li and assume and perform its normal
ti and responsibilities, public and private.
Though the reforms they advocated, they
d ith and confidence that out of the re-
ir s of this richly endowed continental
id , with personal and political freedom,
ity of opportunity according to ability,
d cultivated sense of justice going far deeper
r nere legality, there would arise, within
s entury, the most beautiful and comely
il ation that the sun had ever shone upon.
T key was education.
T first nation in the world that had ever
c elementary public education compul-
y or all children was this one, beginning
N w England.
T day we hear much nonsense talked about
difficulties of educating all children in
he elementary fundamentals of reading,
g, arithmetic, simple geography, Amer-
istory, physical education and (what used
called) "deportment."
y and more years ago when I was in
ntary schools in Western New York vil-
every child from the township had eight
s of schooling, unless he was a village
and unteachable.
r teachers were normal-school gradu-
-I am sure there was not a college degree
g them. But they were fully in possession
bject matter, knew what to teach, how to
it, and how to keep discipline in a
oom.
me of my classmates from the second
e seventh grade—and even one of my
ers—are living (those of us who survived
cy and early childhood were a hardy
ration) and I have been able to renew
check with them on school memories.
e are also my younger sister and brother
who went to school in the same places. None of them can recall a single case of a child who could not, at the end of the first grade, read simple primers easily, write (not print) legibly and correctly, and accurately add and subtract simple sums. Some children, from township farms, were sometimes truant, kept at home for reasons of inescapable family need, but even these passed and graduated. Grading was strict and 75 per cent of accuracy required for passing a course.

A child's competence in a subject was discerned by oral recitations and written essays that were judged not only for content but for spelling, punctuation and grammar, and the marks of even superiorly intelligent pupils could be brought down by unruly classroom behavior.

I have lately had letters from old friends who never went beyond high school. They are legibly written, well presented, and rarely contain even a minor grammatical error. Today thousands of graduates, even from colleges (especially state colleges), cannot write an intelligible paragraph in English, do not command a vocabulary even on the newspaper level, are incapable of making a précis of any book, and cannot quickly and accurately do a problem in compound fractions. This in a country that spends more per capita on the education of its children and youth and houses them more luxuriously than any other in the world. And the reply to all criticisms is always that we need to spend more money.

There is, nevertheless, a great underground swell, among responsible and intelligent parents, teachers and citizens, for an improvement in basic public-school education (now called by another jargon word, "upgrading").

In the spring of this year the San Francisco Board of Education, headed by Mr. Elmer Skinner, president, asked eight eminent professors from the University of California and Stanford University (equally represented) to make a study of public-school curriculum and present recommendations. One from each of the two universities was a professor of English (one a distinguished writer as well) or a professor of mathematics. One was a professor of economics, one of biological sciences, one of chemistry and one of history. All of them hold doctorates.

The first step of courage in setting up this committee was that no professor of education was included. For the plain fact is that the "educators" have had, for years, a strangle hold on public-school education. They have usurped the name. They are no more (and usually less) "educators" than the graduates of other faculties. They are pedagogues. But they have been determining for years what should be taught and how it should be done. They are chiefly responsible for the virtual abolition of the phonic method in teaching reading in favor of the look-guess method; for the preparation of readers, boring, repetitive and without any relation to literature; for the notion that for psychological and social reasons a child must be kept with his age group, no matter what his capacities may be; for the abolition of geography, history and civics in favor of "social science"; for the proliferation of "life adjustment" courses; and for all the other substitutes for systematic study and real learning that develop brains and character. They are also responsible for the fact that the teaching profession has come to rank intellectually below that of any other. On every campus with which I am familiar, the Department of Education's courses and degree rank as the easiest to complete and obtain.

The "educators" have a vested interest in maintaining the system as it is. Their interest and support of the *status quo* is not universal, especially among classroom teachers. But dissenters are in a minority and disinclined (or unable) to oppose what has been the prevailing trend and practice since William Heard Kilpatrick sold it to a generation of American teachers back in the '20's and early '30's.

So the San Francisco report and its recommendations came out without the collaboration of the educationists—but not, I have heard, without their subsequent squeals and protests.

What do the eight scholars, whose survey was thorough and minute, recommend?





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The report is a pamphlet of fifty-six printed pages, impossible to be digested adequately in this article.*

They recommend greater provision for differences of ability while offering every student the greatest challenges and holding him to the highest standards which his abilities warrant, and make specific suggestions about ability groups in different grades.

They recommend that in all solid subjects from elementary through high school content should be much more precisely defined and that *the subject matter should determine the textbooks, not the textbooks the subject matter.*

In the elementary schools, they assert that the fundamental skills of reading, writing and arithmetic should be much more thoroughly and intensively studied, and that *two thirds* of the school day be devoted to these.

They recommend that reading be taught by a *systematic phonetic method from the beginning.*

They recommend that beginning with the sixth grade, and ultimately with the third, foreign languages be required, with emphasis on continuity and thoroughness, so that by the time of high-school graduation the student should have at least a fair knowledge of two foreign languages.

Also that science courses be eliminated in the first three grades and social-science courses in the first two. These can become really meaningful only to a child well advanced in reading. A greater variety of subjects should, however, be introduced in reading and arithmetic.

(Apropos the importance of reading, incompetence in this makes most of the I.Q. tests taken of school children unrevealing of natural intelligence. They are predominantly verbal and a child who cannot read rapidly and accurately will rate far too low. Children who at preschool have I.Q.'s of 80 can learn to read competently if they are properly taught, as many private and public schools have demonstrated.)

The committee further recommends that science not involving the experimental method be taught as "natural history," and that social studies be called (and taught) under their proper names: geography, history and civics.

On this matter I have something to say myself. In talking with youngsters and their highly intelligent parents I have found it impossible to define or understand what "social studies" are from the viewpoint of any systematic learning. An eighth-grade scholarship pupil in a nationally known (and applauded) *private* day school told me that she had been required one week to prepare a theme on South Africa (geography and history), and the next to prepare one on the history of Communism. She sought my views about the latter. I said that Communism had developed in Europe and Western Russia out of nineteenth-century revolutionary theories, and went into a short exegesis of some of them. She said she guessed the teacher only wanted Russian Communism. Again I asked where she should begin. The Bolshevik revolution didn't automatically spring into being out of the minds of Lenin and Trotsky! The girl herself commented, "We seem to get a little of everything and nothing of anything."

For light on this elusive study there is the following statement issued by the U.S. Office of Education, Bulletin 5, by Miss Wilhelmina Hill, who is the office's "Specialist for Social Science":

"The motivation for mastering the skills should come from the child's desire to use them in carrying on group and social activities. Teachers should not think of social studies as a subject-matter field but rather as a broad area of experience which serves to help children relate skills [what "skills"?], arts, social sciences, and physical and biological sciences into one universal learning experience which has meaning for them." **

I have attempted to translate this gobbledygook into English and this is what I get:

"The motive for study should be the child's desire to apply what he learns in group and social activities. Teachers should ignore subject and help develop in children such a unit perience of skills, art and social, physic biological sciences as they are capable of standing."

Thus translated (in so far as it can b statement is balderdash. How in the wo a child (or an adult) relate the facts of ge raphy, history and civics (the last diffe every country) to his immediate grou social activities? Geography and histo though knowledge of them is cons changing and enlarging) deal with *fact.* T teaching of geography includes knowle the topography, climate and soil of the tries and regions being studied, their pr resources and communications. Histo cords, essentially, the growth (and decli nations and civilizations; the changing position and movement of their popul their culture as it has developed in v times, and the ideas and personalities have influenced their development. If the ies are to result in the acquisition of *edge*, without which any application is i sible, the teacher cannot conceivably f "think of subject matter." Children may out an experience" of another time, bu can actually experience it only through k edge, which they must acquire by being t it. And elementary and high schools, even universities, cannot turn out enc pedic minds. These are so rare as to be orable from any age. Certainly teachers leges do not produce them. And how can one teach another what he himself doe intellectually possess?

To go back to the report of the San Fr cisco Board of Education:

The study group recommends tha granting of academic credit for menial

> A man may learn from his Bible t be a more thorough gentleman than if he had been brought up in all the drawing rooms in London.
> CHARLES KINGSLEY

other nonacademic tasks be abolished, t rallies, community affairs, games, pageants and so on, and their preparation should take place after classroom hours, and that a mo more careful and systematic introductio the idea of homework be given the stud The professors also recommend that the cl room interruptions, so common in m schools, many of which they specifically be eliminated.

"Academic achievement should be g much more recognition, in the form of ho rolls, publicity and special privileges"—as are presently given to the more accomplis school athletes.

All students should receive report cards, in determining a student's grade the teac should have final authority, subject at request of the principal to review and poss revision, by a committee elected by teach from among themselves.

Students should never be automatically p moted.

Nothing in the report deals with charac building. But it is implicit. If children learn work from the moment they enter sch to think and act systematically, to respo to challenges, to desire excellence, they will everything in their future life more respons This, of course, has been known since, beginning of civilization.

There are always, in every society and cl of it, children who are mentally retard congenitally tainted, psychically unsta through myriads of early experiences. Th children are special problems and must specially educated and helped. But what t San Francisco study group recommends is m beyond the capacities of average normal ch dren, unless we are to assume that Americ children are biologically and intellectually ferior to those of other countries advanced civilization.

If they are, in another generation or t democracy will be insupportable.

Which God forbid. E

* It can be obtained from Mr. Elmer Skinner, 135 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California.

** Quoted in the June Bulletin of the Council for Basic Education, 725 Fifteenth St., Washington, D.C. Issued monthly to subscribers.

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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS *"Are unusually permissive, indulgent parents more numerous today—and are they weakening the character of their children?"*



ARE WE BRINGING UP OUR CHILDREN TOO "SOFT" FOR THE STERN REALITIES THEY MUST FACE?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

Are American youth underdisciplined, overcoddled? The question has been asked frequently in the last few years. People have been worried by such matters as the rising figures on delinquency, and the criticism that our schools are "soft." I think there may now be a new wave of doubt as a result of discussion of the behavior of American soldiers taken prisoner in the Korean war.

Recently, in one of the regular weekly meetings of the staff of our children's hospital, we listened to a tape recording of a talk by an Army psychiatrist about the demoralization of many of these prisoners of war. We were shocked, as all people are who hear the story. Not shocked at what the Communists did, but at how easily these Americans went to pieces. After hearing the tape we went on, as planned, to discuss among ourselves whether the kind of upbringing American children are getting these days played a part in the poor discipline.

The tape was a recording of a talk given before the American Psychiatric Association in 1958 by Dr. William Mayer, who had been on one of the Army teams of psychiatrists and intelligence officers who interviewed the returning prisoners in 1953 and analyzed the data.

The same story can be read at length in the book *In Every War But One*, by Eugene Kinkead, published in 1959.*

One in seven of our men became an active collaborator with the Chinese Communists in one or more of the following ways: he worked, side by side with the captors, to indoctrinate fellow Americans about the superiority of Communism and the rightness of the Communist cause in the Korean war; or he made broadcasts on the enemy radio, or wrote articles for them, defaming the American nation (declaring, for instance, that American capitalists instigated the war for profit); or he informed on fellow prisoners; or he agreed to become a Communist organizer or spy in America after the war.

Only 13 per cent of the Americans stood on their rights as prisoners of war and flatly refused to tell anything except their names, ranks and serial numbers, refused to take part in Communist-indoctrination sessions. The captors soon segregated these men, whom they called "reactionaries," into separate areas and didn't bother them any more. All the rest responded to CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

* W. W. Morton and Co., Inc. N. Y. C. $3.95.

"You can find lots of young people with good character and high motivation if you are looking for them in the right places. And you can find—or at least read about in the papers—some deplorable specimens."

SUZANNE SZASZ





Fragile...handle with Johnson's

You give your love in many ways... with cradling warmth ... unhurried care... and the gentleness of your touch.

You give it by surrounding every bath and change time with fragrance and softness... by cleansing your baby with pure, comforting oil ... by soothing your baby with the silkiest, softest powder.

You give it, always, in the happy moments of "Johnson's time."

Johnson & Johnson



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There's no other dog in the world like yours:



Available in 1 pound and economy size 26 oz. cans.



For 8" x 10" print of picture alone, send 25¢ in coin to Dog Picture 40, Box 7366, Chicago 77,

There's no other dog food like Ken-L-Ratio

with Lean Red Meat*

More dogs, old and young, large and small, eat Ken-L-Ration than any other dog food in the world. Reason? Ken-L-Ration provides *exactly* the kind of diet every dog is known to need to stay fit and fun. High protein Lean Red Meat! Delicious steaks, roasts and chops of *Gov't. Inspected Horsemeat plus other essential ingredients. So wholesome every can receives the Dept. of Agriculture Seal of Approval—one of few dog foods that do! Your dog is one of a kind. So is the *quality* of Ken-L-Ration.

Packed
Conti
Inspec
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Dept.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN KEN-L-RATION...MORE PEOPLE

TI JED FROM PAGE 20

bleness" or threats by co-operating—r passively—in the Communists' in-ion program.

of American officers were defied. s of sanitation and health were often Some of the strong prisoners stole possessions from the weak. The in-diseased were often neglected. No soldier managed to escape from a nt enemy prison camp to the safety es, as in every other war.

ath rate among the prisoners reached ing figure of 38 per cent. Our military s consider this only partly explain-e basis of the severe climate, the in-food, the poor medical facilities by the Communists. Some Amer-ecially at first, said they couldn't or eat the basic prisoner diet of boiled millet, as if they expected that food would then be provided in-Army doctor described how some from "give-up-itis." They would be-pondent, lie all day curled up under t, cut down their diet to water alone, ead within three weeks.

lid the Communists do to bring about oralization? There have been lots of erences in America to "brainwashing," any to assume that some mysterious hypnotic method was used. There uch thing. In fact, even brutality and were used relatively little, and these tirely with Air Force prisoners, from e Communists tried to extract false ns of germ warfare.

ommunists threw our prisoners off the start by welcoming them with

Discussion: a method of confirming others in their errors.

AMBROSE BIERCE

andshakes, cigarettes. They congrat-em on having escaped from the bond-imperialist army, into a country de-peace. "Aren't you for peace?" they Won't you sign a peace appeal?"

hours of indoctrination class a day instructors, who were well educated, a Marxist picture of the exploitation ican workers by their bosses, of the tic ambitions of American capitalist of the noble aims of the Communist Few prisoners apparently knew enough o refute these statements. American ators assisted in the lectures. Marxist ad to be read, memorized, recited. oners were required to write their life . Excerpts from these were used to e lecturers' points and to get some of talking against their country and g fellow prisoners.

who lagged in their co-operation dered to headquarters for repeated scoldings and threats. Individuals ued in class were humiliated by teach-low prisoners. In increasing numbers ners came around to confessing their vious "wrong thinking" and con-those who were less compliant. In-was rewarded. These methods led to a wn of any sense of cohesion and loyalty among the Americans.

king contrast to the behavior of many n prisoners was the high morale main-y the Turkish soldiers who were cap-The Turks were also part of the U. N. Korea.) They stuck together, obeyed cers, refused to criticize their country form on one another, laughed at Com-efforts to indoctrinate them, adhered h regulations, co-operated in the care sick. They are said to have lost no men se or starvation.

possible explanation can be given for collapse of the morale and discipline many. American prisoners? Eugene d in his book quotes an Army officer med primarily the Army's revision of ary procedures following World War h, he felt, decreased the authority of company commanders and noncommissioned officers, made privates less respectful and obedient. This officer spoke critically of the poor discipline in many units from the time they landed in Korea.

I suspect that an extremely potent factor in the lowered morale in the Korean war was the natural letdown, after World War II, in the American people's spirit of devotion to the common cause and readiness to sacrifice for it. For the time being they wanted to be let alone to follow their individual pursuits. When the North Korean Communists suddenly invaded South Korea it was impossible for many Americans to see that this was their fight. In fact, our participation in the war became a partisan political issue. It must have been disheartening for a young man to be exposed to death on the other side of the world if his family or some of his friends and leaders at home doubted the necessity for his being there.

But what about the influence of the way in which the soldier was reared, before he put on a uniform? Dr. Mayer in his talk to the psychiatrists specifically suggested that a basic remedy for this poor military discipline might lie in a stricter discipline in civilian life—in the factory and in the home, "at the parent's knee and over the parent's knee." It's a reasonable-sounding assumption. But if lack of discipline in childhood was the *main* source of poor morale in the Korean war, why did it not have a similar effect in World War II? The discipline and morale of the great majority of men in our armed forces during World War II were considered satisfactory, when they had proper leadership and training, and when the country was united behind them. Yet there were only five years between the two wars. I know of no sudden shift in child-rearing practices that would have affected differently these two groups.

It's always difficult to come to conclusions about whether one generation of children is being brought up with less discipline than earlier generations. At any period you can find young people with good character and high motivation, if you are looking for them and look in the right places. At the same time you can see—or at least read regularly in the papers about—deplorable specimens.

Now it is true that there has been a disturbing rise in the number of juvenile delinquents in America. However, there are many sociological factors, separate from matters of basic character and family relationships, which contribute to the delinquency figures. But all the disturbed personalities and delinquents added together do not constitute more than a small minority of the youthful population, and do not explain to me the large-scale demoralization in Korea. The Army reports confirm this point. Their psychological tests and psychiatric interviews did not reveal any significant differences in family background between the "reactionaries" who held out, the co-operators who gave in, and the active collaborators. It was not just the bad characters from broken homes who were responsible for the poor record.

What about the influence of those parents we have all seen who are unusually indulgent or permissive? Aren't they more numerous today, and aren't they weakening the character of their children? I think such families have to be divided into two opposite types, which I'll oversimplify to make my point clear. On the one hand, there are a few parents who have little deep affection for their children and show no real standards or consistency of control in raising them. Out of a dim sense of guilt they offer excessive privileges or possessions instead. There's a small number of these in every generation, in every income bracket, and their children may turn out delinquent or otherwise impaired.

Then there are other parents who are highly conscientious and devoted to their children but very hesitant about interfering with their wishes. I believe, from my own experience, that the number of these has increased moderately over the past ten to twenty years, especially among the college-educated group. I feel guilty about them because I think that I and other professional people have—without

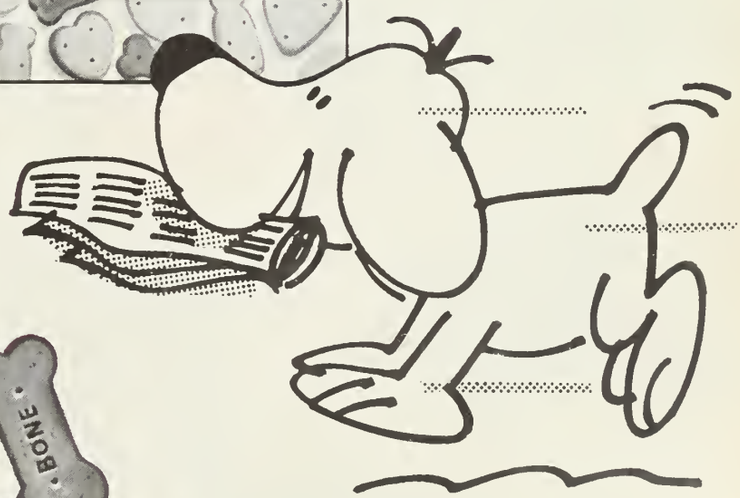
CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

Training trouble?





Treats do the trick!





- Always have a handful on hand for tricks, training and good behavior.
- Nourishing KEN-L-TREATS are healthy for him. Reward him all you want.
- Not a candy, not sweet. Low in fat. Excellent for developing teeth and gums.
- Contain *all* the proteins, vitamins and minerals a dog is known to need. An exclusive formula for nutritional balance.
- Bite size! 6 delicious flavors. 6 fun-to-feed shapes.

By the makers of **KEN-L-RATION**
KEN-L-MEAL
KEN-L-BISKIT

JACQUARD KNIT CREEPER. Plastic-lined pants. Blue, nutmeg. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $4.00

How to teach a new creeper an old trick.



TODDLER'S POLO SHIRT. Blue, brown, navy, red. 1-4 yrs. $2.00. "STUFFED ANIMAL" 3-PIECE PLAY PAJAMA. Blue, pink or yellow on white. S-M-L. $3.00. SMOCKED PANTI-DRESS SET. Plastic-lined pant. Azure, pink. 6 mos.-2 yrs. $3.00.

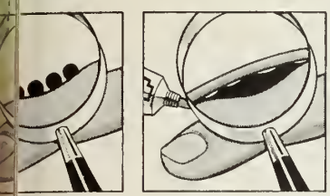
Oops! First steps are easier when you have a soft cotton knit Carter's creeper to fall back on. (Very handsome, too, for just plain creeping!) Carter's giftable knits are also famous for washing without losing their shape, forgetting their size or ever needing ironing—and mothers think *that's* a neat trick indeed!

Carter's

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO., NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

NGUENTINE® BOOSTS NATURE'S ALING POWER

plain antiseptic can!



ends its healing the surface of a y. But tension serum droplets erms get through, ws down!

2. Unguentine instantly spreads this healing serum, creates a protective blanket to lock out germs and to promote healing more effectively than nature itself!

nstant aid to everyday cuts, scrapes, es, as well as burns— Relieves pain, germs, promotes healing *and* forms ective antiseptic dressing as no or liquid can! Nothing's safer for *ds* of everyday skin injuries, painful rn, too!

safe—
guentine take over!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ANTISEPTIC FIRST AID DRESSING
UNGUENTINE
WITH DIAMESTOL

VARICOSE VEINS

Tired Legs, Leg Cramps Relieved

Dr. Scholl's
Super-Sheer

AUGE ELASTIC STOCKINGS

ll-footed, full-fashioned. So sheer, they look lar nylons—yet give comfortable uniform No overhose needed. In French Nude, lack. At Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops, ept., Surgical Supply Stores, $12.95 pair. let—Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 13E3, Chicago 10, Ill.

20. Second Way To A

EETER BREATH EANER MOUTH

ally true . . . now you can have a refreshed mouth and throat—eter breath—in just 20 seconds Astring-o-sol Mouth Wash. Yes, fter heavy smoking or indulging ds or beverages with lingering

eloped by a practicing dentist, g-o-sol is far superior to any paste in sweetening breath. For g-o-sol also helps remove odor-ing mucous from mouth and . So get Astring-o-sol, the *concen-* mouth wash, at any drug or y counter.

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string-o-sol®
MOUTH WASH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

meaning to—contributed to their uncertainty. Great advances have been made in this century in the understanding of child development, by psychiatrists, beginning with Freud, by educators, such as Dewey and Kilpatrick by psychologists, nutritionists and pediatricians. The new concepts have been passed on to parents and students by writers, lecturers, physicians (like myself) in a steady stream. It's unfortunate that the different fragments of knowledge have often sounded contradictory and have sometimes left the unjustified impression that it's always the parents' fault if a child is not perfect. Most parents have taken this new knowledge in their stride and made good use of it. But others, who have grown up with too little basic self-assurance, have been intimidated by what they've read and heard. They've been afraid to guide their children firmly, or to ask sufficient respect from them.

My own conclusion is that though there has been an increase in the number of delinquents, and an increase in the number of parents who give their children too little firm guidance, there is no convincing evidence, from the Korean war or other situations, that the basic caliber of any large proportion of our youth has deteriorated seriously. Most American parents have always had enough devotion to their children to foster in them a sense of security and a desire to do right by others, enough parental control so that their children

> It ain't no disgrace for a man to fall, but to lay there and grunt is.
>
> JOSH BILLINGS

reach adulthood with control of themselves and an ability to accept the authority of leaders, enough freedom so that they develop their own independence and initiative. If these qualities are present in young people, then armed services (and schools, colleges, industries) can get reasonably good performance out of them—provided their training methods and leadership are good, and provided the morale of the country is strongly supportive.

However, I don't feel complacent about the present or the future. It seems to me that the unprecedented prosperity the past fifteen years, combined with the absence of any vigorous sense of common purpose, has left us—as individuals and as a nation—somewhat self-centered and complacent. I think this helps to explain the low morale of the prisoners in Korea and is a factor in the rise of delinquency.

In past generations America has been inspired by a number of visions: pushing back the frontier, founding a free nation, welcoming all comers, producing plenty for all through industrialization, providing the optimal education for each child, setting an example for the rest of the world. Now we are rudely challenged by Russia and China. Their rate of increase in productivity is greater than ours. They are winning allies and admirers more successfully than we in vast, restless, underdeveloped regions of the world. They are calling the tunes, taking the initiative. We end up on the defensive most of the time.

We seem to be timid about the future. Though we are still the richest country in the world by far, we aren't adequately expanding our schools and colleges, our housing, our health services; our care of neglected children, the handicapped, the aged. We are behind other Western countries in the quality and quantity of many of these services.

I think that before we can expect our young soldiers to take pride in serving all over the world, before we can build into our potential delinquents a better motivation, before we can even give young parents an idea of what qualities the nation may need from their children when they are grown up, all of us together must dedicate ourselves, with the help of inspired leaders, to causes that are nobler than our purely personal ambitions.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



SHINING EXAMPLE...

The new school Stride Rites are everything a children's shoe should be. As much a part of opening day as books and bells. Style-plus-stamina for boys, fashion-without-fuss for girls . . . lasting good fit for all. New leathers, colors, textures . . . including nylon velvets, now at your nearby Stride Rite store, priced $5.50 to $9.98, according to size.



GREEN SHOE MFG. COMPANY • BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Pat Boone talks to teen-agers



AND IT CAN BE FUN TOO! Well, what d'ya know! The very latest thing I've heard in Teen Time slogans is one I brought back with me recently from a Southern swing. Down yonder the high-school set is saying, "It's smart to be smart!"

To which I say, on weekdays, "You'd better believe it!" and on Sundays, "Amen!"

You don't have to be from Parentsville these days to get the news, and every teenager knows right well what's going on in space, not to mention what's doing on our own personal planet, Earth. It adds up to a competition between ideologies a sight less friendly than the World Series—and obviously the smartest side is going to win!

And the smartest side is going to be the one with the most education.

And you are the only ones who are, right this minute, at the real source stream of this valuable commodity.

So it looks as if whether you're smart enough to be smart is of world-shaking importance.

But, if by being smart you mean what my Southern friends meant, being educated, it's also *fun to be smart*. I don't remember a time when I didn't have as a battle cry for life, "Get your education no matter what the cost," not only because it's of world and personal concern, but because it's one sure way to increase your joy in living—as I hope to prove to you before we wind up this session.

THE NEW NEW LOOK, BRAINS BEFORE BRAWN. When the Mid Time Group 'twixt thirty-five and fifty ask me (and they *do* ask me!) if I don't think you Teen Timers 'twixt twelve and twenty have things softer than they did, I just ask them a three-word question back: "What about education?" And if they don't dig the connection, I spell it out.

It's Smart To Be Smart

I point out that with every passing year it takes more and more education to get a good job or make a good living. I use statistics (they *love* statistics) gleaned from a national business magazine stating that 10 per cent of you young people today *finish* college, as against 2 per cent fifty years ago. That the business and industrial demand for educated employees is growing even faster, and many fields that previously required a high-school diploma now want two years of college at least, and prefer four. And that the stepped-up demand has stiffened the requirements necessary to gain this pearl of great reward.

Harvard College, which first started grinding out the three R's sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, had very clear-cut entrance requirements back in 1636: to read and speak Latin and Greek. That would have been ideal for any of you who, like me, can handle English and language but have a wrestling problem with math in any form. But generation by generation things have got tougher. In fact, the recent reunion survey of the Harvard class of 1945 shows how times change. It proves that college grads certainly do better today on the score of income, number and make of cars, houses, professions and such than the nongraduate. It listed the best inheritance the individual parents thought they could leave their children as—in this order—"the principles of self-reliance, the Golden Rule, the Ten Commandments, and *good schooling*." It indicated the change in the status of you girls when a majority said they were for giving their daughters a college education no matter if their intended occupation was housewife—and almost all of them agreed they'd like to send their sons to the old Alma Mater. But then they made the big admission! They didn't know how many of *them* would have been able to be "Harvard men" in the class of '60 because "*roughly the bottom half of our class wouldn't be admitted today!*"

And as Harvard has gone, so have gone the other colleges and universities across our nation. It's got rougher and rougher since mom and dad's day, *not* softer and softer. In other words, you *need* an education more than they did—both for personal progress and for world security. But it's got harder and harder to get one because, with the increasing demand, it's become too crowded at the top of the educational ladder for any but the hardest workers and top scholastic competitors.

That's why it's of tremendous importance for you to meet the challenge as a crowd by *making learnin' lovable*. It's nice to get praise from the teachers. It's nice to be able to tell mom and dad that one of them said in public print, "'Today's kids do more schoolwork and do it more willingly than their parents did." But when the *crowd* decrees that It's Smart to Be Smart, you and I know it's the most effective method to release a new atomic power on the waiting world—the power of all your young minds and high I.Q.'s functioning in high gear.

Believe me, there's world magic in this mass attitude of yours that the A is not for the creep, and burning midnight oil isn't for squares. Of course I'd be bound to see it that way since I *was* an oil burner and an A boy. But I'll admit there was a large fashionable segment that would rather have stood



JOHN LEWIS STAGE

Nobody wants to feel out of it, and smart teeners know that you've got to keep up with the world.

on the football field. However, today you guys and gals with the most are doing a great job by making Education the big star on the teenage horizon, to be followed for popularity as well as self-interest and world concern. Why, down in Dallas they're giving high-school letters for academic excellence as big as football letters, and the basic idea is carrying right over into college, where the better fraternities are demanding Brains Before Brawn.

But let's admit that for lots of you it's quite a switch; and I've not only talked to you personally on this score, but I've a stack of letters on my desk admitting that, while learnin' isn't a drag, it isn't a cinch either. Also that carrying this new idea—making scholarship fun and popular—to the very summit needs a lot of salesmanship. So suppose we look at the major problems and pressures of gettin' through school today, as well as put together some ammunition for making more converts to the cause.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

GOLDEN LIGHT CORN OIL

your golden guarantee
of special nutritional benefits



Serve a salad every day! It's a delicious way to eat more garden-fresh vegetables!

...and of all leading brands

ONLY MAZOLA® IS CORN OIL

...unsaturated, not hydrogenated

ealth depends on the nutritional value of the ou eat. That's why you should use Mazola rn oil. Mazola is *unsaturated* . . . not hy- ated. No other oil is more digestible.

brings out the zesty flavoring of your own ade dressings. And in frying, Mazola makes foods crispy and golden outside, tender and juicy inside.

Mazola adds its own nutritional goodness to all your family's meals because of all leading brands, only Mazola is corn oil—the *lightest* of all cooking oils! Wonderful Mazola!

MAKE YOUR OWN GOLDEN FRENCH DRESSING

2 teaspoons prepared mustard	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon salt	½ cup vinegar
1½ teaspoons sugar	1½ cups MAZOLA Corn Oil
Few grains pepper	1 clove garlic

Measure all ingredients into bottle or jar. Cover tightly and shake well. Chill. Shake thoroughly before serving. Makes 2 cups.

Your doctor will tell you about the special nutritional benefits of corn oil in your daily meals.

What French's does to sandwiches

Great new idea! Choose the sandwich that balances with the other foods on your day's menu!

Proteins
Each sandwich here is high in body-building proteins



Beefeater: Buttered white bread; mustard; lettuce; rare roast beef; pimiento strips; sweet pickle rounds.



Country Club: Buttered Vienna bread; lettuce; jellied cranberry slices; sliced turkey or chicken; mixed mustard-mayonnaise.



Urbanette: Buttered whole wheat l… mustard; chicory; baked ham; c… cheese; green pepper slice.

Minerals
Each sandwich here is sparked with muscle-building minerals



Tuna Topper: Buttered white bread; mustard; lettuce; tuna salad; sliced tomato; sliced stuffed olives.

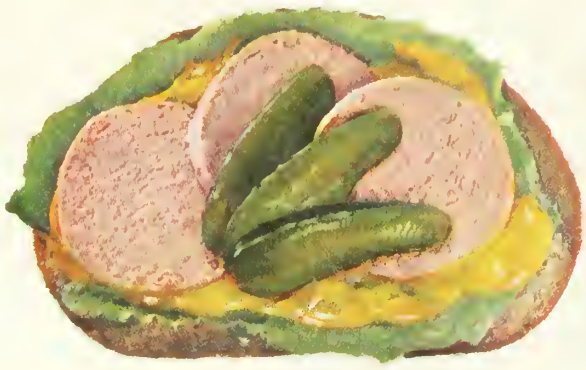


Maine Liner: Buttered dark rye bread; mustard; sliced tomato; canned sardines; endive; mayonnaise dab.



Shrimp-Ho: Buttered pumpernickel bread; Swiss cheese; lettuce; shrimp; mixed mustard-mayonnaise.

Fats
Each sandwich here provides energy-giving fats



Sunday Stand-By: Buttered dark rye bread; lettuce; mustard; sliced liverwurst; sliced sweet pickle fan.



West Coast: Buttered sesame seed bread; cream cheese; avocado slices; apple or orange slices; chopped nuts; watercress.



Stage Door: Buttered dark rye; lett… mustard-mayonnaise; seasoned chopp… cooked chicken livers; sliced hard boiled …

Carbohydrates
Each sandwich here is rich in high-energy carbohydrates



Golden Disk: Buttered white bread; chicory; cottage cheese; round orange slices; pitted cooked prunes; drizzle of honey.



Pete's Special: Buttered dark rye bread; canned baked beans; mustard; fresh onion rings; crisp bacon.



Californian: Buttered white bread … mashed soft dates and butter; ro… crisp red apple; chopped nuts.

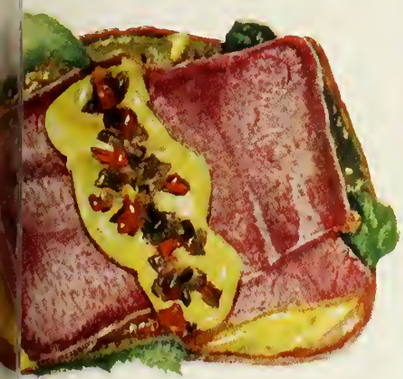
. should happen to yours!

th e pages you'll find some of the most io sandwiches ever prepared. They're on quick and easy to fix—but each was planned by our test kitchens to help provide a day's share of a *specific* nutritional requirement. **Here's the idea** . . . if your dinner menu is spaghetti and salad, serve a high-protein sandwich to your family for lunch. If you're having meat for dinner, balance out the day's meals with a luncheon sandwich of either fruit, eggs or cheese.

The sandwich "catalog" below is the perfect way to make sure the sandwiches you serve your family balance with the other foods on your day's menu.

And when the sandwich calls for mustard, you'll want to use French's. Because French's is the only mustard made with the goodness of *seven lively spices*. This complement of fine seasonings is the secret of French's golden touch . . . the deliciously different touch French's gives to all kinds of sandwiches, plain or fancy!

To complete each sandwich, just add the top slice of bread.



idwest Special: Buttered light rye ead; lettuce; sliced tongue; mixed ustard-mayonnaise; pickle relish.



Double-Right: Buttered whole wheat bread; lettuce; triangles of sliced cheese and cold cuts; mustard; pickle slice.



almon-Cucumber: Buttered white read; lettuce; salmon salad; sliced ucumbers; mustard-mayonnaise.



Campers' Special: Buttered dark rye bread; mustard; lettuce; French fried onions (canned) ; corned beef; pickle.



Farmer Jones: Buttered Vienna bread; lettuce; mustard; sliced pork roast loin; pickled beet slices.



Southern Ham: Buttered white bread; deviled ham; shredded lettuce; sweet pickle; peanut butter; mustard-mayonnaise.



aptain's Choice: Buttered whole wheat ead; Roquefort or Blue Cheese; mixed ustard-mayonnaise; green pepper strips.



Tropical Treat: Buttered raisin bread; peanut butter; sliced banana; orange or apricot marmalade; watercress topping.



7 lively spices
in every jar —
that's the secret of
French's Golden Touch!

To make mustard-mayonnaise, blend ½ cup mayonnaise and 2 tablespoons French's Mustard. Refrigerate.



Kraft DeLuxe **Slices**
give you extra goodness

Sure you can buy cheaper cheese slices than Kraft's. But not with the extra rich cheese flavor that comes from the truly fine natural cheeses Kraft uses.

And Kraft's are big, full-ounce slices that pack important protein power into every sandwich you make. What's more, only Kraft can use the exclusive method that makes these slices taste so extra good and separate so beautifully. That's why they're called Kraft DeLuxe Slices.

KRAFT AMERICAN
OLD ENGLISH Brand
SWISS • BRICK
Pasteurized
Process
Cheese

IT'S SMART TO BE SMART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

TOO MUCH TOO SOON. The biggest problem from the pressure point is the number of gifted, hard-working students used to making high marks who are now being asked to take on accelerated courses—to do a year and a half's work in one, to submit to academic experiments testing new methods and their actual capacity—and the poor lugs aren't "getting the grades" any more. They're victims of the "hurry-hurry-rush-rush" this tense world competition has called for.

"I'm not complaining about the added work," one of the Southern belles told me. "That's a grind—but a challenge. It's the fact that your grades automatically go down when they pile it on so fast you can hardly handle it."

"I used to get all A's without knocking myself out," a burly seventeen-year-old "gifted one," said. "Now I'm panting after a B. It's frustrating—'When you win, you lose!'"

It's frustrating for sure. But not fatal. And here's some reassuring scuttlebutt I've picked up. First, I am reliably informed that your talents and accomplishments will show strongly on the *college entrance exams*, which take precedence with many educators over school grades. Second, the educators themselves are very aware of your problems and are working hard for a unified, just solution. Two solutions, so far, have gained approval. First, that the report card of the student following an accelerated program will be so marked and the final grades judged *in relation to the added challenge*. Second, that you would be automatically advanced one grade point to compensate for the added load you struggle under.

Whatever works out, you transition kids who are academic guinea pigs are actually not competing for school grades. You are competing against your own best. And there should be compensation already in the fact that you are the First Team that Uncle Sam counts on entering in the world competition we talked about, plus the fact that some of your accomplishments to date are outstanding.

"You can have Big Stoop," someone heard a teen queen tell a girl who was swooning over a basketball hero. "I'll take Eddie. He just won a big scholarship for putting together some new electronic gadget out of old hardware. He's got a future! It said in the paper that he plans to apply the principles of atomic fission to the propulsion of space ships. Isn't that terrific?" I have a hunch that Eddie was no slouch in the looks department, either, and I'm sure that our honey-blond gal didn't know any more than I do about atomic fission. But for teeners of today even to be able to *pronounce* these words is a step forward.

TOO LITTLE TOO LATE. On the other side of the pressure coin, whence come the biggest bleats and hollers, are the surprised souls who have discovered that the learning process is no snap.

"It just didn't rub off on me," a surprised athlete who'd been trying to get into college after four years at high school told me.

This Joe belongs to a problem group known as the Underachievers, a very polite academic word for students of high mental capacity who "don't measure up to their potential." Their I.Q. exceeds their performance; or, in some lingo, they won't, don't or can't work. They got what it takes, but they ain't givin'!

Now this is more than just being lazy. It's different from the bird brain with the "So what?" or "Let George do it!" attitude. It doesn't include that large segment who have no desire for scholarship and are, fortunately for us, adaptable to technical training and skills (good men and true!). The Underachiever is the gifted guy or gal who dawdles through junior high, arrives in senior high with poor work habits plus a bad case of daydreams and comes to life only when he finds himself unable to make college.

The National Education Association and War Manpower Board estimate "conservatively" that there are 400,000 such exceptionally gifted gems going to waste every year (boys outnumbering girls two to one!) and many more who are bright, capable, [illegible] don't make the grade.

Whatta revoltin' development this [illegible] at a time like this!

I passed a story along to a pal of m[illegible] is now trying like crazy to catch up i[illegible] college for all the work he didn't do [illegible] school and is now real worried a[illegible] younger brother who is sleep-walking [illegible] junior high.

The story is about three horsemen w[illegible] riding across a desert at night. A[illegible] came to a dry river bed, a mysterio[illegible] called "Halt!" They were told to ge[illegible] pick up some pebbles and put them [illegible] pockets, then to climb back into the sac[illegible] this they did, whereupon the voice sai[illegible] have done as commanded. Tomorrow a[illegible] you'll be both glad and sorry." Puzz[illegible] horsemen rode on, but with the dav[illegible] took out their pebbles for a look. [illegible] lously, every one of them had turnec[illegible] precious gem, a diamond, ruby, e[illegible] pearl, and then they remembered the w[illegible] "You will be both glad and sorry." F[illegible] were. Glad they had taken some. Sor[illegible] hadn't taken more.

And that, to me, is the story of edu[illegible] The moral? Take all you can get wh[illegible] can get it!

IT'S FUN TO BE SMART. Just w[illegible] education?

Education is a jewel, an ornament [illegible] tool, a way to make the most of life [illegible] star to follow that illuminates all the [illegible] ners of your mind, bringing to light sk[illegible] potentials you never dreamed were [illegible] away.

But it isn't a "thing" to be bought [illegible] And it won't, as my athletic friend disc[illegible] "rub off on you." I like the definition [illegible]

A sensible girl should have t[illegible] sense not to look sensible.

Yutang: "An educated man is one w[illegible] the right loves and hates."

A good education does not necessaril[illegible] a college degree.

For those who feel the inclination and [illegible] talents lie along academic or profes[illegible] scientific and technological lines, it's [illegible] for the *most*. There are some (a very l[illegible] whom it would be a waste of time. Yo[illegible] choose the end that best fits your potent[illegible] then never let up. This goes for girls e[illegible] with boys—if you want to enjoy life and [illegible] most attractive, happiest person possibl[illegible] are what seem to me to be the main obj[illegible] to choose from.

First, acquiring skills. There's as m[illegible] learn about running a house and rai[illegible] family (ask my frau), about plumbir[illegible] laying tiles (ask me! I tried it once!) a[illegible] is about differential calculus. It's just as [illegible] sary, too, and the day of unskilled la[illegible] past. Develop the skills that make l[illegible] smoothly.

Second is the chance to acquire know[illegible] All the professions, the sciences require [illegible] edge as a springboard to new and better t[illegible] But acquiring knowledge isn't build[illegible] stockpile of facts. It's a never-ending, [illegible] process with disappearing horizons. Le[illegible] is the spice of life. People who are "still [illegible] ing" never grow old, bored, dull or st[illegible]

Third, an education should teach [illegible] think. It isn't any good to know a lot of [illegible] if you don't know what to *do* with 'en[illegible] object of education is to find out ho[illegible] others have got—digest it—and take of[illegible] there.

Fourth, the object of education is t[illegible] creasing enjoyment of life. It should an[illegible] make you more appreciative of ever[illegible] around you, from nature, animals, peo[illegible] art and music and literature. I think th[illegible] college education equipped me to be a [illegible] singer and made me enjoy my career [illegible] And it's made me enjoy life more.

Learning never has an ending—once it [illegible] a beginning. It's Smart to Be Smart—an[illegible] some advice from papa Pat: It's Fun [illegible] Smart too.

truly tomato-rich!



TASTES SO GOOD BECAUSE IT'S TRULY TOMATO-RICH.

know how some brands of tomato juice just trickle out of the tin like water? And taste watery, But not Libby's–ever! Libby's flows out in a velvety stream. The **RICHEST-POURING*** of all! And it **TASTES SO MUCH RICHER** in ripe, tomato-y flavor than any other kind. Libby's **CH IN VITAMINS,** too–*both* vitamins A and C. Yet there are only 25 calories to the 4-ounce glass less than in sweet or sweetened juices).



Look for the new 6-pak of single serving tins.

*y's is 44% richer in consistency, ng to viscosity tests on 11 different . This figure is reported by the lab- es of a leading University. Libby, ll & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

Enjoy your Libby's every day...get your vitamins **C** plus **A**

Your all day

veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings more lovingly, more lastingly than costly cologne



No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet *... pure, imported Italian Talc...* your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc

the fragrance men love



"Two a day, and eat out until your wife gets back."

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

If I do my chores on a legal holiday they seem to reduce the guilt I feel after a legal three-day weekend. My most enjoyable Labor Days are the ones I spend with a ladder in one hand and a screw driver in the o

Male outdoor cooks are a strange breed: they're triumphant if they serve the meat raw, apologetic if it's well done; any stage in between they deem shamefully sissy.

"My husband isn't too old to learn," confides Betty Comfort, mobilizing nine leftovers for a weekend snack. "This year he realized that if he drives six hundred miles a day it isn't a vacation."

No sooner had I taken off 20 pounds on a torturing 1000-caloric diet than a friendly ex-fattie tells me I can lose 12 pounds a month on a giddy 3000-calorie protein diet of meat, fish and eggs. (My best two-word diet scheme: eat less.)

We visited three new one-level mansions in the suburbs (one with a Pompeiian atrium!). Envious? Yes! But by the time we got home we were happy as ever with our cellar-to-attic old homestead, thirty-one times remodeled.

So many of our town's Middle Enchanted families are split up geographically— one married child on the West Coast, a second 1000 miles away in another direction, all scheming for a family reunion at some central triangulation.

Twice a year, on V-E Day and on November 11 (and maybe on Decoration Day or the Fourth of July) I aim for lunch or a family picnic with an overseas war buddy. Yet how scattered they are, the friends you encountered overseas in the faraway campaigns of long ago!

The plucky wife of our stingiest millionaire refuses to darn his socks; she still has in a box some he gave her to darn twelve years ago. "All right!" he thunders, "I'll wear 'em with the holes and show our friends what kind of a wife you are!"

To our daily lunch quintet it begins to look as if Khrushchev will never, *never* see Disneyland, unless he thinks it's worth while to capture North America for a peek.

We've now hoisted our forty-eight-state flag on five or six holidays since Alaska became our fort ninth; so far no gendarme has knocked at our door to warn us it's out of date.

I wish we could grow grass with our heroic efforts in certain spots as we grow all sorts of volunteer plants in the cracks of our driveway and tennis court. Nature's a pixy.

Across the woods westward came yells from a Little League ball park. We sauntered over in time to witness an American tragedy: attempting to catch a long fly, a small athlete muffed the ball, maybe because his mother was yelling at him so shrilly.

I hope in this 1960 election to save the republic, the voters will elect the best candidates; and at least a few congressmen who can be intentionally funny.

My good-driver citation of the month goes to novelist MacKinlay Kantor, who puts on a safety b to drive to the drugstore. (He used to go on bombing missions.) "I wouldn't drive across a parking lot," he growls, "without fastening my seat belt."

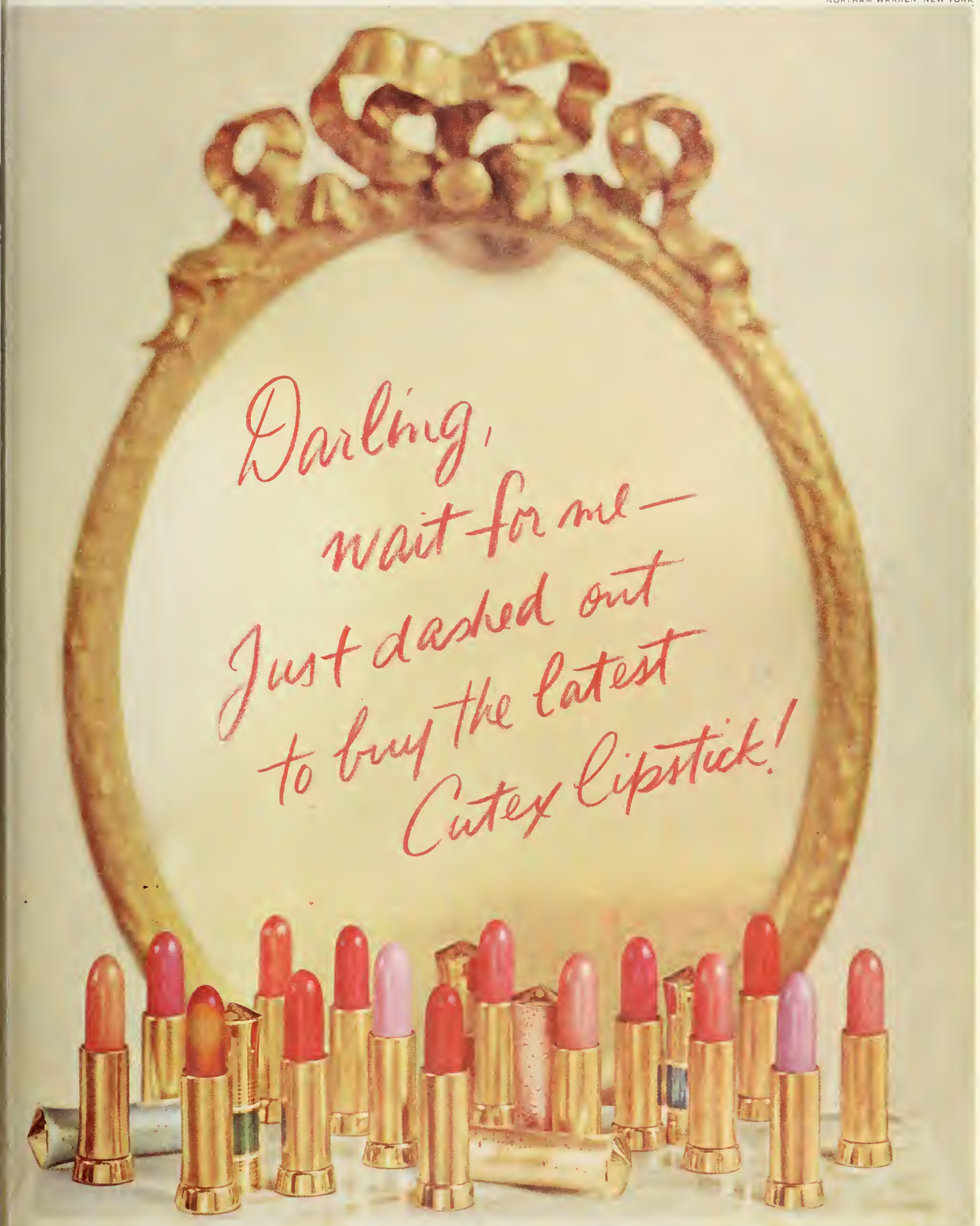
We drive to the airport for brunch or dinner; it gives me a Marseilles or Naples water-front illusion as we gaze into the ocean-sky. I'd rather have a mediocre meal there than a good one sans view. (Luckily, the food's good.)

I don't expect genius in movies or TV. But I'm irritated when a silly tale conveys to a youthful audience that any life problem can be solved by punching somebody in the n

For Mrs. Universe I nominate the tactful wife who, amid loud peals of triumph from her husband who'd just landed a five-pound fish, demurely caught one which weighed exactly two ounces less.

. . . When Harlan III at 3 rips his nail and explains "I've got a bleed on my finger,"
. . . Or Suzi, an animal lover at 4, whinnies like a horse and screams when deprived of ha[illegible]t lizard,
. . . And Pat at 6 insists on taking his newly captured Cecropia moth to kindergarten,
. . . Or Tracy appears at 1½ with her blond hair in a pony tail,
. . . And Eric at 1 thinks anything his brother can do he can do better,
Then I try vainly to remember if bachelor days offered more ceaseless excitements and an[illegible] ents than family

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



. He was glad he waited...she looked so fetching in "Clear Red," one of the gayest fashion-
n colors by Cutex® in long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and creamy new Delicate lipsticks!

"How long must we wait to marry?

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

My husband's take-home pay is $548 a month. We have two children. How large a mortgage payment can we afford?

About $95–$115.

ASK YOURSELF:

Does Our First-Year Budget Work?

Almost invariably, the first problem newly married couples face is that of budgeting their income. Listed below are the typical expenditures of young couples whose take-home pay from the husband's job ranges from $425 to $575 a month. (If you don't know, start now to keep records.)

	Per Month
1. Food, including meals away from home	*$80–100*
2. Rent or mortgage payments	*75–100*
3. Transportation and automobile	*40–55*
4. Clothing, plus cleaning and repairs	*30–40*
5. Personal insurance and taxes	*30–35*
6. House furnishings and payments	*25–30*
7. Education, hobbies, recreation	*20–25*
8. House operation, supplies, utilities	*20–25*
9. Personal care (barber, beauty shop)	*20–25*
10. Contributions (church, charity)	*15–35*
11. Medical and dental care, drugs	*15–20*
12 "Special" (tobacco, alcohol, etc.)	*15–20*
13. Savings for vacation and Christmas	*15–20*
14. Savings (or debt payment)	*25–45*

If you aren't making ends meet, these figures can help you determine where adjustments should be made. If the wife works, net proceeds (after job expenses) from her job should be used to build up a reserve for starting a family or buying a home, rather than raising the standard of living.

WHEN PARENTS ARE UNREASONABLE, WHAT SHOULD YOUNG PEOPLE DO?

Just after Harry graduated and Joan finished her junior year they asked to take our marriage tests, including the Marriage Happiness Prediction test. When the results were available, they came in for a conference.

Tests do not measure the depth or genuineness of love. Their purpose is to find out whether a couple have the characteristics, attitudes and traits of personality associated with happy marriage. On the basis of our research with thousands of college couples, we would expect Joan and Harry to be happier in marriage than four out of five. Naturally they were gratified by this report, but they had a serious problem, in that Joan's father steadfastly opposed their engagement.

Joan and Harry started dating fairly regularly early in her freshman year, and during the summer he visited her home and met her parents. By the following Christmas they were going steady, and Joan spent part of the holiday at Harry's home. In the spring they became informally engaged, and asked their parents' permission to announce the engagement and be married the next year, after Harry's graduation. Since he would be commissioned a naval officer on graduation, he would be financially able to marry.

Harry's parents agreed, but Joan's father objected. When Harry asked why, Mr. S. replied that they were too young, that talk of marriage should wait till both had completed their education, and that as an attorney he has seen so much married unhappiness that he wanted Joan to be very sure of her future before committing herself.

Disappointed as Harry was, he saw some justification for Mr. S.'s attitude, so they dropped the subject for another semester. Harry then suggested that the engagement be announced right after graduation, and that they be married either in late summer or at Christmas. Joan would complete her college work and then join him.

Joan's mother reported the plan to her husband, who again flatly refused, implying that Harry was not the right husband for Joan. Harry, an outstanding student and a respected young man, again asked for an explanation. Mr. S. said, "I want Joan to finish her education and I don't want her to marry a military man with no permanent roots. You are considering a Navy career. If you change your mind after your tour of duty, we can talk about it then."

Harry managed to hold his temper, but both he and Joan were indignant and resentful. At this point they decided to take marriage tests to see if impartial evidence supported their faith in their suitability for each other. The fact that they had never had a serious disagreement in a courtship of more than two and a half years did not impress Mr. S.

At our conference, various possibilities were discussed, ranging from the father's plan (no marriage and no public engagement for at least three years) to Harry's plan and wish—immediate engagement and marriage late in the summer, with Joan returning to school at the risk of substantial indebtedness.

After discussion, Harry and Joan finally agreed to the advantages of the alternative proposed by the counselor: unannounced engagement in early fall, marriage at Christmas, with Joan returning to college for her final semester, at Harry's expense and on borrowed funds if Mr. S. refused to co-operate. Joan's degree would be assured; the couple would be able to assume the finances without going dangerously into debt; Harry's basic training would be complete and their domestic arrangements more predictable: and there was at least a chance that with time and Joan's mother's persuasion, Mr. S. would modify his position.

Obviously, parents want the best for their children in marriage, but the parents' ideas of what is best may be colored by personal, even selfish, considerations. In any event, the relationship between Harry and Joan has triumphantly withstood the test of time—and there is not much Mr. S. can do about it. Joan's mother has done her best to be fair to both her husband and her daughter. Harry's tolerance has exceeded that of most young men in love. But the father has never evaluated the situation from any viewpoint but his own.

He would be well advised to co-operate. The marriage may work out better than he expects. My prediction is that it will.

STANDARDS TO LIVE BY

"Articles about juvenile delinquency frighten me, especially since the children of respected friends of ours have got into serious trouble. The seventeen-year-old daughter of one of my best friends became pregnant; the son of another was arrested for stealing. Our two daughters and our son are in their teens. They have a good home, plenty of affection, we all go to church regularly, and my husband and I try to set them a good example, as the experts advise. But our friends did the same for their children! Won't you please write a down-to-earth article about ways parents can help their children develop standards and ideals to guide them through the difficult years?"

This mother needs to develop more confidence in herself and in her children. Occasionally a child brought up by loving and understanding parents in a good home does become a delinquent, but such cases are rare. Though juvenile delinquency occurs at all levels of our society, it is far more common among children who are economically underprivileged or emotionally deprived, or both.

Nevertheless, every mother and father should be anxious to help their child develop a set of standards, an acceptable personal code to evaluate the behavior and attitudes of others and regulate his own. The child who has learned at home to respect truth and admire honesty is not likely to deceive his parents in important matters or to tolerate deceitfulness in others.

What are some of the forces outside the home that shape the personal philosophy of the maturing individual?

School usually gives the child his first continuing experience of life outside the home, and provides an opportunity to acquire a sense of responsibility. The wise parent fosters the child's independence and self-reliance by refraining from undue interference or overprotection, at the same time exhibiting an active interest in his progress.

Religious training. Attendance at Sunday school or church is valuable not only because it provides religious education, but also because it enhances a child's sense of belonging, and extends his acquaintances among other children whose parents have high standards and values. Religious observance within the home, such as family prayers or grace at the table, can pave the way for informal discussion of such concepts as honesty, justice and kindness.

Community standards. Since most people tend to adapt their behavior and beliefs to those of their associates, children and parents alike are influenced by the standards of their community. But in diversified communities where social and economic differences are extreme, different groups develop different standards. The individual, particularly the young person who is exposed to several conflicting behavior patterns, may find it difficult to develop a consistent philosophy. In such a situation, the father and mother must set a consistent example in their own behavior, and *actively* promote those values that they believe in.

Friends and contemporaries probably influence behavior away from home at least as much as parents. Parents should know and welcome their children's friends as individuals. The mother and father who can take part in a game or carry on a lively conversation with their children's friends are in a position to make constructive comments and suggestions. But if a child's feelings and values are basically sound and acceptable to the parents, behavior deviations rarely cause serious difficulties.

Ask yourself these questions: Does my child confide in me? Do I really listen with undivided attention to these confidences? Do *we* (not I) make decisions and reach conclusions? If your answers are all yes, you can confidently expect your child to behave like a responsible member of society.



"TECNIQUE Color-Tone"

ll the ease and gentleness of a fine color rinse...but look, it lasts up to 8 weeks! Blends naturally...no drastic change, no artificial look!

ER BEFORE, a hair color with inse mildness plus long-lasting nience; *it conditions, too! Tecnique* touches your hair with high- and accents its natural color no drastic change, only new y. Always *your* own color is But unlike a rinse, *Tecnique* penetrates hair to last up to ks, often longer.

OUCH-UP PROBLEM, won't sham- ut, streak or rub off. *Tecnique*, ordinary rinses, tints and never looks less than beauti- fully natural. Exclusive ACTOGEN, a mild creaming agent, works color into individual hair strands instead of just coating the surface. *Tecnique* also blends in with new hair growth —never a tell-tale "dye line."

TECNIQUE WILL:	TECNIQUE WON'T:
• *Highlight, accent natural hair color.*	• *Need touch-ups (never a "dye line").*
• *Last up to 8 weeks, often longer.*	• *Harm hair or add unnatural color.*
• *Condition hair with fine oils.*	• *Wash out, streak or rub off.*

CONDITIONS, TOO . . . fine oils add luster, make your hair soft to the touch and easy to manage. Apply *Tecnique* any time . . . even right after a permanent . . . use it for years and never see hair go harsh.

ADDS THE ACCENT your hair needs for true *natural* beauty—the just-right dash of auburn, spicy brown or glowing gold. Shampoo-simple, you *can't* make a mistake, color action stops automatically. 12 shades to choose from . . . at all leading drug and department stores (also available as a moderately-priced salon service). Satisfaction guaranteed. SHULTON, 630 5th Ave., NYC. Price 2.00 plus tax.

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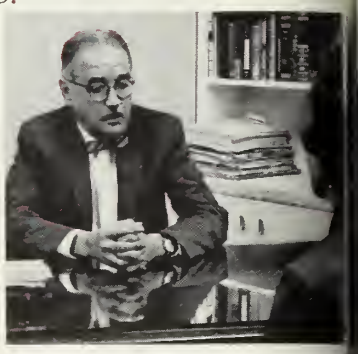


There are many questions which w
would like to ask a trusted physicia
there is not always the opportuni
this series, *Tell Me, Doctor,* I
Schauffler discusses some of the pro
which have been sent to him by re
The situations are all real, but a
names which are used are fict

TELL ME, DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"Many babies that were lost after the third month of pregnancy—as yours were, Mrs. Clarkson—we can save now. By those very 'newfangled methods' Old Doctor Pierce so mistrusted."



ABBO

The doctor was just putting down his telephon
Mrs. Clarkson entered the consulting room. She was wearing a beco
maternity costume, and the doctor placed her immediately as a ma
and intelligent person.

"This is quite a coincidence, Mrs. Clarkson," the doctor
"That was your doctor I was just talking to. He gave me a pretty
briefing on you. Suppose I review it quickly before getting your s
as you see it. I believe that will save us time and energy."

Mrs. Clarkson, smiling her assent, composed herself to listen.

The doctor began: "According to Doctor Pierce, you are th
onc. You have miscarried three times—aborted spontaneously, we do
call it—roughly at two-year intervals. The first time was at three a
half months; the second was at about four months. You were then u
the care of Doctor Pierce, Senior. Is all that correct?"

"Yes. The 'Old Doctor'—that's what we all called Doctor Pi
Senior, after his son joined him in his practice—didn't seem very n
upset by the miscarriages. He said this sort of thing occurred quite o
and that there was a tendency to carry the baby longer with each p
nancy. He thought that if we would just wait it out patiently, eventu
we would have a live baby."

The doctor glanced at the notes he had made during his pl
conversation. "Young Doctor Pierce tells me you did carry the next
to five and a half months."

"Yes, Doctor. It was pretty hard to lose that one; my husband
I had been counting on saving it."

"We'll hope for a happier ending with your present pregnan
the doctor said sympathetically. "Mrs. Clarkson, have you any idea
to why you lost those three babies?"

"Doctor Pierce, Senior, said it was just something that seem
happen with a good many women—that doctors themselves don't k
the reason. He said that I'm healthy, and normal in every way. But y
ago he operated on my cervix, removed part of it, because of an infect
He may have forgotten about it. My husband and I have wondered whe
that could have had anything to do with the miscarriages."

"It's possible. A good many of these mysterious cases Do
Pierce, Senior, referred to do involve previous operations, or injur
the cervix, as from childbirth. Can you think of anything else?"

"The first time I don't think I took very good care of myse
went right on doing my heavy housework. I even went bowling a num
of times. But in the next two pregnancies, I was as careful as I knew
to be. The last time, in fact, Old Doctor Pierce kept me flat in bed
more than six weeks, and it didn't do the least bit of good."

"Were you given any medication?" CONTINUED ON PAG

Advertisement



Drug

How tension taxes your body

"A woman's work is never done." She's never able to relax completely from her responsibilities to her home and family. She's never completely free from the unending series of little crises that, when added to her jam-packed schedule, brings on a lot of tension.

Tension is an insidious thing. You have one of those bad days and suddenly tension erupts. You're the victim of a miserable headache, taut nerves and muscles, queasy stomach.

When you're in the throes of such tension, you need more than a simple headache remedy to ease your pain, tight nerves and stomach jitters. So take Bufferin® to relieve not just one—*but all three*—of your symptoms.

The quick and potent action of Bufferin in relieving the pain of headache, tension's most nagging and painful symptom, has been known for many years. And clinical studies prove that Bufferin works twice as fast as aspirin for millions—even faster for many others.

Equally important, stomach jitters are calmed by Bufferin with Di-Alminate*, the exclusive stomach-soothing agent which only Bufferin adds to aspirin.

And, as Bufferin circulates through the bloodstream, it exerts an over-all calming effect on your body by relaxing tight nerves.

Whenever you have one of those bad days and feel tension building up, take Bufferin—to relieve your headache, relax your nerves and soothe your stomach.

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And what stirred up this lovely storm? SWEET MUSIC*, the bra with the *spoke-stitched* cups for fashion's newest "rounded look". A, B, C cups, 2.50. *Also* in the SWEET MUSIC family tree: SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *LACE* CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC *ELASTIC*, A, B, C cups, 3.00.

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ED FROM PAGE 36

inly was. Hypodermics of different
, till I began to feel like a pincush-
didn't do any good either."
prings us up to your present preg-
e doctor said. "You are five months
ht? Since his father's stroke—let's
months ago—Doctor Pierce, Junior,
His ideas about handling your case
different from those of his father,

he stopped the hormones his father
giving me. And he has examined me
nally. He told me his father strongly
ed a vaginal examination after the
th of pregnancy—said he called it a
ed notion that might induce mis-
–but the Young Doctor asked my
n and I gave it. The second time he
me, he asked me to see you right

THE KISS

MELORA HOBBS POND

h dies between our lips and
sorrow sings.
iss for the world's woe, our
private grief,
reen leaves turning, falling,
seesaw days
ping like chestnuts, and our
mperfect selves;
iss as prisoners asking a
repricve.

iss for midnights with the sky
in motion,
n and clouds, and pulsing seas
of grass,
oniddays long and level as a
plain,
n parks are still with life, like
primitives;
iss as children playing
make-believe.

iss for Everyman, and make
this moment
immortality, an Indian summer
of our losses, a harvest of the
grave,
lance against time, a stay of
sentence;
iss for all we love and cannot
save.

got the impression that he wanted to
hing else his father would disapprove,
ed to have another opinion first."
g Doctor Pierce told me he holds a
nion of your intelligence," the doctor
ee he is right. But I'll need to examine
elf before we talk any further. Won't
n down the hall? Mary Ann will give
e progesterone and then we will check
fully."
Clarkson, who had started toward the
ng room, stopped short. "Young Doc-
e gave me progesterone, too, before
ined me. I'm curious about that. I
a magazine article—something about
rone having a bad effect on the baby
en in pregnancy."
esterone in its natural form is an
hormone which relaxes the uterus and
ff or softens dangerous contractions.
einforces the lining of the womb so
holds the roots of a pregnancy more
here is a new synthetic, progesterone-
stance which has been given to a good
-called 'habitual aborters.' These are
who have lost three or more early
cies. The synthetic substance probably
retain the pregnancy. But it may have
linizing tendency in girl babies.

"Natural progesterone has no such dangers. Anyway, there is no chance of masculinizing a female fetus after the first three months of pregnancy, and you are well past that. If there is any risk at all in vaginal examination at your stage of the game, the progesterone should protect against it. But we'll be very careful."

The examination was so gentle, in fact, that Mrs. Clarkson declared she barely felt it. Back in the consulting room, the doctor told her:

"You have estimated the situation very shrewdly, Mrs. Clarkson. I am going to say to you frankly, because I think you already understand, that young Doctor Pierce finds himself in an embarrassing position. You were his father's patient, and he inherited you after his father became disabled. The young doctor disagrees with his father, but he hesitated to go ahead with more 'newfangled procedures' because his father feels so strongly about them.

"I am going to confess that just a few years ago, I myself would have placed you, as Doctor Pierce, Senior, did, in the group of women who are habitual aborters for no cause that a doctor can discover. Pierce says there seems to be no emotional or nervous factor, and you certainly appear well adjusted to me. There is nothing wrong with you physically, in the usual sense."

"Oh, dear, that is exactly what Old Doctor Pierce used to say! I was hoping so much that you could help me!"

"That was a few years ago, Mrs. Clarkson. There have been some important developments since." The doctor leaned back in his chair, crossed his knees. "We doctors are frequently attacked for reversing our ideas and our treatments every so often. But it seems to me that sometimes we are too slow to accept new ideas, or to examine old theories to see if they hold good. The idea about no vaginal examinations after the third month of pregnancy is a case in point. Many babies have been lost as a result. Of course there must be strict antiseptic preparation, proper precautions. But if we had observed the actual condition of the cervix, during pregnancy, in women prone to miscarry for no discernible reason, we could have avoided many of these tragedies."

"Oh, Doctor, that is what I wanted to hear!"

"Yes, a few years ago doctors in different parts of the world—Calcutta, Melbourne and Brooklyn—decided more or less simultaneously to break the taboo, find out what was really happening in these 'inexplicable' abortion cases. What they found made the rest of us feel rather silly." He paused.

"Don't stop, Doctor! You can't imagine how interested I am!"

"I was just thinking how to make it clear. You must understand that in an ordinary pregnancy, up to the time of delivery the canal of the cervix is a short, straight tube no thicker than a slate pencil, or at most a lead pencil. But in the majority of the late aborters examined, the investigators discovered that it had assumed the shape and characteristics of a cervix at the beginning of labor. At the top, where it connects with the uterus, it had relaxed and opened up until it was cone-shaped. At the bottom, it had thinned out and the opening had dilated to the size of a dime or a quarter, maybe even larger. The sac of membranes, containing the amniotic fluid and the baby, had bulged into this thin-walled opening. The baby could often be felt through the membranes. Any slight jar could rupture the thin sac, the amniotic fluid would gush out and the baby would soon be expelled. This explains many, at least, of these late spontaneous abortions that doctors haven't been able to account for in the past."

"And is that what you found in my case, Doctor?"

The doctor straightened in his chair, folded his hands on his desk. "Frankly, I could feel your baby's little nose quite plainly through the sac of fluid, where it bulges out into the widened cervix. The sac hasn't ruptured yet, but it is in real danger of rupturing. Doctor Pierce, Junior, was afraid that if you wait it out, you will lose this baby the way you did the others. I agree with him absolutely."

Advertisement

How New Wonder Drug Face Cream Restores Young Look to Skin

A Report by Helena Rubinstein

What makes young skin so firm, resilient, smooth? It is rich in the two vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. These are the very hormones that have helped shape every inch of every woman from Venus to you and me—the same hormones contained in my new Ultra Feminine® Face Cream.



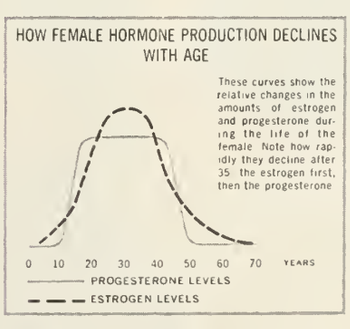
HELENA RUBINSTEIN
First Lady of Beauty Science

Why does a maturing woman need a supplement of these hormones? As she gets older, her body does not produce estrogen and progesterone as lavishly as before (see chart below). We see the difference in the skin—the dryness, the age lines.

Almost every one of us, in an attempt to turn the tide, has tried many of the oils and moisture ingredients that are on sale everywhere. No surface additive of moisture, no man-made lubricant can duplicate the results of nature's own precious estrogen and progesterone.

Throughout my life, I have sought through scientific experimentation to recapture the female hormone benefits of young skin for the mature skin. Out of my exciting research with the celebrated Dr. Joseph Kapp of Vienna, some thirty years ago, came the first estrogenic hormone face cream. And it won *half* the battle against aging skin.

In recent years I have again been involved in a vast and exciting hormone research project, this time aided by doctors, research scientists, hospitals, universities, clinics all over the United States. The result is my Ultra Feminine Face Cream, the first face cream to contain *both* vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone.



Now you can look young again! Medical tests show that Ultra Feminine actually *reverses* two of the aging processes of the skin!

With renewed estrogen, the cells deep within the skin layers can hold maximum moisture once again. These cells, plumped out once more, support the surface firmly. Lines smooth out. Wrinkles due to dryness are reduced. Young skin tone is restored. With the help of progesterone the oil glands are reactivated to produce at a younger rate again. The skin is soft, dewy, protected. The whole expression of the face looks more youthful!

And so many Ultra Feminine users have written to me, personally, to tell of their enthusiasm and delight with this wonder drug cosmetic! Ultra Feminine actually replenishes physiological substances within the skin. It comes to you with the highest recommendation, for it meets the same rigid testing as drugs in a doctor's prescription.

Because your skin cannot store up hormones, let me urge you to give your skin its *daily* hormone requirement, by using Ultra Feminine *every* night. Within one month, your skin will look—and act—young again, and continued use will maintain these results. Definitely, here is pleasant treatment with marvelous rewards—at a cost of just pennies a day—$3.50 for a 30-day supply, $5.50 for 60 days.

You will be fascinated to find out how the female hormones determine your womanliness—how they put lustre in the hair, softness in the voice as well as the personality. Write to me for my free booklet, "The Hormones That Make You Every Inch a Woman" which includes a special section of Vital Statistics of American Womanhood. Address your request to Helena Rubinstein, Department A, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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Have you time you can spare from household duties, or from your present job, which you would like to turn into money? Money for new fall clothes for yourself or children? Money for school expenses? Money to help buy a new car, new furniture, a new home? Money to put aside for a rainy day? In brief, would you like to engage in pleasant, profitable work for a few hours a day? Or would you like to have a richly-rewarding, full time career in business for yourself?

No matter which of these opportunities you seek, a STANLEY Dealership offers above-average returns for the time you invest. You earn from the start. We show you how. Neither age nor sex is a bar. You supply housewives with STANLEY's famous Housekeeping and Personal Grooming Aids. Nationally advertised, they are in big demand throughout the U.S. and Canada. For confidential information about how you, too, can become one of STANLEY's many good-money-earning Dealers, phone your local STANLEY Branch Office, or just fill out and mail the coupon below.



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(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc. 1960)

Mrs. Clarkson said quietly, "You and Young Doctor Pierce wouldn't have carried things this far unless there is some solution."

"There is. And it is about the most obvious one possible, though it took the investigators a while to figure it out, it was so simple! The problem, of course, is to keep the baby inside the uterus, and the sac of membranes from rupturing, until the baby is sufficiently developed to be able to survive in the outside world. Just for fun, Mrs. Clarkson, what solution would *you* suggest?"

Mrs. Clarkson thought for a moment. "Well, you might tie a string tightly around the top of the cervix to keep the baby back. I know that's crazy, though, because it couldn't possibly be *that* simple."

The doctor chuckled. "It isn't crazy at all. That's the best solution that has been found so far. Though it wasn't quite as simple as it sounds. A good deal of experimenting had to be done before the right kind of tie string was hit upon. Catgut isn't much good for various reasons. What seems to work best is a wide thong of some sort of nonirritating fiber. To date we have been using ox fascia mostly—the fascia is the sheet of fibrous tissue covering the muscles just under the skin. Sometimes a sheet of fibrous tissue is cut from the patient's own thigh. However, there is a new thong of woven Dacron that seems even better.

"After a usable material was found, the rest *was* simple. We weave the thong in and out of the outer tissues surrounding the cone-like upper section of the cervix. Then we pull it together, the way you close a tobacco pouch or an old-fashioned purse, and tie it snugly.

> To take refuge from life is to refuse it. Life generally offers due scope for the leading instinct in a man or a woman; and sometimes it offers the scope at a very low price, at no price at all.
> ARNOLD BENNETT

In fact, the process is called the 'purse-string' operation."

"And it works?"

"In about sixty-five to seventy per cent of cases, taking *live* babies that result as our measure. Of course there is a certain danger that the operation itself may cause the sac to rupture—especially if it's done after there are signs of impending labor, such as bleeding or cramps. But the percentage of success is good, when you realize that most of the babies now born alive would undoubtedly have been lost without the operation. I should think *your* chance is better than average, because everything else about you is so normal."

"How does the baby get out of the womb when the time comes for it to be born? Do you just cut the thong?"

"At first we did, and some doctors still do. But it is difficult to know the right time to cut it. There have been some unfortunate accidents. Nowadays most of us leave the thong in place and deliver the baby by Caesarean section. The general experience has been that if this method succeeds in the first pregnancy where it is tried, it is likely to succeed with subsequent babies, though not always. The thong is not irritating and may often be left in place for at least two later pregnancies. There are doctors who prefer to repair the cervix between pregnancies. That is somewhat a matter of opinion. But where a cervix proves to be 'incompetent' during a pregnancy—incompetent, that is, to hold the baby back until the right time comes for it to be born—the best time to operate is between the third and sixth months. I would say there is no time to lose in your case."

Mrs. Clarkson was operated on the next morning, was up and about four days later, led a quiet but normally active life for the next three or four months. The baby, an eight-pounder, was delivered at forty-one weeks by an uneventful Caesarean section. Perhaps best of all, the happy parents were promised an excellent chance of having further live, healthy babies.

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses the "classes" of cancer.

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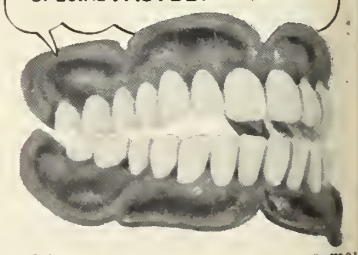
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No need to let constipation "get yo down." To get the kind of relief tha doesn't cause weakness, be sure to g Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Doesn cause cramps. Contains ingredien that act to soften waste, stimula intestines without causing upsettin digestive distress.

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When false teeth get on your nerves mak dentists give special FASTEETH powder. helps hold teeth in place—helps keep the from slipping or dropping down when yo talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEET cushions tender gums so you can bite hard and eat easier, faster with greater comfor FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak mo clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odo (denture breath). At drug counters everywher

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Butter-soft Funsters... easy walking, easy price

Everything to give your feet a good time has been put into this Funster collection. Butter-soft, flexible casuals that fit like Naturalizers always do. Yours for a happy-go-lucky footing at this budget-happy price.

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Here's new relief from miseries of HAY FEVER

AND OTHER POLLEN ALLERGIES



Revolutionary 3-layer tablet acts directly on CRITICAL AREAS of POLLEN IRRITATION

Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN: 1. DECONGESTS swollen nasal passages. Unblocks congestion *deep* in the nose-sinus area where sprays and mists may not reach. 2. RELIEVES watery, itchy eyes... cheeks sniffles, sneezing... restores free breathing. 3. PROTECTS against further pollen irritation. This season, you don't *have* to suffer the maddening miseries of hay fever and other pollen allergies. DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets ... remarkable medical achievement ... bring quick, long-lasting relief. Working through the bloodstream, DRISTAN's decongestant and anti-allergic actions reach *all* delicate pollen-irritated membranes. Shrink swollen tissues ... drain clogged passages. Breathing becomes free, deep and natural. Moreover, DRISTAN sets up a special protective barrier to curb further pollen irritation. *This* is DRISTAN's kind of relief ... swift, prolonged, effective. Millions already depend on DRISTAN for relief of hay fever miseries. Why don't you? This season, be ready for the pollen invasion. Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. And ... *important* ... accept no substitutes!



THIS EXCLUSIVE DRISTAN TABLET FORMULA CANNOT BE DUPLICATED!

DRISTAN is the exclusive 3-layer tablet discovery which for the first time makes it possible to unite certain medically-proven ingredients into *one fast-acting uncoated tablet*. Accept no substitute.



BEFORE: With hay fever and other pollen irritations, sensitive nose and head membranes become irritated. Tissues swell, passages clog, breathing becomes difficult.



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DRISTAN® *Decongestant Tablets*

"The state the world's in, Polly, all I'm planting is annuals."



STEVENSON

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UNDER COVER

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Nan Fairbrother, author of **THE CHEERFUL DAY**, is a beautiful young Englishwoman, tall, dark-haired and blue-eyed. She is the wife of a doctor and mother of two sons. They live in a house on Harley Street, where London doctors like to live, and where the houses all look alike except theirs, which has two big plants on either side of the front door. The lady has a green thumb. During the war while her husband was in the army she and her two little boys moved to comparative safety in Buckinghamshire, and lived in a sixteenth-century Tudor house, in sixteenth-century condition. The house was waterless, heatless and drafty. But the three got the smack of rural England into their bones and were blooming with hardy health when their time was up. *An English Year* tells this story. Now she writes about the return to London, and the two wide-eyed country boys growing up into offhand casual young Londoners. *The Cheerful Day* (Knopf) is a portrait of the sprawling big city of buses and bobbies, and a handbook of family living—good-fellowship, gourmet food eaten in the kitchen, wit and ideas tossed nonchalantly about.

Personality seems to shine through women's books more than through men's. You couldn't read **THREE MEN ON THE LEFT HAND** (Doubleday) without recognizing the author for a sophisticate. ***Ilka Chase*** is the true New York sophisticate—smart, friendly, openhearted, tolerant. You have to be tolerant if you live in New York's noise and dirt and torn-up streets, with its sassy taxi drivers and handsome policemen, delicatessen countermen and uniformed doormen, high-heeled gals, and the honky-tonk of Broadway. Ilka has boundless energy. She's on TV, she lectures across the country, she's a clever actress and a witty writer. Her wit makes her books; in this novel I defy anyone to find a cliché. She never lets her manager down, and she lives a contentedly happy existence with her doctor husband on New York's busiest cross street. When her book came out there was a cocktail party celebrating a triple birthday: Ilka's, her husband's and the book's.

CLEA brings to an end ***Lawrence Durrell's*** four-part novel—*Justine*, *Balthazar*, *Mountolive* (Dutton). Here is a novel in which the author is far removed and uninvolved, portraying a world seen from an Olympian distance. It is an outstanding work of art, rich, complex, subtle. It is also "contrived"—a fighting word to some readers, but not to those who relish Conrad, Henry James and James Gould Cozzens.

Larry, according to his brother Gerald, who is no mean writer himself (*The Bafut Beagles*, *My Family and Other Animals*), showed his power to rouse others at an early age. Single-handedly he persuaded the whole family to move out of England and on to Corfu—three boys, a girl and their widowed mother. When they packed to go, facing an indefinite length of time (they stayed five years!), it was characteristic of Larry that he carried two trunks of books and a briefcase containing his clothes; and that Gerald, aged ten, carried a butterfly net, a dog, and a jam jar full of caterpillars all in imminent danger of turning into chrysalises. Gerald became a biologist.

An excellent book for school administrators, boards of education, citizens, parents is **SCHOOLS OF TOMORROW—TODAY**, *by* ***Arthur D. Morse*** (*Doubleday*). . . . *For little children there are* **LINEN BOOKS**—*durable, eight-paged books with pictures* (*Saalfield Pub. Co., Akron 1, Ohio, 59c*). . . . *And a good novel-mystery:* **THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER**, *by* ***Patrick Quentin*** (*Random*).

A public statement concerning Metrecal, a new concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecal™ was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecal, Mead Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

tember of 1959, a new product—Metrecal is introduced to the medical profession by Johnson & Company. It was developed to e physicians with a new technique for use icious weight reduction of overweight ts.

wish to stress the importance of the physi- problems of weight loss and control. This icularly the case for individuals who are idously overweight, patients with disease kidneys, and patients with various forms of nd blood vessel disease.

iew of the broad public and medical inter- weight control, many persons have learned recal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual ent.

What is Metrecal?

cal, when properly used, is an effective control agent. It is not a panacea.

recal is a complete food in powder form is mixed with water to make beverage It is designed to provide a low calorie diet contains all basic nutrients required by a on a reducing program. *Metrecal contains gs.*

recal can be used as the total diet for the required to achieve the weight loss which for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly devised Metrecal program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Metrecal users are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

One-half pound of Metrecal powder (a frequently specified day's supply) provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration. Metrecal is available in all drugstores.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

Mead Johnson
Symbol of service in medicine

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Cook with Snider's, *the chili pepper catsup*
–it makes the flavor difference in these pork chops



SNIDERCHOPS

Here's a new way to barbecue pork chops –in a skillet–and get a flavor you've never tasted before.
It's a whisper of high-spirited chili pepper in Snider's Catsup that makes this so-happy difference. There's just *enough* chili pepper in Snider's to spice it just *so*–for cooking, and for the table, too.

6 pork chops, about ¾-inch thick
6 thin lemon slices
2 tablesp. brown sugar
⅔ cup Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup
⅓ cup water

Brown chops in skillet. Drain off excess fat. Place slice of lemon on each chop. Combine brown sugar, Snider's Chili Pepper Catsup and water; pour over chops. Cover; simmer 30 minutes. Remove cover, skim off excess fat, and simmer 10 minutes more, basting chops occasionally. Serves six.

Snider Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Ca

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In September, 1910, school children were busy memorizing a new poem, Rudyard Kipling's *If*. Only eight writers in America were paid as high as $1000 for a short story. Victor Herbert wrote *Naughty Marietta* with its wonderful songs, *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life!* and *I'm Falling in Love With Someone*. Women's skirts began to grow shorter because (it was said) long skirts made driving cars too difficult.

In September, 1910, the JOURNAL, *bursting with new fall fashions shown for the first time in full color, had two issues in the same month. Women's fall suits had jackets to the knees and pencil-straight skirts. Atop beehive hairdos were bushel-basket hats and chiffon-draped toques like the ones Queen Mary used to wear.*

"Why I Stopped Working in a Beauty Parlor: The commonest way to remove hair is to put a powerful caustic like quicklime on the face for ten to fifteen minutes and then scrape it off with a flat bone knife." And "Filling out hollows and wrinkles in the face is done by hypodermic injections of paraffin." Adds this beauty operator: "The men in the beauty business are so profane that when I saw young, unchaperoned girls enter curtained booths to have their hair dressed by these men I trembled and wondered why mothers took such risks."

"All the girls in this town wear hats at luncheon parties. Is this custom general?" asks Maude. "Yes, a woman wears a hat at all daytime entertainments unless she is the hostess."

"How I Furnished my Entire Flat with $4.20 Worth of Wooden Crates and Boxes," was a *Journal* feature. Another suggestion: "Utilize old nightgowns as dust covers for your best suits and dresses."

"The right way to put on a waist: First fasten the boned waist belting and then hook the collar. Then begin hooking the bodice downward in the back and finally fasten the buttons at the ends of the sleeves."



Mrs. Bass addresses fashion-show luncheon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RIO STUDIOS



Dawn Norman: all "ayes" were on her hat.

Journal about town

WHAT WE DO . . . WHERE WE GO . . . WHOM WE MEET

At a gala fashion show recently, held in the famed Persian Room of New York's Hotel Plaza, over thirty-two senators, representatives and their wives were honored guests of the *Journal*. Clothes were *Journal* pages brought to life on congressmen's wives turned models. Among the models were New York's Mrs. Stuyvesant Wainwright and her two daughters, Mrs. Robert Barry, Mrs. Jacob Javits; and Tennessee's Mrs. Ross Bass—no relation to our executive editor. *Mary Bass*, emceeing the show, stated: "The *Journal* has an election every month—more than six million voters to represent on everything from schools to fashions." Said Representative Henry A. Dixon, of Utah, concluding the show: "I have always felt the *Journal* stood for everything decent in American life—maybe that's why so many of us brought our children here today."

No, you're not seeing things. Mary Bass and Dawn Norman are wearing the same "platform hat." Dawn accepted a "Masthead Award" from Theta Sigma Phi for Mrs. Gould, who was in Africa. Dawn's award-winning bonnet charmed two governors' wives: Mrs. Edmund G. Brown, of California, and Alaska's Mrs. William A. Egan; inspired a woman civic leader to comment: "When we women confer we take off our hats. But when we want to please congressmen we leave them on—the more feminine the better. All's fair in love and politics."

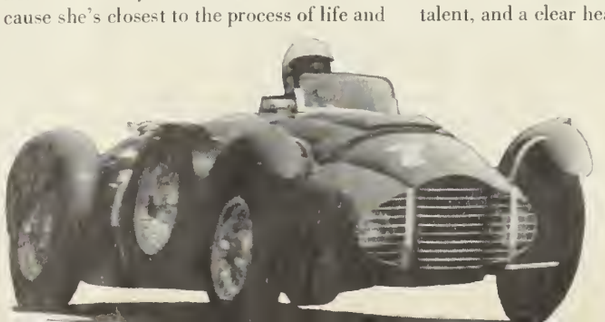
Our favorite subject—women—was the topic *James Thurber* and *Bill McCleery* were discussing the other day. Is woman intelligent? Affirmed the wry Mr. T.: "Oh, yes—she's becoming more perceptive and literate, has a basic sense of sympathy, humor and understanding. Ninety per cent of my mail comes from her—and she isn't afraid to sign her name." Why not? "She has less fear because she's closest to the process of life and death." Is there hope of developing her? "If she'll think less of hairdos and more of the brain under them." Then came the poser: is her logic ever logical? "Sometimes. When I think of the muddled political scene and the coming elections it reminds me what my mother (also a woman) said about candidates: 'It would serve them right if both got in!'"

Success story: Pretty Joyce Hayes (How America Lives, May '59, divorcee supporting 4 children on $100 a month) is now a columnist for a daily Oregon paper. "Once Around The Block" is an account of life in her town; prerequisites: a quick eye, wit and humor. "I decided to write it when letters poured in after the Journal feature, wanting to know more about us." To celebrate the Journal story, Joyce took her four children out to dinner—son Dennis prudently picked up tip because "the waitress might have kept it, mommy." Anyone wonder where Joyce gets her material?



Reporter Hayes and two of her critics.

How did top *Journal* illustrators first express their urge to paint? We "canvassed," found that *Al Parker* began painting clothespins to look like movie stars (no demand). *Joe DeMers* burned to draw scenes on bass drums, but flunked his high-school art course (had his revenge later when the school bought his paintings). *Coby Whitmore* sketched racing cars and *Joe Bowler* turned from engines to oils. *Jon Whitcomb* says everyone knew *he* was the family artist—he dyed water and his sisters drank it. And our own *Bill Fink* told ad agencies he'd start anywhere—began shipping paintings and wound up painting ships. His advice: "Footholds are where you find them—then it's imagination, talent, and a clear head fixed on what you want to do."



Pre-painter Coby races toward finish.





By THE GORDONS

It began with a voice in the dark,
a voice she had never heard before.
"I know all about you," the man said.
"You're twenty-six and you're sweet
on the eserow guy in the bank where you work . . .
You're going to do exactly as I
say, because you really have no choice."
Beginning a new serial about a girl on a tightrope.

Operation Terror

Cautiously Kelly Sherwood eased the car up the narrow driveway, careful not to rake it on the sharp thorns of the pyracantha hedge. The driveway and the inadequate old garage were a source of daily irritation to her. Hugged by the house on one side, and the thick hedge on the other, the driveway was a tunnel of blackness cut momentarily by the headlights. The warmth of early October hung heavily even at this hour, a few minutes past eleven.

Parking before the closed garage, she slid out. With some effort she pulled the heavy, old-fashioned sliding door back. Her close friend, Spot, a dog that lived directly behind, came awake, barking joyously. Every night after parking the car, she went to the back fence and fed Spot a couple of pieces of dog candy.

"O.K., O.K., keep your shirt on," she called as she returned to the car. She leaned far out the window to keep an eye on the front fender as she nosed it into the garage. Mechanically she locked the lever in "Park," silenced the motor and turned out the lights, as usual. Then a most unusual thing happened, and at first she was too surprised to be terrified. The garage door slid shut behind her.

"Toby?" she cried out. "Toby!"

It couldn't be Toby. Not tonight.

As she switched the car lights on, a strong, gloved hand slipped about her neck. Fingers dug into her throat to strangle her outcry.

"Don't look around—and turn off the lights." It was a man's voice, low and guttural. "I'm not going to harm you. I just want to talk with you."

His fingers tightened as she delayed, then loosened as she pushed in the light switch.

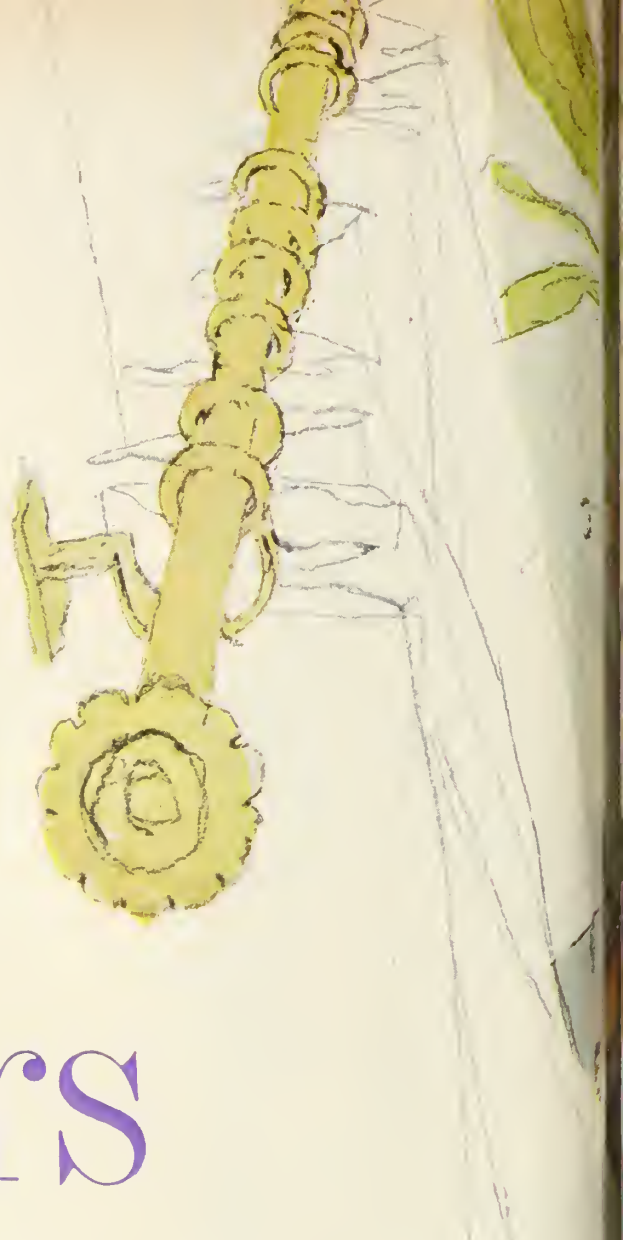
Thoughts tumbled about in revolt and complete confusion. Scream? But no one would hear. She was conscious of his asthmatic, uneven breathing. Spot barked more insistently. The Voights would surely investigate. Spot never barked for a prolonged period except when a stranger was about. The next instant this thin hope sank. The Voights would turn on their floodlights, see no one in the yard, reprimand Spot and return to bed.

Toby. If only Toby were home. Toby was her seventeen-year-old sister, a long-legged, boy-happy girl filled with wild enthusiasms.

The man was saying. "Thank you, Miss Sherwood. Just sit where you are. And don't try anything. I've got a gun on you." He opened the door to the back CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

She stood uncertainly and the first sharp thrust of panic struck her. She had to walk—to do something!

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A story to be read with
compassion for all the
mistakes and sorrow love,
outside of marriage, can cause.

Echo Answers

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Grand Central Station was just as it used to be, thought Mrs. Jerome Tarrant, on her way to the suite of rooms which had been reserved for her in a Park Avenue hotel. She had left far more beautiful rooms in her own house in St. Ives, and they would be ready for her when and if she wanted to go back to them. She was slim, perfectly balanced on her tall heels, with curves of blond hair and an expertly rouged mouth showing between the touches of veil and her fur-coat collar.

She thought again, as she had done several times on the train, of what she was glad to be getting away from—her lawyers, her bankers, from people she liked and some that she loved. From visits of condolence and invitations to small dinners. Also from advice.

She would not have to feel, for a while, the constant pressure to adjust to a resigned and cheerful widowhood. She was escaping the hints that passionate grief at sixty-odd was unsuitable, almost ridiculous.

The taxi turned into Park Avenue. At the next intersection a light changed, but a girl kept on running swiftly from the island to the curb; the driver angrily yelled at her. The girl's head turned and Clare caught the smile she tossed back, as if conceding that she shouldn't have taken the risk but with no apology for it. For a second Clare thought the girl was Belinda.

Of course it almost certainly wasn't her granddaughter. Girls of that age looked so much alike in those hooded tweed coats. Belinda had been wearing her hair straight back from her forehead, like that girl in the street, when Clare had last seen her. It was nearly a year ago now. Belinda Rood had not been blood kin to Jerome, but with sorrow she had come to his funeral.

She had not been much help. Her mother said so at the time. It was Julia Rood who took hold and managed most of the painful details. Julia Rood was always competent, whether in Congress or in private life. She was Clare's only child, born of her first brief marriage to Tony Delchamp. Julia had come from Washington to St. Ives immediately when she heard of Jerome Tarrant's sudden death and taken over everything except the shock and grief.

Belinda had made no effort to be cordial to the people who called in sympathy and she had shuddered away from the flowers. She had worn a yellow sweater and skirt to the services. Her mother had wanted her to put on black, but Clare had said, "No—don't make her change: Jerome liked yellow."

I am not going to be a nuisance to Belinda while I'm in New York, thought Clare. *I didn't come here to interfere with her life. Julia should stop worrying and leave the girl alone. I'll see Belinda when she wants to see me. If she wants to talk about her problems, or asks for help, that's*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

THE Journal's COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL

© 1960 BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
ECHO ANSWERS IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED IN BOOK FORM BY HARPER & BROS.



"By rights you should throw me out of your life," he said. "You'd soon find some man who was free." But he was waiting for her denial.



On A Royal

LEE LOCKWOOD



Margaret appeared in the West Indies as Londoners never have seen her—in a bare-shouldered peasant dress, tanned, tousled, happy and relaxed.

COMBINE



They arrived at dockside covered with confetti and rose petals. More than a million persons saw them off.

LEE LOCKWOOD



They walked side by side, not with Tony several paces behind as before.

CENTRAL PRESS



For the first and last time in her life, Margaret stood in front of her sister Elizabeth the queen. To an awed tiny bridesmaid, she appeared indeed a fairy-tale princess.

PARIS MATCH



For the first five days and evenings they strolled Britannia's decks in complete privacy.



Crew wear gym shoes to muffle sound of footsteps as they go about their

By LAURA RILEY

Honeymoon

ey picnicked. They swam.

They danced under tropical stars.

They even managed to be alone—

a yacht with 258 Royal Navy men.

LEE LOCKWOOD



For forty-three sunlit and idyllic days Britain's Princess Margaret and her new husband, former court photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones, lived a fairy-tale life in a honeymoon world. Theirs was the kind of honeymoon few newly married couples—even royal ones—experience, aboard a yacht half the length of the *Queen Mary*, on a tropical cruise tailored to their slightest whim. Not even the queen, Margaret's sister, knew where they necessarily would be on any given day.

But it was like many other honeymoons too.

They picnicked. They swam. They danced under the stars, dined alone by candlelight against a background of soft music. They held hands. They basked in the sun until, bored with sun-bathing, they jumped up to frolic with a huge beach ball in the surf. They snapped pictures of each other in lighthearted and pensive poses. They collected coral and seashells, went sight-seeing. They played little jokes on each other. Tony telephoned Margaret from another part of the ship and pretended he was a ship's officer, and Margaret kept up the pretense even after she recognized his voice.

They forgot they had ever called each other by their given

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

At St. Johns, on Antigua in the British West Indies, three earthquakes greeted them but didn't spoil a barbecue supper.





It was an evening of new experiences. She could foresee—and dread—one, but the other was quite, quite different.

Upstairs

By LUCILE VAUGHAN PAYNE

When the phone rang Joanna March was dressed and ready for her date, looking, her mother told her several times, like a flower. Really like a *flower.* "Well, I feel like a cow," said Joanna. This was not entirely the truth. Joanna merely felt unsettled. The delicacy she seemed to have put on with her unfamiliar clothes—satin shoes and a bare-shouldered evening dress with a foam of white skirt—made her nervous. She was a girl who felt truly at home only in sneakers and tennis shorts. Dressed in party clothes and pinned with Jack Bayfield's corsage of red roses, she bloomed with an unexpected and rather startling beauty. She was just aware enough of this fact to feel annoyed by her mother's approval.

She moved to answer the phone. "I'll get it. It's probably Brandon."

"Brandon? What would Brandon want tonight?"

Joanna disregarded this question. She thought privately that it would take her mother about ten thousand years to mature enough to understand how she felt about Brandon Harper. All her mother was capable of understanding was a date with somebody like Jack Bayfield. *Boy-friend* stuff. The only thing grownups could think of was sex, when you got right down to it. Her voice was hopeful as she spoke into the phone. She felt a huge necessity to talk to Brandon.

"Hi," said Brandon. "Joanna?" His voice sounded remote and fainthearted, almost spectral. Probably he was alone. His mother went out a lot. She was a handsome divorcee who wore stunningly tailored black suits. She CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

Brandon pushed a button and the elevator grumbled upward. "Listen," he said feverishly, "did that guy kiss you?"

My Life in a White World

By MARIAN ANDERSON
as told to Emily Kimbrough

"The path has come a long way from where those of my generation started. It's wider, it's a bit clearer, so it's worth while to keep cutting down obstacles."



DI PIETRO

"Sometimes," Marian said, "it's like a hair across your cheek. You can't see it, you can't find it with your fingers, but you keep brushing at it because the feel of it is irritating."

Marian Anderson and I were sharing a more intimate conversation than had occurred before during our more than twenty-five years of friendship. For a long time we have called each other by our first names, since that is the milestone two people always pass on leaving acquaintanceship and moving on to familiarity. In the South, she said, most women meeting her for the first time called her Marian. That was when I invited myself past another milestone; I asked for confidences.

Men are of the opinion, I think, that every woman reveals to her thirty or so most intimate women friends every detail of her life that should be private. At the moment of inviting Marian's confidences I had cited this fallacy, asserting that no one of my friends, however intimate, had confided to me such privacies as the details of either her financial status or her sex life; nor had I imposed such revelations. But now I wanted to intrude on Marian's privacy. She had opened a gate to these confidences by mentioning that in the South she was called by her first name. I didn't have to ask her if this had happened because she was a Negro, I'd said, but I would like to ask some other things I had wondered about, that had to do with being brown-skinned.

"Go ahead," Marian had said, chuckled, and added, "or rather, come on in, the gate's open."

How we talked! All that afternoon, and at the end of it had so much more to say we lunched together the following day, and the day after. She was telling me things, she admitted, in astonished discovery, she had never said aloud before, and bringing to the surface incidents long buried. With her permission I have set them down under her own signature as well as mine.

I had asked her, to begin, "When did you first become aware of being a Negro? Did your mother have a private conversation with you? Do Ne children have an extra parental interview besi the one about the facts of life?"

Marian did not answer spontaneously. She evidently searching her memory.

"I can't remember any such conversation," said finally. "And I don't remember being c scious of any difference between me and wh children when I was a small child. I think this because there were white and Negro families in mingled on our block, and all the children pla together. We were in and out of one anoth houses all day long, though mostly they cam ours. We had a back yard. That was the meet place for the neighborhood, and my mother lik it that way. I think she liked, too, to keep an on us.

"There was one little girl, white, who stayed after the others had gone home to supper. S was there almost every night. I don't know wh the family circumstances were—I was too lit to pay much attention; but I do know that wh my sisters and I went up to bed she would still downstairs in the kitchen. My mother would h fixed up a bed for her in the seat of an old Mo chair. Some time later her father would cor pick her up and carry her home.

"When we went to school," Marian continu "we were colored and white in the same roo so there was nothing to make me notice anyth different about me. I might have thought abou when we went to Sunday school and church, eept the white people on our block were Catholics and we were Methodists, so I thou Catholics went to one church and Methodists w to another.

"I wasn't quite so stupid as not to realize skin and hair were different from those features my white friends; and I was conscious of so social implications these differences made." S paused. "But as for putting my finger on whe knew these things, it

CONTINUED ON PAGE



"I am so proud of my country
I hate to think of it stooping or bending
to hold down some of its own people."



CAMERA PRESS PIX

The Journal's 5-Star Wardrobe

designed by Simonetta of Rom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE

Her clothes philosophy as told t
Wilhela Cushman, Fashion Edi

"Frankly, designing this wardrob for the *Ladies' Home Journ* gives me a perfect opportunity illustrate my theories. The war robe is five pieces. Five pieces, wi accessories, are more than sufficie to be smartly attired all the tim

"Today's woman leads a bus varied life where organizatio of time, home, business, travel an clothes is necessary. Chicness an practicality should go hand in han No woman, rich or poor, can affor the luxury of impracticality in dres The wardrobe which I've designe isn't just a city wardrobe or a cou try wardrobe. It's not limited t married women with homes an families or to young businesswome It adapts itself equally well to th life of a wealthy woman as to th not so wealthy one. It is as chic an useful to the New York woman as t the woman living in California o Italy. This wardrobe can stay a home or travel. What with airplan and automobiles, traveling with trunk is about as popular as trave ing with five lions.

"After deciding on the conten of the wardrobe, I starte working on colors. CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



"The first outfit which I designed is a coat. It can be worn over everything. With a matching wool beret and leather gloves, for day. With variation of accessories, this is an afternoon, theater or country coat."

Five star costumes . . .







BY VANESSA

st, an integral part of any wardrobe, goes from day to
n too. Marvelous with a green cloche or nutria beret."

"With a yellow sweater, the softly pleated suit skirt goes to the country."





COMPACT BY CARTIER

The white silk brocade, jacketed or not, "answers all what-shall-I-wear-tonight questions."

"If a woman has nothing else to wear, she must have a basic black dress." This for late day.



HANDBAG BY SYLVIA FIORENTINA; PIN BY MARC KOVEN

"The beige jersey knit is a live-in dress, morning, afternoon and at home."

PIN AND BRACELETS BY LUCIANA





i a deep pink silk blouse, the suit is for
noon, dinner and theater evenings."

egrated, all-occasion wardrobe.







These fashions copied in similar fabrics for stores throughout the nation by Leonard Arkin.

America's noted designe

Norman Norell



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



DÉCOR BY PARZINGER PAINTING BY BERNARD CATHELIN, FINDLAY GALLERIES, N.Y.

Fall Collectio

Smart women all over the U.S.A. will wear these clothes, indicative of the trend of American high fashion. Of greatest significance are his slender, pared-down suits with wrist-length jackets and jersey overblouses, black or gray with contrast, or in two vibrant shades—a fashion of elegance but at the same time with a completely at-ease look for many occasions. Low-placed fullness and away-from-the-body silhouettes appear in coats and dresses.

For travel, country living and even for the changing pace of city life, his divided skirts present a practical—perhaps controversial—idea. The well-bred accessories: the alligator handbag with a gold chain handle, originated by Cartier, copied for years at many prices; alligator pumps, timeless gold jewelry.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

The indicative suit in dark, dark brown with gold jersey tunic loosely tied. Bracelets by Seam Schepps; handbag by Henri Bétrix.

Important coat in gray, the silhouette completed with a matching deep cloche, banded in black.



PAINTING BY PIERRE LESIEUR, FINDLAY GALLERIES, N. Y.



The divided skirt in red tweed, for only the slim young figure.

Young, sophisticated, bound to be popular dress with low fullness.



BRACELETS BY MARC KOVEN AND CHESTER LAWRENCE

6 MILLION TEEN PLAIDS



An authentic Dress Stewart tartan makes this skirt with unpressed pleats topped by a red flannel jacket, white sharkskin blouse. Vogue Design No. 5080.



LEOMBRUNO-HODI

A pleated skirt with a matching bolero w combine with both blouses and sweaters. We s it with a boy's yellow oxford-cloth button-do shirt so popular with teenage Skirt and jacket, Vogue Design No. 50



A black braid-bound velveteen jacket combined with a bright Orlon-and-rayon plaid skirt and worn with a crisp white piqué blouse is classic and becoming. Vogue Design No. 5084.

AGERS LOVE TO SEW

Full of enthusiasm, teen agers all over the country will welcome a new season with thoughts of new clothes. About 6,000,000 will combine their efforts to make more than 17,000,000 garments. To stimulate their creative minds, we searched for the brightest plaids, the fuzziest fur fabrics, the gayest jumpers and the prettiest shades of velveteen. The sizing of these patterns ranges from subteen to junior miss; check the chart in your pattern book for accurate fitting. Original ideas are trend-setting and to be encouraged. Unusual combinations of colors and fabrics are individual and distinguished.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor



JUMPERS



This charming blue corduroy-and-rayon-challis combination is really two dresses giving the effect of a jumper. Both the slim long-sleeved print dress and the corduroy can be worn separately. Vogue Design No. 5077.



The newest jumper length is just above the knee. This one in a fireman-red blanket cloth is surprisingly bound in yellow. Wear it with a matching yellow sweater. Vogue Design No. 5071.

This bold plaid jumper is bound in black aid and buttons down the back. The blouse is yellow wool jersey. For an informal party, wear it without the blouse. Vogue Design No. 5062.

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 135. Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue

THIS IS WHAT THEY

FUR FABRICS



This slim blue plaid wool dress is topped by a short fur-fabric jacket in the same color. We added a fringed piece of fabric for a scarf, and her hat is a 13" circle of fur fabric gathered. Vogue Design No. 5103.



A leopard fur-fabric overblouse has a wonderful new look. It tops a camel-color fleece skirt and can be worn with its own dickey or a turtle-neck sweater. Vogue Design No. 5092.



This white washable wool shirtwaist dr has a full pleated skirt. The sleeves fol back, neckline is convertible. Add a mo ogram. She wears it with a red fur-fab hat and muff. Vogue Design No. 5067

VILL MAKE THIS FALL

Fur fabrics stand out this fall because they look so "real." Also, deep pile fabrics in pale colors look like dyed rabbit. All these are fun for jackets, overblouses and accessories. A white washable wool dress looks new as a young fashion, and one might add a monogram. Party clothes are simple in design and depend on color and fabric for their very feminine "eye catching" appeal. Fashion-minded youngsters will find that a background of sewing and designing often develops into a career. Also, one can dress like a queen on a Cinderella budget.

VELVETEEN



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

This charming blue velveteen dips low in ack and is buttoned with self-covered buttons. We have edged the neckline, sleeves and with Irish lace. Vogue Design No. 5003.



Candy-pink velveteen makes this full-skirted, small-waisted party dress. Add a bunch of flowers and a velvet ribbon at the waistline. Wear pink shoes. Vogue Design No. 5004.



For variety, a black-and-white checked taffeta (you might make it in aqua velveteen) in two pieces plus an overskirt. A nice idea, inasmuch as the pieces are interchangeable with other separates. Vogue Design No. 5015.



Clear-browed, wide-waved, with fall's new look of smoothness. Model's hair length just clears her shoulders. (Thin or fine hair will need some back combing at underneath section of crown hair to achieve similar fullness.) Back is bouffant pageboy.



Short cut, 1960 style. For fullness, all hair is set on rollers with the exception of the sections over and behind the ears, which are wound in large pin curls in order to comb forward on the cheek. Bangs are optional. Either way the effect is sleek and youthful.



A classically pretty hairdo with modified fullness at the sides. Bows prettily accent a lovely forehead. Short hair in front (ends are tucked under bows) can convert to bangs, if desired. Back is semifull[ness], ends turning under. Easy to wear—easy to

GLAMOROUS HAIRDOS...

SMOOTH AND FULL

Feminine and wearable, fall's new hairdos are pretty enough to turn anybody's head.
The newest length stops just below the ear. If you prefer to keep your hair long, there is a variety of ways to give it a freshly current smooth, full look.
Most of the arrangements shown here can be maintained between shampoos by putting up the ends during the week (how often depends on how well your hair holds curl).
Setting instructions for each hairdo appear on page 126.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

Longish hair made to look short. Hair brushes across the crown from low side part, and clips in place with a bright velvet bow. (A pretty pin or barrette will do the trick too.) Ends of hair brush into soft waves at sides and turn under all the way around.

HAIRDO UPPER RIGHT BY MICHEL KAZAN.
OTHER HAIRDOS THIS PAGE BY ENRICO CARUSO



*Short, feminine, swirled to frame the fa[ce] tily. High, soft bangs can be more so depending on which does the most f[or] Ends of hair brush casually forward on



For really glamorous occasions this arrangement has a look of delicious femininity! Long hair is brushed across crown from side part, waved over ears, with ends wound into French twist in back. Top fullness is achieved by brushing back crown section of hair to loop over top of twist behind. It is more intricate than the others to comb out and arrange, so you may need the help of a clever friend or your hairdresser. But special-occasion results are worth the trouble. Hair design by Mr. Kenneth.

DRESS BY DAVID KLEIN



PRIGENT

"I like to start fall with a new suit. On still-warm days I can take off the jacket, wear a blouse." Avanell Bass chose beige tweed and it will be equally good for spring or fall. Two new accessories, both favorites: a scarf and a hat. The hat is fur felt and cost $25.00. Beige suit was $69.95.

How does she look so pretty?

when as the wife of a congressman her time and money spent on fashion are limited?

By BET HART

Avanell Bass's husband, Congressman Ross Bass, of Pulaski, Tennessee, was originally elected to the House six years ago. "Since that time," Mrs. Bass says, "I think I have learned a great deal about fashion. I had a closetful of clothes, but never the right costume for the right occasion. Still the most difficult of all costumes to find is one for in-between seasons."

Since being in Washington, Mrs. Bass has come to rely on the invaluable basic dress and for daytime she has collected several classic sheaths. For evening she has three "good little black dresses" and several in color. The fact that all these dresses were chosen primarily by fabric has solved the in-between-season problem for evening. "Crepe, chiffon or lace can be just as good spring, summer or winter, in Washington or Tennessee." For daytime, she feels she has not conquered the challenge so completely. However, her solution to date is to start the fall with a lightweight wool suit, add a suit or jacket dress in silk linen or similar fabric to begin the spring season.

Mrs. Bass works full time in her husband's office. She has been president of the 84th Congressional Wives Club, press chairman of the Congressional Club and is an active member of several other clubs. Mrs. Bass does most of her own household chores and marketing and "in my 'spare' time I like to paint."

Mrs. Bass's fashion investments are closely determined by these varied activities, as last year's purchases show: two identical wool-jersey dresses, one black, one taupe, each $29.00; a medium-blue lightweight wool suit for $85.00: black crepe dinner dress for $85.00; and an off-white brocade short evening dress for $95.00.

The jersey sheath dresses were earmarked for everyday office wear. "If I plan to go right out from work, I take along accessories to put on for the evening." The suit was to be worn on days when Mrs. Bass had luncheons or club meetings combined with the usual office routine. And for evenings when she had time to come home and change, she wore her very favorite—a dressy costume.

She did not need nor did she buy a coat (for which she generally pays only about $70.00) because of several already in her wardrobe ranging from two to ten years old. For an evening cover-up, "I always wear the same: a pale mink stole my husband gave me when he was first elected.

"Buying two identical basic dresses is not at all uncommon for me to do if I find one I like and it fits. This past summer I did the same. They are fun to accessorize and the [illegible] costume I can wear right out from the [illegible]

From this, one might suspect that M[illegible] spends a good deal on accessories. Suc[illegible] ever, is not the case. The pearls and gol[illegible] lace she wears are classic and need [illegible] replaced every season. "My shoes are [illegible] plain pumps and cost about $24.95. I [illegible] wear high heels although it makes me alm[illegible] same height as my husband—six fee[illegible] evening, again she buys only plain pur[illegible] buy white or pale shades, then as th[illegible] soiled have them dyed to a darker color M[illegible] Bass likes hats and these do add to her c[illegible] budget. Last season she bought three, [illegible] in price from $14.95 to $25.95.

Alterations are another expense. Mr[illegible] buys a size 12 for length and then has [illegible] it taken in. Since she does not sew, sh[illegible] pay $5.00 to $10.00 to have this done [illegible] cleaning also mounts up," she says, "an[illegible] about $1.50 for my dressier costumes, l[illegible] simpler ones." These, however, are ab[illegible] only extra fashion expenses she has. He[illegible] end wardrobes have cost her nothing fo[illegible] time. "I wear shirts and sweaters with [illegible] all of which have been in my wardrob[illegible] good long time." She generally does h[illegible]



s. Bass's new raspberry wool dress is typical of the d e depends on for everyday wear. A neckline filled th arls is one of her special trademarks. She fell in e th the bright velvet toque, $18.95. Dress, $24.95.



A favorite color of Mrs. Bass's is blue which she chose in jersey for her second daytime dress—this one with a full pleated skirt. For a dressier look, Mrs. Bass can wear the matching belt, pearls and her new white hat. $45.



Mrs. Bass's new silk jacket dress will help solve the question, "What shall I wear tonight?" The fabric, as in all Mrs. Bass's evening costumes, is seasonless: silk alpaca. $89.95.

ir nd nails. "Every now and then I think w wonderful it would be to go and have my ir lone and get a manicure. But I cannot fo the two hours it takes."

Ms. Bass has always organized her wardrobe r e year ahead in the fall while in Pulaski, d nakes her initial investments then. This as n she planned to buy a suit to wear alter- te with her blue one from last year, two e ensive basic wools for daytime and her v te type of costume, a glamorous dress for e ngs. With several black dresses already in r ardrobe, Mrs. Bass wanted to add color—o versatile for both city and suburban wear.

e are the choices she made:

aspberry wool dress	$24.95
right-blue jersey dress	45.00
ige tweed suit	69.95
eep-pink silk jacket dress . . .	89.95
ellow peau d'ange gown . . .	110.00
	$339.85

st year, with her important investments id her in the fall, Avanell Bass will have no o major fashion expenditures for some time. nly addition she would like is another suit stume in a lightweight fabric, but this she not buy until the spring season arrives. We ect, too, that about that time she will be le to resist buying another of her special ites: one more glamorous dress for evening!



e to get dressed up for evenings." For Mrs. Bass's ng gown in over six years and her most glamorous ion of all, she chose yellow peau d'ange. The skirt n with a flattering overskirt. Price was $110.00.



SUÈDE HANDBAG BY LEDERER

Gray and camel hair, the dress with pleats and an easy jacket by Bill Blass. The dress is basic, the jacket a smart separate for many changes.

LOOK TO TH

For Ta

There is ease in American clothes this fall, ease of line and ease of multiple use. Width of shoulder gives coats the capacity to go over suits or dresses . . . the loose jacket, waist-length or a little longer, is beautifully proportioned for many figures . . . the inrush of pleats, the very living in pleats from tweeds to chiffons, gives movement to skirts and great freedom in getting about.

In costume ideas, you have the total look of the new above-the-hemline coat, designed for a particular suit or dress, and at the same time fundamental enough for certain other clothes . . . or the dress with a

Pink brightening black in a many-faceted jacket dress by Leonard Arkin. Turban by Emme.

GOLD BRACELET BY VICTORIA STONE

Turn to new dark green for color with your black coat. This costume by Philippe Tournaye has the new sash, easy bolero, and the pleats in fashion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY CLARKE



The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.



JOURNAL

For Fall Fashion 1960

jcket that prepares it for many hours and
paces. In color—the new dark brilliance of
ethyst, garnet and deep pine green; the
ht brilliance of geranium pink, lilac and
me. Think of a coat in pink or lilac com-
ned with purple, garnet, black or neutrals.
Furs give you a wealth of ideas—from
collars and costume jackets to the be-
ved fur-lined coat. Details you can adapt:
e bowed waistline and tied sash; a pastel
rban to match an overblouse; stockings
ned to your costume.

By Wilhela Cushman
Fashion Editor

*eats to live in: a flame-colored suit that could be
ur best casual for years, by Ben Reig.*



Cape coat in a new length over a tweed skirt and jersey top, by David Kidd of Arthur Jablow.

SMOKY TOPAZ EARRINGS AND BRACELET BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS





Above: *Dr. Popenoe and Betty Stankovitch in 1919, when he was an Army captain and she a dance instructor. A year later they were married.* Right: *the Popenoes at home in California today.*

DON ORNITZ



THE MAN WHO SAVES MARRIAGES

Wise Dr. Popenoe says:

"For married happiness, it's not as important to pick the right person as to be the right partner."

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Back in the 1890's, when Paul Popenoe was a small boy in Topeka, Kansas, his Victorian grandmother pointed out to him a large corner house on the street where he lived. "Over there," she remarked, in tones of horror and disapproval, "lives a *divorced woman!*"

Today, one in four marriages in this country is breaking up, but Dr. Popenoe believes, as his grandmother did, that the majority of divorces are unnecessary and undesirable for all concerned. Attitudes toward divorce have changed, but the ugliness of divorce remains the same. Says this marriage expert with crisp optimism: "Monogamy is so well adapted to human nature as a result of millions of years of evolution that it doesn't require supermen or superwomen to succeed in marriage. Success can be attained by almost anyone."

Dr. Paul Popenoe's forceful, plain-thinking, you-can-do-it-if-you-try approach to even the most hopeless-looking marital tangles has helped some 25,000 couples regain happiness in their marriages. Countless thousands more have been helped by his books, pamphlets, newspaper column, television program, and wonderful *Ladies' Home Journal* articles which are estimated to have been read by millions, as well as by the American Institute of Family Relations in Los Angeles, the world's largest and best-known marriage-counseling center, which he founded and still heads.

Dr. Popenoe, now in his seventies, is a spare man with quick birdlike movements and a step bounding as a boy's. He has a dry, crisp, staccato way of talking and a wide smile both bashful and kind. "I'm an introvert," he says candidly, "who taught himself to mingle." Although he favors dark gray suits of a conservative cut, the colors in his ties are as bright as the twinkle in his intelligent blue eyes.

A friend of fifty years' standing describes him as "the most successful man I know with the least self-conceit" and "infinitely wise." A fascinating conversationalist, he peppers his words with the spice of funny anecdotes, endless statistics and pertinent quotations from the Bible and Shakespeare. When thoroughly wound up in a subject, his nimble brain races far ahead of his ability to form words and then whole phrases spout out at once. At such times, his fingers drum nervously and impatiently.

"Dr. Popenoe is an immediate kind of person with a tremendous capacity for work," a colleague describes him. "Most of his twelve books he pounded out himself with two fingers on the typewriter. Call him about some matter and it's done—bang!—practically by the time you hang up the receiver. His desk never piles up. He arranges his work—and that includes a seven-days-a-week newspaper column—so he could leave for Europe tomorrow with no unfinished business."

The pronunciation of his name gives people lots of trouble. He is descended from one Jean Papineau, a French Huguenot who fled to this country in 1687 (among other things, Dr. Popenoe is a whiz on his family genealogy) and the right pronunciation is Pop (like pop)-en-oe. "All the Popenoes in the United States are related," he says positively, "no matter how they spell their names." He is sometimes tempted to spell his with two *p*'s in the middle so that people will get it right. He was once cleverly introduced to a lecture audience as "Doctor Pop-en-oe. Since he's the father of four sons, his name can't be Pope-en-oe."

Except for this one vanity, he is unusually modest and retiring. If someone should come up to him at a gathering and ask respectfully, "Are you *the* Doctor Popenoe?" he fires right back, "There are seven Doctor Popenoes in the family. It depends upon whose wife you're talking to which is *the* Doctor Popenoe."

His younger brother, Dr. Wilson Popenoe, is a world-famous horticulturist who lives in Antigua, Guatemala; his other brother, Dr. Herbert Popenoe, is a psychologist with the Los Angeles school system. There are, besides, four other Popenoes in this brilliant clan who hold doctorate degrees. CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



DON ORNITZ

WHY THE GULF *between a man and wife who were once so close? More than 70,000 people have come to Dr. Popenoe in an attempt to find the answer. Many of these cases are reported in the Journal series, Can This Marriage Be Saved?*

Statistically speaking, the chance of succeeding in a second marriage after a divorce is 50 per cent less than the chance of succeeding in a first marriage. No one should go into such a marriage without identifying the causes of failure and removing them, so that they will not merely be repeated in the second venture. Buff and Donna could have saved themselves much misery if they had taken that precaution. Instead, Donna merely repeated the pattern with which she had previously tried and failed; namely, to run away. They finally learned at the American Institute of Family Relations how to face their difficulties and solve them instead of trying to run away from them. They also learned—an important part of every successful marriage—how to divide the responsibilities of their daily life in order to avoid conflict. . . . The counselor in this case was Mrs. Beth Foland. PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D., *President.*



Can this marriage be saved?

SHE: *"I guess I don't know how to choose a husband."*

HE: *"I guess I don't know how to choose a wife."*

Donna tells her side: "I hate to be a two-time loser," said Donna, six months married to a second husband and already separated from him. Twenty-eight years old and a radiant beauty, Donna was the mother of a nine-year-old son. "I have too much pride. Furthermore, I still retain a fondness for Buff, my present husband.

"Buff regards himself as all masculine. At the time we met I'd been divorced from my first husband for several years, and I was thoroughly fed up with female independence. Indeed, I was talking marriage talk with the senior partner of the legal firm where I worked. Buff swept me off my feet.

"For six exciting weeks I followed his lead in everything. He picked the shows we saw. He chose the restaurants. He took me hunting, although I'm terrified of guns. He took me swimming. We hiked miles instead of riding. I was delighted to have it so. His decisiveness seemed wonderful to me.

"I'm afraid Buff received a false picture of me. Much as I admire strength and masculinity, I'm no door mat. I've supported my son and myself for years. From the beginning Buff treated me like a moron. The week before our wedding he shifted from the purchasing department in a big aircraft company to sales work—and he didn't say a word to me. I thought I should have been informed. To this day I don't know the size of his income, although we share our living expenses and I pay extra for Jimmy, my son.

"Maybe Buff doesn't realize it, but he is a household tyrant. He bullies and yells at me. He bullies Jimmy too. As soon as we were married he uncorked his temper. One time he got so mad he tore up a pair of perfectly good football tickets and fired a gun out our bedroom window.

"There is no denying that Buff and I have shared some real happy times. We dance together perfectly. We laugh at many of the same things. We agree wonderfully on sex. However, our honeymoon was not an unqualified success. We repeatedly lost our way on the road because Buff was too pigheaded to ask directions and wouldn't let me help by watching the signs. Near the end of the trip a woman driver cut in front of him and forced us in the ditch. When she stopped and tried to help us, he abused her until I had to apologize. He then abused me.

"At the hotel he told me how to comb my hair, how to apply my lipstick, what dress to wear. One evening I put on an expensive black lace gown with a huge gold pin at the neck. Buff insisted I remove the pin. When I refused, he wouldn't go down to dinner with me. So we didn't eat that night. Next day the dress disappeared. He gave it to the chambermaid.

"I had high hopes of Buff as a father to my son. He has sons of his own by a previous marriage—his ex-wife got the custody—and I knew he was fond of boys. Although he didn't meet Jimmy until our wedding—my boy had been away at camp—he made an immediate hit. He guessed that Jimmy might be lonesome with us off honeymooning and he bought the youngster a cocker named Princess.

"When we arrived home from our trip, Jimmy and Princess and my Aunt Mae were on hand to greet us. In the moment of our arrival, Buff destroyed the whole effect of his thoughtfulness. Because Jimmy had neglected to bathe and comb the dog, he jumped all over the poor kid. When Aunt Mae defended Jimmy, he jumped on her. In the midst of the commotion I hustled Princess to the basement, where I bathed and combed her myself. Buff wasn't one bit pleased. In fact, he carried on until Aunt Mae left the apartment in hysterics. Perhaps I should be ashamed to admit it, but about an hour later Jimmy and I left too. We scooted out the kitchen door while Buff was still roaring away in the living room. I couldn't take the turmoil a minute longer.

"My first husband was as undependable as a grasshopper, but unfailingly courteous. He and I almost never quarreled. Buff and I quarrel all the time. Sound and CONTINUED ON PAGE 177

DON ORNITZ



"He was insanely jealous of my boss, insisting I resign my job. He shouted denunciations until neighbors on both sides awoke and pounded the walls."



PORTFOLIO HOUSE #12

OUR PRACTICAL DREAM HOUSE

What a house costs to build or buy is only the beginning. The real cost comes after. The long-term upkeep price you pay in terms of cash, care and inconvenience is what counts. It affects the fun you have with your house. It affects the worth of the house when its money-worth is most wanted.

The clients for whom this house was designed knew these things. Into the dreaminess of this small house were designed the longest life, the leastest care, the lowest upkeep a house can have. The money that went into the walls, roof, windows, walk-around is almost the last money that will ever have to go into them. The highest degree of practicality has largely eliminated the nightmare of upkeep, care and maintenance to complement the beauty of the interior finishes, fabrics and flooring. There are tough, long-lasting exterior finishes on termite-resistant redwood siding, aluminum frames, and terne metal roof. This roof will last a lifetime; its turquoise acrylic-emulsion paint will need restoring about every fifteen years.



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HOMEMAKING EDITOR – Margaret Davidson

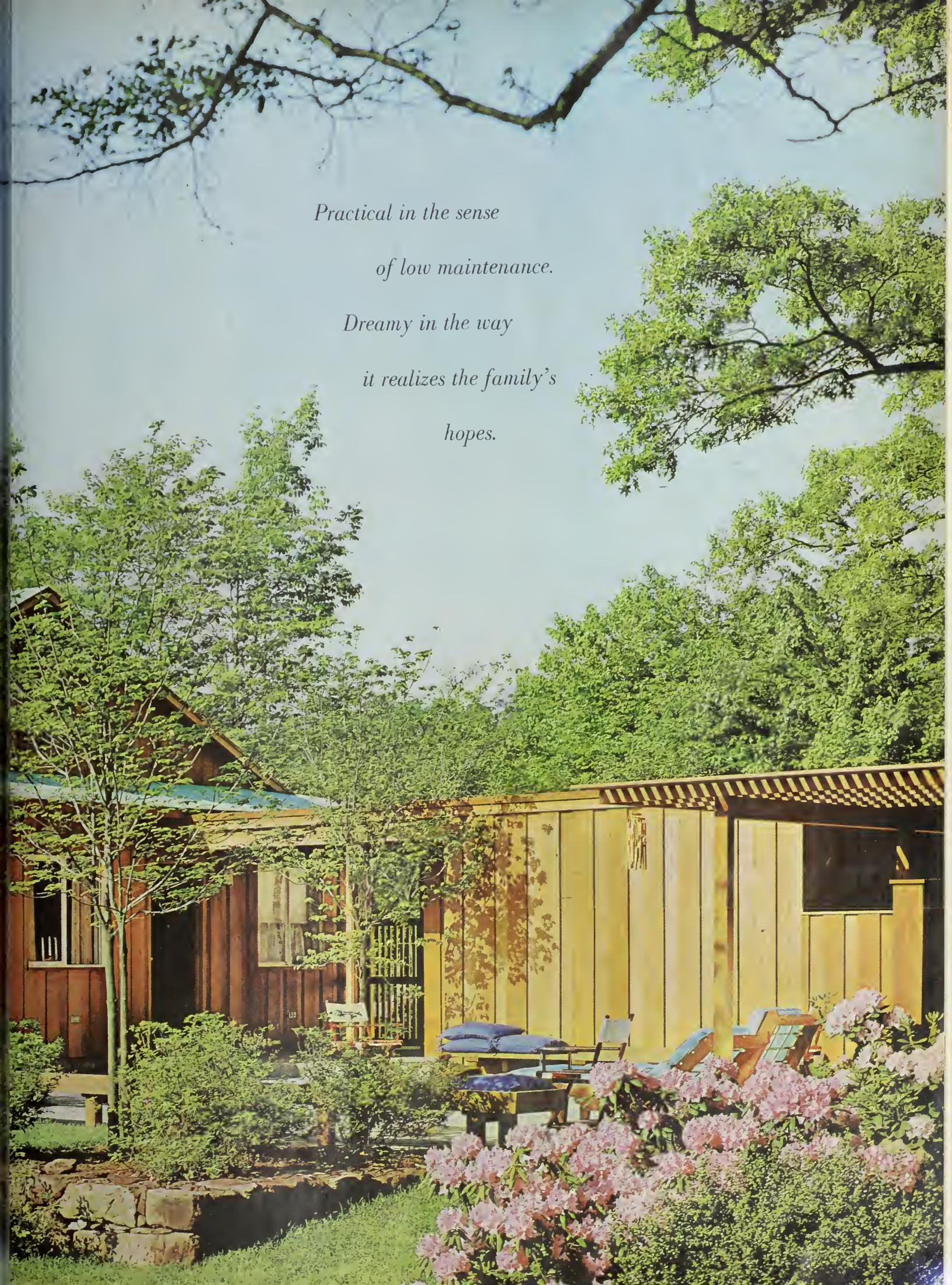
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Practical in the sense
of low maintenance.
Dreamy in the way
it realizes the family's
hopes.



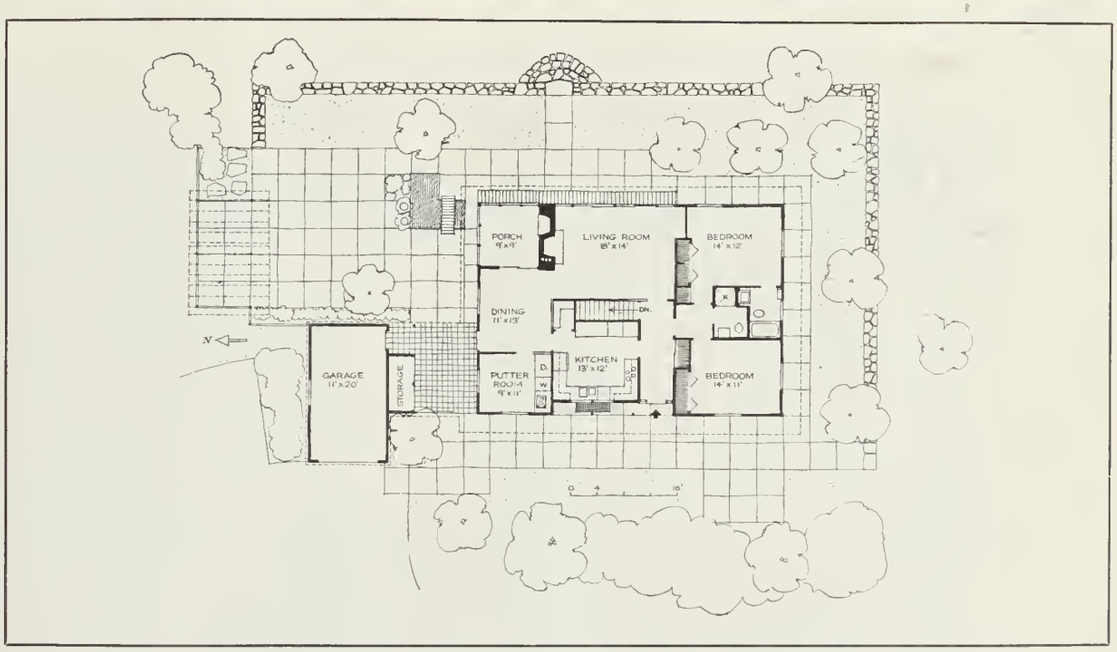
PRACTICAL PLANNING MAKES THE DREAM HOUSE COME TRUE DAY AND NIGHT



SETTING DESIGNED BY RICHARD PRATT; DEVELOPED BY ETHELBERT E. FURLONG, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

Branches of a dogwood tree overhang this shady retreat at the front of the house. At far left in picture is the garage, linked to house by a covered breezeway; in center is the sheltered entrance. Long, low bench in foreground is of sturdy, all-weather redwood, decked out in bright blue sailcloth cushions. The house stands on a level plateau created by the excavation from the basement, held in by a low stone wall laid up dry, and paved right up to the house with a walk-around of concrete poured into squares of redwood dividers. Pleasant to look at, easy to live with, costless to keep up. Trees are dogwoods that like to be let alone. Shrubs are Japanese hollies, azaleas and rhododendron, which, planted properly, can then pretty well fend for themselves. The little pool is a practical piece of pure delight.

By night the little sheltered porch, seen across the reflecting pool, is a cozy, welcoming adjunct to dining room (at right, through sliding doors). It has its own raised fireplace for barbecues or for warming cheer. During the day, wide eaves give protection from too much sun; bugs are kept at bay by inconspicuous roll-up screens which can be left on all year round. Frostproof tile paving needs a minimum of care. The same can be said for rattan and cane chairs and stools.



PLANS ARE AVAILABLE FROM S. B. WELLS, ARCHITECT, 137 E. 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, AT $10 A SET.



A DREAM OF LIVING AND DINING can still be practical

The living room purposely gives an airy, pastel feeling with its tray ceiling, tall lamps, curtains hung high against the pale sea-green walls. But everywhere lurks practicality to make this house and its furniture easy to take care of. The linen curtains have been made in panels that snap together and the fabric preshrunk, so they can be kept in their pristine white state with little trouble. The sofa is slip-covered in a cotton print that has been treated for soil and stain resistance, as have other materials (ottoman covering, pink chair seat, turquoise upholstery). Some other "easy" features: coffee table with milk-glass top; stained-oak floor in herringbone design; ottoman on casters for extra, movable seating. Antique Japanese pine chest provides storage as well as interest and beauty. The furniture is small in scale for a small room, thereby making it seem larger, uncrowded. All-wool rug with minuscule blue-and-white pattern shows wear and soil with reluctance and is mothproof for life. Sliding door of translucent plastic closes off the dining room to make living room more cozy in winter or to shut out clearing activities.

The dining room (below) is small, but oh, so practical. Tile flooring is just about the easiest to care for; this continues out on to covered porch—at left behind the bamboo curtains. The blue-and-green wallpaper has been given a finish that resists spots and dirt, can be washed. A simple buffet has linen- and flatware-storage trays and space for serving pieces. The table seats six in comfort when it is turned lengthwise, and for larger groups the porch and living room are but a step away.



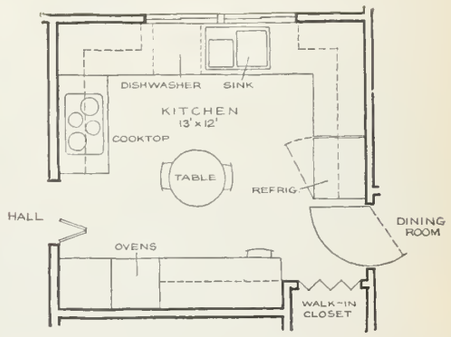

FURNITURE
STYLES


tea
Sugar

THE DREAMY KITCHEN IS DURABLE AS A WOODEN SHOE



To the right of the sink a salad-mixing center where sliding-door cabinets (shallow and hung reachably low) hold within arm's reach spices and small utensils. The slim-lined refrigerator has a zero-temperature section below for frozen food.



Practical kitchen, 13' x 12', has master storage plan for keeping supplies where they are used. Wide cabinets under cooktop hold pans; cupboards near dishwasher have everyday dishes; ventilated drawer beside sink is for potatoes and onions, and sliding shelves near refrigerator hold bowls and baking pans.

his gay, lighthearted kitchen s a rare achievement, a one-wo an unit that welcomes com-pay. Its secret: a room divided n separate and complete zones a und the appliances) but con-ected by a sweep of counter sur-fa s—with worlds of elbow room. T fun kind of kitchen, this, w re cooking becomes more cr tion than craft because new de ices carry their share of the ch res: the cooktop has a unit w ch never burns food; the dish-w her does the dishes; the refrig-er or-freezer won't frost up, n one oven has a rotisserie.

The kitchen sparkles with basic bl es, greens and yellows—won-de ful surfaces both pretty and pr ctical; steel cabinets with their su tle color fired on; blue vinyl fl r flecked with white, and tur-qu ise counters of laminated pl tic. Even the glass-fiber ceiling, so nd-absorbent, and tweedy wall fa ric are washable. Added accents ar gay, can be changed at will.



With cutting board in place, trimmings go directly into disposer in smaller of two stainless sink bowls. Drain in larger bowl is button-operated; entire unit is seamless.



RIGHT: *Two ovens in one unit cope w menus with baked and broiled fo ds. Wheeled table, garaged under co ter, rolls to dining room or porch.*

LEFT: *Convenient for cooks short or to a 3"-lower-than-average cooktop e into ceramic tile. The sleek stainless hd designed to draw steam (and cook-in odors), push-button unit controls re ssed in wall make cleaning easy.*



Bedroom. *Sliding windows here and elsewhere are aluminum with long-lasting epoxy finish. The marble sills resist damaging effects of sun, rain, heat and cold, are quick to clean.*



Basement. *Modern utilities are modest in space demands, leaving the best of the basement free for hobbies and games. There is an around-the-chimney grouping of appliances to make maintenance easy: an incinerator to reduce burnables to ash; air conditioner monitors heat and cold winter and summer, has new air-purifier attachment to control humidity and filter fine dust and pollen; a thirty-gallon gas water heater with device to increase capacity when more hot water is wanted and a clever gadget in the plumbing to pipe hotter water to the kitchen and laundry than to bathrooms; a water conditioner to remove hardness operates on an automatic timer which can be set to suit the local water conditions.*



Closets. *Floor-to-ceiling doors fold back to open entire closet, no cul-de-sacs here. Under jackets and skirts are storage drawers of seamless plastic. Handsome, durable oak flooring needs little care.*



Roof. *Made of metal with stylish standing seams, terne roof is grounded for lightning protection. Metal lasts a lifetime, special turquoise-colored paint for 15 years.*



Walk-In Storage. *Near kitchen, closet features a wall with movable hooks for cleaning gear plus tiers of shelves.*



Terrace. *A dry wall confines manicured lawn; terraces of concrete are easy to keep neat.*

ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE, MORE EASY CARE IDEAS

Qualities of good living and easy care, designed into this little home at the blueprint stage, are so well co-ordinated that its atmosphere becomes one of relaxation rather than routine. Four essentials add up to LIVABILITY: (1) space planned to serve activities and provide ample storage; (2) easy-to-maintain materials; (3) the ultimate in utility equipment; (4) furnishings chosen with upkeep in mind.

Putter Room (*right*).
Shut the door here and any unfinished activity stays untouched, ready to tackle again when time permits. In the meantime, it's hidden so there's no reproachful reminder. It's in small houses like this such a room is appreciated. The 9′ x 11′ space is laundry, office, mending and hobby room. The sunny yellow walls (washable fabric) make the room cheerful and gay.

Bathroom. *For guests, bath is small but complete (tile shower is behind door). In both baths, water closets are hung to wall; washbasin cabinets built to the floor make cleaning easier.*





Typewriter *is kept on shelf in storage cabinet which slides out at easy-to-use height.*



Adjustable Ironing Table *has fold-up flaps at side and end to make more room for large flatwork. Storage slot is beside sink (not shown).*



Laundry Center *has blue ceramic-tiled counter around sink. In new model, washer has ten preset cycles and push-button controls for suiting washing to load. Dryer also handles all types of fabrics.*

Ceramic-Tile Floor, *white with dark flecks, sweeps from putter room through dining room and out to little porch. In storage unit, molded seamless plastic drawers are three sizes, all with dividers.*



BOUNTY FROM OUR KITCHEN

By ELSIE MASTERTON



Moist, succulent meat balls served under a smooth sour-cream gravy aromatic of dill.

STUART



Lightly flavored with lemon, this rich and savory ragout. Its secret: luscious lamb cubes simmered until tender and tantalizing in an herbed gravy. To garnish, tiny carrots and pearly onions, crisp sprigs of cress.

Our kitchen has eight doors Leading from the side porch, the front hall, the living room, the milk room, the wood room, and so on. I can look out and see my three young daughters playing. A big old-fashioned New England kind of kitchen, it is the heart of the house. Almost any time of day you'll find me there and I'll be cooking.

After all the cooking I've done I'm convinced that the talk one hears about being a "born cook" is nonsense. Cooking is fundamentally an *attitude*—of respect toward food and the people for whom you are cooking. Of love, really. We do love to eat. It is a joy to tell about it. It is a joy to remember.

One of my mother's recipes—and a good one too—is Creole Cod Fillets. I had a hard time getting her to teach me how to cook. "Have fun," she would say. "You have plenty of time to be in the kitchen." Which was quite a prophecy!

Creole Cod Fillets

- 2 small onions, peeled and chopped
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup white wine vinegar
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- ¼ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup catchup
- 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon dry mustard
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch dissolved in 2⅔ cups cold water
- 1 cod fillets

First comes the sauce. Brown onions and garlic in the butter. Add vinegar, lemon juice, brown sugar, soy sauce, monosodium glutamate, pepper, salt, catchup, Worcestershire sauce, mustard and cornstarch-water mixture. Bring to a boil, stirring. Cool to room temperature. This sauce makes enough for 10–12 people, so the amount you don't need can be stored in a covered jar in the refrigerator for a later day. Place cod fillets in a large shallow container, cover with barbecue sauce and marinate for 2 hours, turning at least three times. Now lay fillets on a broiler pan and broil, basting with more sauce, for about 5–8 minutes. Meanwhile, heat 1½–2 cups more sauce. When fish begins to sizzle, carefully turn with a spatula, baste again. Now broil the fillets for about 3–5 minutes longer, carefully remove to a warm platter and top with the hot barbecue sauce—bring any extra sauce to the table in a bowl. Makes about 6 servings (the fillets are large).

This recipe is the most delectable, simple (and therefore astounding) way of fixing chopped beef. A friend of mine got engaged as a direct result of making these meat balls for the man she loved. She served the meat balls with fluffy hot rice, and a crisp salad of lettuce and cooked green beans!

Elsie's Meat Balls in Sour Cream

MEAT BALLS

- 1½ pounds ground chuck
- ½ cup commercial sour cream
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 tablespoon butter for browning meat balls

GRAVY

- 1 cup commercial sour cream
- ¼ teaspoon garlic powder
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons dried dill

Thoroughly mix together all ingredients for the meat balls. Mixture should be quite soft, but should hold its shape. Shape into small balls (this amount should make about 35). Place them on a tray and chill for 15 minutes. Heat the butter in a large skillet until sizzling. Brown the meat balls quickly. If fat accumulates in the skillet, pour it off. Transfer meat balls to a baking dish or pan and place in a very slow oven, 275° F., for about 10 minutes. To the skillet add 1 cup sour cream. Season with garlic powder, sugar and dill. Heat, stirring until *just* bubbly. Pour any juices from the baking pan into the skillet and blend in. Serve meat balls topped with the sour-cream gravy and garnish with paprika and parsley fluffs. Makes six servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

Beautiful and bountiful: tenderest fillets cod marinated in a tomatoey Cre sauce, then broiled until flav create a pungent, aromatic blen

FROM "THE BLUEBERRY HILL COOKBOOK" BY ELSIE MASTERTON, PUBLISHED BY THE THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y., COPYRIGHT 1959.





MENU

Parmesan Cheese Spread
Pea and Curry Soup *
Hot Sesame Seed Crackers *
Chicken Breasts Flambées
Rice Pilaf French Beans Amandine
Belgian Endive and Cress Salad
Lemon Pie
Coffee
(Planned for 8)

* Optional

*ken Breasts Flambées blends its triumphant light
those of the candles. Ladle the sauce gently over
o that its flavors merge with those of the chicken.*



Dinner with the John Princes is simple but elegant. In contrast to the large and often lavish diplomatic functions which he "does," or they attend, in Washington, these home parties look uncomplicated and plain, like the tailoring of a good dress.

informal formality

By JOHN PRINCE

Nothing, not even what we keep calling changed conditions, has yet altered the fact that it is fun to give a dinner party. Not a dinner, mind you, but a dinner *party*. Here we want no steak and potato on a checkered cloth, but something sparkling and ever so discreetly grand.

How can you get away with it if you, like my wife and myself, have a kitchen that does not contain your grandmother's wardrobe, and only a twice-a-week maid?

You must have what the military call good staff work. Think more than you cook, and do the thinking first. And the first thing to think about is this: No matter what on earth the menu is, its sweetest ingredient is the calm of the hostess (and host). To see a new bride slam the oven door on the skirt of her evening gown, to watch the groom pouring cocktails with a dab of cream sauce on his lapel, may be cute once. It is a bore a second time. Better a dinner with herbs of calm than a stalled ox withal and confusion, fatigue and secret bad temper. The best way to have a calm dinner is to proceed by plan, a plan so rehearsed, so thought out in the least of its minute details that, on the important evening, it clicks down like a row of dominoes.

With us there are two preliminary questions.

First, how many persons are to be present? We say eight including ourselves. That number is enough to give a festive note, and we find it as easy to cook for eight as for six. Beyond that number the task gets out of hand. Second, are we to have a serving maid in for the evening or not? If so, we may have the soup course. If not, we skip the soup and also such extras as hot bread. A rice dish will do away with the need of bread of any sort.

Meanwhile, the main problem is the kind of menu. If the hosts' composure is the goal, obviously we must have a menu that may be prepared in large part ahead of time. In the one given above, both the soup and the dessert are to be done a full day before the party. The salad greens are washed, torn and returned to the refrigerator to chill and crisp, and the beans are Frenched and stored in a cool place the afternoon of the party. Then the beans and pilaf are cooked about an hour before dinner. Only the chicken remains to do after the guests arrive—and, at that, this method of cooking chicken gives the hostess time to greet her guests in peace.

Now shall we say that you are giving a party on a Wednesday night—and that you wish to take the thing in steps?

STEP 1

On Tuesday morning or afternoon you will make the soup and the pie.

PEA-AND-CURRY SOUP

¼ *cup butter*
2 *tablespoons flour*
5 *cups rich chicken stock*
3 *cups purée of peas*
1 *tablespoon curry powder*
1 *cup milk*
Salt to taste

Melt butter in a saucepan. Add the flour. Stir over low heat until the flour is cooked, but do not let it take color. Add the chicken stock. It can either be fresh or canned, and if not strong enough in flavor add 1 or 2 chicken-bouillon cubes. If you use the bouillon cubes, taste before adding salt, as they are very salty. Simmer a moment and then add the purée of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

STUART



For dessert we like this inverted lemon pie (the meringue is the crust). It looks like the crown jewels, but goes down like milk and crackers.



Fall's most unforgettable fruits: freshest honey-sweet plums, goldenly plump peaches and russet pears slowly simmered to a fragrant perfection in a syrup just tart enough of lemon to heighten their natural bouquet. Serve hot under a zabaglione drift.

luscious fall

How golden summer's last days, how welcome their harvest: sun-burnished apples, pears and plums ambrosial to the core. Though not so lauded as berries plucked earlier, autumn's fruit array *does* promise a whole new range of flavor affinities.

For a bit of perfection, gently warm red plums and pears and peaches in a vanilla-lemon syrup so their magic juices mingle, then bring forth the exquisite compote with a froth of zabaglione. Ruddy apples we like broiled whole under a buttery pineapple glaze, or sliced and baked into a crispy pudding with almonds under a whipped-cream cloud.

Unexpected and beautiful, watermelon freezes into a delicate ice. For off-season elegance, mound it high and pink in sparkling crystal, made more decorative and delicious



STUART POWLER

New excitement for an old favorite: freeze the rosy bouquet of watermelon into a shimmering ice, pile it gloriously high in sparkling crystal and lace with cool honeydew-melon balls and a sprinkling of misty blueberries. A magnificent medley, this.

fruit desserts

with honeydew-melon balls and a sprinkling of blueberries. Capture the bouquet of apricots, heighten it with honey, then freeze all into a creamy golden taste sensation. De luxe and perfect for a party: fresh peach halves, cream-filled and set on meringue pedestals with a ruby ladling of raspberry Melba sauce; or Moorish pears lightly blushed with pink, which merge eloquently with banana crescents, rich chocolaty sauce and crunch of pistachio nuts. . . . We rank with the best the satisfaction of ripe fall fruits served with cheese, their perfect complement.

Luscious fall fruit desserts, these, each a grand finale to linger in your memory. Imaginative, intriguing and always elegant. Recipes on the next page.



Luscious Fall Fruit Desserts

PEACHES ON MERINGUE PEDESTALS

8 ripe peaches
2 cups water
1 cup sugar
2 packages (12-ounce) frozen raspberries
½ cup sweetened almond-flavored whipped cream

MERINGUE

2 egg whites
Pinch salt
6 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon almond flavoring

Place water and 1 cup sugar in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and cook 5 minutes. Meanwhile, peel the peaches, cut in half and remove pits. Simmer peach halves in the syrup until tender, about 10 minutes. This time will vary, depending on how ripe the peaches are. Drain and chill.

Meringue: Beat the egg whites with the salt until frothy. Add the sugar a tablespoonful at a time, beating well after each addition. Add the almond flavoring and continue beating until sugar is completely dissolved and meringue is glossy. Using a pastry bag, shape into 8 rings, about 2½″ in diameter, on greased brown paper over a baking sheet. Bake in a very slow oven, 250° F., for 30 to 40 minutes until crisp. Remove meringues from paper carefully.

Thaw raspberries. Crush or buzz in a blender and press through a sieve to remove seeds. To serve, arrange meringue pedestals on serving dish. Put two peach halves together with about 1 tablespoon whipped cream and place on top of each meringue. Pour the raspberry purée over and around the peaches. Makes 8 servings.

MOORISH PEARS

4 pears, peeled and cored
2 cups water
1⅓ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg yolks
1 cup scalded milk
1″ strip lemon peel
3 ounces semisweet choco
1 ounce unsweetened choc
4 small bananas
1 cup heavy cream, whipp
⅓ cup minced blanched pistachio nuts

Cut pears in half lengthwise. Place water, 1 cup sugar and in a saucepan. Bring to a boil and cook for 5 minutes. Ad and simmer 5 to 10 minutes, until pears are tender. This will on the ripeness of the fruit. Drain pears, reserving syrup, an Beat egg yolks and ⅓ cup sugar until thick and lemon-c Blend in the milk, add lemon peel and pour into a saucepan over very low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture co spoon. Do not boil. Melt the chocolate and add to the eg ture. Discard lemon peel and cool chocolate mixture, constantly. Arrange pears on a large serving dish, cored side Pour the chocolate mixture over them and chill. Peel and the bananas and simmer in the pear syrup for 3 or 4 m Drain and chill. When ready to serve, arrange bananas am pear halves. Pile whipped cream in the center and sprink pistachio nuts. Makes 8 servings.

WATERMELON ICE

¼ of a 25-pound watermelon
or
1 (6–7-pound) midget watermelon
1 can (6-ounce) frozen lemonade concentrate
¼ teaspoon salt
Sugar or lemon juice
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
½ cup cold water
Few drops red food coloring (optional)
2 cups sweetened blueberries
2 cups honeydew-melon balls

Remove seeds and rind from watermelon. Chop fine and put through a coarse sieve, or buzz in a blender. You should have about 6 cups purée. Add the lemonade concentrate and salt. Mix well and taste, adding sugar or lemon juice to taste. Soften the gelatin in the water and dissolve over hot water. Add to watermelon mixture and mix well. Pour into two refrigerator trays and place in freezer until frozen ½″ around the edges. Scrape into a well-chilled bowl and break up with a spoon. Beat quickly with a rotary or electric beater, adding food coloring if you wish. Return to freezer until firm. Serve with sweetened blueberries and honeydew-melon balls. Makes 8 servings.

CRISPY APPLE-LEMON PUDDING

2½ cups apples, peeled, sliced and cored
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup plus ⅓ cup sugar
¼ cup commercial sour cream
4 eggs
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup crushed corn flakes
½ cup finely grated blanched almonds
Sweetened whipped cream or ice cream

Place apples and butter in a covered skillet and cook over low heat until apples are tender. With rotary or electric beater, beat together until well blended ½ cup sugar, the sour cream, egg yolks, flour and lemon rind and juice. Pour over apples and cook over very low heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and cool. Beat the egg whites with the salt until stiff but not dry. Fold into apple mixture. Combine ⅓ cup sugar, cinnamon, corn flakes and almonds. Spread about ⅔ of this mixture in the bottom of a greased 8″ x 8″ x 2″ pan. Pour in apple mixture and sprinkle remaining crumbs over the top. Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 45 minutes. Serve warm with sweetened whipped cream or ice cream. Makes about 6 servings.

STUART



HOT FRUIT COMPOTE

8 red plums
8 peaches
8 pears
7–8 cups sugar
6 cups water
1 (3″) piece vanilla bean
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Prepare fruits for stewing. Peel peaches and pears, keeping them whole, and leaving pear stems on. Place in large bowl and sprinkle well with lemon juice to prevent them from darkening. Wash and prick plums to prevent skins from bursting. In a large heavy kettle mix together the sugar, water, vanilla bean and lemon rind. The amount of the sugar depends on the ripeness of the fruit used. Cook mixture to a thin syrup, about 10 minutes. Add the pears and peaches and cook gently, turning them often, until they start getting glossy-looking, about 20 minutes. Cooking time will depend on size and degree of ripeness of the fruits. Then add the plums, and cook all fruits just until fork-tender. Remove the fruits with a slotted spoon when they are tender. They will not all be done at the same time. Arrange fruits in a large bowl. Bring syrup to a boil and pour all or part of it over the fruits. Serve hot with zabaglione sauce. Fruits may be served cold also. Makes 8 servings.

ZABAGLIONE SAUCE

6 egg yolks
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
¾ cup orange juice (or Marsala)
1 teaspoon grated orange rind

Beat egg yolks until thick and light in color. Continue to beat while adding the sugar gradually, and next the orange juice (or Marsala) and rind. Transfer to double boiler over very little boiling water and beat rapidly until mixture foams up and becomes quite thick, about 7 minutes. Be sure the water in the lower part of the double boiler does not touch the bottom of the upper pan. Cool, then refrigerate. Makes about 3 cups sauce.

APRICOT-HONEY ICE CREAM

6 egg yolks
⅔ cup honey
3 cups apricot purée
Juice of 2 lemons
2 cups heavy cream

Use stewed fresh, canned or dried apricots. Drain before puréeing. Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add honey gradually, beating the mixture until very thick. Fold apricots into mixture along with lemon juice. Fold in cream, stiffly beaten. Pour into 3 refrigerator trays. Freeze without stirring until firm. Serve in wedges of honeydew melon. Makes about 2 quarts ice cream.

RUBY GLAZED APPLES

8 large Rome Beauty baking apples
3 cups pineapple juice
¾ cup butter
½ cup sugar
Few drops red food coloring

Wash and core the apples. About a third to halfway down, score the skin with a sharp knife all the way around—cutting through the skin but cutting into the apples as little as possible. Place in a steamer and steam long enough to enable you to peel the skin off the top of the apples gently, being careful not to overcook them. Arrange the apples in a shallow baking dish. Mix the pineapple juice, butter and sugar, bring to a boil and tint pink with the food coloring. Boil this mixture for about 5 minutes, and pour over the apples. Broil as far from the heat as possible until the apples are glazed, basting frequently Makes 8 servings.



FRUIT-AND-CHEESE FINALE

Classically Continental are fruit and cheese, which Europeans consider the perfect finis to an exciting meal. Bring to the table an exquisite compote of apples, pears, mangoes and cascading grapes, an artistic array of cheeses: zesty Cheddar; the creamy Camembert and Brie (whose season, like that of oysters, extends from September, the best of all, through the "R" months); Roquefort, the queen of the bleus, Gorgonzola or lordly Stiltons. King Christian, fragrant of caraway seeds; Grapillon, which is slowly cured in wine squeezings. The rule to remember in serving fruit and cheese: team bland cheeses with tart fruits, piquant cheeses with mild fruits. Excellent accompaniments: crusty Italian bread, exciting cracker combinations; and for those of you who wish it, red wines like Burgundy, Bordeaux or Claret. Make the presentation as beautiful as an Old Master still life and your enjoyment will be infinite.

GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN... when...



Mm! Mm! Good! Nourishing good!



..you have soup for Sunday supper

ne crowd come to your house on
y night? Does the family gather
? Give them something quick and
like a Campbell's Soup buffet. Hot
n Noodle Soup, with plenty for
s. Crispy bread. An apple salad.
ner of milk.

things begin to happen when you
nat golden soup. Happy, friendly
. For soup makes folks who eat
warm and good all over.

And it isn't any trouble to serve a lot of soup – you just keep opening extra cans of Campbell's. So just relax and let the crowd come.

They'll like it, too. There's real nourishment in big bowls of good hot soup.

Good nourishment in the country chicken, and old-fashioned egg noodles, and chicken broth you get in Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Along with the good flavor that makes folks ask for more.

Have a Campbell's Soup buffet this Sunday night. And every Sunday night. Or why wait for Sunday? Make soup the main dish of all your easygoing meals. There are 21 kinds of Campbell's to choose from.

Lunchtime, dinnertime—just about any time's a good time for soup. And you can have some, hot and ready, in just 4 minutes – with Campbell's. So get the happy habit – once a day . . . every day – Soup!



Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!

OPERATION TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

seat and stumbled getting in. "I wouldn't hesitate to kill you, Miss Sherwood. I've killed three times—and I'm not squeamish about the next one. They can hang me only once."

She fixed on the rear-view mirror, but it reflected only blackness. Faint, soft spots of light found every crack in the old garage, particularly where a snoutlike extension had been added to accommodate the longer cars. Finally she was able to say, "Why don't we go in the house? Nobody's home tonight."

He said, "I know. Your kid sister's with a friend, Louella Hendricks, 14814 Tustin. She went there at seven-twenty-three and you left for your party at seven-thirty-two."

He was pleased with himself. "You see, Miss Sherwood, I know all about you. You're twenty-six. Your parents died six years ago in an accident. You're sweet on the escrow guy in the bank where you work, and you went to a party in North Hollywood tonight ——"

Now her thoughts for escape raced up dead alleys. She couldn't move, couldn't wrench away and run. The car was a cell, as though it had bars, and the garage the prison proper.

"What do you want?" she asked, stalling.

"You, Miss Sherwood. You."

The ticking of the car clock was suddenly loud, as was the purring of the freezer in the corner. She said quietly, "You can't get away with it. I'll fight you and somebody'll hear the ruckus. It's a dead-end street."

No one would hear, of course.

He flared up. "I know what kind of a street it is."

"May I get my cigarettes, please—from the glove compartment?"

She didn't smoke and he might know it.

"One move—just one move ——"

A mockingbird sang with all the stops pulled out. A twig from the Chinese elm fell explosively on the garage roof. A car screeched along Valley Vista Boulevard a block away, taking the curves too fast. And in the closed garage, the heat mounted until she thought she would suffocate.

She said, "You must know I don't have any money."

He hardened. "You've got a bank full of it—and we're going to get about a hundred thousand." He repeated, letting the words roll off his tongue, "A hundred thousand. You and I."

A transcontinental plane roared overhead, absorbing their words. When the stillness was again with them she said, "I'm only a teller. I'm not permitted to keep much money at my window. They've got a rule — a strict rule ——"

He was amused. "Mind if I call you Kelly? I feel I know you, I've followed you so long."

"I couldn't care less what you call me," she retorted angrily.

"You leave home at seven-fifty-five each morning, take the Hollywood freeway and arrive at the bank at eight-twenty-five. You get a coffee break for ten minutes at nine-fifty, then check out for a forty-five-minute lunch at eleven-fifteen. You get another coffee break at three, and quit work at five. You're home at five-thirty unless you stop at Ralph's to shop."

She said, "You've got me pretty well cased—if that's the word."

"You speak my language." He paused. "Your kid sister, Toby, goes to Van Nuys High School. Leaves here a few minutes before you do, catches the school bus up on Valley Vista. She eats lunch at school, only sometimes she goes to the Hangout with the other kids for a hamburger. She gets out at three-fifteen, takes the school bus home except when she stops for a malt with her boy friend. But she's always home by four." He added, "That's an hour and a half she's by herself. All by herself."

She waited until she was sure she could control her voice "You want me to do what?" she asked.

"I've got a plan—a perfectly perfect plan." She could sense the animation in his voice. "Why hold up a bank and get yourself shot—when there's a simple, quiet way?" He paused, timing his words. "So I'm not going to hold up the bank. You are."

"If you think for one minute I'm ——"

"I think you're going to, Kelly. Because you really have no choice. But if you play along and don't give me any trouble, I'll cut you in for twenty per cent. How does that sound—twenty thousand dollars? It's a lot of money. You'd work at the bank a long time to make that much."

"It *is* a lot of money," she repeated.

"You bet it is. It's this way. I need you to work in the open, and you need me to handle the job. And we don't get caught and there won't be any violence—unless you cause it. Remember that. If anyone gets killed, it'll be on your head."

"I'd have to know what I have to do."

His breathing was labored. "If you're thinking you'll go to the cops, well, I've worked that out too. You squeal and I'll know about it. I won't tell you how, but I'll know." He added, "I'll tell you this much. Somebody else is watching you besides me."

She said, "You can't just come barging up and toss something like this into my lap. I'm not used to making decisions. I can't even pick out a new dress on the first trip. I ——"

"What do I care how you pick a dress? I'll tell you what to do when the time comes."

"I could use the cut," she said slowly. "I'm making so many payments the loan sharks are breathing down my neck."

He was opening the car door. He was standing directly behind her. She felt the gun metal on her shoulder.

Softly he said, "You're giving me a snow job—and I can spot a snow job a mile off. I haven't hurt you and I wanted to. I'd like to hurt you."

For a moment there was neither sound nor movement behind her. Then, "I just wanted to talk to you tonight, size you up." He added, "Twenty thousand bucks. It's a lot of money. Think what you can do with that—you and your kid sister."

He was talking far out, and she was hearing him through a wall.

"But I'll have to kill you both if I hear you've gone to the police. It's one or the other. A bullet or twenty thousand bucks."

With that, she heard him backing out of the tight space between the car and the garage wall, brushing a hammer off the shelf as he did so. The garage door slid back; his footsteps melted into stillness.

Her head felt light and dizzy with relief. She sat for minutes, too frightened to move, thinking he would be waiting outside. She took a long, deep breath, felt her muscles loosen. She discovered her fists clenched and forced them apart.

Sliding out of the seat, she groped her way toward the door, past the stacked-up paint cans, the lawn mower. The air revived her. She stood staring into the dark, searching for a blob that might move. She crossed to the back door, and as she fumbled with the key, hysteria clawed at her. It was so ridiculous, now that the danger had passed.

In the kitchen she turned on the light, then hurried through the house, switching on every light. She checked the front door to assure herself it was locked.

She never had the least doubt what to do. Her father had worked as a court reporter all his life. The best in Los Angeles County, they said. Hurriedly she riffled through the pages of the telephone directory on the kitchen table, then started to dial HUbbard 3-3551. Halfway through, her finger slipped, and she began over.

A girl's voice answered, "FBI ——"

Rip was so buried in a case report he was roughing out that he jumped when the phone rang. The switchboard girl said, "I've got a call, Mr. Ripley. She sounds far out. Will you take it?"

"Sure," he said, "if it isn't a drunk."

Rip was bushed. He had started the day at 8:30 A.M. on the complaint desk, a tall, hard-packed man who sat his chair like a saddle, a little forward, the reins loose but firm in his hand. It was the way he had sat as a boy on a cattle ranch in Arizona.

A few minutes later Peg looked in on him. She was the receptionist, an ash blonde with a turned-up pixy nose. "Hi," she said, standing very straight in a white sheath dress. Her blue pendant earrings danced.

He smiled up at her. "Hello, Peg." She was a bright spot in a business always serious, often grim.

"Well, did you or didn't you?" she asked.

He'd been on a stake-out for a killer the night before. He shook his head. "He didn't show."

She said, "I couldn't sleep." Her mood changed abruptly. "Nat King Cole's singing at the Philharmonic Saturday night."

"Interesting."

She added, "I know you don't get time to read the papers."

As she started out, he called after her, "Seven o'clock Saturday be O.K.?"

She whirled about. "You mean it?"

"You don't have to hit me over the head ——"

"I do too."

She laughed and was gone, leaving her scent behind her, soft and refreshing, like her. He thought a man could tell a lot about a girl by her perfume.

A short time later a ten-year-old boy came in. He had lost his dog, Meatball, and wanted the FBI to find him. They came steadily all day to the complaint desk, which was not what the name implied. It was a desk set aside to receive people who wanted to talk with an agent, people who usually had information. A landlady who thought she knew the whereabouts of a fugitive. A union official with a tip on a highjacking. A bank examiner to discuss a possible embezzlement.

Each call, the amusing as well as the serious, was evaluated. The most inconsequential today could prove the most vital tomorrow.

At 3:53 P.M., Peg ushered in a striking-looking brunette who wore heavy make-up to conceal the wear and tear of her thirty-odd years.



"Outside of the fact that you and your wife are not speaking, what else stands out about your two weeks in the fallout shelter?"

"Thank you for seeing me," she said ... antly. She held his hand a little too lon... sat. She crossed long, slender legs and ... one gently. From the doorway, Peg til... eyebrow.

"I shouldn't be taking up your t... know," the woman gushed, "but I've ... very dear friend who's in trouble and ... her I'd stop by. It's the least I could d...

"May I have your name, please?" ... asked.

"Of course. Nancy Ashton." Peg s... out.

"Your address?"

"Ten-fifteen Roxdale Avenue, Apa... Three-B."

"What do you do, Miss Ashton?"

"Do you mind?" She indicated a cig... Rip moved in easy, swift steps to light it... an entertainer," she said.

"An actress?"

"You might call me that."

He didn't press. She was a call gi... remembered one of his old professors ... FBI Academy at Quantico, Virginia, say... a lecture, "A woman is a woman. She's ... treated like one, even if she is a prost...

"Now about your friend ——"

She sat as though she were about t... "I won't beat around, Mr. Ripley. She's ... herself mixed up in something with ... who's no good. Not through any fault ... own, you understand. But she's had ... along on some things. And now she d... know where to turn. I told her if she ... down here and talked with you . . . ... mean, would she be prosecuted for som... she couldn't help?"

"What kind of crime, Miss Ashton?"

She hesitated. "It's—it's a serious on...

He pressed. "A holdup? An embezzle... An extortion?"

"Something like that."

"Is it a Federal matter? Perhaps th... lice ——"

"No—it's—it's ——" She stopped, ... loss for words.

He rose and leaned against the wall ... name and address were fictitious. And sh... the one who wanted the information. H... positive, even though he was guessing. H... *was* guessing. He couldn't hold her.

He said slowly, "We're an investi... agency only, Miss Ashton. We turn our... over to the United States attorney a... decides whether they warrant institutin... action."

"You mean—you couldn't ——"

"No—but I think you should advise ... friend to come in on her own volition ... give us the facts. The longer these m... go ——"

His phone rang. It was Peg. "Nega... she said. She had asked the chief clerk's ... to run the indices for a Nancy Ashton.

"Thanks." He hung up slowly, wond... what he could say further that might ... about in her mind after she was gone.

"You're checking on me," she said.

"Should we?" he asked bluntly.

"I wouldn't be here if I had anythi... hide."

He chose his words carefully. "If ... friend wants to make a break with this ... inal, she should do it now before she bec... even more involved. If she has commit... crime, she will be prosecuted, of course ... at that time a judge or jury will take ... consideration her personal relationship ... the criminal, whether she was intimidat... him, and that kind of thing. But whatev... outcome, she will be in a position whe... can start over again."

She rose abruptly. "Thank you. Y... been very kind, Mr. Ripley, and I'll te... friend." She paused at the doorway. He ... suddenly conscious of the tremendous phy... vigor of the woman. She said, "I'd like to ... you a drink some evening."

He smiled. "Sorry—I don't have much ... for things like that."

"I suppose not. Well, good-by again."

She left her scent behind, heavy and clo... Nancy Ashton. He would remember the n... alias or not.

CONTINUED ON PAG...

Wesson® Drumsticks for Dunkin'



Wesson glorifies chicken as only pure vegetable oil can

RECIPE FOR DRUMSTICKS . .
made with poly-unsaturated Wesson, the pure vegetable oil

Coat 12 fryer drumsticks with seasoned flour. Fry in 1 inch of Wesson heated to 350° (moderately hot). Remove chicken, keep warm.

Sauce: Drain off all but 2 tablesp. drippings. Add a chopped onion, cook slowly 3 min. Add 1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce, such as Hunt's, ¼ cup each lemon juice and brown sugar, 1 tablesp. Worcestershire, 1 teasp. mustard, 1 teasp. salt, dash pepper. Stir well, simmer 15 min. Delicious dip for drumsticks. 6 servings at about 485 calories each.

Free recipes "101 Glorious Ways to Cook Chicken." Write The Wesson People, New Orleans 12, La.

hat fun to dunk a drumstick! And how pleasant to cut wn on saturated fat in your skillet by using Wesson stead of shortening. You see, shortening is hydrogenated make it solid. But Wesson is never hydrogenated and so it is *poly-unsaturated* as only pure vegetable oil can be. So clear, so fresh, so pretty as it pours, Wesson brightens flavors — never adds taste of its own as some other oils do. How nice that Wesson costs so little, too.

hen your physician recommends modifying your diet and specifies pure vegetable oil to replace solid fats, Wesson is unexcelled among all leading brands.

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contain special soap with Jeweler's Polish to get pans shining clear

Nothing else cleans so fast... shines so bright... your best buy too!



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"Lavish" is the word for Brillo lather. Foams up faster because each pad is packed with soap clear through. Brillo with its exclusive polishing soap cleans faster, shines brighter!



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Count the extra pads you get in the 5, 12 and 20 pad boxes. No other product gives you so many pads—such long-lasting pads—plus special soap with Jeweler's Polish. Your best buy!



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Nothing shines aluminum like BRILL

NED FROM PAGE 92

e left the long, low, modern building
lack facing about the doors and its
of palms and tropical shrubs. A
y he pushed through a door into the
el coffeeshop. He ordered a steak,
ouldn't afford on his salary, and the
aid, "That kind of a day, huh?"
id of a day, he thought.
n he was back in his office, assem-
s on a bank-robbery case he was
The rule was: A written report on
at least every thirty days and con-
oftener if there were developments
His case load was heavy. He was
eventeen.
e took the 11:44 P.M. call, he had no
assume that the visit that afternoon
Ashton could be related in any way.
speaking," he said into the phone.
man's voice seemed far away. "I've
e someone—right away—about a
"
rrupted. "May I have your name,
get the name, the address at the very
ood." She spelled it out. "S-h-e-r-
d ——"
d thumped his eardrum, deafening
had dropped the phone, or it had
cked out of her hand and struck
metallic. He switched the receiver
er ear. "Hello," he said repeatedly.
rd a faint groan, the sibilance of
eathing, then he heard nothing until

who cannot forgive others
s the bridge over which he
pass himself, for every man
eed to be forgiven.
HERBERT

was replaced almost stealthily, it
nd the connection went dead.
had only a last name and a voice,
ng more. The name was definite, but
was only a sound track in his mem-
ad been a steady, well-disciplined
edged with fear.
ed a pencil along the desk. Some-
t there, in a city of 2,000,000, a
ad put in a call for help. She might
ted, or gone into such a state of
could no longer talk. She might
knocked unconscious.
ne else had been about, for the phone
hung up. It was that someone he
bout. A member of the family surely
ve come on with an explanation.
ded his eyes in thought against the
lighted room. Frustration was a
e business, but he had never become
d to it: the knowledge that someone
perate straits, perhaps grave danger,
ould do nothing but sit and search
hts for some way out. Some way
feeling that you could figure a way
ferreted deeply enough in your own
ou were smart and clever enough.
a detective had to prowl his own
er than the streets.
ed the help of three other agents
ate, and passed out sections of the
les telephone directory to them. He
fellow the Northwestern section, an-
Southern, and he took the Central.
egan dialing Sherwoods. In the Cen-
there were ninety-four, and in the
tern, which covered sprawling San
Valley, seventy. As he called, each
d, "Say, I was talking with Miss
and got cut off." He never men-
e FBI.
the reaction was a sleepy, "You've
rong number." Sometimes it was
losive.
man answered, and waited a long
before replying. "Who're you?" he
ally.
ohn Ripley."
know you."
n old friend of Miss Sherwood."
n Miss Sherwood?"

Rip remembered his war days. Always take the offensive if cornered. "Say, who is this?"

The man bristled. "You wasn't talking with any Miss Sherwood here. They've all gone East. What's your game, Joe?"

Rip was putting the receiver down when an agent called, "I think I've got something." Holding his hand over the mouthpiece, he continued, "She took the bait when I gave my little speech, called me Pete and said I shouldn't be calling at this hour."

He handed Rip the phone. "You called me, Miss Sherwood?" Rip asked.

Her voice was strong. "Pete, this is the third time you've gotten me out of bed. I'll bet you're half swacked in some bar. I work for a living. You've heard of people like me, haven't you?"

A good feeling washed over him. He didn't know the woman, had no idea whether she was young or old, and yet he felt good.

"You O.K.?" he asked.

"I think so."

The agent handed him a memo with an address scratched across it, 14712 Tustin Street, Sherman Oaks, and a map. He indicated the street. It was only two blocks long at this point and dead-ended.

Rip said to her, "Is anybody listening in?"

"No."

"You don't have an extension?"

"No."

"But somebody may be listening to you?"

"Could be, Pete."

"Somebody in the house?"

"No."

"Somebody outside?"

"Yes."

"You're by yourself?"

"Yes, tonight. You remember my kid sister, Toby, don't you? Well, she's with friends."

"O.K.—I'll carry the ball. You just say yes and no." He talked swiftly, fearing if she stayed on the telephone too long the "someone" might grow suspicious.

"Is it a man?"

"Yes."

"Did he talk with you?"

"That's right."

"And he threatened you—wanted you to do something?"

"Yes."

"Did you know him?"

"No."

"Never saw him before?"

"I didn't tonight. It's so dark outside, you know, Pete. I think I lost the package when I parked."

"You had to hang up because he was listening?"

"No."

"He forced you to."

"I can't put it into words, Pete."

"Hit you?"

"Yes."

"Is it about a murder case?"

"No."

"A bank holdup, an embezzlement ——"

"Something like that."

"Can I come out?"

"No, Pete, it wouldn't look right at this time of the night—and anyway, you couldn't find it. It's just a little dead-end street tucked away off ——" She underscored "dead-end street." He glanced at the agent.

She continued, "I tell you what. If you find the package, why don't you drop it off at the bank tomorrow? You go by the corner of Hollywood and Cherokee anyway, don't you?"

"Will anything happen at the bank tonight, or in the morning before we see you?"

"I don't think so."

"We'd like to come out. We'd post a man tonight ——"

He caught the strong undertow of fear. "Please, Pete, don't. Think what the neighbors might say tomorrow or even next week if they saw you."

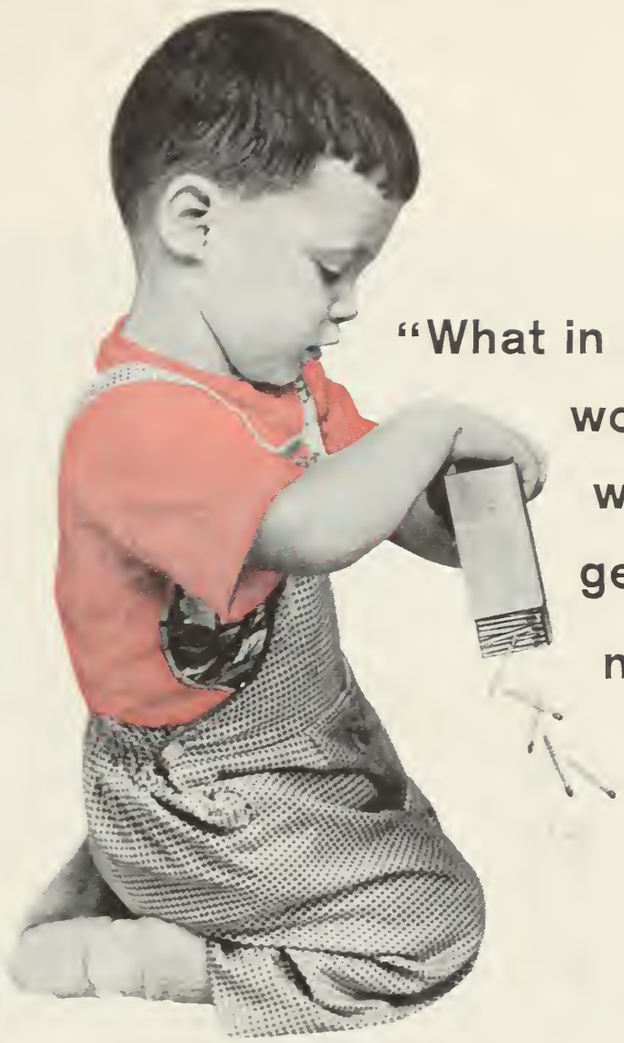
"You mean we'd be putting you in some kind of danger in the future?"

"I knew you'd understand."

He thought he'd talked as long as he dared. "You're sure you'll be all right?"

"Yes."

"If you want to, leave the phone off the cradle. I'll keep the connection open tonight—and if you stay close by ——"



(Facts about childhood's greatest enemy—accidents)

To a little boy or girl, everything is interesting. But in finding out "the way of things," a great many youngsters are hurt or crippled or killed.

It's a mistaken belief, that children are bound to have accidents—and that it's useless to try to prevent them. Studies have proved that most childhood accidents need never happen.

For example, deaths from accidental poisoning could be drastically cut by observing these simple precautions:

Store all drugs—especially flavored or brightly colored medicines—in a locked closet or cabinet.

Destroy all left-over medicines prescribed for temporary use. Don't throw them into a wastebasket where a child might find them.

Put all household products—disinfectants, insecticides, furniture polishes, bleaches, metal cleaners, lye, ammonia and acids—out of the reach and out of the sight of children. Replace covers or stoppers tightly.

Keep all potentially harmful substances in their original containers. Don't transfer them to unlabeled containers, particularly those that are meant to hold food or beverages.

Read all labels carefully, and follow warning directions to the letter whether it's a label on a bottle of medicine or a container of paint solvent.

Find out if there's a Poison Control Center near you. These centers are ever ready to provide your physician with quick identification of poisonous ingredients, and directions for emergency, life-saving treatment.

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CHILD SAFETY

Name
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street
City & Zone State

"That'd be swell, Pete. See you tomorrow."

He waited, hearing the faint touch of the phone as it was placed on a wooden surface. Swiftly he walked to the switchboard. "Be sure to hold that line open," he told the girl. "I'll arrange for someone to monitor it."

Kelly had been sitting by the small, black Chinese desk in the so-called "family room" where she and Toby watched television. As she waited for the switchboard girl to put her through to an agent, she had been conscious, and yet not conscious, of a floor board faintly complaining. But it was an old Spanish house and she had become so accustomed to its arthritic grumblings she scarcely heard them.

She had said no more than a dozen words when almost simultaneously the room went dark and a blow caught her on the jaw. Knuckles cracked hard against the bone, as though there were no protective flesh. She slid in slow motion, or so she imagined, to the floor.

She never quite lost consciousness. She struggled to roll over, but a foot stepped heavily on her shoulder.

He had said quite coolly, "I was waiting for you to phone the cops—and the next time you try a trick like that I'll kill you."

She had lain stock-still, barely breathing, hearing his footsteps receding, across the kitchen linoleum, and then the back door slamming. She felt the heat, the pain, but most of all a thrust of fear, such as she had never known.

Spot growled low, the way when a stranger was about. was staying close to the hous Vesta or Luke Voight or th Roger, would investigate— awakened. At last she sat waited, straining so tensely that the process itself hurt. W heard nothing, she rose, strai her dress. Her shoulder pai and her jaw, and her face w had struck her cheekbone.

She forced her feet to the and locked the back doo walked with her to a bedroo High up on a shelf, she found ther's .45 where he had hi many years ago, so Toby, the would not chance on it. Sh had never fired it—nor, for th ter, any gun. By sheer will pc stilled her fingers as she slip shells into the chamber.

Afterward she checked eve dow, and at the back of the h noticed a small square of glas large enough for a man's h reach through, cut neatly o pane. The killer had simply u the window, raised it and through.

And all the time she could nothing but Toby. A con which refused to be quieted de to hear Toby's voice. Toby right. She knew she was. It wa lous. She would only frighten Besides, she dared not teleph

Time was when Toby had b another troublesome kid sist rowing her clothes when she looking. Then had come th when the Los Angeles E called. There had been an aut accident north of San Fra Their parents had been killed, ing from a vacation.

Their grief and a feeling of ness had welded the two, and own devotion to her fath mother had transferred to this ing, beautiful creature who w woman, half girl. One minut would say, "I'm getting a job. ing to help with the expenses next she would burst out, "Say an outsider, what do you think human race?"

She loved life so much tha feared for her. It always h deeply when the first illusion shattered, or the first enth were crushed by thoughtless pe the whim of events.

Eventually the compulsion Toby won out. She sat by the with its receiver out of the cradl time she faced the door, and the .45 at hand's reach.

She whispered into the ope "Hello."

A man's voice answered. "Y

"I want to call my sister, hanging up. I'll call you back ward."

"You're O.K.?"

"Yes."

Hanging up, then lifting the again, she dialed the Hendr number. When Mr. Hendricks on the line she started to w then reconsidered and spoke in mal voice. Might she speak Toby? She had forgotten to t something important.

Toby said, "Sis, what's w What's happened?"

Kelly managed a calm "Nothing's happened, silly. I r bered I had some business i Nuys tomorrow. So I'll come you and Louella. It'll save you the bus."

"Something's wrong. I know

"Please don't dramatize."

"You mean you woke up the place over here just to tell me



down. "O.K., Toby, let's
nted to see if you were all
a nightmare ——"
must've been a gorilla."
y at seven-fifteen. Good

Kel."
o'clock in the living room
it was one o'clock. For
l years even, life flowed
lreamlike way, in the old
erns, and then within two
is ——

Terror, as it was to be-
n, began smoothly, effi-
:32 A.M. when two agents
or the Tustin Street area.
park a few blocks away,
reached by radio if Kelly
ndicated over the open
ne that she needed help.
departed at the same
e Hollywood First Na-
to place it under sur-

Rip was dialing the SAC,
gent in charge of the Los
l division. So accustomed
AC to having his sleep
that he answered on the
Rip said, "Harry, this is
o get you up."
d him about the call. "She
'd put her in greater dan-
's in already if we saw her

**ithout some of the
ou want is an indis-
e part of happiness.**

BERTRAND RUSSELL

urveillance. It's a tricky
l-end street; but still——"
inking that if Kelly Sher-
found dead in the morn-
ld have to live with it the
ears.
along with you on it," the
le would ride with this guy
most anything. Ripley
a straight line, cutting
bric-a-brac. It was sur-
few men could do that.
nued, "I've got a call in for
bank detail and the bank

said, "Call me if anything
nd let me know what she
ow."
fterward Rip talked with
nanager, and arranged to
agents inside the bank.
witchboard girl connected
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the captain well. Moreno
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tim, the FBI held primary
but worked closely with
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said he would send a cou-
over to the bank.

me Rip pulled up in front
rtment building, his car
it was 2:30. He walked
the creaky, tattletale hall
-a-month bachelor apart-
ed the key in quietly.
ip found a letter from his
t the landlady had left on
lis mother never addressed

him at the FBI office. Years back one of her letters had gone astray, and she had suspected the FBI ever since.

She wrote she was fine and hoping he could spend Christmas with her on the ranch near Tucson, Arizona. As always she asked when he was marrying Peg. Rip grinned. His mother was a firm believer in the efficacy of gentle pressure regularly applied. He had taken Peg to the ranch for a weekend trip at Easter, and his mother had fallen in love with the slender, radiant girl. "She knows how to laugh," his mother had said. "And she'll see to it you don't forget how."

He had never known anyone who could enjoy life as fully as his mother. He wished he had inherited more of her spirit. He blamed the anxieties of the era he lived in, but suspected he was rationalizing. Every generation had its anxieties.

Undressing swiftly, he stretched out on the bed, pulled the phone to the edge of the night table and switched off the light. He was too exhausted to sleep readily. He wondered if he had called the play right. Sometimes it seemed that no matter which path a man walked in this business, he placed a life in jeopardy.

Kelly dragged and pushed the divan to within a foot of the telephone, whose receiver lay by its cradle, a thin, tenuous line to the outside world. She stretched out in her clothes. Shortly after two she heard a car start up in the distance. After that she slept fitfully, though she heard the cuckoo clock strike each hour.



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FEMININE NAPKINS

Fems

Soon after five, her restlessness routed her out and she changed into her blue dotted cotton print. After downing two cups of black coffee, she picked up the phone. "I'm leaving for the bank now."

"Thanks for letting us know," a man's voice said. He had sat up with her all night, a man she might never see, never know.

At the garage door she hesitated. The killer had said he would see her again, set up the details. Quickly, before she lost courage, she pulled the sliding door back. The old, cluttered garage looked the same. In the daylight, it seemed impossible that she could have sat there in the car talking with a murderer.

Toby and Louella were having a French exam that morning, and they hacked away about it as Kelly drove. Toby knew she would flunk it. Toby was not studious, and was fiercely proud of the fact. Still, she was perceptive, amazingly so. She could feel another person's feel, almost know what the other one was thinking. Kelly caught the swift sidewise glances.

Toby said, "Gad, were you way out last night."

"Uh-huh. I had a corker of a nightmare."

"Is that how you got hit?"

Kelly had thought the bruise on her cheek completely hidden under the make-up. "Oh, that," she said deprecatingly. "I dashed out to hang up the wash after I got home and ran head-on into the apricot tree."

Toby stared skeptically. "Honestly, sis ——"

"Don't worry; I didn't hurt the tree."

"Comedians." Toby said to Louella. "Everybody's a comedian."

As Toby and Louella left the car at Van Nuys High School, Kelly called Toby back. Toby turned swiftly, and Kelly saw in her a younger edition of her own self, a long girl, narrow-hipped with large gay eyes, who moved as though she were gliding on ice.

Kelly asked, "What're you doing after school?"

Toby looked at her questioningly. "Why? Something you want me to do?"

"No. I just wanted to know."

"Jack wanted to drop into the Hi-Fi and listen to some records."

"He'll bring you home?" Kelly asked.

"Isn't that O.K.?" Toby was taking the defensive.

"Sure, you know I like Jack." She took a deep breath. "Listen, Toby, I don't want you to be by yourself today at any time, understand? If Jack brings you home before I get there, sit out in the car with him. O.K.?"

"Something's happened and you're not telling me. We said we'd tell each other everything."

"I will tonight. I'm late now."

In the rear-view mirror, she saw Toby standing quite straight, looking after her. *Oh, God, please*, she whispered.

Hollywood Boulevard lay virtually deserted at this hour, a few minutes after eight. Already the sun lay hot on the brick and concrete as Kelly parked her car. She passed a drugstore, a leather-goods place, a novelty shop. She saw none of these, nor Grauman's Chinese Theater up the street.

The bank guard turned a key in the glass doors. "You're early, Miss Sherwood."

"Hi, Mike. Miracles will happen." She hurried on.

Pete Morrow was already behind his long polished desk at Escrow. "Hello, beautiful," he said, rising and coming to the railing. "You look ——" He caught himself and grinned. He wasn't handsome, but he had a vitality and a way about him that warmed her.

She forced a smile. "I know. Death warmed over. I didn't sleep much."

"Better watch it. They'll think you're playing the horses on the bank's money. How about dinner and a movie tonight?"

"Thanks, Pete. Not tonight." She searched for an excuse. "Toby. I've got to take her to ——"

"Tomorrow night?"

"Can I let you know later?"

He gave her an odd look. She had never stalled him before.

As they talked, some of the night rolled away. Pete was easy to be around. They differed in many ways, and yet they always fell comfortably into conversation. Everyone thought they were in love, but she doubted if she could ever love a man who had been married once and divorced.

As she joined the girls and the lone male teller at the vault, it was the same as every morning. The girls chattered as they waited for the time device, set for 8:30, to permit the vault to open. "Yeah, I got a baby sitter, but Edna, you've never seen one like this girl. I told the youngsters if the house caught on fire to be sure they got her out." . . . "He still loves me—got me coffee in bed this morning." . . . "Wait till you've been married a month ——"

The daily chitchat. Everything normal. It was normal even to the hush that settled when Frank Welk walked up at exactly 8:29. He was the chief clerk, a dark little man, extremely efficient, like a fine precision instrument. He said a pleasant "Good morning" as though it were another of his many duties.

At 8:30 he turned the combination to open the vault, and each teller went into her own private vault, which was not unlike a huge safety-deposit box. It held her cash tray. The loan people came to get their papers, and Pete for the escrow documents. Everything except the furniture was locked up each night.

The daily familiar routine began. The checks from the clearinghouse arrived at 9 o'clock. Along with the other tellers, Kelly sorted the checks into alphabetical order, then took a batch to compare each signature with the depositor's file card. It was usually boring work, though occasionally one of the tellers would spot a forgery.

At 9:15 the armored truck pulled up outside. Most days she scarcely noticed it. This morning, though, she watched apprehensively. The usual two guards, guns jammed into holsters belted tightly to their sides, walked through the doors. Their eyes swept the bank, going to the mezzanine offices. The men continued to the vault, walking swiftly. Mr. Welk counted the money and signed receipts.

She noted that Penny, who worked at the window next to hers, was studying her curiously. Kelly said quickly, "You missed a real fun party last night."

Penny nodded. "I wanted to come, honest I did, but ——"

She had a hush-puppy voice that went with her personality. She was dating a man secretly, meeting him in bars and on street corners so her parents would not know. All her friends were worried about her. One had met the man and reported he was a "creep."

Soon afterward Mr. Welk delivered to each teller the cash that had been requested the night before. Kelly signed for $300 in ones, $200 in fives and $100 in tens, which brought her cash on hand up to the $2500 limit.

Promptly at 10 the guard opened the bank doors. A score of waiting customers entered, mostly businessmen who headed for her window which bore the legend COMMERCIAL. In spite of the small sign, which was intended to designate merchants only, many of her old customers continued to come to her window. The bank didn't care. It preferred that accounts went wherever they were the happiest.

She thought she couldn't possibly stand at this window all day. Every time a face moved up —— She doubted if she could control her hands as she counted out money.

Her fingers explored beneath the counter to locate two buttons. One, when pressed, automatically photographed the customer from a high-up, concealed camera to her rear. The other notified the Hollywood police substation she was being held up. Her fingers barely touched them by way of reassurance.

At 10:10 a tall man, a little older than she, dressed in a dark suit and tie and a white shirt, presented a check. "Good morning," she said pleasantly.

"Sure a hot one," he commented.

As she stamped the check, she saw only a scarcely readable scrawl across it: "When can I see you?" It was signed "Ripley."

She pretended to initial a deposit receipt, writing in a small, fine hand, "11:45. Conference room."

Rip had started the day early, receiving reports and drawing up leads to work in Operation Terror. The surveillance car that had sat out the night in the Tustin Street area had shadowed Kelly Sherwood to the Van Nuys High School and to the bank. The agents had checked out for home then, and two others had taken over their assignment. Three heavily armed agents in the bank's offices on the mezzanine were relieved by others, and a new shift of four detectives under Captain Moreno continued the vigilance outside the bank.

Rip conferred at length with the SAC. "Let's put a surveillance on the sister at the high school," the SAC said. "If he's threatening the older one, or trying to get her to do something, he may use the younger as a lever."

They had before them a brief report which established through the Tustin Street postman, Chester Held, that the two sisters, Kelly and Toby Sherwood, lived alone and bore excellent reputations.

"What kind of a tail?" Rip asked.

"Keep it loose on both."

A "loose tail" meant that the agents working the surveillances would shadow the Sherwood sisters at a distance, and with the calculated risk of losing them.

The SAC said, "We can't take a chance on running a tight tail and having the subject spot us. What's the manager like?"

"Very co-operative. I had a case there five, six months ago and we checked him out at that time."

"All right, let's take him into our confidence on the entire setup. But no one else in the bank."

The implication was evident. The subject might have an inside man in the bank.

Soon after Rip returned to his desk the switchboard operator rang and said, "I've a Nancy Ashton on the line. Says she has to talk with you at once, Mr. Ripley."

"Tell her I'll be right with her."

Rip took the call. "I was in yesterday," Nancy Ashton said by way of identification.

"Yes, Miss Ashton."

"You remember me?"

"Of course."

"That's sweet." Her voice held a caress. She continued, "About that matter—my friend —— I must see you. I can't come to the office. It's—well—I think I'm being followed."

"Who would follow you, Miss

"I can't —— Well, I mean . . . phone."

"How about meeting you som

She brightened. "Would you?"

"Where?"

"My apartment. Seven o'clock where to find me."

"That's the correct address?"

Accusingly, "You thought it w

He could have sworn she w fictitious address. It only went t the Bureau repeated constantly. I "feelings" could not be relied on

He sat a moment, lost in thou be a trap, a setup. An agent ran every time he knocked on a door. about calling her back, to chang place, but discarded the idea. To in the balance—a very delicate b

Peg passed by. She had overhe the girl friend?"

She walked on before he could had the nicest boyish back, shee down.

Rip found the bank's confe without making inquiry. He had would be on the mezzanine, and waited only a minute or two, about on hearing the door open.

She stood for a moment looking whose voice had come to her in t a nightmare. She had tried to thi would say to a man, a stranger, hands you had placed your lif might yield his to save yours.

"I just can't believe this," she There were strength and reality e firm handclasp. "I can't adjust, I Is the man crazy? Is he just a cra

Rip motioned her to a chair. " little more than human if you normally, Miss Sherwood. I'm sur if I were in your position. As f anybody's guess right now."

She liked this face opposite h were danger, or cause for hope or felt he would tell her. He was serio she read the pattern of lines abo and knew he had a sense of humo

She dropped into a chair, nud shoes and doubled her feet under h never know what a night I sper happened, I couldn't wait to get t to call the FBI. Nothing else entere And then—then ——"

"You regretted it."

"I couldn't believe he'd do anyt thing violent—until he grabbed n the phone. Do you suppose he d tried to call you? Because if he That's what I've got to know. T I'm afraid of, I guess."

Rip nodded. "I know. That's v hesitate to call the authorities in t But I assure you we'll take eve precaution, and we've had a lot of He may or may not know you ca wanted an excuse anyway to stri you'd know what real physical fea you'd be terrified of him, and d tells you."

He hesitated. "These cases all fo tern. He wants to break you down tells you about his plan—break y point you'll do anything he says knows it'll take a little time. Now b beginning, and tell me everything it happened."

He listened to how she said the well as to the words themselves. well, honestly, and he experience was difficult enough to work a cas even with a victim who was forth many had reason to hide facts in t ground, or simply by nature were Others were unable to express then were utterly unobservant.

When she had finished, he rose his legs. "Now I want you to dig d and recall any impressions you may anything you may have felt rather served."

She nodded. "I was trying to elim thing I wasn't positive of."

CONTINUED ON

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Rip smiled. "I noticed you were. But I'll accept any impressions as just that."

She had already mentioned the various odors about the killer, the asthmatic way he breathed, and his statement that he was already wanted for murder. She thought for a moment. "He talked a little odd. I mean, there was something about the way he pronounced words. Not a lisp, nothing as obvious as that. I'm sorry, I just can't peg it. Maybe it will come to me."

Rip went on to another point. "Now you say he said someone else was watching you?"

"Yes."

"Any ideas who it could be?"

"I'm afraid not." She shook her head. "It's just that I can't put anyone in the bank into the role of an accomplice. And besides, it seems so petty—to repeat little things ——"

He sat back down in the chair, studying her. "You can't afford to feel that way, Miss Sherwood. Too much depends on details. If the party's innocent, he or she will never know. Nobody will. The Bureau stakes its integrity on it."

She nodded. "The girl who works at the window next to mine—Penny Townsend—she has a boy friend ——" She interrupted herself. "I hate gossip. And that's all this is—gossip. I like Penny and I don't even know this man. But one of the girls who does says Penny's been meeting him in bars and out-of-the-way places, and that he is no earthly good, and when you asked if I knew anyone, I thought of him. I don't know why."

He glanced at his notes. "About your sister . . . Toby, is it?"

She nodded, and he continued, "Toby. Is that a nickname?"

"Yes. Her real name's Eloise, but she'd murder anybody who called her that."

He went on, "I've got to depend a lot on your judgment of her. She should be told that she's in danger, that you both are, so she can help protect herself. But if she likes to talk, if this should ever reach the newspapers ——"

"I'd trust her with anything," Kelly said. "Will she panic?"

She hesitated. "I don't think so, but she's terribly intense and dramatic." She hastened to add, "Not about herself. She wouldn't get hysterics. But about me. You see, Mr. Ripley, we're all we've got now. Not even a cousin anywhere."

It was a frightening decision to make, whether to tell this seventeen-year-old girl. If she didn't know, she might be killed when she could have saved herself. If she did know, she might talk sometime in the most innocent way.

He said slowly, "I'll call the prinicpal and arrange to talk with her at the school. I'd like you there, but you'd better finish your day out and go home as you always do."

She asked, businesslike, "What're Toby and I going to do tonight? Even the two of us together, we're not much protection."

He thought aloud. They could go to a friend's home or a hotel. But they would be no safer. The man would follow them wherever they went, and if he thought she was running out on him ——

"I'm sorry I can't advise you on this. The decision will have to be your own. But if you stay, we'll put a couple of men in the home next door, the one on the corner, and we'll work it out so we'll know if you're in trouble."

She had said that the neighbors, Juanita and Raymond Williams, had relatives who dropped in evenings occasionally. Two men might be suspect, she thought, but a lone man wouldn't.

She told him about Pete Morrow, the escrow officer, and he thought she should accept the dinner date. "That is," he added hastily, "if you would have anyway if this hadn't come up."

She nodded. "We've been dating for several months." She saw him write Pete Morrow's name down.

He continued, "We want you to do everything exactly as you've been doing it. Both you and your sister. We'll have agents shadowing both of you, but you must never look back. I want you to forget they're there."

She rose to go. "It's a hard thing to face up to," she said, shuddering a little. "Why—why ——"

"—— did he choose you? I don't know, but he probably went down the list of the tellers in your bank, and perhaps in several other banks. He found you particularly vulnerable. You have no husband and no parents who might prove a problem, but you do have a teen-age sister."

She said, "I never thought I could kill anyone—for any reason."

He raised his voice slightly. "I'm briefing you so you'll know what to expect. He'll keep working on you and your sister, figuring that eventually you'll decide it's better to play along with him than with the FBI. But if you should ——"

"I called you, didn't I? I'm not going to ——"

"Just remember he has no intention of cutting you in on the money. In the end he must kill you."

Their eyes met briefly. "I was brought up on an Arizona ranch, Miss Sherwood. I broke my first horse at twelve. Some were more spirited than others—but they all broke."

Kelly took the mezzanine steps with the infirmity of the aged. Someone passed and said hello. A second later she heard the hello, and turned and answered.

At her window, a drugstore wanted $500 in large bills changed it. She had to count the money three ti

Mr. Welk startled her, stepping u her and whispering, "There's a phon you, Miss Sherwood. A police lieute says it's important."

"Thanks." She turned to two wai tomers. "The next window, please." T discouraged telephone calls, since could take over at a window. The strict: no teller was permitted to e other's cage.

Mr. Welk's curious gaze followed would expect an explanation. If she some kind of trouble, he had to know had to be careful about its employee

She went to a vacant desk in the partment, took a deep breath, ste self, then picked up the receiver Sherwood speaking," she said.

"Hello, Kelly," answered the ma night before.

She tightened her grasp about the "Yes," she managed.

"You know who it is?"

"I know."

"Where were you at noon? I waited at the drugstore."

As she groped for words, he conti cusingly, "You always eat lunch at t store, but today you didn't. Why didn

She thought quickly. "I brought lu me today."

"No, Kelly, you didn't. I'll tell y you did. You were talking with the You were telling them about last nig

Every genuine work of art ha much reason for being as the ea and the sun.

RALPH WALDO EMER

She raised her voice. "I wasn't you ——"

"Shut up." The trigger had snap said angrily, "I'm going to punish through your kid sister. She'd like a r me, an older man. The kids all do."

"Please," she said, "please ——"

She realized she was talking to hers continued holding the receiver as if sh bring him back on the line.

Rip headed out Highland Avenue, the Hollywood Bowl and took the f He felt an urgency pressing him and, s into the fast lane, pushed the speed to

The radio sputtered, and he picked mike to report in. "We've got a mess you," the voice said. "Subject telepho tim at one-six P.M. Said he knew she with police during her lunch hour. ened to harm sister. Do you want a r

"Thanks—I've got it."

He sat more tensely now. This u killer, this unknown face, couldn' learned he had seen Kelly Sherwoo man was guessing, and probing deep scalpel.

He took the off ramp marked Va Boulevard, drove north through the b district and turned left. The high buildings sprawled over an area of p grounds, shaded by huge old trees. He in the nearby residential district and back. As he entered, he glanced abou surveillance team, but saw no one.

The assistant principal turned o office and Rip waited, standing by a-w looking out into a recreation area. Th had a school smell that was univers seemingly never changed. It was the s papers, books and ink, thorough s and warm bodies.

Toby Sherwood entered warily. S been told only that she had a caller. S been in the midst of the French exa knew the assistant principal would n broken into it if the caller were not imp

Rip crossed swiftly to close the d hind her. He talked rapidly to allay he



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ie's Ripley—John Ripley—and I'm
FBI."
hing's happened," she began, barely
g.
oped her. "Your sister's at the bank
and she's fine. I left her only a few
go. Won't you sit down, please."
ntinued standing. "I knew when she
is morning ——"
ot lying to you, Miss Sherwood. If
to, phone her."
hed the phone across to her. She
head. "Why are you here, then, if
happened?"
sister's been threatened and you
Now wait till I finish, please."
led up a chair for her. "Let's sit
talk this over. Nothing's happened
othing's going to if we can help it,
'll work with us. So much depends

very straight. "You can tell me. I'm
I look." She added, "I'm almost
You don't have to treat me like a
t."
her defiant gaze. After a moment
Toby, I had a big decision to make
ame here. And now that I've seen
lad I decided the way I did. Because
going to tell you I wouldn't tell to
ople three times your age."
pped into the swivel chair and re-
story in detail, leaving nothing out.
of being stunned, she was relieved,
words came tumbling out. "Golly,
so worried, Mr. Ripley. I thought
had already happened. She's all
and she's so wonderful, and she
hard. I try to help her, but I guess I
h. I'll do anything you want me to."
eed she would never be by herself.
nt to the Hangout for a hamburger
at noon, she would go in a crowd.
ool, she would either stay with Jack,
friend, or spend the time with Lou-
ricks at the Hendrickses' home. Her
uld drive her to school each morning.
d, "Two agents will be following
times. In fact, they're already on the
e there now."
his usual instructions: that she was
k back, not to try to spot them.
d, "Please give them a break. Don't
ast, don't leave by any back doors."
I could tell Jack," she said.
utely not." He was firm about it.
him, of course, but there must be
ons."
ou."
ed and rose. "I'm glad you dig me,

s waiting when classes broke at 3:15.
g and had shoulders that jutted out
pt-wing car. His physique, though,
quietness and gentleness.
l comfortably into his pace. He
You get kicked out of school or
;?"
ugged. "Big deal. I didn't fill out my
papers right." She hated herself, ly-
k.
nissed an exam for that?"
ghed. "How lucky can you get? I
ow half of those last questions."

owded into his sports car, which re-
with a satisfying roar. He asked,
out a swim in the park? The crowd's
ver there."
sitated. She didn't feel like swim-
didn't feel like doing anything ex-
ng for Kelly.
have to run me by home for my

g south on Van Nuys, they reached
sta, turned right and snaked along
He waited in the living room while
ed into her swim suit, then tied a
over it. He was looking at television
returned. "I like a man who makes
ute count," she said.
hers were already at the pool, and
o them as though they hadn't seen
a month. As she dropped her skirt a
d, "You look good for a change,"
irl friend said, "What a brat. Don't
, Toby."

Somebody else said, "Doesn't that girl look like Grace Kelly?"

Shouts went up. "Where? Where?"

A young woman was walking a little boy through the park on a leash. It was the same old crazy talk.

Toby forgot the day, the FBI man, the French exam. "I think I'm dying," she said. "I've got to have a soda."

"I'm broke," Jack told her.

"I'm not. I got my allowance today."

She swam to the corner of the pool where she had left her skirt with a purse in the pocket. She pulled herself up and sat, shaking a hand to dry it. Jack hopped up beside her.

As she reached for the purse, she saw the note folded under the skirt. Opening it, she read: "Kelly: Take Angel's Flight seven tomorrow night."

"What's that?" Jack asked.

She tucked it quickly in the coin purse. "Grocery list. Kelly said that ——"

He broke in. "Look, if you don't want to level with me, O.K., don't. But don't lie."

He watched her angrily a moment, then his tone changed. "Say, what gives, anyway?"

"Nothing. Can't we just skip it?"

The old helpless feeling surged back as Rip took Kelly Sherwood's call from the bank. The agents shadowing Toby Sherwood might even have seen the subject, and not known it. The maddening, frustrating part was that they had no idea whom they hunted.

And all that Rip could do was to sit and think. He couldn't question the other students, or conduct the usual, routine investigation without revealing too much, arousing too much speculation.

"I'll meet him," Kelly said. "I've got to. I want to get it over." She added, "I've reached a decision about staying at the house. I'm staying."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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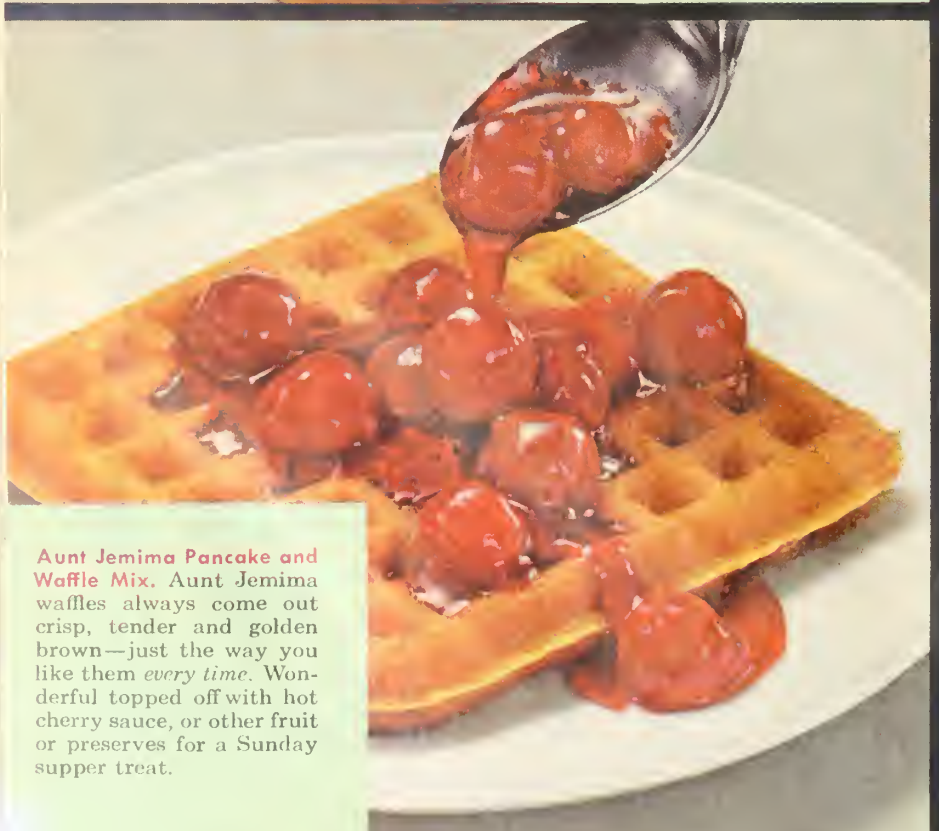
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Here's your chance to treat your family to some really great eating—and get $1.00 to boot from Aunt Jemima!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 103

Rip marveled at the fortitude of people in crises who drew from a hitherto untapped inner strength. He said, "I'll need to see you tomorrow—to set it up." Angel's Flight was a one-block-long cable-car "railroad." It ran up the side of an extremely steep incline from Hill Street to the old Bunker Hill area which would be demolished soon to make way for skyscrapers. *Take Angel's Flight. Seven o'clock. Tomorrow night.*

At the General desk, Rip scanned the report the supervisor handed him on Nancy Ashton: "Arrested 5-22-51 for lewd conduct: namely, dancing in the nude at a stag party. Pleaded guilty 6-14-51 and fined $100. Arrested 7-14-56, charged with soliciting. Charge dismissed 7-16-56."

Rip said, "I'm seeing her at seven tonight. I'll need another man." The rule was: Never talk with a prostitute alone.

"How about Bradley?" the supervisor asked, and Rip agreed. He liked Bradley, who had a passion for his wife, their three children, law and foreign cars, in that order. He was three years new in the Bureau, a former Ohio State fullback.

Soon afterward Rip crowded along with other agents into the SAC's office. Most were in their thirties, a couple younger, a few older. Some had practiced law before entering the Bureau, while others had come straight from law school.

There was the expectancy that comes with the germinating of a major case. The SAC tapped his knuckles gently on the well-kept desk. He was a big-chested, robust man of fifty-two.

He looked at Rip, who began by reviewing the leads pursued to date. The rear seat of the victim's car had been dusted for finger and palm prints. Negative. Washington had checked the Bureau's "Most Wanted" and other files on the basis of the meager description supplied by the victim. Negative. The note, printed with a ball-point pen on a five-by-three sheet of paper torn from an ordinary gummed scratch pad, had been forwarded to the crime lab in Washington for comparison with thousands of other printed messages in major crime cases.

Rip said, "We don't have any lead yet on where the subject got his rundown on the victims. We're investigating the possibility he has an accomplice inside the bank. We've set up a line of communication with the victims so that we'll know immediately if the subject should manage to get inside their home."

He had given Kelly Sherwood a radio sending device which she would secrete in the house. It was not unlike the intercoms used in some businesses and homes.

"We talked with the next-door neighbors, the Williamses, and they've given us permission to use a small photographic darkroom in their garage. They were most co-operative. We'll post one man in the darkroom to monitor the radio in the Sherwood home."

As he talked they listened intently, memorizing the area and fixing the key spots in mind.

"That's our first line of defense," Rip continued. "We've got another. At this point, up here on Valley Vista, you can see over the entire Tustin area. We're posting an agent in this home"—he indicated with the pencil—"and he'll keep the Sherwood house under observation. There's only one street light on Tustin, but I don't think any person could move about unseen."

An agent asked, "What about the phone?"

Rip shook his head. "We decided it'd be too risky if we kept the line open again. If the subject tried to phone the Sherwoods and was told repeatedly the line was out of order, he'd become suspicious."

What he didn't say was that they wanted the line of communication open to the subject. The more anyone talked, the more he revealed of himself.

Nancy Ashton lived in a four-story apartment building near MacArthur Park. At 6:55 Rip and Bradley walked down a dark street, back-lighted just enough for the trees and bushes to assume fanciful shapes. Every window was up and the babble of music and low conversation hung overhead.

The foyer was dimly lit and no one was about, everyone being at dinner at this hour. They took a self-operating elevator to the third floor, turned left down a wide, luxurious hallway, deeply carpeted. They found 3-B at the far end. Nancy Ashton's name was stamped on a plate on the door.

Rip tapped with the brass knocker a couple of times. They waited, hearing soft, dinnertime music playing on the other side of the door. Then Rip pushed the bell and the music of chimes came over.

After another wait, they exchanged glances. Rip pushed the chimes again, then knocked loudly. He had a feeling, too acute to be disregarded, that someone stood inches away, on the other side of the door, listening. He could almost hear the person breathing, so strong was his impression.

They tensed suddenly, startled for an instant, when the telephone rang inside. The shrill clamor continued for a minute, then abruptly stilled itself.

They waited. They said nothing. A building, any building, had big, curious ears.

At 7:25 they called it quits. They took the stairs when they discovered the elevator in use. In the foyer a mother was wheeling a baby out. Rip stepped into a pay booth and dialed Nancy Ashton's number. He let the phone ring a long time before hanging up.

As he emerged he saw Bradley standing outside the entrance. Rip stepped to Apartment 1-A, which bore a sign, MANAGER, and knocked. The door was opened shortly by a tall, thin woman in her forties.

Rip said, "I was up looking for Miss Ashton, but she doesn't seem to be home. Thought you might know where I could find her."

The smile vanished. "You a bill collector?"

"No—a friend."

IDLE IDOL

By PEGASUS BUCHANAN

Because she was fair,
  And because he was glad.
He named her with virtues
  He wished that she had.

And when she emerged
  As mere woman and wife,
Not angel, he blamed her
  The rest of his life.

"Oh." She was unconvinced. "Leave me your name and I'll tell her you were here."

"I was meeting her at seven."

"Leave me your name."

"Thanks. I'll phone her later."

As she closed the door, she grunted, "A friend!"

He joined Bradley outside. "Learn anything?" Bradley asked.

"Yeah—I'm a bill collector. I think of myself as the FBI type—and I'm a bill collector."

"Let's go," Bradley said. He had three children he wanted to romp with before bedtime.

As they left, their glance went the same moment to the third floor, to the small, iron-railed balcony that marked Apartment 3-B. Thinly outlined in the dark was a woman looking down on them. They barely caught a glimpse of her before she backed away and was lost.

"Think we should go back up?" Bradley asked.

Rip shook his head. "She's got a reason. Something's happened since she phoned."

"If it's Nancy Ashton," Bradley added.

Bradley drove and Rip sat strangely silent beside him. He was rerunning Nancy Ashton's voice over the telephone, groping for something in or behind the words.

Bradley said good night at the garage and checked out. Going up the stairs, Rip discovered he was exhausted. Eventually the long hours told. He had a fear of sitting down to talk with someone, possibly on an interview, and falling asleep before him.

In his workbox he found a note from Peg. She had been able to get reserved seats for Saturday night for Nat King Cole. Usually they sat in the second balcony, but this time they had decided to splurge. Back in Chicago, where they had met, it was always the gallery for them. At that time both had worked in the Chicago field office. Then in '56 he was assigned to the Phoenix office, and a year later to Los Angeles. Shortly after he arr Los Angeles, she requested a transfe Chicago, and the Bureau unwittingly Cupid.

Thinking of Peg revived him, and about to phone her when an agent cam meticulous, older man who had ex Kelly Sherwood's car. He had found arette butt, and vacuumed the carpet a on the possibility a chance hair, or so the killer's shoes, might provide inform From the cigarette butt, the crime Washington might learn the subject's type, through an examination of the saliva.

Next Rip talked with the agent wh recorded the telephone conversatio afternoon between Miss Sherwood a subject. Previously, Rip had obtain bank's and Miss Sherwood's permis listen in and tape any calls made to he

The agent said, "I replayed it several He's got an odd way of saying certain Just some of them. I haven't got an ear but maybe Washington can figure ou he's doing."

The tape, too, had been dispatched to Washington.

Rip scanned several log reports fr agents on stake-out about the ban phoned the agents in the Williamses' next to the Sherwoods. They reported a light out on Tustin. They had called t and been told an emergency crew wo out shortly. In the meantime the neighb was almost blacked out.

Worried, Rip noted it was 9:35. Th might have burned out, although that s too much a happen-so. Yet stranger dences marked many cases.

Once again he dialed Nancy Ashton ber, and listened to the measured bu was hanging up when unexpectedly s swered.

"This is Ripley, Miss Ashton." H nothing more. Someone might be listen

She was instantly apologetic. "I'm te terribly sorry I couldn't keep our date, b traffic was so awful ——"

"Some other time?"

"No. I've thought it over, and I to friend she should get in touch with you than going through me. I don't think it of my business really, and you know involved these matters can become."

"You were quite disturbed when phoned."

"Oh, that," she said deprecatingly. in one of my moods. Women have ther know. But I'll still buy you that drink evening. I'd like to, very much."

"If there's anything we can do ——"

"Thanks. You're a doll. Good nigh happy dreams."

He was smiling to himself as he hu He fell serious then, walking step b back over the Ashton matter. He wou tate a memo: "Nancy Ashton advised s instructed her friend to contact this directly." The memo would report th correctly, but not the tone of her voice.

Before he left for the night, at 10: called the Sherwood home. Kelly's voi husky as she answered.

"This is Ripley, Miss Sherwood. I thing O.K.?"

He felt her relief. "How nice of you t Pete. I'm fine. Toby's home tonight. W just getting ready to turn in."

Rip said, "I wanted you to know thing's O.K. at this end, and there's n to worry about."

Nothing to worry about. He was a pl telling a desperately ill patient she was to be all right, and for the same reas physician did. The patient needed a h strength she had to pull through.

Kelly sat a moment with her hand stil ing on the phone. His words had br comfort. He was a human being feeli another human being.

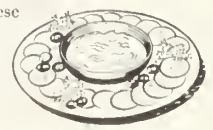
She returned to the bedroom. Tob moved in with her and was undressing long, slender body, growing into a w month by month, was so young; and lo

CONTINUED ON PAG

WIN $50 for NEW RECIPES ...using famous G. WASHINGTON'S® SEASONING and BROTH

We'll pay $50 for every recipe we publish using famous *all-purpose* G. Washington's Seasoning and Broth. This month's award goes to Mrs. Elizabeth Earl, East 70th St., New York City, for her delicious party dip.

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- 1 cup cottage cheese
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- "Rich Brown" with beef-like flavor
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Green Beans Napoli... simple topping

plus flavorful Del Monte Green Beans is gourmet fare

Be prepared to say goodbye to all your old ideas about green beans when you taste DEL MONTE Blue Lakes. These green beans set a new mark in flavor, texture and quality—and you'll be just as proud to serve them plain as you will this chef-style dish with its continental accent. They're delicately rich in flavor, never "flat-tasting." No strings. Firm yet tender and never limp. Perfect for salads as well as for serving hot. In a word, good green bean news all over! The sooner you try DEL MONTE, the better your family will like green beans. Why not today?

GREEN BEANS NAPOLI

- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- ¼ cup coarsely ground or crumbled dry bread crumbs
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- 2 to 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese
- 1 No. 303 (1 lb.) can DEL MONTE Blue Lake Green Beans (Whole or Cut)
- 1 tablespoon olive oil or salad oil
- ¼ teaspoon garlic salt

Prepare the topping as follows: Melt butter in a small frying pan, add crumbs and stir over moderate heat until crumbs are light golden in color. Blend in paprika. Remove from heat, add Parmesan cheese and toss lightly till blended. Heat DEL MONTE Brand Green Beans as directed on the label. Drain off liquid. Add oil and garlic salt to beans; toss lightly. Serve topped with crumb mixture. Serves 4.



Del Monte® Green Beans
Cut—Whole—French Style

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

at her, Kelly felt old far beyond her twenty-six years.

Kelly dropped to the bed. "Sit down a minute, Toby. You remember Frieda Wellscott?"

Toby nodded. She was Kelly's college friend who lived in Albuquerque. Toby said, "What about her?"

"There's a plane leaving at ten-seventeen in the morning. I want you to stay with her until this is over. There's no use ——"

Toby rose in anger. "I'm staying right here. If you think for a minute ——"

"Now, listen ——"

"The subject's fini, fini, fini, fini."

Kelly said slowly, "You've got to listen to me, Toby. I'm older and I know better."

"You're older all right."

"Toby—I don't want to hear another word."

"I don't either. You're being icky. Just plain icky. I never thought you'd be like this."

Kelly rose to leave. At the door she said, "We'll discuss it in the morning."

"Go on, talk to yourself. I said I was fini—and I *am* fini."

Kelly walked through the house, rechecking the windows and doors. After switching off the light in the living room, she stood a long time by the window. This had been her home as long as she remembered. She had been four when they moved here. And now she was a prisoner in this house, in her own home.

Returning to the bedroom, she saw Toby in the twin bed on the far side, her face to the wall. She sat down by her, saw the tears.

Toby turned over quickly, and threw her arms about Kelly. "I won't get in the way, I promise, and you need me. You've got to have somebody to look after you when you forget things ——"

The telephone brought them up short. Toby said, "I'll get it," and sprang out of bed.

Kelly grabbed her. "No, I'd better."

She hurried, afraid the party would hang up and afraid he wouldn't.

"Hello," she said. She could hear someone breathing.

She said again, "Hello . . . hello there."

The click of a receiver going down at the other end came over. She continued holding the phone, staring at it as though it were some monstrous thing.

Toby startled her, standing not two feet away. "Who was it?"

"I don't know. They didn't answer."

The cuckoo clock sounded eleven times.

Rip picked up the receiver to still the clamoring phone and turned on the table light in case he needed to make notes.

He said "Yeah?" and rubbed his neck cords.

It was Captain Moreno. "I was getting ready to come over and see if you were alive."

"Barely, Pancho. Just barely."

"My *mamacita* always says, '*Camarón que se duerme se lo lleva la corriente*.' That means, my friend, 'Don't go to sleep or you're liable to miss the boat.'"

His mother had more sayings than Bartlett had quotations.

Moreno continued, "You still got an interest in the Ashton woman?"

"Yeah."

"You can close the case."

"What happened?"

"She either jumped or was pushed from her third-floor apartment about twelve-forty-five this morning."

Rip noted it was now 1:30.

Moreno continued, "I just heard about it. I was checking out and stopped by Homicide. They wanted me to ask what your interest is—if it's no secret between you and Washington."

"No, no secret. I'll be down in fifteen minutes, Pancho. O.K.?"

"I'll be in Homicide."

Jarred fully awake, Rip dressed hurriedly, dropped his electric shaver in a coat pocket, and on his way down buttoned his shirt and fixed his tie. The night was cool and clear, and the stars bright. Always at this hour he was conscious of the colored night mist that lay over the city, an aurora borealis cast up by street lights and neon signs and all the other million lights of a big city.

Soon he was pulling up alongside a new, slender eight-story building which was mostly glass. The flags of the United States, California and the city of Los Angeles flew impressively overhead.

Walking swiftly, he entered an expansive first floor with a colorful mural in tile on one side and information desks across the other. It looked more like a swank modern bank than police headquarters.

Moreno was waiting upstairs. "Come on in. They've got a woman in there."

As they entered an inner office, the Homicide lieutenant looked up and nodded. He was a slight, thin, tired-looking man who was impatiently patting the arm of his swivel chair.

A woman sitting by the desk turned and Rip saw the apartment-building manager he had talked with a few hours before.

She rose excitedly. "That's him. He asked me, 'Where's Miss Ashton?' That's what he said. 'I was meeting her at seven,' he says."

Moreno broke in. "Madam, please, this is ——"

She didn't hear him. "He wasn't getting anything out of me. I knew he was up to no good the minute I put eyes on him."

Moreno shrugged helplessly and the Homicide lieutenant smiled. "Thanks for coming in," he told the woman.

"If you want me to testify against him, all you have to do is phone me and I'll come right down."

"Thanks so much," said the lieutenant.

As the door closed behind her, Moreno studied Rip. "You do look kind of suspicious."

> There is not a self-made man in the world. The so-called self-made man is the man who has seized his opportunities, and those given him by circumstances, and has made use of them.
>
> LUCIUS TUTTLE

They drew up chairs about the desk and began exchanging information. Rip reported the little he knew, and Moreno and the lieutenant went over their findings.

The apartment manager, who said she was in bed but unable to sleep, heard the body strike outside her window and called the police. When they arrived, the lights were on and a record player going. The apartment held no sign of a struggle, and no one had been seen to enter or leave. The body revealed no cuts or gun wounds.

The dead woman apparently had taken a bath an hour or so before, since the shower curtain was still quite wet. Either before or after the bath, she probably had painted her toenails a blood red. A bottle of nail polish stood on the washbasin. She had spilled powder on the bathroom floor, and her damp feet had tracked it into the living room.

If it was murder, she might have been shoved off the balcony and killed in the fall, or slain before she was pushed, by strangling or poisoning.

The lieutenant handed Rip a police photograph of her body as it lay on the ground. She was on her back, her arms flung out by the rush through space, her legs wrapped in a tight wool skirt. She was wearing a simple white blouse.

"That's all she had on," the lieutenant reported. "No slip, no pants, no bra." He picked up a slip of paper. "This was in her purse."

The names of two men and a woman were written in pencil, together with their telephone numbers, and at the bottom Rip's own initials, J.R., together with the field-office number.

"Turn it over," Moreno said.

In one corner, written very small, were the name K. Sherwood; the address, 14712 Tustin Street; and the number SP 4-2852.

Rip said slowly, "She was in on the deal, or somebody told her, or she overheard something."

Moreno nodded. "I've got something else for you. May have something to do with her, may not."

He settled back. "We've got an informant. His name's Jim Durga, but everybody calls him Popcorn 'cause he's always eating it. This guy's no stool pigeon. He thinks of himself as being in the newspaper business. Like the Los Angeles *Times*. He circulates around the crumbum joints nights, picks up a little news here and there. Makes his living that way."

"You mean he sells news." Rip italicized "news."

"That's right. If he hears some police officers talking about raiding a bookie, he peddles the info to the bookie. Or maybe he learns about a heist and sells it to us for ten bucks. If we don't want it, he'll try to hawk it to a newspaper."

Rip sat straighter. "He knows about the Sherwood case?"

Moreno nodded. "He hit up one of our men tonight, said he had some dope on a bank job. He said, 'It's the Sherwood case.' Just like that."

"You're going to talk with him?"

"If you want me to."

"Could I come along? I know he's your man, but ——"

"You can talk with anybody I got. You know that." He added, "You're too dressed up. Here"—he picked up a beaten old jacket from a chair—"get into this."

"Hey," the lieutenant said, "what do you mean giving away my clothes?"

Moreno walked toward the door. "The Salvation Army wouldn't have *that* as a gift."

They sauntered down Main Street, past the Follies burlesque, the Midnight Mission with *Onward Christian Soldiers* marching forth, a tired clothing shop with out-of-pawn suits in the window for $8.50. They passed shabby men; few walked straight, and most had been dead a long time. It was not so much a street of sin as a street of desperation, a street one block from the graveyard. Eventually they came upon Popcorn. He was sitting on the sidewalk in a canvas lawn chair, under a street light, by a big waste receptacle. He was settled back comfortably reading.

Moreno whispered to Rip, "Keep going."

Popcorn was older than Rip had expected, possibly seventy judging by his soft, wrinkled face. He had quick, amiable eyes and a pious personality.

They passed him, and Moreno led the way to an all-night movie house which advertised three films for 35 cents. Moreno smiled at a battered female face in the booth and she gave him a sleepy, bored nod. They stepped into almost total darkness. The customers liked it that way. They would have liked it better if there had been no movie.

Moreno quickened his pace, turning right and entering a cubbyhole room where girl photos papered the walls.

"My Main Street office," said Moreno, resting himself on a desk minus one leg. He continued, "You'll like this guy. Everybody does. That's how he gets his dope."

A few minutes later Popcorn came along, carrying the lawn chair, now folded up, and his book, *Effects of Nuclear Fission*.

"Care for a drink?" Moreno asked, taking a whisky bottle from the bottom drawer.

"Don't mind if I do," Popcorn said.

Handing him the drink, Moreno said, "I've got a new partner. Name's Ripley. He's O.K."

Rip offered his hand. "Glad to know you."

Popcorn's hand was a child's. "Same here, sir. New, are you?"

Moreno put in, "No, he's been at it for years. Just looks young."

Popcorn nodded. "I was like him. Never did show my age."

Moreno said, "Hear you haven't been feeling so good."

"Not so good, captain." He chuckled. "The doc says if I was a building he'd condemn me."

Moreno laughed, then turned sober. "What've you got on this bank deal?"

Popcorn shifted uneasily. "Bailey told you?"

Bailey was a Homicide detective. "Yeah," Moreno said.

Popcorn unfolded the chair, sat down. "It's a pretty fair story, captain."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

Here are som
of the fine
products creat
for your
enjoyment b

GENERAL FOODS
KITCHENS

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GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"Page one?"

Popcorn squirmed.

Moreno asked, "Not back in the classified?"

"No, sir. Maybe page three or four."

"Ten bucks O.K.?" Moreno asked.

"I was figuring on fifteen."

"It's hard-musele money."

Moreno counted out ten silver dollars, stacking them on the desk. He added two more.

"I didn't get a name," Popcorn said.

"I didn't figure you did."

"I'll give it to you the way it came to me, captain."

"O.K."

"The hood who's pulling this—he asked the other party to go out to the Sherwood home. Seems that the other party was to park and walk up and down the street, and go up to the Sherwood house, stand a couple minutes, and then decide not to go in but to leave. The hood figured if the police were around, they'd pick the other party up for questioning, and if they did, it wouldn't matter because they couldn't hold the other party."

Rip asked, "What'd the other party say to that?"

"He asked if anybody was marked for a killing and the hood said might be. The other party didn't like it."

"That all?" Moreno asked.

"Just about, except the hood asked how the passport was coming along the other party was getting for him." He hesitated. "I couldn't say how that came out."

Moreno broke in. "You know where they might get a tricked-up passport?"

"I'll ask around."

Rip asked, "You saw the hood?" He didn't like this business of playing games.

"I'd rather not say, sir."

Moreno said, "I know, I know." He turned to Rip. "He's nearsighted. Can't see three feet past his nose. I've offered to get him glasses, but ——"

Popcorn shrugged. "I bought some at the dime store once and they bothered me so much ——"

Rip persisted. "So you talked with the other party?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I'm not in a position to say."

That clinched it. He had overheard a telephone conversation. He might possibly have listened in to both sides through a hotel switchboard, but that was highly unlikely. More probably he had pieced the account together from what he had overheard one side say. But was it the hood, as Popcorn called him, or the "other party"?

Moreno said, "If you hear anything more, call me."

"I'll do that."

"Do you think you will?" Rip asked.

"I'm sure of it, sir."

Moreno glanced up in surprise. He said with the barest warning, "Be sure you call me."

Popcorn smiled. "I never let a subscriber down."

When he was gone, Rip asked, "How about it?"

Moreno shook his head. "You never know, do you? I'd like to think he'll call me—but *quien sabe?*"

The situation was the same as with every informant. They had no right to put pressure on Popcorn, although if they did they might learn the location of the telephone and stake it out. If they did that, Popcorn might peddle his news to the criminal if he saw him. And yet if they played along, Popcorn might cross them anyway.

It was the same old business of figuring the odds.

At midnight the phone call was repeated, and Kelly, half dozing, ran for it, and once again the party hung up. She answered the ringing at 1 o'clock, but at 2 she lay in bed, never stirring. She heard the groaning of the old house. The creaking began in the living room by the door and approached board by board, the weight of a man walking slowly and stopping every other step to listen. She raised up on one arm, tense. "Toby," she whispered, but Toby didn't awaken.

The night was listening, too, strangely still. She switched on the bed light, walked resolutely to the bedroom door. For years she had intended to putty-up the keyholes in the old-fashioned house. She closed the door and found with relief that the key still worked.

He telephoned at 3, and 4, and 5. He was wearing her down, she knew. He was wearing her down for the ordeal coming up that night at Angel's Flight.

Sometime after 5 she fell into a dead sleep, awakening slowly at 6 when the phone shrilled persistently. At 6:05 it sounded again, and at 6:10. At 6:15 she struggled out of bed, thinking it might be some friend or Mr. Ripley. But it was the killer. He said, "You haven't been answering the phone. You should, you know, because we've got to keep in touch."

He was being insolent, and with effort she restrained herself. "What do you want?"

"I don't like the way you're talking. For the kind of cut you're getting, you can talk nicer."

She lowered her voice, fearful Toby would arouse. "I'm not awake yet."

"That's better. I'm reconfirming, as the airlines say. Seven o'clock tonight."

THE NAMES OF HORSES

By MINNIE HITE MOODY

Once in a while, in certain blends
of weather,
Trapped in deep traffic's throbbing
wilderness,
Past fins and chrome, the soft
sweet sound of leather
Whispers to me, and names like
Bill or Bess
Rise to the lips and flutter in the
brain,
And I am safe and young, and
home again.

"I said I'd be there."

"I hope you are. If you need any proof that I mean business—think of your sister. I can have some fun with her. You know what I mean?"

Before she could answer, he hung up. She sat stunned, then noted the time and, by rote, showered and put on her make-up. She stood a moment at the kitchen window. It was a glorious morning, but she felt as she had when her mother and father died. You walked into the sunshine, heard the birds, saw the flowers, and wondered how it could be that life could go on so radiantly when life had ended for someone you loved.

Her hands reflected her thoughts as she broke the eggs. She dropped a salt shaker in the skillet, and the spraying grease burned deeply into her wrists. She sat down quickly, thinking she was going to cry.

Toby breezed in, clad in a slip. "I haven't a thing to wear," she said; then, seeing Kelly, she squeezed her. "I'm going with you tonight."

Kelly spoke brusquely. "No, you're not. If he sees you ——" She broke off. "Look, be sensible. I'll have the whole FBI watching out for me. Nothing can happen, you know that."

Toby brightened with effort. "Sure, you'll be all right. I won't worry. I couldn't go tonight anyway. I've got a date with Jack."

"You won't go up on Mulholland?" Mulholland was a road that snaked along the crest of the Santa Monica Mountains. It was dark and isolated in some areas, and there were numerous parking places gouged out ostensibly for the view of both San Fernando Valley and the Pacific Ocean.

"What does it matter, sis? Mr. Ripley said the FBI would ——"

Kelly stopped her with a look.

Toby was so warmly frank. Kelly didn't know another girl who would tell her folks she went up to Mulholland. Toby always had been like that. She had floated in on a cloud one night to announce, "Jack kissed me tonight."

She had no secrets, and sometimes her questions were appalling. "This girl in my algebra, sis, she and her boy friend wanted to get married but it would have broken her mother's heart, so they're having an affair. What do you think, sis? Should you break your mother's heart or have an affair?"

Kelly said she thought they should wait until they were eighteen and then marry. Toby was not convinced. "What does it matter if they have an affair after they're married or before—if they're honest-to-goodness in love?"

Kelly was shaken. "But you and Jack ——"

"Jack's entirely different. You don't know him, you just don't know him."

"I wasn't saying ——"

"Yes, you were. You think Jack might try that. I don't care what you think about me, but you can't say things like that about Jack."

As Kelly dropped Toby at the school, Toby took a deep breath and threw her shoulders back. "You'll call me the minute it's over? I mean the very minute."

Kelly nodded and hugged Toby hard. As Kelly rounded the corner, she turned for one fleeting glance and Toby waved.

Pete Morrow waylaid her as she passed Escrow. "Hi. Say, why don't we explode the atom—take in the Moulin Rouge to celebrate my raise."

"Pete, I'd have to get all dressed up and pull in my stomach and —— Why don't we go to a movie?" He couldn't afford the Moulin Rouge. He'd have to go without lunch for a month.

"Yeah, why don't we? I was just talking big."

As she started on, he called her back. "You all right, Kel?"

She stopped quite still. "What makes you think I'm not?"

"You don't look like you had any sleep. Thought maybe something's got hold of you."

She smiled. "You're sweet. I'm all right, except for payments on my car, my teeth and my insides."

His laugh lifted the weight from her. It gave her the old feeling that everything would be all right. The girls said "Good morning" at the vault, and she was swept into their orbit.

She took the cash drawer to her window. It was then that she noticed the memo under the glass weight. She opened the note. Raymond Burkhardt, the bank's manager, asked her to meet him in the conference room at 9:30. She scarcely knew him, a big tall man, possibly in his fifties, with a broad white streak through his hair.

She arrived in the conference room first and waited, looking out the window, down into the customer parking area. It was almost deserted at this hour.

Burkhardt walked in briskly. "Good morning, Miss Sherwood. I wanted to catch you before you left last evening, but I got tied up. I had a long talk with Mr. Ripley, and I want you to know the bank appreciates what you're doing. We'll be with you all the way."

"Thank you," she said. "I was anxious, of course."

"Of course." He hurried on. "I don't know what instructions Mr. Ripley gave you, but on our part, we don't want you to take any chances."

For a second he dropped out of the executive pattern. "Please be very careful, Miss Sherwood, and don't take any risk for any money involved. You come first, and the money second."

He smiled. "I have a daughter about your age. Couple years younger maybe. Now if you want my help, if you've got anything to talk over, I want you to feel free to come to me, or call me at home. Here, I'll give you my home phone."

That day she felt she had split into two beings. Her real self stood off to watch her double working at Window 5. The double moved slowly, and counted uncert
double said the same old inanities
were without life. "It's a warm day
chilly day. . . . How are you? . . .
you again. . . . Where have you b
long? . . . I didn't know you'd bee

They were mostly old custome
went to the same window because
seeing the same face, talking with
teller. If they wanted a favor son
information, they knew someone t

Shortly after she balanced for th
took the mezzanine steps toward
room. At the door, she turned
pushed into the conference room
Ripley waited by the window.

"Hello, Miss Sherwood," he
wished she could feel as confident
control" as Mr. Ripley. And sud
relevantly, she thought how nice it
to have a man about the house,
comfortable and lovable. For a flash
the most important thing in her life

She said quickly, "I had anothe
morning."

He nodded. "I know."

"Would he try anything with—wi

"I'd like to tell you he wouldn
can't. Until we know the man, kn
thing about him ——"

"But when she's in class ——"

"We've taken her teachers into
dence." He continued, "She went t
shop after school with her boy fri
there now. Has she known him lon

"Since junior high." She adde
"He's a swell fellow. I know, bec
around the house a lot."

He offered no comment, but pull
out for her, and took one alongsi
didn't have lunch today."

"I couldn't. I couldn't possibly ea

"You've got to, and get all the
can. He's figuring you won't."

He spread out a map of the Bu
area, and she was conscious of his a
ing hers, of his closeness.

He said, "We've had to make t
for tonight because of the two elevat
subject said he would meet you at t
Angel's Flight, but he may not. He
you here at the start of the cable ca
on the cable car. So we'll post agen
sight at the foot of the hill and up or
and on the cars."

He studied the map. "Now don't
if you run into the unexpected. He m
newspaper boy or hire someone to g
message, and maybe the message wil
to meet him somewhere else, or it
forth the plan for getting the money a
never see him at all.

"Now—one more thing: we won't
to apprehend him until after you've
assuming that you do meet him. It'
dangerous otherwise. If you were ab
we moved in, he might use you as a h
try something else."

He asked then, "What're your
tonight? Will you be going home fro

"I hadn't intended to. There isn't
time. I thought—if it's all right wit
I'd work late and then drive into the
have dinner." Hollywood was appro
seven miles by the freeway from d
Los Angeles.

He nodded in approval. He talk
quietly. He knew what an ordeal
experiencing, but the more relaxed
the better fit she would be to cope
situation. "Remember, he wants you
terror when you take Angel's Flight t

He felt the minutes passing, time
him headlong toward the rendezvous.
keyed up, driven by excitement.

At the office, he glanced hurriedly
the surveillance logs turned in by th
running shadow jobs on Kelly an
Sherwood and the house at 14712
Street.

Moreno came by. He reported t
autopsy disclosed no poison, no drug
alcohol in Nancy Ashton's body. She
from multiple fractures, caused by ei

CONTINUED ON P



Another treat with
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Mix contents of package with two cups milk in saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a full boil. Chill. Prepare one envelope new Dream Whip or whip one cup whipping cream. Slowly beat pudding. Make alternate layers of pudding and topping in 6 parfait glasses. GOSH, look at what mother just made. (This package makes impressive pies, too.)

GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

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U) FROM PAGE 110

a l nt, flat instrument wielded with
fo . A crime-scene search of the
ent ad developed no evidence of foul
d i erviews with neighbors and others
ve negative.
h had gone, Peg stopped by. "Re-
n?"
h didn't retort, she caught his eyes
er ips. "Does it show that much?"
d.
t?
e a pound I put on."
nil . "Do you always zip your skirt
eft de?"
wa owed under his look. "Don't get
, ase."
se usly. Don't skirts ever zip up the
e?
n't make skirts for left-handed
U he back or up the front, maybe,
up he right side."
're ure?"
a l, Mr. Ripley—or have you been
t notice?"
al d away, conscious of the zipper
ot ng out the ridge.

ri g began at straight-up four. Not
co ds early, not thirty seconds late.
en gents and ten detectives assigned
an l's Flight operation crowded the

A stood with Rip before a diagram
no d the post position of every man
be and the starting location of ten
an six police cars. As Rip began the
s hands dangled easy by his
t ere was cold in the fingers. No
no many times a man went on a
t raid, he felt the cold.
l ose in fast once she's away from
e, he said. "We'll issue thirty-thirty
so e strategic spots, and the cars will
p with Tommy guns and tear gas.
d warning. Think before you move.
un you're not moving into cross
co hing someone else in it."
A spoke up: "I'd suggest each of
k ver the area about five o'clock,
ne ush hour, and get acquainted with
ts
w e dead end, and others narrowed
he sharply. The nature of the area
ne cales in favor of a killer.
sl be armed?" a police officer asked.
sl s never used a gun." Rip looked
A y other questions?"
di ed out with the quiet of men who
e hy respect for fear. In a time like
th held his thoughts within himself.
cu tioning himself: *Use your head
o make a move, think before firing.
W the weapon. Make sure it's the
ge e you squeeze the trigger. Breathe
ce calm.*

s remembering other nights like this.
re lling the instructions and rigorous
dured at the FBI Academy at
Virginia. A man held the pressure
e noked, he talked about the coming
r or about what his youngster did
t about the Dodgers or the Rams.
l he fear back but not all of it. A
r as good for a man.

g still held the bastions against the
e deep canyons of the city, though,
as stealing in.
c away from Angel's Flight Kelly
p king space, and backed the car in
t ally, scraping the curb. A man
a ng the sidewalk bent low to stare
p continued. An older man limped
s street diagonally toward her. Her
l ed in mid-air as it reached for the
sw itch. The motor kept on purring.
hi his head down, reading the pave-
ca ically, she wondered if the FBI were
w r this far from Angel's Flight. She
c d in the rear-view mirror, and no
fo llowed her into this gust-swept,
ar lor between blackened and aging
bu ings, many deserted.
h almost walked into the car before
e tires and veered. She glanced at him expectantly, but he made no overtures and headed away from Angel's Flight.

She let herself go. She was limp and sweating. She still had ten minutes, according to the car clock.

She continued sitting, though she was conspicuous in this neighborhood. No one sat in a parked car, especially not a lone woman in the growing dusk. People were passing, and looking at her. She tensed a little every time a pair came within range, and waited in a tight knot as they passed.

Toby would be at the Hendrickses by now. Louella would be chattering, and Toby would be trying to respond and at the same time waiting for the ring of the phone.

Five to seven. She stepped out of the car and stood uncertainly. She straightened her skirt and flounced out her hair. She touched her fingers to the little silver cross her mother had given her when she was fourteen.

She walked resolutely, passing a woman carrying a sack of groceries, a young fellow dressed for a date, and two small boys scuffing along, engrossed in their three-foot-high world.

Angel's Flight loomed up ahead, dimly lit. It sat at such a steep elevation that it seemed a whim of nonsensical engineering. But it had operated its 315 feet of track without mishap since 1901, and boasted it had carried more passengers per mile, 100,000,000 in fifty years, than any railroad in the world. It had two cars. One ascended as the other descended, counterbalancing each other.

She crossed the street, walking fast, but the car was rising by the time she reached the turnstile. As she waited, she kept turning about. She wanted to see the man as he approached. She trembled as a fluttering newspaper unexpectedly brushed her ankle.

> In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better show more affection than she feels.
>
> JANE AUSTEN

When the descending car came to a stop, a few passengers left single-file. Then she was on the car, which was a series of stair-step seats, two on each step, facing each other, so that the passengers sat on even keel during the ride. She took the nearest seat.

Others came out of nowhere, it seemed, and within a moment the car was filled, mostly with men. She hopped from one face to another, and stopped twice, first on a man in the garb of a service-station attendant whose eyes held hers for a moment before she looked away. The next time around he was devoted to a newspaper.

The second was when her hands went to check her skirt line and she caught a man about her age sizing up her legs. He was thin and quite pale. He wore a neat but inexpensive dark suit, a white shirt and a conservative tie. He might have been an accountant or a shoe clerk.

Her gaze drew his eyes and they loitered on her. His lips pursed slightly.

She moved on to the next face, and the next, but his lingering scrutiny was the brush of a man against her body that she could feel without seeing.

The car began its ascent with a jolt and much grumbling of machinery.

In an old-fashioned bedroom, in a mansion that clung to the past of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady, the SAC and two agents sat about a two-way radio tuned in to Bureau cars and to agents hidden out along the course the victim was taking.

They sat in the dark, the radio on a marble-top table by an iron bedstead where a gray cat slept peacefully. A spry, twinkling-eyed woman, older than the mansion, had offered the room without charge when an agent that morning had identified himself.

"Just don't bother Sylvester," she said. "He sleeps up there. Oh," she said, seeing the agent's puzzlement, "Sylvester's my cat."

So now Sylvester slept soundly, undisturbed by the man hunt in progress.

"Control, this is Two. . . . Victim boarding car. . . . Agent Cronin following, taking seat next to victim. . . . Fourteen aboard, eleven men, three women, including victim. . . . No contact yet with subject."

The reports from Two came from agents concealed in a dark, vacant office room on the second of an eight-story building which flanked Angel's Flight at its lower level.

"Three in. . . . Car starting . . . climbing at usual rate . . . Cronin reports all O.K."

Cronin was carrying a small transistor transmitter concealed in his coat pocket. If he tapped a pencil twice to the mike, it indicated no developments. If he tapped it repeatedly, it indicated the subject had made contact with the victim aboard the car.

The SAC said, "Come in, Five." Five was a post in a hotel room that overlooked the upper level of Angel's Flight.

"Five in. . . . Three men, one woman waiting to take car down . . . only four people on street in immediate vicinity . . . automobile approaching at normal speed, passing . . . no contact apparent at this end yet."

"Three in. . . . Car nearing upper station . . . no developments . . . Cronin reports in negative . . . car pulling in ——"

The SAC spoke quickly: "All units stand by. Victim about to disembark on Bunker Hill."

The car jarred to a stop. Already everyone was standing. She continued sitting, purposely waiting so she would be the last.

The thin one, who had risen, lingered, too, looking back and taking inventory. She felt him strip her naked, and knew she had reddened.

At last she had no choice but to leave. Her feet climbed the stair-stepped car as though partially paralyzed. Passing the little station, she dropped her nickel in the pay container. She crossed a small paved patio with a drinking fountain in the center. By the time she reached the sidewalk, everyone had vanished.

She stood uncertainly. A car approached and she waited, but it passed without slowing, and then another, and still another. The first sharp thrust of panic struck her. She had to walk, to do something. If she stood here alone with her imagination, she would be lost.

She turned to the right, and it was then he came up behind her so swiftly she scarcely heard his footsteps. "Looking for someone?" he asked.

She swung about naturally. His small eyes had an odd, glazed cast and were fixed intently on her. His left hand was dropped in his coat pocket, and the fingers on his right hand rubbed each other nervously.

She nodded and looked at him speculatively. Her nails sank into the plastic of her purse.

He said softly, "I could be that someone." He was standing so closely she felt his breath.

"Well, are you?" Her voice sounded unnatural.

"Yeah," he said slowly, and then, "Come on. I've got a car across the street."

She stood unmoving. "Couldn't we talk here?"

"Here? On the sidewalk?" His thin, tight lips relaxed into the faintest smile. "Nothing doing. Come on."

He took a firm grip on her arm. Her first reaction was to jerk away, but she stifled it. He held her so closely that his hip touched hers with every step. His left hand remained in his coat pocket.

She asked, "Where're we going?"

"Down to the ocean. I know a good fish place." She held back, walking slowly. "What's the matter?" he asked petulantly.

"I've got a bad foot."

He steered her across the street toward a white car and helped her in, releasing her arm only as he closed the door and pushed the red button locking it. He hurried around to the driver's seat.

"Please," she said, "let's talk here."

The time was with her again, when she was eight and squirming through a crevice toward a cave, and before she knew it, no matter how much she struggled and fought, the earth held her in a vise.

(*To Be Continued*)



PY-O-MY BLUEBERRY Muffin Mix?

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is to olive oil



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BOUNTY FROM OUR KITCHEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

We use a lot of fish at our table. Not only because it's cheap—thoug consideration—but also because it's delicious, meaty, flavorful if cooked

Baked Bluefish

2 onions, thinly sliced (leave them in rings)
1 green pepper, cored and sliced into thin rings
2 tablespoons butter
Salt and pepper
1 fillets of bluefish, floun other delicate white-fis
2 cups commercial sour c

Sauté onion and pepper in butter over low heat in an oven-type hea until tender. Don't let them brown. Salt and pepper the fish fillets w Now remove vegetables from skillet, place fish fillets in the bottom vegetables on top of fish and spread entire surface with sour cream. again with salt and pepper, lightly this time. Bake in a moderately 375° F., for 15–20 minutes or until fish can be flaked with a fork tables are thoroughly cooked. Serve directly from skillet at the tabl will break up if you try to transfer it to a platter). Makes about 6 serv

. . . . . .

All I will say about this next dish is that it is simple, quick and wonderful. You can get it ready to stick under the broiler hours beforeha it is marvelous for a dinner party. Cooking time is about 10 minutes. guests can do without you that *long, can't they?*

Scallops Broiled in Garlic Butter

2 large cloves garlic, peeled and split
½ pound butter
1½ tablespoons minced chives, scallions or onions
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ teaspoon dried tarragon
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 pounds scallops

Brown garlic in butter. Remove garlic. Now add onions and all se Wash and drain scallops. Place scallops in a flat ovenproof dish. soned butter over all. At this point you can stop thinking about th just before serving time. Store them in the refrigerator. About 20 before dinner, remove baking dish from refrigerator and allow to room temperature. Preheat the broiler. Broil 3 minutes on each side the scallops with a pancake turner and basting once. If the scallo good and brown and the butter bubbly, move them closer to the bro for a minute at the end. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

. . . . . .

We enjoy Chinese food at our house. It is a wonderful way to use up and once you get over the idea that there is any special trick to fixin dishes, you'll agree nothing's easier. The only reason, according to my chil we don't have Tuna Eggs Foo Yoong more often is that they are so can barely keep up with their appetites.

Tuna Eggs Foo Yoong

Cooking oil for sautéing
8 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cans (7-oz.) tuna, drained and flaked
16 mushrooms, sliced and sautéed in butter
1 can (1-lb.) bean sprouts, drained
2 scallions, chopped (tops too)
1 stalk celery, chopped
Salt and pepper to taste
2 teaspoons soy sauce

SAUCE
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 teaspoons soy sauce
3 cups chicken consommé
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon garlic powder

Just cover the bottom of a 6″ skillet with oil and heat. To the beaten tuna, mushrooms, bean sprouts, scallions, celery, salt and pepp teaspoons soy sauce. Spoon a little of the egg mixture into the skill on one side, then turn and brown on the other. Add more oil to needed. As "pancakes" are cooked, transfer to a hot baking sheet warm in the oven until ready to serve. Serve with the following sa together cornstarch, 2 teaspoons soy sauce, consommé, sugar, garli and salt and pepper if needed. Cook and stir over medium heat until thickened and clear. Pour a couple spoonfuls hot sauce over each pat serve remainder of the sauce in a bowl at the table. Makes about 6

T's is one of those lovely, foolproof d
ved delicately with lemon juice and
d t in the oven an hour and a half be
th big bowl of broad, buttered noodl

Ragout

nds very lean, boneless
nb, cut into 1″ cubes
o flour
aspoons salt
t spoon freshly ground pepper
o olive or salad oil
s chicken broth (or 1½ cups
oth and ½ cup dry sherry)

e lamb in flour which has been
y ground pepper. Heat the oil in
lid). Brown lamb. Now add chic
poon salt. Cover tightly and plac
ours, or until lamb is tender. If t
end of cooking time, remove co
e the gravy to 1 cup. Just befo
and rind. Garnish, if you like,
onions and sprigs of water cres

. . . . . .

e truth of the matter is that vegetables are, in fact, exquisite. They
nd should remain, delicate. They are worthy of the most intelligent attention:
iven it, they are an amazement and a joy. Sometimes a friend and dinner
will say to my husband, who is serving the plates, as he dips into the ruby
"But I never eat beets." The next minute that guest is savoring (and gobbling
ese bright julienne strips, bathed in a lovely, fragrant orange sauce.

Julienne Beets With Orange Sauce

lespoons cornstarch
ups water
lespoons vinegar
p light brown sugar
Juice of 1 lemon
Rind of 1 orange, grated
2 cans (1 pound) julienne beets

l cornstarch with water until all cornstarch is dissolved. Combine with
ar, light brown sugar and lemon juice. Heat, stirring constantly, until
is dissolved and mixture is thickened and clear. Now add the grated
e rind. Heat the beets, drain and serve topped with the orange sauce.
s 6 servings.

BOY
AIRS

NTINUED FROM PAGE 53

on lived in the apartment directly
Marches'.
with you?" said Joanna. She sat
telephone stand and looked at the

dy yet?" said Brandon.
guess so." Joanna glanced at her
l lowered her voice. "I wish it was
'
I'll come by for a minute, hey?"
you would. I mean if you've got
ll."
ve got time. Why wouldn't I have

hat time's your date? I mean you've
ver there and all. Fifteen miles."
muttered something unintelli-

I can't hear you."
enty of time. I'll come down, O.K.? I
rab a shower." There was a pause,
t whistling sound. When Brandon's
ned it had a surprised, faintly ag-
te. "I can't get used to it, you know
ving dates."
r can I. I feel crazy."
yfield," said Brandon. "You're go-
he world, buddy."
ah," said Joanna. She swung her
ning the satin toe of her slipper care-

said Brandon, "I'll prob'ly be
urry." She hung up.

"Don't let him try any funny stuff." He followed Joanna as she moved rigidly out of the kitchen.

Jack Bayfield was standing in the center of the room, talking to Mrs. March. He looked extremely handsome.

"Oh, *there* you are," said Mrs. March. Her smile dried up when she caught sight of Brandon.

"Hello," said Joanna to Jack. "You know Brandon Harper, don't you?"

"Sure thing," said Jack. "How'sa boy?"

"O.K.," said Brandon. "You're sure looking great, Bayfield. Can I get you a mirror or anything?"

"Funny," said Jack. "Real funny. You're not going to the same dance we are, I trust."

"Brandon has a date in Westport," said Mrs. March. "Brandon, I'm afraid you're going to be awfully late."

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. March. It may be tenish instead of nineish, but I'll get there."

"I'll get your wrap, Joanna," said Mrs. March. She flashed Brandon one look before she left the room. Unfortunately, its eloquence failed to reach Brandon, whose eyes were pinned on Jack Bayfield.

"How's your beard, Bayfield?" he asked.

Jack smiled at Joanna and shrugged faintly. "Pal of yours? Out loose like this?"

"For heaven's sake, Joanna," said her mother. "Why in the world did you ask Brandon to come down here *tonight?* Jack will be here any minute, I should think."

"What difference does that make?" Joanna asked.

"He won't be overjoyed, will he? To find another boy underfoot the minute he walks in."

"Oh, mother, Brandon's not another boy. He's just Brandon."

"Doesn't he have a date of his own?" her mother asked.

"I don't know. Yes. Sure he has."

"Well then, what's he coming here for? Why isn't *he* taking you to the dance, if he's so anxious to see you all the time?"

"Brandon doesn't even belong to Men's Club. He's only a sophomore. Men's Club is for seniors. He couldn't take me if he wanted to. And anyway, I told you about sixteen-hundred times. Brandon goes steady with this girl in Westport. He's practically engaged or something. Just because I love Brandon doesn't mean he's my *boy* friend, for heaven's sake. I don't know why grownups are always trying to sex things up. It's so *juvenile*."

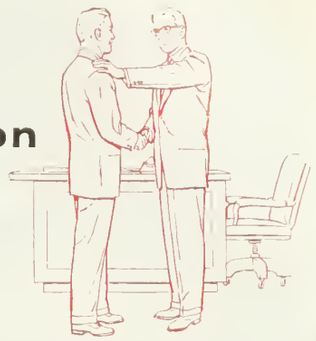
"That's an extremely vulgar expression. If you can't express yourself without ——"

"All right, all *right*."

"You're so *edgy*, Joanna. Calm down."

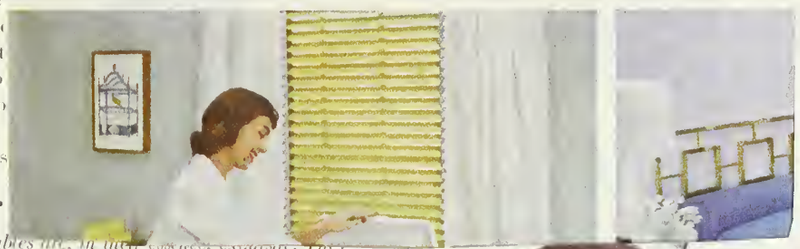
"I don't know why I'm having this stupid date, anyway," said Joanna. She began pulling distractedly at her fingers. "I don't know why that stupid Jack Bayfield asked me or why I said yes. What I wish is, I wish I could forget the whole thing."

"Now, Joanna. A perfectly nice boy, an *outstanding* boy, asks you for a date —— Stop cracking your knuckles. Most girls would ——"



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* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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"I don't care how outstanding he is! I wish he'd fall down an elevator shaft or something."

"You're just nervous because it's your first real date."

"Of course I'm nervous. Why wouldn't I be nervous?"

"You're not worried about your dancing, are you? You dance beautifully. And you really look marvelous. You haven't the slightest reason to worry about ——"

"You don't understand anything. You absolutely don't understand *anything*. It's all your fault. You deliberately pushed me and pushed me in that *subtle* way ——"

"Joanna!"

"Well, you *did*. You wanted me to have dates. Being so interested every time I mentioned a boy's *name*."

"You're not being very fair, Joanna. After all, a normal girl of fifteen does go out with boys. All your friends ——"

"What am I going to do? That's what I want to know. What am I going to *do?*"

"Baby, relax," her mother told her. "Do about what?"

Joanna twisted her hands. "What if he tries to *kiss* me?"

"Oh." Mrs. March leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes briefly. She suddenly felt tired. "So that's what's worrying you."

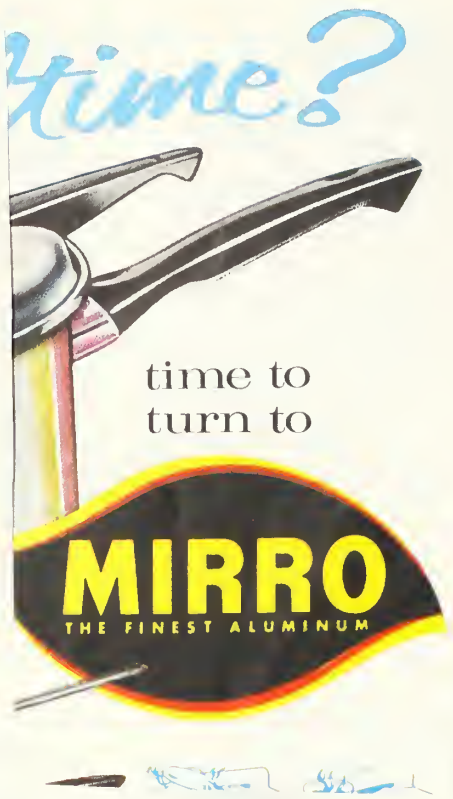
"He probably kisses girls all the time," said Joanna. "He's probably kissed every girl that ever got one foot inside his stupid car. He probably ——"

"Now look. In the first place the problem probably won't come up. I happen to know Jack Bayfield comes from a *very* nice family—his mother ——"

"Nice family! I've never heard anything so completely ——"

"And if it does come up, you'll know how to handle it. You'd be surprised how easy it is to discourage that sort of thing in a nice way. The main thing is, don't ruin your whole evening worrying about it. Take my word for it, you'll know what to do."

"Oh, sure," said Joanna. "Oh, sure." A faint knock sounded at the door. "That's



Brandon." She hurried to open the door. "It's about *time* you got here," she said crossly.

"Wow," said Brandon. He was wearing a dinner jacket, and he looked, as usual, obscurely hectic and disjointed. Even in party clothes Brandon transmitted the peculiar impression of being assailed by invisible winds. He had blond hair and blue eyes, widely set in a brown, triangular kind of face. He was a very beautiful boy, in a wild, unlikely way. "You sure you want me to come in?" he asked, stepping inside. "I'll only stay a minute. Boy, you really look swell, Joker."

"Hello, Brandon," said Mrs. March. "How's your mother?"

"She's O.K.," said Brandon staggering politely toward Mrs. March's chair. Mrs. March put one hand protectively on the base of her best porcelain lamp "She's gone to a lecture. Some guy's making a talk about teenagers. Their sex life or something."

"Really. I see you're all gussied up this evening too."

"Yeah," said Brandon, craning and leaning precariously to his invisible wind. "I'm taking Selma to a party. It's my contribution to teenage sex li——"

BOUN FROM KITCH

CONTINUE

We use a lot of fish at our table. A consideration—but also because it's d

Bak

2 onions, thinly sliced (leave them in rings)

1 green pepper, cored and sliced into thin rings

Sauté onion and pepper in butter o until tender. Don't let them brown. Now remove vegetables from skill vegetables on top of fish and sprea again with salt and pepper. lightly 375° F., for 15–20 minutes or un tables are thoroughly cooked. Serv will break up if you try to transfer

. . . . . .

All I will say about this next d

"Never mind," said Mrs. March. at her watch. "Joanna's date will p here any minute."

"Mother, he *knows*. Come on, Joanna pulled him toward the kitc

Alone with Brandon, she felt a tr A plate of cookies had been left on t in the kitchen. Joanna picked up th offered it to Brandon.

"Don't let my mother bother sort of hysterical."

"What's she hysterical about?" picked up a cooky and looked at i

"Oh, you know, me having a da

"Yeah," said Brandon. "Parer alike." He laid the cooky back on t

"I bet your mother didn't push having dates, though. Like mine.

"I wouldn't say she pushed, exa Brandon. "It was more like a l shove." He collapsed against the looking at Joanna intently. "You O.K. in that rig, you know it? Yo ferent. What'd you do? Wash yo something?"

"Seriously, did your mother wa start dating?"

"My mother's a very interesting ity," said Brandon. "Very hot for p She'd think a guy my age wasn't nc wasn't madly in love or something ding. If it wasn't for Selma she'd pr me to a head shrinker. Parents can if their kids aren't normal. They'll normal if it drives you crazy."

"Well, you're lucky," said Joanna got Selma, and it's all sort of settl nervous I could die."

"What are you nervous about? look nervous."

"I don't know. Weren't you n your first date?"

"Sure I was nervous. I guess I was

"I bet you weren't. Why would nervous?"

"A boy is a whole lot nervouser t in my opinion. Girls don't have to b They hold all the cards, buddy."



you mean?"
ey hold all the cards, that's all."
ked up another cooky, broke it
, and laid the halves back on the

n. Can I ask you a sort of per-
n?"
eyes grew a shade darker. "Go
t. I won't say I'll answer it, but
well ask it."
about you and Selma." Joanna
andon and then looked quickly
nly reason I'm asking is because
I've got to talk to somebody
. you know. Experience. What I
is, does a boy . . . you know, kiss
n like did you kiss Selma good
r first date?"
a short silence, filled only with
m of the refrigerator. "What do
know *that* for?" Brandon asked
just don't haul off and ask a guy
e that for Pete's sake."
ght. Forget it."
that what's bothering you? I
really think that big ox will
or something?"
now," Joanna told him. "How
w?"
hatcha going out with him for,
're too young to go out with guys
"
I'm fif*teen*. My mother said——"
ther. Mothers don't know any-
d she say?"
not to worry."
's great. That's so specific. Listen,
ything you let him have it, you
p him one. I mean it. Give him
and swing."
sh."
ran his hands through his hair.
at her wildly. "What time's he
hat time's he supposed to be

now. Nine. He said nineish."
That's exactly what you'd expect
ny slob like Bayfield. *Nineish*.
e him up. Tell him you can't go.
u broke your leg."
o that. My mother would have a
, he's probably on his way *over*
."
t to go with him, that's the truth
r. You'll prob'ly wind up wanting
too."
t. I hardly know Jack Bayfield. I
ike him very well."
of difference that makes," said
Girls kiss boys they don't like all
hey think it's their *duty*. Some
gives them a ride in their convert-
them flowers and they start *kiss-*
l over the place. Listen, whatcha
t dress for, anyway? You going
yfield in *that*?"

the matter with it? You said I
."
tty *bare*, isn't it? Your mother
ve her head examined, letting you
that guy."
hat's wrong with him? I mean,
you like him?"
m. I like him. I'm crazy about him.
his razor."
hat?"
r. He's got this very fancy electric
rings to school every day. Every
. Carries it in his coat pocket. It's
blanket or something."
hat's wrong with that?"
know. Nothing. He waits until
a lot of guys are standing around
er room, and then he shaves with
sophomore guys are supposed to
or something."
ll. Is he nice, though?"
prince," said Brandon. "He's the
ig shots."
" said Joanna. "I think he's here."
re coming from the living room:
r's voice and Jack Bayfield's. Joan-
s flew to her hair, smoothed her
ndon, I'd better go in there before
—"
"
Listen, I've got to *go*."

"Don't let him try any funny stuff." He followed Joanna as she moved rigidly out of the kitchen.

Jack Bayfield was standing in the center of the room, talking to Mrs. March. He looked extremely handsome.

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"Sure thing," said Jack. "How'sa boy?"

"O.K." said Brandon. "You're sure looking great, Bayfield. Can I get you a mirror or anything?"

"Funny," said Jack. "Real funny. You're not going to the same dance we are, I trust."

"Brandon has a date in Westport," said Mrs. March. "Brandon, I'm afraid you're going to be awfully late."

"Don't worry about it, Mrs. March. It may be tenish instead of nineish, but I'll get there."

"I'll get your wrap, Joanna," said Mrs. March. She flashed Brandon one look before she left the room. Unfortunately, its eloquence failed to reach Brandon, whose eyes were pinned on Jack Bayfield.

"How's your beard, Bayfield?" he asked.

Jack smiled at Joanna and shrugged faintly. "Pal of yours? Out loose like this?"

"You brought your shaver didn't you?" said Brandon. "You wouldn't go to a dance without your *shaver*, would you, old buddy?"

"Listen," said Jack, "what's with this guy? He live here or something?"

"He lives upstairs," said Joanna. "Brandon, you'd better go."

"Where you guys going after the dance?" said Brandon. "Maybe I'll meetcha or something."

"Sure," said Jack. "We can play hop-scotch."

"Come on, Bayfield, no kidding. Where you going afterward?"

"I'll send you a special-delivery letter," said Jack.

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You're so Bright when you use

RIT® COLOR

America's largest selling home dye!

"Here's your wrap, Joanna," said Mrs. March.

"Joker?" said Brandon. "We'll play tennis tomorrow, O.K.?"

"O.K., Brandon," Joanna told him. "'By, mother."

"I'll go down as you go," said Brandon. "You two guys mind if I ride down the elevator with you?"

"Be our guest," said Jack.

They rode down in silence. In the downstairs lobby Jack took Joanna's arm. "O.K.," he said to Brandon. "Blast off."

"You know something, Bayfield?" said Brandon. "You give me a royal pain."

"You scare me to death, junior," said Jack. "Now scram. Go play marbles or something." He turned a baffled gaze on Joanna. "What's the matter with this guy? He acts like he's cracked."

"Brandon, you've got a date," said Joanna. "You'd better hurry up."

"You remember what I told you," said Brandon. "About that forehand swing."

"Let's go," said Jack.

"She's got a terrific forehand," said Brandon. "That right, Joker?"

"I don't know," said Joanna.

"You don't *know?* Don't you remember what I told you?"

"Are we going to a tennis match or a dance?" said Jack. "Shove off, Harper. I mean it."

"O.K., O.K.," said Brandon. He moved outside with them and watched Jack help Joanna into his car. It was a yellow convertible. Jack shoved it into gear without another glance at Brandon, and Joanna looked up at him helplessly as the car began to move.

For a long time after the car disappeared Brandon stood alone on the curb staring after it.

All things considered, Joanna decided, she had had a pretty good time. Not until after the dance, when the car turned ... serted street and pulled up in f... apartment house, did she feel a... her earlier tension. The car stopp... shivered slightly.

"Hey," said Jack. "You cold or ... Here. scoot over closer. I'll keep ...

"I'm O.K.," said Joanna. She y... orately. "I guess I'm just sleepy."

"*Sleepy?* You be careful, nov... make me think I bore you or som...

"Oh, no," said Joanna. "I had ... evening. I really did. I'd better g... though. Mother's probably waitin...

Jack's arm slid along the back ... "You know something?" he said. ... very cute girl."

Joanna studied the dashboard ... "Well," she said, "thanks." She wa... conscious of his arm on the back ... It moved down around her shoul...

"I don't believe you realize wha... you are," said Jack. "I'm very, ve... you. You know that?"

Joanna stared, mesmerized, int... In the light from the dashboard t... oily shine. He was really awfully ... His eyelashes were thick, and he sm... Kissing him might not be *too* bad ... had to find out *some*time what it w... lowered her eyes and found herself ... Jack's tie.

"Your tie's crooked," she said. ... minded her of Brandon. Brandon' ... always crooked.

"This is a great time to be tal... ties," said Jack. "You really have a ... tonight?"

"Yes."

"How about a kiss then, hey?"

"No."

Jack drew back in astonishment. ... hung in the air between them, n... stark.

"Whaddaya mean, *no?* Just liketha... Am I poison or something?"

"I'd better go in," said Joanna.

Jack stared at her. "Boy," he sa... "*Boy*. I never got that kind of a brus... a girl in my life."

"Well," said Joanna, "good ni... started opening her door.

"Now wait a minute," said Jack. ... a minute. How come? That's what ... know."

"*I* don't know." She glanced quic... tie. He was straightening it and glari... "My gosh. Just because a person doe... to *kiss* a person —— I just didn't *fe*... that's all."

"Well, that's great. That's just gre...

"I've got to go in."

Jack got out quickly, slammed ... and moved around the car to help ... They walked silently into the lobb... apartment house and pressed the ... button.

"You don't have to take me u... Joanna.

"Have it your own way." He walk... as soon as the elevator doors opened ... sighed and leaned against the wall as ... up. *I guess I ought to have kissed* ... thought. There was something sad ... finished about the evening. The elevato... at the third floor and she stepped ou...

Brandon was leaning against the ... posite the elevator.

"It's about *time* you got home," ... He looked glassy-eyed and feverish. "... Bayfield? Didn't the guy even bring ...

"He brought me to the elevator. ... you doing here?"

"Whaddaya *think* I'm doing?"

"Well, *I* don't know. Is your party ...

"Yeah, it's over. I guess it's over. ... go."

"Didn't *go?* What did you do, ther... did you do all evening?"

"Nothing. I went to a double featu...

"What about Selma?"

"I don't know. She died or someth...

"*Died?* What do you mean? You m... really died?"

"We can't talk here," said Brand... looked around the corridor wildly. "L... on the elevator."

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epped back into the elevator, and ushed a button haphazardly. The rumbled upward. "Listen," said "did that guy kiss you? Hey?"

st don't haul off and ask a person a ke that," said Joanna. "That's what e when I asked you about Selma."

different," said Brandon. "That's a lot different."

vator stopped at the eighth floor. slid open on a silent and empty

see anything different about it," a. "Just because it was Selma." fferent, all right. It's plenty dif-

see *why*."

muttered something.

What'd you say?"

here's no Selma."

lo you mean there's no Selma?"

her up. I *invented* her, for Pete's

d her? What'd you do that for?"

know. To get my mother off my wanted me to have a girl. I told cracked on psychology. I had to do

believe it. You've had a date every kend ——"

features," said Brandon. "I've seen ouble features I'm cross-eyed, prac- le gave her a blue, baffled look. rob'ly think I'm cracked or some-

lon't. But gee."

mes I think I *am* cracked. I nearly tonight, you know it? Every time I thought of that guy Bayfield trying to kiss you I just about went nuts."

"Why?" Joanna asked him. "Why should you care?"

"Why should *I* care?" said Brandon. "Because I don't want him kissing you, that's why. I don't want any other guy kissing you, either."

"Well," said Joanna, "*you* never kissed me."

The wind seemed to go out of Brandon. He leaned against the wall and looked at his shoes. "I know it," he said. "I've thought about it, though. I've thought about it *plenty*. If you knew how much I've thought about it you'd probably think I was a maniac or something. Even my *mother*'d probably think I was a maniac."

Joanna also looked at her shoes. "I've thought about it too," she said.

"You have?" said Brandon. "You *have?* You mean —— Gee! D'you mean it would be all right if I . . . you know ——"

They stared at each other dumbly.

"It's—it's sort of embarrassing, isn't it? I mean, we know each other so well and all."

"We'll have to get over that," said Brandon. "Somehow."

"The door's open," said Joanna faintly. "Don't you think it ought to be—you know—sort of private?"

Brandon reached out dreamily and touched a button on the control panel. When his arm came down it came to rest, miraculously, on Joanna's shoulders.

"Your tie's crooked," she said, as the doors closed.

A few minutes later Joanna was in her own bedroom, having brushed past her mother with the briefest of good nights. But one glimpse of her daughter's dazzled eyes told Mrs. March all she needed to know. *Well*, she thought. *Well, well. I do believe the child's been kissed.*

In a certain, limited way Mrs. March was, after all, a woman of perception. END

I SAW AN ARMY

By GEORGE ABBE

an army coming against the un.
en were faceless and its banners dead.
leering voice was lifted—no, not one.
broken flesh of wounds forgot o bleed.

their shields they bore their children's limbs
d in the oven of atomic glare;
belts were fission; and their armor gleam
ust of blasts beyond the atosphere.

ed was their skin and threaded white with steel;
ame of rockets writhed along their thighs;
mistry of missiles bent the knee
clothed the sorrowing mouth, the darkened eye.

n their ranks they marched upon the sun
hands hung weaponless, with cindered cheek,
spectral footstep faint as desert wind
fails before it finds the strength to speak.

n death, the burning core of light, I watched.
cried with soundless throat, "Beware! Beware!"
deaf they moved, straight to what I had sought:
fire of mastery, the target of power.



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Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.



A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctor's observations. And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Any drug counter.

THE JOURNAL'S 5-STAR WARDROBE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"Since the coat must go with everything, its color is most important. I chose red. Red is divine with anything and everything. It is as basic as black. And it's strong enough to enhance any personality. The basic black dress, of course, furnished the other key color. Black is a wardrobe foundation. Black for women with many clothes and black for women with few. In the history of apparel, I am sure the basic black dress followed the fig leaf. It is always in perfect taste. Though primarily an afternoon dress, the wool with the *moiré* bow, worn with a black velvet cloche and black suède or white kid gloves, goes from luncheon through informal dining and movie-in-town evenings.

"The other most elemental shade, white, is ideal for the silk brocade. Since semiformality has largely replaced formality, women need ensembles which can go from afternoon to dinner to dance floors with equal ease. The white brocade dress with low décolleté dances deliciously and is, without a doubt, the ar dinner parties. Jacketed, it attends thea less formal parties.

"Beige for the basic day dress is neutral between the red and the black

"For the suit, I found a new color, 'Es A dark, dark brown, almost black, it the tone of its accessories. With green comes a dark, rich green. With brown brown. With black, a misty black. T presso suit is a natural traveler, whe plane, commuter train, car or foot. cross country and abroad, to town, sh to luncheons and matinees, to the office club meetings. A suit of many hats gray, Espresso shades or fur.

"These five ensembles, accompanied five hats, matching gloves, bags and clo pumps, go all over and do everythi shoes, for elegance's sake, must be clo high-heeled or low-heeled pumps. The and all the accessories are in solid colo way they go more places and do more The complementing costume jewelry is and classic. The finished product, the wearing the wardrobe, is elegant, c always perfectly dressed for the occasi has a five-star and four-season wardro

THE MAN WHO SAVES MARRIAGES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

Dr. Paul Popenoe's quick repartee has made him a favorite guest on Art Linkletter's TV show for the past fourteen years. Once when asked on the air about mothers-in-law, he replied that "the best kind keeps her pocketbook open and her mouth shut." He was deluged by letters of outrage from mothers-in-law all over the country. "This is no laughing matter," comments the marriage expert. "More marriages are broken up by mothers-in-law in the first year than by any other cause." Never allow a mother-in-law to add a bedroom to your house at her own expense, he advises. "You'll never get rid of her; you'll all be unhappy; and besides, she may get married again and add more people to your household!"

On a recent Art Linkletter show a young man asked the marriage expert with great seriousness, "Where can I find a girl who's attractive and fun and warm and friendly—who doesn't want to get married?" Quipped Dr. Popenoe instantly, "Do you know any other funny stories?"

Dr. Popenoe's humorous approach to the problems of modern marriage masks a deep and dedicated and passionate concern to improve marriage by improving people. He admits that as the product of an exceptionally happy union, and being very happily married himself, his attitude is evangelistic.

"The attitude with which you begin a marriage is the most important thing," he believes. "If you marry idealistically, with the idea that it's going to last until death do you part, then it *will* last, even if you married the wrong person. Anyway, it's not as important to pick the right person as to *be* the right partner."

This takes character, stick-to-itiveness and an optimistic personality, but the end result—staying married through thick and thin—is always worth it, according to Dr. Popenoe's experience. His studies have shown that couples having trouble with their marriages who have not been divorced before show better personalities than those with previous divorces. Those with one divorce show better personalities than those with two divorces.

He frequently points out that divorced people have a mental-disease and suicide rate two or three times higher than those who never divorce. Those who are happily married live longer than divorced persons.

In his unrehearsed and unscripted television show Dr. Popenoe tries to show divorce not as a glamorous "regaining of one's freedom" but as the sordid, depressing and heartbreaking affair it almost always is. Couples who have actually filed for divorce in the city of Los Angeles are invited to appear on the program and state their grievances. Dr. Popenoe sits in a judge's chair and listens to the bicker, snarl and back-stab—"good raw on the tape we eliminate only the profa and then, with the detached and Olym of one who has heard it all a thousan before, he gives them good sound backed by the latest scientific resear thirty years of personal experience field. (In his files at the American Inst Family Relations are the case histories 000 people who came for help with the riages; the largest collection of such c tories in the world.)

When Dr. Popenoe first began his m counseling center in 1930, America wa throes of the depression. Since then, Americans have less poverty but are in debt as ever. Also, they quarrel mo how to spend their money.

There are fewer sex problems today b more information is available and bet

> **Of all good gifts which ever ca out of the wallet of the fairy go mother, the gift of natural gla ness is the greatest and best.**
>
> **BLISS CARM**
>
> LEAVES OF GOLD, PUBLISHED THE COSLETT PUBLISHING

attitudes prevail. He tells of a woma came to him in 1930 and told him that divorcing her husband because he wa pervert. His scientific interest arouse Popenoe asked what the man did. "W mother told me that any man who's stil ested in sex after fifty is a sex pervert!" the distressed woman.

Today couples have more troubles w laws. "This is because we have more people and because small urban and sub apartments give them nothing to do. T solution is to find the older person among his contemporaries, and living q and a social life of his own."

There's no indication that mental has increased, but Americans today flicted with "freeway jitters—insecur spite of Social Security—and atom fright." This adds to the tensions of ma Dr. Donald Wilson, head of research American Institute of Family Relation that personality tests given by the insti 100,000 clients over the space of thirty show that the personality problems of p day Americans are more involved and co

"Another unhappy change," says Dr enoe, "is that parents argue more abo management of the children. Whether because parents are more on the run

CONTINUED ON PAG

New Yorkers were SHOCKED By The Recent EXPOSE of PATENT MEDICINE PRACTICES

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TINUED FROM PAGE 120

working mothers, we don't know. But ys of educated couples show that they most about the children, then about the vs, and thirdly about sex."

ce the divorce rate keeps rising steadily s country every year, some of Dr. Popls critics have called him "a Pollyanna his finger in the dike." Dr. Popenoe feels, ver, that we are in a temporary cycle n is bound to stabilize eventually. "Toteenagers know little about sex and even bout the moral values involved. Survey survey has shown that students and ers and parents all want sex taught in ols, but the school principals shy away. year four thousand kids fourteen years r under get married in this country—to the divorce rate a few years later. These oys and girls from schools where sex ation *isn't* taught."

often tells his lecture audiences that the ymoon is over when the loving couple telling each other, "Darling, you're won-l!" and begin, "The trouble with *you* —" Says the marriage expert, "If I criti- my own wife, she says quickly, 'The ymoon's over!' and then we both laugh. her good device to prevent prolonged ments, we find, is to immediately pin *what you're arguing about*. A small re- to a wife about the coffee being cold can to a torrent of stinging remarks going into two or three generations of the and's family."

tty Popenoe is a delicate-looking, very y woman whose brown hair drawn back soft bun is hardly streaked with gray. In Popenoes' home, furnished with Spartan lieity with no TV set but about 1000 s, are several winsome bronze heads she f her sons. In a back study are stacks of scapes in oils, charcoal life studies and al excellent portraits of her husband.

etty and I are enough alike for harmony, enough alike for boredom," smiles the iage expert. "Like all artists, she is very tive and easily wounded. I do believe, ver, her moods are evener now than they to be."

'm an emotional person," Mrs. Popenoe ts. "Paul is a scientist, very matter-of-fact bjective. This took some getting used to. we married very idealistically and we've adjusting to each other every day since!"

'aul's tendency is to dominate the marriage Betty's is not to be dominated," says a family friend. "She's made her husband more tolerant and understanding of the nine point of view."

though Dr. Popenoe owes his unusual e to a refugee French Huguenot, the rest of ancestry is pure English and pioneer sas stock. His grandfather Popenoe was a perous Topeka farmer and Fred Popenoe, ather, became owner and publisher of the eka *Daily Capital*. A man of little formal ation, he had "a restless, cultured mind," rding to his son, and "vision beyond his s." He was the kind of person who never ed up a little dusty side road if it looked at orth exploring.

ly parents were always pushing my hers and myself into new experiences," ls Dr. Popenoe, who was especially close is mother, a Boston bluestocking who her Italian and French as polished as her r. She was "warm and kind and broadded and a good influence on everyone who v her." During one of the family financial rses, Fred Popenoe sold his interest in the us Inspiration copper mine, which soon ward became a billion-dollar producer. , well," Mrs. Popenoe told young Paul osophically, "all that money would probl have made you a snob."

hen Paul was about sixteen, his father's th failed and the family moved to Cali- ia. Here Paul entered Occidental College asadena and made a brilliant scholastic rd. It was his habit then to take a three- walk every evening and to be in bed by o'clock. (Today he often retires by 7:30) A female classmate remembers him as "a it, studious boy with English coloring— skin, pink cheeks and very blue eyes. He smiled a lot and was very likable, but reserved, and not at all interested in sports or girls. You had the feeling he was busy developing inside."

Fred Popenoe was then selling advertising space for a magazine called *The Pacific Monthly*. Young Paul was able to eat free in restaurants where his father had due bills, and accordingly he indugled himself daily in big juicy beefsteaks. Then one afternoon Paul fainted after leaving the restaurant. He decided that he had been eating too much meat and decided to cut down. After a few weeks he lost his appetite for meat entirely and eliminated fish and poultry from his diet too. From 1905 until this day he has been a vegetarian, except for one mouthful of buffalo meat during World War I. "A friend sent me some fresh buffalo steaks, and since the animal was fast becoming extinct, I decided I'd better eat it while I had the chance," explains Dr. Popenoe, never one to let a good opportunity slip by.

After finishing two years of Occidental College, Paul went up to Stanford. Within a year, however, his father suffered a severe relapse and Paul was needed at home to help support the family. He became a cub reporter for the Pasadena *Star*, where he rose rapidly to the city editor's desk. Within three years his father's health had improved.

Paul had saved $500 and could have returned to Stanford for his degree, but instead chose to splurge on a six-month walking and cycling tour of Europe. He took along a knapsack and a Bible which he read through twice "including all the begats." By budgeting himself strictly on $2 a day, he covered most of Europe, learning languages as he went along.

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANGE

When tying a package, moisten the string—it will dry tight and not slip off later, Miss C.P.L., of Seattle, Washington, has discovered.

His facility with languages is extraordinary. "It runs in the family," he explains modestly. He reads Spanish, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Italian, French, Latin, Esperanto and Arabic, and translates scientific articles freely in them; he also speaks Hebrew, Yiddish, Greek, Russian, Urdu (India), Serbo-Croatian and Japanese "well enough to ask directions."

At the end of his European tour in 1912, he received a cable from his father telling him to go to Spain and Algeria for some date-palm shoots for his experimental nursery. Paul hustled over to Spain, learned what he could about date palms there, then went far into the Sahara Desert of Algeria, quickly picked up enough Arabic to bargain with the desert sheiks and got 1000 choice shoots, each weighing from 30 to 50 pounds, and shipped them to California.

Fortunately, the date palm is just about the hardiest tree known and the shoots arrived at his father's nursery in the Coachella Valley and began to grow splendidly. Fresh dates were then a rarity in California and sold for as much as $2 a box. So with the idea of starting a large-scale date industry in California, Paul Popenoe and his younger brother Wilson went around the world the following year in search of rare and exotic dates.

In India Paul picked up the germs of typhoid fever which laid him low when they reached Basrah, Iraq, where he was desperately ill for six weeks. He was nursed back to health by missionaries, an act of devotion which impressed him deeply. When a couple comes to his marriage-counseling center hopelessly mired in marital difficulties, he often tells his staff, "Many a desperately sick man has been saved by the devotion and determination and optimism of his doctor. It takes highly dedicated and idealistic persons to make superior marriage counselors; and they *must never give up!*"

After recovering from typhoid on his date-exploration trip, Paul Popenoe compiled a card index of 1500 varieties of dates, and in 1913 published *Date Growing in the New and Old Worlds*, which remains the definitive book on the subject. These activities prompted the remark among his colleagues that Popenoe is "the only expert around in both kinds of dates."

For the next four years Paul Popenoe was editor of a magazine called the *Journal of Heredity*. He shared a Washington, D.C., apartment with his brother Wilson and Sewall Wright, who became one of the world's foremost geneticists. They furnished their apartment in Arabic style, largely with rugs, cushions and mattresses, and often sat up past midnight debating the fascinating new aspects of science and heredity. Evenings were spent, according to a friend, "paddling up the Potomac in a canoe and building a campfire on shore to cook supper. Then both brothers would hang up their hammocks in a tree and study until dark. Paul was learning Greek, and Wilson was polishing his Portuguese."

When America entered World War I, Paul Popenoe was commissioned first lieutenant and thrown into the fight against venereal disease. In those days more soldiers were incapacitated by syphilis and gonorrhea than by trench warfare. Remarks Dr. Popenoe, "I closed about twenty-five red-light districts around Army camps and brought about the outlawry of prostitution in Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona and the adoption by these states of regulations for the prevention and control of venereal diseases, written principally by myself."

He was then brought to Washington and put in charge of outlawing liquor and prostitution near Army camps for the entire U.S.

Following the war, he continued his fight against commercialized prostitution in New York City, where he was executive secretary of the American Social Hygiene Association, and he organized the first Pan-American Conference on Venereal Diseases. He also collaborated with Dr. Roswell Johnson, of the University of Pittsburgh, in writing *Applied Eugenics*, which became the standard college textbook for the next forty years.

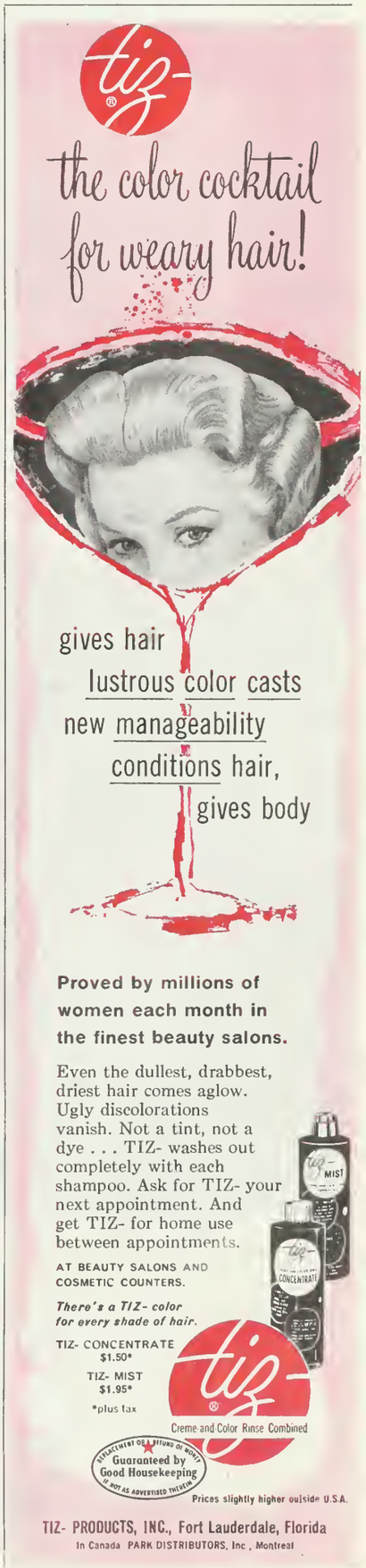
Dr. Johnson and Paul Popenoe were both concerned that college women were having such small families. Says a close family friend, "We used to kid him about being over thirty years old, and not even close to having children himself." Actually, the young sociobiologist had spent seven years seriously looking for a wife. Then a fellow geneticist wrote him about a young dancer in New York named Betty Lee Stankovitch. Betty had been reared in Montgomery, Alabama, where her father was director of music at Huntingdon College. Her mother was an art teacher. When she was barely fifteen, Betty began studying interpretive dancing at the Florence Fleming Noyes School of Rhythm, in New York. When Paul met her, she was nineteen and teaching dancing in a small private nursery school on upper Fifth Avenue.

For forty years Betty Popenoe has treasured the letter a mutual friend wrote her about Paul. "Just a line or two about Popenoe," the friend wrote. "Queer name, queer fellow. Scientist. He haunts libraries and meetings of scientific societies and takes long, meditative walks. I believe he seldom, if ever eats meat, and smokes only occasionally so he can boast of at least one great viciousness. Paul Popenoe (how alliterative!) used to carry a cane and wear brown gloves."

It is not known what the mutual friend wrote to Paul about Betty, but it was sufficiently intriguing to bring the scientist promptly to her doorstep. Their first meeting was a disappointment to the girl. "Paul wasn't at all the dashing, romantic figure I anticipated. . . . He wrung me dry of information about myself in an hour, then looked at his watch and left." By their second date, however, he was convinced that here at last was his dream girl—beautiful, responsive, healthy, highly idealistic and "best of all—family-minded."

After a five-month engagement, they were married by a New York judge in August, 1920. Paul drew up the marriage contract himself, with the help of a friend who was an attorney. After the contract was signed, the bridegroom tipped his hat to the bride and hurried back to his office. "I did feel dashed," Betty recalls. That evening they left on the train for California. Neither of them liked New York City and so Paul had decided to devote himself to raising dates and writing scientific articles.

The newlyweds moved into an eighty-acre date ranch in the Coachella Valley, near Palm Springs. It is now a resort area, but in 1920 it was barren and desolate, flat as a board and dotted with mesquite shrub and cactus. The young couple moved into their new house before the roof was on; of course that night there was a downpour. For the next five years petite and fragile-looking Betty rarely wore a dress, only breeches and boots. This society dancer whose only experience roughing it had been a Maine summer camp found herself coping with rattlesnakes, scorpions and



tarantulas. "Worst of all were the sandstorms," she says. "Then the sand drifted through shuttered windows to fill the bathtub with an inch of gritty sand; it sifted into closed cereal boxes and milk bottles and it got between your teeth and into your hair."

There were beauty and majesty to the desert too. "It casts a spell," recalls Betty, "like the ocean that draws you back and won't let you go." When the loneliness and desolation proved too great, she would saddle up her horse and gallop for hours. Her nearest neighbor was two miles away; she missed her family, her friends, and dancing "which was my whole life before I met Paul."

Dr. Popenoe was used to sleeping on a mattress on the floor. His bride protested that the bed linens and blankets would get dusty. In the end she won. Her hardest adjustment, she says, was getting used to a vegetarian diet. "I promised Paul that I would never serve him or our children any meat, or fish or poultry, but when the boys were strapping teenagers I used to worry about their getting all the protein they needed. It seemed I was always out in the kitchen chopping mounds of food—fresh celery and peppers and nuts and apples, or carrots for a carrot loaf. I filled them up with bread and macaroni and cheese soufflés and omelets; sometimes we made a whole meal of artichokes or creamed spinach on toast. They all grew up to be fine, strong, healthy young men, so I guess I worried in vain."

The four sons are no longer vegetarians. "The oldest one began to eat meat first; he found it too hard to get enough to eat in the Army," says Dr. Popenoe philosophically.

During the five years he spent running his desert date ranch, Paul Popenoe wrote *Modern Marriage*, a handbook for men; *The Conservation of the Family;* and *Problems of Human Reproduction.* The first book was heralded as a "bold and daring book" and overnight became a sensation, winning its author a place in *Who's Who in America.*

The practical problems of running a ranch began to interfere with writing. So in 1926 the Popenoes moved to Alta... to the house where they still live, and Dr. Popenoe, who had been awarded an honorary degree from Occidental for his outstanding work in biology and genetics, began a study of the California sterilization program for mentally unfit for E. S. Gosney's Human Betterment Foundation. He continued to write scientific papers, college textbooks and spent several summers lecturing on family problems at Columbia University.

The idea of starting a marriage-counseling center was simmering in Dr. Popenoe's mind and in 1930 he succeeded in interesting Mr. Gosney in giving some financial help to start the American Institute of Family Relations. At that time both the divorce and separation rates in the U.S.A. were high. It was Dr. Popenoe's idea to bring together all the scientific help available to strengthen the family. At first he was the entire staff in one rented room in a Los Angeles office building.

Clients drifted in with discouraging slowness. "If a person's radio set or plumbing gets out of whack, he calls a repairman immediately," bemoans Dr. Popenoe. "But when marriage goes awry, for some reason he feels 'This is my problem and I should be able to handle it myself.' Usually, conditions go from bad to worse when with just a little competent outside help, a little redirection the majority of shaky marriages could be saved."

Right from the beginning, the institute was organized to give practical on-the-spot help to unhappy couples and also to educate the general public on family living through lectures, films and pamphlets. It is a non-profit operation, and according to one of the trustees, Dr. Popenoe's salary has been at a subsistence level always." During the depression, his salary stopped for four years; to keep going Dr. Popenoe took to the road six months of every year lecturing. During this time he lectured at 150 colleges and universities as well as churches, schools and clubs.

"During the 1930's there were few lecturers who talked about the problems of the mind and sex," recalls Dr. Popenoe. In place like Northern Utah, school buses picked up parents from a radius of twenty-five miles—even in blizzard weather—and brought them to school where they packed the rafters to hear Dr. Popenoe.

Although she seldom voiced her concern, there was one worry uppermost in her mind during those hard depression years. A tuberculosis spot had been discovered on her husband's lung; the same disease which had taken his father's life. The Popenoes told no one, not even close relatives. Paul Popenoe fought his battle back to health alone—with diet, and rest, and more rest, conserving every breath of energy for his lecture tours.

"Fortunately, Betty never faltered in her loyalty to the institute," Paul recalls. One day a big piece of plaster fell down from the ceiling on the dining-room table. We had no money for a new ceiling, so Betty just said 'Well, then, we just won't invite anybody to dinner,' and we didn't, for a whole year."

During their father's prolonged trips away from home, the Popenoe boys brought their mother Sunday breakfast in bed, and all four became tolerably good cooks. They divided up the yard chores, and washing the dishes and they made their own beds and hung up their clothes. "We won't do anything that you can do for us," said their father. He taught all four of them to drive a car, and as soon as the oldest boy got his license he was given the weekly grocery list. Once the boys got the car stuck in a culvert. Dr. Popenoe looked over the situation and then remarked, "We got you did it. Now get it out." Four hours later, with the help of planks and a jack and the neighboring kids, they did.

But when the boys really needed help, it was available. Once the phone rang at 4:00 A.M. It was David, the youngest boy, in tears at the newspaper office because his hand was swollen from a bee sting and he could not get the elastic bands around the morning papers he was supposed to deliver. His father hurried right down and worked until sunup rolling his son's papers.



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there's nothing fresher than Fresh

nces Bruce Strain, well-known child
rity and a close friend, says of the
noe family life, "The ideology is new, but
rinciples are old—co-operation, unity,
se."
e four boys got their college educations
y through the G.I. Bill and part-time
All four of them are now in what their fa-
lescribes happily as "socially constructive
." The oldest boy, Paul, Jr., or Pablo, was
ed at thirty-three and has a year-old
ter. A graduate of the University of
rnia at Berkeley, he lives in San Fran-
and is an electrical engineer. The second
Oliver, went to Antioch. He now lives in
getown near Washington, D.C., with his
nd three children and has an important
ith the Office of Civilian and Defense
lization. The third son, John, is married.
hree daughters, and lives in Homestead,
da. He holds a Ph.D. degree and is with
niversity of Florida's experimental sta-
or the breeding of tropical fruits.
e fourth son, David, twenty-seven, also
ated from Antioch, and just recently
ed. He holds a master's degree in city
ing and is now working for his Ph.D.
e in the same field at the University of
sylvania.
cording to a close friend, all four boys are
y, but when Dr. Popenoe praised them it
ever "You're so intelligent," but "That

"things do not get better by being
eft alone. Unless they are ad-
usted, they explode with a shat-
ering detonation.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL
WORLD CRISIS
CHARLES SCRIBNER

good job you did." (The first remark en-
ges vanity; the second promotes more
jobs!)
w world-renowned in his field, Dr. Pop-
has seen his institute grow from one room
andsome building on Sunset Boulevard
llywood with a staff of seventy. With the
seling techniques he has developed by
and error over the years, and a staff of
cated idealists," the institute's rate of
is phenomenally high.
cording to Dr. Donald Wilson, research
tor, 30 per cent of the difficult cases of
al discord the institute treats are success-
adjusted, and 40 per cent of the average
. This is all the more remarkable when
considers that the average client spends
three or four hours in counseling. About
n seven clients has problems complicated
gh to require further counseling.
Nothing is more important to America
y than the preservation of a sound family
believes Dr. Popenoe, with passionate
iction. "It's been shown again and again
juvenile delinquents come from unsatis-
ry homes where the relationship between
usband and wife is bad."
his own marriage, he says he's been con-
s of very few adjustments. "Betty," he
, "has done me a world of good. Increased
orizons no end."
e is pleased when his secretary, who
les his newspaper-column mail, which
to 2000 letters a month, tells him. "My
and's glad I work for you. He says that
a day of listening to you I'm so much
anter to live with at home!"
. Popenoe still lectures frequently, but
accompanies him on every trip. Last
they made a five-month tour of Europe in
all foreign car, studying marriage coun-
g abroad, which is, generally speaking,
nty-five years behind the United States."
e has learned to recognize the signs when
vife becomes overtired or depressed and
distracts her with an unexpected trip or
lay. "She gets so excited over Christmas
I know in January she'll suffer a big
own," explains the marriage expert. "A
days in new surroundings and she's her
l effervescent self again."
hrough Betty's enthusiasm for the theater
as developed a great fondness for Shake-
re, and their wedding anniversary is usu-
ally spent driving down to San Diego for the Shakespeare festival there. And everywhere they drive these days, Mrs. Popenoe keeps a sketch pad on her lap and draws her husband's profile for the bronze plaque she's planning to do of him. "It has to capture Paul's looks and spirit *exactly*," she maintains. "I keep trying and trying, but when it's someone so very, very close, well ——" She smiles. "When Paul and I were first married, I was disappointed that I couldn't find any poetry in him. But I did." She smiles her wonderfully warm smile again. "It's there."

When tuberculosis got Dr. Popenoe down and his physician ordered him to bed 100 hours a week, Betty would bring in a tray from which they both breakfasted. They still do. Although she occasionally hankers for a lamb chop, she sticks to her husband's vegetarian diet at home and retires and rises with him very early. Their entertaining is mostly limited to large family get-togethers and informal teas for the institute staff. Betty likes to invite the wives and children, too, which makes upwards of 150 people.

Many people have remarked on how Dr. Popenoe hands his wife into and out of cars as though she were a fragile piece of porcelain. ("Actually, I'm very tough," she says, "and never sick.") A former college classmate says, "When I first saw Betty Popenoe, so bright and gracious and lovely-looking, I asked myself how Paul won her from the competition He was never a ladies' man, ever."

In recent years the Popenoes celebrated one wedding anniversary with a reception for their friends in their garden. Dark-haired Betty Popenoe, the mother of four strapping sons, wore a white chiffon dress and looked, according to one guest who was there, "as young and radiant as a new bride." When the guest told her this, Betty turned to her husband with a smile brimming over with happiness and gave the reason. "Paul's been *so* wonderful," she explained. END



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Setting Directions for

GLAMOROUS HAIRDOS... SMOOTH AND FULL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64







For smooth wide-waved arrangement: Set the top center hair on rollers, rolling away from the face and parallel to the hairline. These rollers, one behind another, go over crown and down the center of the back. Side sections are set on rollers, perpendicular to hairline, with the hair rolled under toward the scalp. One large forward pin curl goes on each side at ear level. Set back end hair in reverse pin curls.

For "comb out": Brush hair thoroughly, and part in the center. Allow slight rise in crown hair, and then brush hair on each side into large loose waves. Flatten hair at the temples and leave width at ears. Turn the ends under into wide-waved pageboy.







Smooth and sleek for fall: The length of the hair for this style varies from 5″ on the crown to 3″ at the forehead and ears to 2″ at the neckline. To set the center of the crown and back, place rollers parallel to hairline and roll hair away from face. On each side and perpendicular to top rollers, two sections of hair are rolled under toward the ears. The two side rollers in back are rolled toward the ears. Set ends of hair in forward pin curls.

For "comb out": Brush hair and part on side. To achieve fullness, lift hair with brush from underneath and then lightly go over the surface, curving side hair toward the front and back hair toward neck. Bang section can be brushed back or fall softly over forehead.





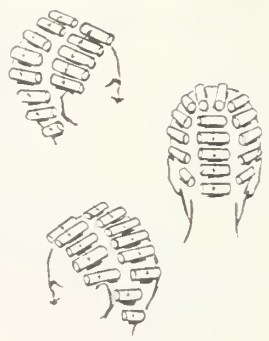




For this classic hairdo, the crown hair should be approximately 8″ long, the sides and back tapered to lengths between 2″ and 3″. Set the top center section on four rollers parallel to the hairline, rolling the hair away from face. Side hair turns under toward the ears—first roller is perpendicular to top rollers, the next two slope down toward the neck to make the soft wave coming toward the face. Place six rollers in back perpendicular to hairline. Roll the three on the left side toward left ear, the three on the right toward right ear. Use small rollers to turn ends of back hair under.

For "comb out": Brush hair away from face and tuck ends under. Then use brush lightly to pick up top hair on sides and bring forward. Top hair can be brushed back and a pretty ribbon added—or brushed down into a light, fluffy bang.



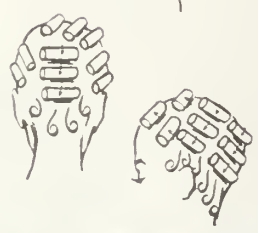


This young sophisticated hairdo is 8″ in length on the crown, tapering down to 3½″ at the neckline. Part the hair low on the right side. Using three rollers, perpendicular to hairline, turn the hair on the right side under toward scalp. The rest of the front hair should be rolled in the opposite direction. The second row of curlers is also set perpendicular to hairline—the ones on the right side below the part roll under toward the ear—all others go in opposite direction. In center back, roll hair under, parallel to hairline.

For "comb out": Brush hair up and over from the part. For full side waves, brush hair forward and under at the cheeks. Back turns under. Slight bang across forehead.







Set the front top section on five rollers, perpendicular to hairline, rolling hair toward the right side. Four rollers directly behind the first row go in same direction. On the right side, place three rollers perpendicular to the two rows of curlers, rolling the hair under and toward the ear. The two rows on left side also turn under toward the ear. In center back, use three rollers, parallel to the hairline, and turn hair under. Set ends of hair in forward pin curls.

For "comb out": Brush hair (from underneath) up and toward the face, flattening the hair on the sides and on the forehead. Swirl the top section. Hair length varies from 5″ on the crown to 3″ at the hairline.









Set on large rollers around the face, perpendicular to hairline. Bottom rollers on each side turn up, the next ones turn under. All others across crown are rolled in same direction. Roll hair on center crown away from face, and continue rollers down center back. Rollers on sides are placed perpendicular to front hairline and rolled under toward scalp. Ends of hair in back are set in reverse pin curls.

For "comb out": Brush hair in direction it was set, and then part it low on right side. Comb hair smoothly across the crown and into slight waves on each side at ear level. To hold front hair in place while combing the back, use clips behind the ears. Arrange lower back hair in French twist. To get height at back of crown, back-comb underneath hair. Brush top hair smoothly over this section. Loop ends over French twist.

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ON A ROYAL HONEYMOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

or royal names, or anything other than "Pet" and "Sweet" and "My Love" for Margaret, and "Darling" for Tony.

They returned home bronzed from the Caribbean sunshine, with a profusion of freckles for Tony and three extra pounds for Margaret (who, conscious and proud of her tiny waist, dieted them off within a week).

They were different people inside as well, in their manner toward each other and toward others. Tony lifted his hand in greeting to crowds without the prompting he had needed from Margaret on their departure. He no longer walked in the shy-tense attitude he borrowed from Prince Philip (who does it from training, not nervousness)—hands clasped tightly behind his back. Instead, his arms swung freely and easily at his sides. He began to talk fluently and naturally even with people of high rank whom he had never met before. And Margaret, who with her quick wit and royal manner always has dominated and preferred to dominate any conversation, let Tony take the lead while she smiled quietly, watching him, or even let herself look away, unworried that he might be ill at ease among her friends and official circle.

The honeymoon was not entirely a smoothly running routine. Little unexpected, untoward things happened.

On the day they were to sail, crewmen of the royal yacht *Britannia* ran up a fresh new Union Jack especially ordered for the occasion. After frantic messaging from other ships they learned the flag had accidentally been sewed upside down to the halyard, in the traditional seagoing signal for distress. It was hastily hauled down and resewed.

At St. Johns, on the island of Antigua, they were greeted by three earthquakes which, though small, shook them slightly and churned the waters around the *Britannia.*

The minor mishaps only added a note of excitement and zest.

They let everybody at home know they were all right. Margaret radio-telephoned her mother, the Queen Mother Elizabeth, from the white telephone in her stateroom after they had been away a few days. Later on she talked to her sister, the reigning Queen Elizabeth. Antony—or Tony, as he is now known not only to his intimates but to all England—dispatched an airmail letter to his mother, the Countess of Rosse. But they sent no post cards to friends saying "Wish you were here."

They wanted, and to a surprising degree they achieved, the privacy which is a honeymoon couple's main desire.

It wasn't easy. Careful planning helped, and special appeals by Margaret. "Please," she asked the islanders, "think of this as an ordinary visit by any honeymoon couple."

To keep the route secret the *Britannia* sailed under sealed orders which were opened by the ship's captain, Vice Admiral Peter Dawnay, only after they were well out in the Atlantic. Shore stations which signaled the customary "Whither bound?" received the cryptic reply, "Destination unknown—high seas."

Still, a newspaper airplane followed the royal yacht until it was a day out to observe and took long-range photographs through a telescopic lens (Margaret was wearing a red sweater and red skirt, Tony a yachting-style jacket and white slacks, as they reclined on deck chairs).

A barbed-wire fence had to be strung up around the garden and grounds of the governor-general of Trinidad, with a cordon of guards assigned to see that the occasion was limited to a small party.

Police launches patrolled the waters outside the beautiful lagoon on the island of Tobago where the couple went ashore on three successive days, and authorities closed off the road to the beach-side cottage, "Honeymooners' Delight," so named by wealthy coconut-plantation owner Frank Latour, who built it for his daughter.

The royal yacht itself would hardly seem the ideal place to achieve a honeymoon atmosphere, with its populous complement of 22 officers and 236 sailors—and, in addition this trip, a Scotland Yard detective; Press Secretary Major Edward Griffin; Margaret's hairdresser from René of Mayfair, twenty-year-old Sylvia Davies; and Robina Gordon, who has been her nurse and personal maid since she was a year old. But it is. And that is the reason Elizabeth offered it to her sister and new brother-in-law at this time.

(The offer, in view of the $2800-a-day running expenses of the *Britannia*, caused Labor Party members to worry about the cost to the taxpayers, and London's Communist *Daily Worker* to report sarcastically, "The very dear couple sail . . . on their 40,000-pound honeymoon!" Actually the queen paid the entire cost herself as a wedding gift.)

Everything about the royal yacht is planned for privacy, luxury, comfort and convenience for the royal family such as they can find nowhere else in their everyday world of crowds, public functions, reporters and cameramen.

The *Britannia* is known as "the queen's water-borne country house." It is the largest and most expensive private yacht afloat.

It is also the quietest ship in the world.

There are no broadcast commands. Orders are communicated by gesture and sign language, never the spoken word unless absolutely necessary. Bulkheads are soundproof. The engine-room telegraph chimes softly instead of clanging.

The crewmen wear gym shoes so that their comings and goings will be as nearly silent as possible.

Aboard are 42 cabins for guests and staff in addition to the royal accommodations; a two-car garage; two high-speed launches; a royal barge with blue velvet seats.

The ship's dining room, which seats 32 comfortably, 60 with a little squeezing, has a parquet dance floor and can also be converted to a theater, with a movie screen concealed behind sliding panels.

There are facilities for deck games, a 50'x20' open-air swimming pool which was built for Margaret when she sailed on the Indian Ocean during her official East African tour in 1956.

The ship is entirely air-conditioned.

Royal accommodations are on the top deck over the other living quarters, in the aft part of the ship which, in wartime, when the sea

Britannia would be converted to a hospital ship, would provide space for a helicopter landing deck. The royal quarters are isolated from the rest of the upper deck by an arrangement of corridors.

The royal apartments were designed for Elizabeth and Philip and consist of a drawing room and two bed/sitting rooms with a communicating door, each with its own bath. They were redecorated for Margaret for Tony's honeymoon trip, with pale eggshell-blue walls and soft green silk draperies—Margaret's favorite shades and the ones she chose for her wedding china. The floors are covered with silvery-gray wall-to-wall carpeting. The furnishings, chosen by Elizabeth and Philip, are homey and comfortable-looking, a mixture of antique and modern mahogany.

In Philip's quarters—Tony's, for the honeymoon trip—is a hidden cocktail cabinet and a model of the frigate *Magpie* which Philip once commanded. In the drawing room is a baby-grand piano installed especially for Margaret. The rooms are softly lighted with concealed ceiling fixtures. Beyond is the gay sun deck. There, no one is allowed to go without special permission when any member of the royal family is on board, so royalty can sun-bathe and relax in complete privacy.

Like all royal servants and employees, officers and crewmen of the *Britannia* are pledged never to reveal anything seen or heard in the course of their duties, but this does not prevent

CONTINUED ON PAGE 0

RHYMES FROM YOUNG MOTHER GOOSE

By C. S. JENNISON

Come when you're called,
Do as you're bid.
And *one* thing I'm sure of:
You're not my kid.

Hot cross buns,
Hot cross buns.
Don't tell me daughters
Are quieter than sons.
Little sisters argue,
Just the same as brothers,
And all of them offend the ears
Of hot cross mothers.

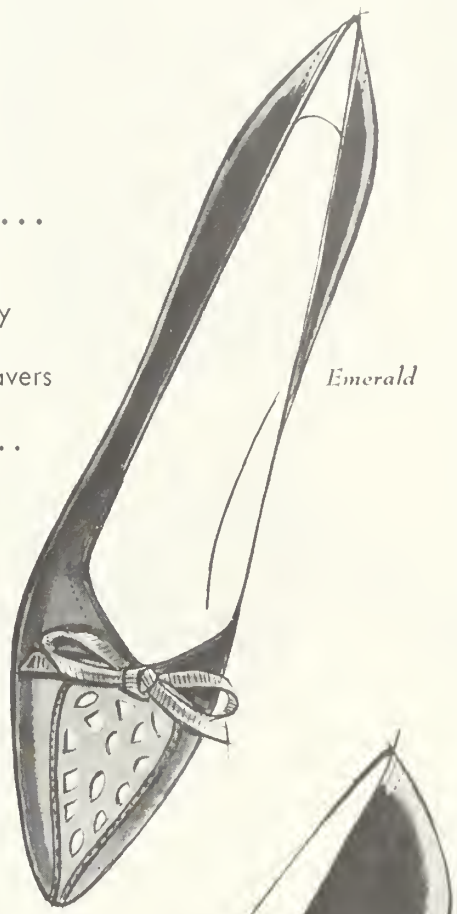
Hickery dickery dare.
The pig flew up in the air;
And lately—by heaven—
Along about seven
I usually join him there.

it's smart to be comfortable . . .

and comfort and smartness are basic ingredients in every pair of Foot Saver Shoes. Fashioned with care, Foot Savers offer the wondrous fit of the famed Shortback® last . . . styles that skillfully combine walking ease and flattering design.

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Keep in touch by Long Distance*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

the honeymooners from telling their friends.

For the honeymoon cruise, the royal yacht received four coats of fresh royal-blue paint on its gold-banded hull, leaving it so shiny it gleamed with the play of reflected light from the water's surface.

The hold was stowed with caviar and champagne and other delicacies—live lobsters in a special tank (Margaret's favorite foods are lobster, soufflés, chicken and peaches). They took along three films: *The Vikings*, *Sink the Bismarck* and a twelve-minute reel especially requested by Margaret—*Princess Margaret, This is Your Life*, a compilation of incidents covering her life from babyhood. Four big cases of Margaret's and Tony's favorite phonograph records went aboard—not, however, including an antiseasickness recording offered by a London hypnotist for the cruise (Margaret is an excellent sailor; Tony a fair one, but a pill is usually enough to restore him from a touch of *mal de mer*).

Both took new clothes: sweaters, wool skirts and slacks for brisk days, light sports clothes and swim suits for hot ones—the usual royal daytime shipboard wear; dinner clothes, because the royal family always dress for dinner; and a few more elaborate dress-up outfits for grand occasions.

Margaret took along five swim suits, all one-piece—Tony's and her favorite, a coral-red one. Besides her trousseau, she also took along some cottons she wore last year, as well as several outfits from the wardrobe made for her West Indies tour two years ago. Having been to the Caribbean on official jaunts in 1955 and 1958, she knew exactly what she needed.

No shorts or trousers—she considers herself two small for them. Instead, sun tops and full cotton skirts, or one-piece dresses along similar lines, strapless always—for ship and beach wear—no complicated strap arrangements to interfere with a smooth tan line. Several outfits had short matching jackets.

Tony did not help choose any of her new clothes, even though she considers him knowledgeable about women's fashion. She wanted him to be "a little surprised. I want them to seem new and exciting to him," she told a friend, "not like something he's already seen." She discussed them with him, though.

Five of her dinner dresses were from French designer Jean Desses, including a pink-and-yellow rose-printed organza shirtwaist with back-dipping skirt, which she wore the second night out; a navy organza with white polka-dot embroidery and matching coat; and a grand floor-length white organza ball gown, in which she appeared, wearing diamond earrings and pearls, at a Government House entertainment in Antigua. Two afternoon dresses were from Christian Dior—a navy-blue silk, and another in melon-pink satin with matching coat. From Victor Stiebel came a gray raw-silk frock and the eye-stopping lemon-yellow coat and matching chiffon dress she wore for her going-away outfit.

Her lingerie was of hand-woven white pure silk crepe de Chine loomed in Britain and embroidered and fashioned for her by Madame Mimi Isar of Belgravia.

Tony chose some of his clothes on personal shopping trips in Mayfair, others from selections brought to him at Buckingham Palace by representatives of exclusive West End shops. Most of them were about the same as he would have worn for one of the Mediterranean holidays of his bachelor days, except for more formal going-ashore wear.

It was Tony's frequent bachelor holidays in and around the Mediterranean that prompted him to suggest Italy first as a possible honeymoon spot. But Margaret remembered the islands of the Caribbean with their relaxed people, gay, uninhibited calypso music and dancers, and the drenching sunlight—all so different from England and everything she had known for most of her life—and convinced Tony. ("Oh, to be able to come back here," she said wistfully on her departure before—"not as a princess but just to enjoy myself!")

Their honeymoon departure was tumultuous. After they had waved a last greeting to the crowd from the Buckingham Palace balcony where Margaret for the first and last time in her life stood in front of her sister, the queen (her excitement was such that she forgot to curtsy to her), and cut a wedding cake weighing more than she does (150 pounds, one of twelve) Margaret changed into the dazzling yellow outfit she wore to the *Britannia*.

Upstairs, she said a private farewell to her mother and Elizabeth, and to her dogs, the Sealyhams Pippin and Johnny (who bit a palace footman last winter), and her King Charles spaniel, Roly, telling them, "Be good boys while I'm away!"

Then she dashed, holding Tony's hand, for the waiting open Rolls-Royce in the graveled palace courtyard, pelted with rose petals by members of the royal family and friends.

No one had anticipated the tremendous crowd farewell. The drive to the pier, timed for fifteen minutes, took almost an hour. Along the four-mile flag- and flower-bedecked route, people fought for a chance to look at the couple. At one point five minutes were required to travel 150 yards. Finally police formed a phalanx around the car and forced a way through the crowd. Margaret and Tony appeared delighted and amazed by the spontaneous public reaction.

Both were covered with rose petals and confetti by the time they arrived at the red-carpeted dockside to catch the royal launch out to the glistening *Britannia*. The din from ships' whistles was almost deafening. As the yacht got under way, Margaret brushed petals off Tony's shoulder, and they waved. They stood by the rail, waving, until the *Britannia* finally drew out of view.

The first night out they excused themselves from dinner with the ship's officers so they could dine alone together in the seclusion of their suite. Both were happy but on the point of exhaustion from the strenuous day and departure. They did not even change clothes, though royal custom is to dress for dinn
they did dress every other night of the v

A steward served them champagn
caviar, broiled chicken, a light dessert o
and black coffee. They listened to r
music from records they selected and
the phonograph.

For the first five days and evening
were completely alone, except for ra
brief visits when Robina Gordon, Mar
personal maid, attended her, and a s
served their meals.

They swam in the open-air pool, sun-b
played quoits and deck tennis. Both
easily and quickly with the aid of a pr
tion to prevent burning. Margaret tu
smooth golden bronze, Tony deep brow
freckles.

They breakfasted in Margaret's
room, had lunch and dinner in the suite
and took tea on deck at half past four.
was customarily at one-fifteen; dinner a
after cocktails. Tony wore a black
jacket in the evenings at first, a whit
after the boat entered sunnier climes.

After dinner they danced on deck to r
by Frank Sinatra, Nat "King" Cole and
American orchestras. Margaret play
piano, and both sang and imitated p
singers, a knack they have practiced un
are proficient. They joked with each
about imaginary shortcomings and
ences, and laughed a great deal—a ter
they have always had when together, a
of their first strong mutual attractions.

Occasionally after the first week th
cocktails in the wardroom with the
officers, and several times during the tr
invited the officers to dine with them
white-and-gold dining room with mus
vided by the Royal Marine Band (thou
invitation, it was felt, came later in the
than it would have from Elizabeth and

Sunday church services were held o
for the officers and crew by Vice A
Dawnay, and Margaret and Tony atter
members of the royal family always d
on board.

They frequently "dressed together"—
garet in a blue-and-white dress and
Tony in a blue-and-white striped sh
slacks of the exact same blue; she in a
yellow flower-printed cotton dress, h
matching yellow shirt and coffee-brown

In the early morning hours of May
Britannia dropped anchor off Pigeon Pc
the island of Tobago—a point just
northwestern tip of "Robinson C
Island," identified by local tradition
spot where Daniel Defoe's fictional her
his castaway existence. (This is romar
incorrect; actually Alexander Selkir
Scottish seaman who inspired Defoe's
was marooned in the Juan Fernandez
about 400 miles off the Chilean coast
Pacific Ocean.)

A choppy sea prevented use of the
nia's gangplank to a pier, so later that n
Margaret and Tony, carrying picnic
and swimming gear, were lowered in on
yacht's launches to go ashore at Golder
beach. There they had a picnic lunch al
afterward changed into swim suits an
boled with a large beach ball in the
crystal waters of a secluded lagoon. La
went swimming and skindiving for an
Buccoo Reef, famed for its underwater
and rare and beautiful fish.

For three days the road to the bea
officially closed and police launches p
outside the lagoon so they could ha
plete privacy. They basked, walked
shod and barefoot on white sands, pic
pieces of driftwood and coral, took s
motion pictures of each other, and r
to the *Britannia* at night. On May 20 t
Tobago, and six hours later arrived
of-Spain, Trinidad.

At Port-of-Spain some 100,000 peo
had dubbed Margaret "The Calypso P
and composed 24 calypsos in her hono
her 1958 trip jammed the five miles
often completely closing it. School c
given a "free" day, were turned out
best, most colorful attire. The crow

CONTINUED ON PA

NEXT MONTH

Does a man—any man—have a right to buy the house next door?

He was scared—they all were. Was it Negroes as such? A primitive, atavistic feeling about "color"? Or was it that the little community, already so heavily taxed, mortgaged, and dunned for dental work, dancing classes, washing machines, power mowers, cars, country clubs and commutation tickets, just could not afford to pick up the bill for Civil Rights too? "What's the answer?" Matt agonized, "why do *I* have to decide?" "Peaceable Lane," Keith Wheeler's complete-in-one-issue condensed novel, will rattle the cups at your coffee table wher*ever* you live.

Where are all the bachelors?

Statistics reassure that there are still almost two million more unattached American men between the ages of 20 and 40 than there are girls to marry them. This doesn't seem possible to you? Maybe your town is not in one of the areas that attract marriage-worthy fellows. Never mind: in the October Journal we tell *where the men are*.

New information on the cancer "smear" test

It hasn't been so long since doctors thought that you either had cancer or you didn't. Now your Papanicolaou "smear" test can be graded more accurately. Dr. Schauffler explains how important recent findings are in "Tell Me, Doctor."

Do the Russians have some magic secrets of child rearing?

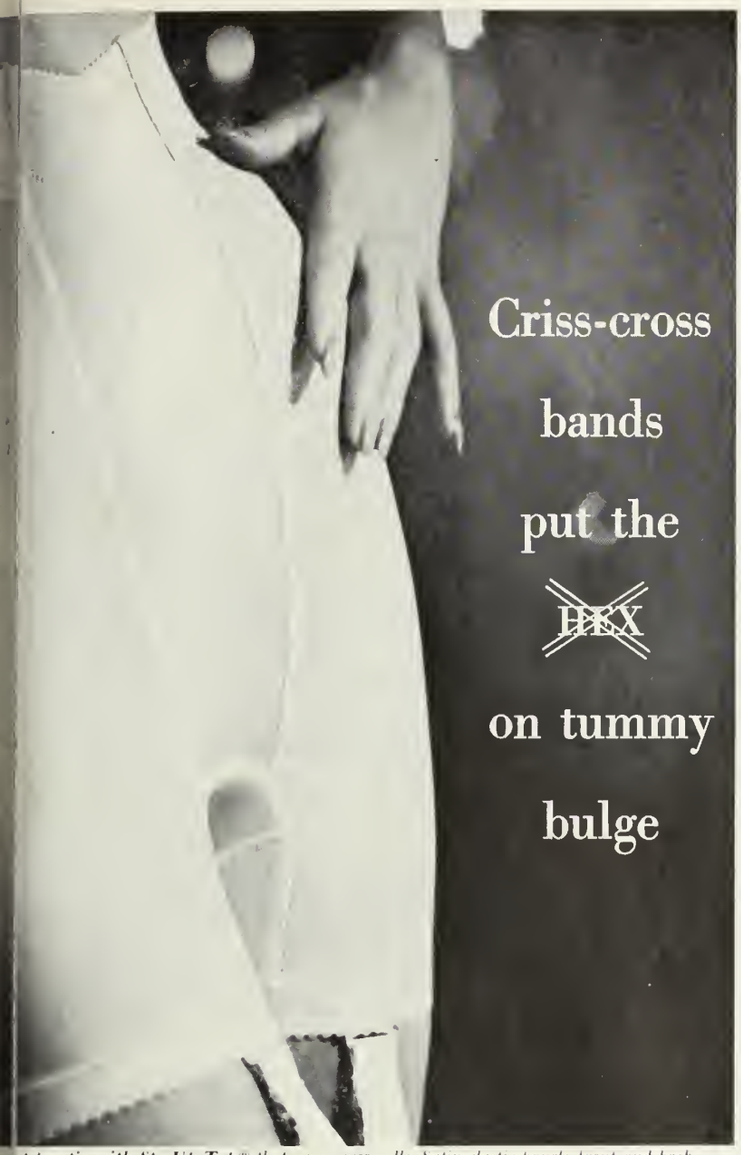
Over and over again, travelers returning from Russia comment upon the friendly, co-operative, *good* behavior of Russian children. Anything here we ought to know about? World-famous Dr. Benjamin Spock gives his answer.

The Cookbook

It's here at last. You who have lovingly saved old Journal recipes as lacy with age as grandmother's wedding veil—relax. And you who come to us by way of postage stamp with frantic pleas for *the* recipe, clipped and then lost—preserve yourselves in peace. *The* recipe, even if it goes back eighty years, will be in *The* Cookbook. Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook is a harvest table piled bounteously with the best dishes America has ever known. You'll find a generous taste in this issue.

Also, "Making Marriage Work"; Pat Boone on "Teen-Time Billionaires"; exciting fashion news; inspiring beauty help; stories; poems; and everything else for women in

THE OCTOBER JOURNAL



...t panie with Sta-Up-Top® that never ever rolls. Satin elastic panels front and back. (rayon-nylon-rubber-cotton). Red Pepper, Beige, Pink, Blue, White, Black. $8.95.

Once girls had tummies... then Warner's created 'DOUBLE PLAY'

And there's a style to make *every* body beautiful! Choose the light and lovely-making one that slims you best—here or on the next page. Then tear it out (we've even perforated the paper for you)...and take it to your nicest store. You'll love your new figure in your new 'Double Play'.



TEAR HERE

Easy panty brief *in power net and satin elastic, #133 (rayon-nylon-rubber-cotton). Red Pepper, Beige, Pink, Blue, Black, White (packaged, too!) $5.95. Allure bra in matching colors, #1045. $3.95.*

CUT OR TEAR HERE

PERFORATED



TEAR HERE

Power net pantie with extra firm hip control. *Panels of slimming satin elastic over hips, tummy and derriere, where you need them most. #164 (rayon-nylon-cotton-rubber). In White only, $8.95.*

CUT OR TEAR HERE

PERFORATED



Hip-and-thigh-slimming pantie with eased waist *... for the most effective, comfortable re-shaping you've ever known. #533. Power net and satin elastic (rayon-nylon-rubber-cotton). White only, $10.00.*



High-rising girdle *trims waist and midriff, #814. Exclusive 'LeNet' (sheer leno) with satin elastic front and back (rayon-rubber-cotton). Zipper. White, $12.50. Matching pantie, #815, $13.50.*



Best-selling 'Double Play' girdle. *Power net with satin elastic panels (rayon-nylon-cotton-rubber) #147. Red Pepper, Beige, Pink, Blue, White and Black. $8.95. Matching Allure bra, #1045, $3.95.*



All-elastic 'Double Play' corselette *with Free-Lift® floating bra designed to relieve any shoulder strap strain. #3706. (Nylon cups. Elastic: rayon nylon-rubber-cotton). White or Black, $15.00.*

Whether you're 18 or "over 21"... tummy muscles often plain don't do the job they should! Lack of exercise, too many calories, even poor posture can be the villain!

But now there's a wonderful way to end tummy bulge once and for all—with Warner's® 'Double Play', the light-weight wonder whose famous criss-cross bands make your tummy behave beautifully—always. Whichever style you choose, you'll find that...

Nothing makes a tummy disappear like 'DOUBLE PLAY' by Warner's

And there's one that's made for your figure. Tear out—along perforated line—the one that suits you best and take it to your nicest store today! Prices start at $5.95*...even for colors!

*Slightly higher in Canada

Are you lucky? Watch your local newspaper for store ads announcing 'Double Play' contest in your town. Nothing to buy—just be lucky. (Hint: this Journal ad you're looking at will help you win a free gift.)

New and Young from Warner's

New! Warner Wash! Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. Get Warner Wash where you buy your Warner's. $1.50 for 10 full ounces.

ED FROM PAGE 130

umbrellas to protect against the
n, tossed flowers, waved, cheered,
lanced to rhythms from a Dixieland
, and hung from every pole and bal-
e Margaret and Tony—Margaret in
wered dress with white gloves and a
l pearl necklace, Tony in a gray
uit—held hands in the back of their
and waved, and grinned alternately
her and at the happy people.
the official residence of the governor
took two hours to clear the milling
ay from the gates, and then most of
drew to the park opposite the house
d dance under the trees and await
e's departure.
fternoon the couple visited and
l walked in the cool gardens, but
the official residence was ablaze
s, and outside dozens of lanterns
n the palms and flowering trees. A
dined alfresco and then danced to
nd, which Margaret had especially
Later there was other entertain-
ypso singers and a vivid native dance

argaret and Tony demonstrated the
enthusiastic informality, breaking
oyal protocol, that captivated the
the island on Margaret's previous
garet spoke personally with mem-
e dance group after their perform-
ile she congratulated them an im-

**magic of first love is our igno-
e that it can ever end.**

DISRAELI

itive woman, the troupe's dresser,
rom the side lines, shyly. Finally she
longer hold back and rushed up,
lump hand through the others and
ut, "I'm Helen Chance."
et took her hand and smiled de-
"How nice of you to come—we both
so much," she said.
who often has been self-conscious
ncing because of a polio-weakened
orgot his diffidence and took off his
tie to try to follow a native dance,
Ting.
ally went native!" said pianist Gery
"He really has taken to this rhythm."
l man in feathered native costume
mask to reveal part of his face.
erybody in the room recognized Bob
t seventy the best "devil dancer" on
d.
l Margaret. "Hello," she said. "I
t would be you, Mr. Wilkie."
d man beamed.
ominica, mountainous and fertile,
f the Windward Islands discovered
nbus in 1493, they received a similar
despite Margaret's plea to treat them
ordinary honeymoon couple." The
ere spread with tablecloths, blankets
hes, in the native tradition for im-
welcomes. Margaret and Tony were
nned, and Margaret had had a hair-
appeared as Londoners never have
nd probably never will—bareheaded,
-shouldered strapless peasant dress,
curly and tousled, her smile com-
appy and relaxed. A straw-hatted
oman reached into the car and thrust
et of wild flowers into her hand, and
ngly carried it the rest of the journey.
oys in dark brown shorts and heavily
white shirts stood in various attitudes
tion, a sight Margaret found so
g she nudged Tony to draw his atten-
hem. Tony gave them a special wave
ulled up in a ragged—but energetic—
he native crowds almost covered the
imes as it inched along the narrow
ut Margaret and Tony smiled hap-
didn't seem to mind. A banner hastily
oss the street—there had been only a
rs' notice of the princess's visit—
a lopsided "Welcome to her Royal
s."

At Antigua they arrived during a triple earthquake—minor and causing no damage, although it roiled the water around the *Britannia*. There again they received a rousing welcome, but later they were able to be alone as they inspected and photographed historic St. Peter's Church in the outskirts of St. Johns. They viewed coral reefs from a glass-bottomed boat, and had a barbecue supper and Antigua rum punch at the home of Rear Admiral Earl Gould, USN (Ret.), before returning to ship.

Most of the time they managed to get off by themselves for at least part of the afternoons, to walk in lush tropical gardens, investigate historic ruins, stroll along wide beaches marked only by the tides, and even, several times, shop in native markets for exotic fruits and curios.

Everywhere in the islands they were greeted by steel bands, and often they heard the special song composed for their wedding by top Trinidad calypso singer "Lord Brynner":

Are you ready for the ceremony
Between Maggie and Jonesy?
Maggie waited very long,
Then came Mister Armstrong.
It was never too late
Because best things come to them who wait.

I'm sorry I have no money
See you and Jonesy get marry,
But if someone lend me currency
I comin' England in hurry.
Princess I sorry I miss wedding,
But I got a calypso in
For the christenin'.

On June 5 they attended Whitsunday services in St. John's Cathedral on Antigua, and the Anglican Bishop of Antigua held private Communion services for them aboard the *Britannia*. On June 8 they weighed anchor in English Harbor and sailed for home that night while a steel band played the romantic *Where Land and Sea Make Beauty*.

When the royal yacht steamed up to Portsmouth after more than 8000 miles and six weeks away, Englanders saw a princess who looked "just like the old happy Margaret of a few years ago," said Mrs. Jean Band, of Ilkeston, who waited five hours to see them and ducked under a cigarette counter to get a closer look.

For Margaret and Tony both it had been a perfect holiday and honeymoon—and for Margaret, something she had never had before in her life: a time when she was completely free and independent to enjoy herself exactly as she wished. Always before on any trip there had been ladies in waiting, equerry, secretary and a retinue of others in attendance; and even when sharing a vacation trip with other members of the royal family, an itinerary of someone else's choosing.

This had been hers—and royal only in the way that has always been typically Margaret's: in the grand manner, but unconventional as royal honeymoons go, and as different from royal ideas as her choice of a husband. By contrast, Elizabeth and Philip followed the traditional pattern of "royals" for honeymoons: a sojourn first at a large country mansion. then on to a small house on another royal estate, walking, riding, driving around the countryside in a small car, reading, watching television, seeing a few old friends toward the latter part of the time, everything simple, quiet and correctly dignified. The difference could be illustrated no better than by a comparison of pictures: Elizabeth and Philip in tweed suits and sturdy walking shoes; Margaret and Tony in their gaily informal and colorful West Indian attire. Or Margaret as she appeared when she came back.

She was vividly dressed in a rose satin duster over a rose-flowered print dress, on her head a halo of gauzy white tulle scattered with tiny white bows, both colors in dramatic contrast to a tan so deep her natural-colored nail polish appeared almost white. Tony wore a pin-striped suit and red tie, his blond hair bleached almost white by the West Indies sun.

Except for doorways or places only wide enough for one to pass gracefully, they walked side by side together, instead of Tony several paces behind as he had when they left.

A short time later on the drive from a family reunion at Windsor Castle to their own new tax- and rent-free "grace and favor" home in Kensington Palace (a gift for life from the queen), Tony leaned forward and asked the chauffeur to stop and change places. Then, with Margaret beside him and the chauffeur in the back seat, he himself drove the rest of the way—the first time he had driven a car since the stunning announcement of his engagement to Margaret.

At Kensington Palace they inspected the decorating that had been going on in their absence in the red-brick Georgian palace "apartment" (actually a small house). Everything was progressing on schedule. Then they looked next door at the City of London Museum, which is open to the public the year around, and through their front gate to Kensington Gardens, also open to peering crowds—and they remembered the deserted beaches of the Caribbean. Nothing will ever be the same for either again. Certainly not Kensington Gardens, of which the story is told that George III, wishing, perhaps like Margaret and Tony, to have a little of the gardens just for himself, asked a minister how much it would cost to fence it in from the public. "Your crown, sir," he was told.

END

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion. It's the kind that comes in those moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



49¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants



PARIS ORIGINAL MODEL BY NINA RICCI—VOGUE PATTERN NO. 1499

What is zig-zag sewing?

It's what lets a woman breezily pick a designer pattern with "complicated insides." (Zig-zag snips hours off tedious finishing and facings.)

Zig-zag is how you sew smoother seams in drapes, believe it or not . . . and give Johnny's corduroy shirt a new elbow that doesn't stick out like a sore thumb.

It's the modern way to sew on buttons, and add years to the life of every seam. It's what the SLANT-O-MATIC* Machine by SINGER (with its exclusive Slant-Needle) does easier—and better—than any other machine. Why don't you come in and find out about this exciting zig-zag way to sew?

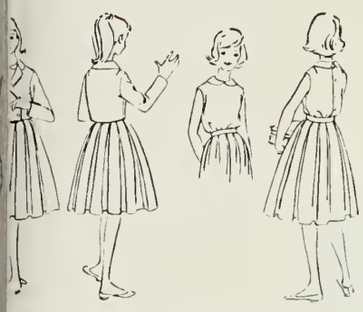
SINGER SEWING CENTERS

Also headquarters for SINGER* Vacuum Cleaners, Rug Cleaner-Floor Polishers
Listed in your phone book under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

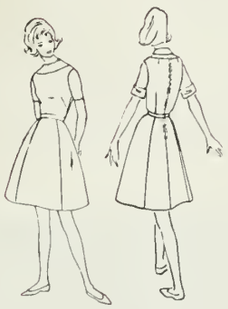
*A TRADEMARK OF THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

6 MILLION TEEN AGERS LOVE TO SEW

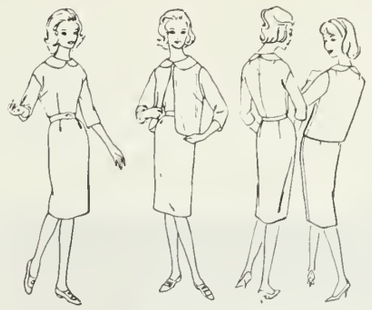
Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Printed Patterns on pages 60, 61, 62 and 63.



Design No. 5080. Suit and blouse; ·en sizes 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric ıt nap for jacket, 1⅜ yards of 45″ without nap for blouse and 1 yard fabric without nap for skirt, size 12 ·en.



Vogue Design No. 5071. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress or jumper dress and skirt; Teen sizes 10–16 (30–36) and Junior Miss sizes 9–15 (30½–35); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 54″ fabric with nap and 4 yards 1″ novelty braid trim. Size 13 Junior Miss.



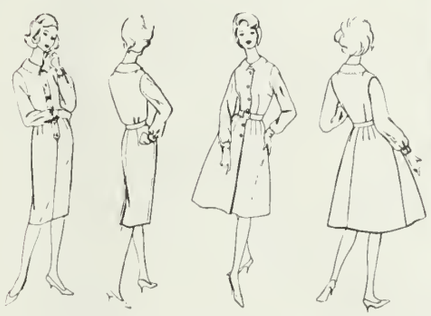
Vogue Design No. 5084. Blouse, skirt and jacket; Teen sizes 10–16 (30–36) and Junior Miss sizes 9–15 (30½–35); 75c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 35″ fabric with nap and 3½ yards of 1″ novelty braid for jacket, 1¾ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for blouse and 1⅜ yards of 45″ fabric without nap for skirt, size 13, Junior Miss.



Design No. 5072. Shirt, skirt cket; Sub-Teen sizes 8–14 (28–5c. Version shown requires 3⅜ of 45″ fabric without nap for and skirt and 2⅛ yards of 35″ without nap for shirt, size 12 ·en.



Vogue Design No. 5062. One-piece dress or jumper dress and blouse; Junior Miss sizes 9–15 (30½–35) and Misses sizes 10–16 (31–36); 75c. Version shown requires 2 yards of 54″ fabric without nap for jumper dress, 1¼ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for blouse and 6 yards of 1″ novelty braid trim, Misses size 14.



Vogue Design No. 5077. One-piece dress and jumper dress; Misses sizes 10–18 (31–38); $1.00. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 35″ fabric with nap for jumper dress and 3½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap for dress, Misses size 14. (Note: Dress is worn under jumper dress.)



Design No. 5092. Two-piece dress and ; Misses sizes 10–16 (31–36); $1.00. n shown requires 1½ yards of 54″ fabric ap for blouse, 1 yard of 54″ fabric with-ap for skirt and ¾ yard of 54″ fabric ıt nap for dickey, Misses size 14.



Vogue Design No. 5003. One-piece dress and petticoat; Sub-Teen sizes 8–14 (28–33); 60c. Version shown requires 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric with nap for dress and 5¾ yards lace edging for trim, size 12 Sub-Teen.



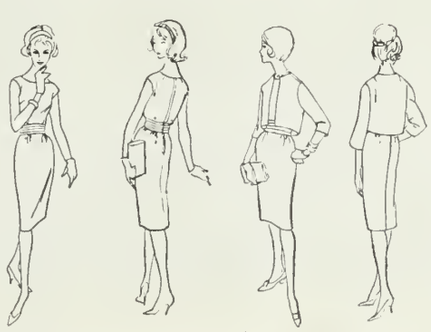
Vogue Design No. 5015. Bodice, shirt, skirt and detachable overskirt; Sub-Teen sizes 8–14 (28–33); 75c. Version shown requires 3¾ yards of 45″ fabric without nap or 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric with nap for bodice and skirt and 4⅛ yards of 35″ embroidered fabric with one scalloped edge for overskirt, size 12 Sub-Teen.



Design No. 5067. One-piece dress; sizes 10–16 (30–36) and Junior Miss)–15 (30½–35); 75c. Version shown es 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without ize 13 Junior Miss.



Vogue Design No. 5004. One-piece dress; Sub-Teen sizes 8–14 (28–33); 60c. Version shown requires 4⅜ yards of 35″ fabric with nap, size 12 Sub-Teen.



Vogue Design No. 5103. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and bolero; Teen sizes 10–14 (30–34) and Junior Miss sizes 9–13 (30½–33); $1.00. Version shown requires 1¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for dress and 1⅛ yards of 54″ fabric with nap for bolero, size 13 Junior Miss.



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MORE ABSORBENT
for maximum protection

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renews itself with each washing

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for all size babies

EASIER PINNING
overlaps easily—the stretch does it!

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WASH EASIER
ABSORB MORE
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Textile Division, Walpole, Mass., Dept. JB90
Enclosed is 25c (coins only) for a new Curity Stretch Weave Gauze Diaper. Print clearly. Only one to a family.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Good in Continental United States and Hawaii

ECHO ANSWERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

different. And I'm going to give her a little money, a kind of financial backlog, as soon as I get around to it.

But Belinda is twenty-one—twenty-two; is it possible? Her mother was married at that age. So was I the first time.

"Oh, here we are ——"

The driver pulled her luggage out of the trunk and the doorman took the alligator dressing case into his personal custody at once, his welcome and respect proportioned to her expensive bags and long mink coat.

"Oh, they've given me Sixteen-eighteen?"

"It's one of our very best suites, Mrs. Tarrant."

"I know."

"It's just been done over," the bellboy told her.

Clare went through the little foyer. Done over it might be, but there was still the effect of space as a tribute to wealth, of more dignity and privacy than most people were allowed in a hotel. It was old-fashioned luxury. That was what Jerome had liked about it.



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She thought, *The room needs flowers. I'll have to buy them for myself now. It might have made more sense for me to take a bedroom at the club. But this was our place. Empty as it feels, I'd rather be here. How often did we have these rooms? The first time was just after we were married.*

That first time Jerome Tarrant had closed the door on two satisfied porters and said, "Is this going to be all right?"

"Darling, you're going to turn my head. This is fabulous. What does it cost?"

"Never you mind."

"Is that big white article really a grand piano?"

"Looks like it."

"Then I'll have to take music lessons."

He laughed. He said, "The only lessons you need are in being a wife."

"Am I doing so badly?"

"Not too badly. But I can't seem to make you realize that you have a man to take care of you now."

"I know. I'm so used to doing things for myself and figuring the expense. When you signed the register for us both downstairs—it's still hard to believe."

"You don't know how proud I was when I wrote 'Mr. and Mrs. Tarrant,' with you there beside me. Tell me, you like to be my wife, don't you?"

He was a big man, but when emotion came over him his hands would tremble. As he held her close they became quiet and firm again. When he was reassured that she was happy, there was a foundation under everything. Jerome began to give his attention to details.

"Now we have to get organized," he said.

"The organization man," said Clare. "Look—there are pigeons outside."

"Don't fall out of that window!"

"I think they're good luck."

"Shall I wear a blue or a gray suit down to the city? Which would you like me in best?"

She said gray, not that it mattered. But Jerome wanted to do everything now in the full light of her agreement and approval.

"Are you going to abandon me?"

"You'll want to rest. And I think I should get in touch with some of our people. They know I'm going to be here and they'll want to hear the details about the new power plant. And I have to get my girl some flowers."

The first consignment came within half an hour after he left. By noon the room bloomed with white chrysanthemums, yellow roses, several dozen white carnations—he wanted to wear one in his buttonhole usually—a pot of gardenias, heavy-headed anemones which had caught his attention and so he wanted Clare to see them too, and of course a perfect white orchid for her to wear that evening. Clare arranged and rearranged them. It was more fun than unpacking. Also, she read the messages that came with the flowers and each card sent her thoughts over their long and rugged love.

With the white orchid, "For Clare, who becomes more beautiful every day—wear this with my love. JEROME." The card with the gardenias read simply and ridiculously at the moment, "Don't forget me, JEROME."

That was an intimate phrase between them, the password of hope. They had used it often during the years of frustration. Clare felt the insistence of the words again. She was a bride of only a few weeks, a woman well into her middle years. No one had ever been better served by love, she thought.

It was very peaceful in the luxurious room. She hung up her clothes in one of the vast wardrobes, treating them with the same respect and care that she had given them when a good dress was a gamble or an important investment. Her own serenity surprised her this morning. Clare had been slightly apprehensive about this first return to New York as Mrs. Jerome Tarrant. She was pleased to find that she did not feel either restless or uncomfortably idle. She did not even want to call up Claude Gregory, to whom she had sold her literary agency, and ask him how things were going.

The Delchamp Agency, which her first husband had established and which Clare had continued with such success after his d th did not belong to her any more. Tha ull seemed strange, but she had no twinge o os- talgia or regret. She was no longer Clare elp champ. She had wondered if she would iss being that woman, miss her exciting if di ult life. Not of course during the past m th while she and Jerome were sailing tr cal seas, adventuring and loving. The last ks had been different from any that Clare ad ever known, new to her experience in eli pride and safety.

Jerome wants me with him, she though *Always available. Marriage takes much re time than love. I've found that out alrea.* It was a sweet thought and she lingered w it. Thinking, *I am going to give him the ki of home he's never had—the kind I've never h— spacious, gay, untroubled. It will be comp ely different from living in that mausoleum wi Helen. Some of her friends will probably r nt me at first. They know Jerome's been in ve with me for years. But he did everything po ble for Helen as long as she lived. He has no ne to regret as far as she's concerned. I must ke sure that no sense of guilt ever creeps I couldn't live with that.*

We had eighteen years, thought Clare ir- rant. *But that wasn't enough for either o s.* She went to one of the windows and lo ed for pigeons on the broad sills outside. Th re were none. She turned away, trying to ce herself in the present again. She must do so e- thing to quiet the memories, and to mak er presence here real. Better telephone som e.

To whom wouldn't a call turn into a c re or an intrusion? Naturally she should all Claude Gregory. She always did. And Je ne

> **Just because you've fallen in love with the dimple is no reason for marrying the whole girl.**
>
> **W. C. FIELDS**

always called Philip Merton shortly afte e arrived. He was Jerome's New York law r. Phil had written her a quite wonderful le er after she was widowed. Clare had thou t that she would consult Philip about d g something for Julia and Belinda financ y. Clare was reminded that she should ve Belinda a ring, and at least let the child k w she was in town. Without exacting or exp t- ing anything.

"Mr. Merton, please," she said. "It's Ms. Tarrant calling, Mrs. Jerome Tarrant fr m St. Ives."

He was quickly on the phone. "Well, Cl e, how are you? How long have you bee n town?"

"Just arrived this morning."

"Good—I certainly want to see you."

Not very much, she thought, hearing an u- dertone of caution—or did she imagine? *He's afraid he has an old widow on his ha ds*, she said to herself.

"I've thought so often about Jerome," d Philip Merton.

"Yes."

"It's a good way to go—I'm sure it's wh he would have wanted—but it's hard on e ones who are left."

How many thousand times had that be said to her? There was no possible answe t wasn't a good way to go. Jerome would he hated it. He liked to do things with dign , with full preparation.

"How is everything going with you, Phi " She swung the talk off Jerome.

"All right, except that I'm not getting y younger, unfortunately. We must have din r together, Clare. Look, let me see how n fixed—my very stern secretary keeps e straight on engagements—let me ring y back today or tomorrow."

"When you get around to it, Phil. I'll e busy with this and that. It's good to hear y r voice."

Clare remembered that when Jerome u to call Philip Merton an engagement had b n made instantly. *The demotion of being a wid* she thought. She did not call any more of people who had been their mutual frie

moment's indecision she rang up regory at the agency.
'lare—actually you? When did you Clare, I was terribly sorry ——"
v you would be—and thank you," upted. "Don't say anything more, t's true and talk seems to make it —worse. I'm a fugitive from pity. ly I'm in New York actually."
ou lunch with me?"
e that, though he must be breaking n engagement with someone else.
'e to. When and where?"
'clock be all right with you? How old place on East Fifty-third?"
vorite. I'll be there."
d now, as she left the telephone, a hold in the city. An engagement, a o where she would be expected. She f the famous little restaurant, the al busy bar always crowded with o made a pet of the place. Although n in the back of her mind to tele- inda, she decided to delay that. First I unpack and change and then for r two slip back into a world which credible without Jerome.
ging of the telephone surprised her. p Merton calling back so soon? No new that she was here.
——"
Clare," answered the rich, confident er daughter.
Julia darling—how nice of you to now's everything down in Washing-

usual state of confusion. I flew up ing. I'm downstairs."
stairs here?"
have to make a talk at the Waldorf en's luncheon—a political thing. I e you'd be in New York—you were about your dates—but I knew you opped here. So I inquired and they I just checked in. Shall I come up?"
ld hope so!" Clare said. "This is erful."
se it was. Clare did not wish for a nd that her daughter were not on pstairs, in spite of that trace of ap- n which Julia could bring with her. ance about the room was involun- as her quick, critical look in the rror. Then she went swiftly down the meet Julia and the affection in their vas real.

nstant they appraised each other. *vearing her career beautifully this She is not quite so slim as she was ten o,* thought Clare. *All that discussion ent and trying to be on the right side tle in her face. But she is very good-*

looking awfully well," said Clare a note of applause for the woman in

you," said Julia; "but don't get any

v. I'm a wrinkled hag as it is."
simply wonderful," said Julia. "I w how you do it."
t quite a compliment, for the accent re's age. Clare laughed aloud. Julia uld deal a blow with the truth.
mean it," protested Julia, "and I ou how glad I am to have found you morning. You probably guessed on my mind when I was talking to telephone two weeks ago. I wanted ou, but it is the sort of thing that it is possible to put in a letter."
new at once that it was Belinda who e put in a letter. She wondered how conversation would take. She had o wear the gold knitted dress to t she couldn't change while Julia It would seem too frivolous—for a nearly sixty-five—to explain that she take a bath and change her shoes y, while Julia had a problem to put . She looked casually at her wrist. It ly nearly twelve o'clock.
a's drifting into trouble. I think she's roads in her life," said Julia.
. Crossroads. *Such trite, political* thought she had a job," said Clare. still with the magazine?"

"She has a miserable little research job," said Julia. "She verifies facts for articles—that sort of thing. There's no future in it."

"It may not be just what you wanted for her, Julia—I know you were disappointed when she had no flair for Washington life and wouldn't have a debutante party and all that—but if she wants to be independent, she'll be no less attractive and happy ——"

"I didn't care about the social end," said Julia. "She could do something worth while even in New York if she would let me arrange it. I could get her a very interesting job at the United Nations. I've helped other girls. But Belinda is so indifferent. I can't bear to have her turn out this way. It's not just what it does to me ——"

"But she won't turn out wrong! Julia, she's only twenty-two; she's feeling her way, testing her emotions. If she is playing around with some man you don't approve of, she may get burned, but she has to learn about fire ——"

"It's not playing. She's involved with a married man."

"Did Linda tell you this?"

"She didn't deny it," said Julia, "and she won't discuss it."

Clare's face was troubled now. She said, "I hope it isn't true. A love affair should be clear and untangled for her at this age, even if it's temporary. But feeling is never made to order, Julia. You have to take it as it comes and when it comes—if you want to live. If it should be serious, there's such a thing as divorce."

"Not in this case. I don't think Henry Cowper could get a divorce. Even if he tried. It would be scandalous and cruel ——"

"Nothing is more cruel than an unhappy marriage."

"The thing is," said Julia, "his wife is sick. She's a mental case."

Clare did not move or question. After a minute Julia went on. Now, as if a bridge were safely crossed, she made her points more calmly, added it up for Clare, told the story.

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"You see, this man lives in Chicago, in some suburb or other, but he has to be in New York quite often on business. He's been married for years—he's much too old for Belinda anyway. I should say he's between thirty-five and forty. He can be quite charming and I suppose it was quite a brilliant marriage—with her connections. But they had a stillborn child and his wife went into a state of melancholia. I don't know all the details, but she has to have a nurse with her all the time."

"How did Belinda happen to know him?"

"I'm responsible for that," said Julia unhappily. "That's another reason why I feel so dreadful about the whole thing. Senator Hume brought Henry Cowper to my apartment. I was having people for cocktails. I knew Henry was married to a niece of the senator's and I liked him. So when he said he was often in New York I said, 'Look up my Linda sometime. I'd like her to meet you and your wife.' Something like that, perfectly natural and casual. I showed Henry Cowper her picture ——"

"That must have fixed it," said Clare.

"Several months later Senator Hume asked me to lunch. He brought the conversation around to Henry Cowper and told me the story. At the time I didn't realize why John was telling me all that, or that Henry was seeing Belinda. Then I got a letter—unsigned—and it was very bitter about Belinda and Henry, and attacked me, saying that a depraved daughter was the result of a bad mother and why didn't I get out of public life. Of course you get those crazy letters occasionally and pay no attention—but this one horrified me. I called up Belinda and asked her to come over, because I couldn't get away; she came the next Sunday. I was as tactful as I could be."

"Was she disturbed—hurt?"

"I don't know. She escaped me—you know how Belinda is," said Julia in desperation. "I felt as if I were talking to the wind."

"She admitted that she was seeing him?"

"Oh yes! All she said was that there was nothing to worry about. Clare, will you please make her break off this affair?"

"I? If she won't listen to you?"

"I think she would listen to you. She's always thought you were wonderful. And you're the one person who could make her understand what she's letting herself in for because ——"

Clare knew the rest of it. She thought, *Julia grew up with what I let myself in for. I never thought she was aware of it. She seemed so busy and she was so well taken care of.*

Julia glanced at her watch. "I have to go. Call Belinda right away, will you? And, Clare, don't tell her that I talked this over with you."

Clare detained her after their kiss with one question.

"Wasn't there a boy called Peter in Belinda's picture? When Jerome and I were here last time—that was more than a year ago—I remember that we took Belinda and this Peter to dinner and the theater. He seemed quite mad about her. Jerome rather liked him."

Julia said, "That would have been Peter Sulgrave. He had to go into the Navy. I'm sure he wanted to marry her, but they weren't engaged." With one hand on the doorknob she said, "Clare, don't misunderstand what I said—for you everything worked out so wonderfully. But Belinda's so young—so casual about life—she's not like you."

"Not tough like me," said Clare. "Run along, Julia, and fix up the world."

The nurse had a hard job. *It isn't getting any easier*, thought Henry Cowper. Nobody knew what Sylvia's next whim would be or what would come to the surface of that troubled, darkening mind. The irony was that Sylvia had once so coveted luxuries that she could have for the asking now. Money was no longer the problem that it had been in the first days of their marriage. Always Henry's problem, not Sylvia's. She had never tried to help him solve it.

But with the generosity of his healthy mind, and with what pity was left after the long struggle, Henry reminded himself again that Sylvia had no capacity for love or for being a normal wife. He had memories of scenes with her which he had never discussed even with the medical men or psychiatrists who had taken care of Sylvia. They were too shameful and could add nothing to diagnosis. He could protect her that much.

He did his best to keep Sylvia satisfied and diverted. It was necessary to keep her use of drugs under control, for they increased her instability. Long consultations made much use of the word "disturbed" and avoided a definition of insanity. But the experts told Henry that his wife must be kept under constant care. He devoted himself to working harder, the solid core of interest in his work as well as the necessity for money keeping him steady.

These facts, past and present, were in his mind as he packed his bag for New York. Henry did not regard them emotionally or pity himself. He didn't always carry them with him and he would soon leave them behind. But he would have to come back to them. The facts would be waiting for him. They had marked his face with a seriousness that was almost austere. It was a very handsome face on a lean, disciplined body that had never been softened by dissipation nor taken much time for ease.

Finally, in the air, he felt free from dreariness. As the plane gained cruising speed he was already mentally figuring how long it would be before the use of solid fuel would be common in passenger planes, how soon most of them would be jets. He thought of the inevitable expansion for his company. And there were new products coming along, being tested. He thought, *I'll talk about that to Belinda.* The plane droned on and he began to admit her to his mind.

Thinking about her was a reward which he would not allow himself to have until other things were taken care of. She was kept apart from any tangle or mess. But in a few hours now he would see her, face her across a table, drive with her, laugh with her. She would carve out a piece of happiness and give it to him and it would keep him alive until he saw her again.

How many times had there been? Henry looked back at them. He'd had no intention of ever telephoning Belinda Rood. But in New York with a long evening stretching emptily ahead, he had looked up her name in the telephone book. Just for curiosity. She lived over by the East River. Henry decided that he wouldn't follow it up. She'd think he had a nerve—a married man, so much older than she was. Still, if she turned him down, he had nothing to lose. Of course he would make it clear that he was calling at her mother's suggestion.

He dialed the number listed for Belinda Rood. He told her later that it was pure luck that he did.

"Not luck," said Belinda; "you had to call me."

"Why?"

"Because I was waiting for you to call."

"But you didn't know I existed. You didn't even know my name."

"I didn't know your name. But I knew you existed," said Belinda.

"Are you a little fey?" he asked, teasing her.

"Sometimes," said Belinda.

He had come to believe it.

Henry had not known that the company of any girl could be both exhilarating and peaceful. He dropped his guard. He wasn't afraid to talk to her. He thought now, *Belinda made it possible from the start. She made it so right. She was so unaffected, with no pretending, no double talk.* He explained that his wife was invalided with a serious nervous breakdown, and Belinda did not question him about the cause nor ask for more details than he gave her. Nor did she offer him pity.

Before their second meeting, Henry had argued with himself that he should let well enough alone. He'd had a pleasant break, a very delightful evening with Belinda Rood, but friendship or continued association with such a girl was not in the cards for him. Of course he did not let it alone. He had called Belinda as soon as he reached the New York airport.

He did not try to resist seeing her after that, not after she told him how much she had hoped that he would come again to New York. There was no attempt at provocation in what she said, but neither did she try to deny the miracle of what was happ[ening] between them. There had been a we[ek] in October when conferences had kept [him] in New York, and they had seen ea[ch] other every day.

She made the city different for hi[m] with new amusements and interest[ing] experiences. They dined in famous re[s]taurants, but Belinda would cook a meal in [her] apartment if that idea seemed bette[r].

Their relationship was being [built] on laughter and gravity, of his work an[d] of what they mutually liked or could [do] without, of the last meeting and the [next] of telephone calls. Henry had put [a] telephone in his Chicago office so [he] could talk to her without having t[o go] through the switchboard at the plan[t]. Sometimes he had to make sure that she [was] there, that nothing had happened to [her], no one had robbed him of her. He [was] now and then, fearing that this love [in] could not safely anchor might be [drawn] some dangerous current.

They had been seen together. Her[e's] that. One of the Chicago salesmen in [his] company, a man he didn't like, had m[ade] uncomfortable in a New York restau[rant] night. The fellow kept staring at [them] though Henry ignored him after a n[od] ognition. There was no reason wh[y] should not take a girl out to dinner. [The] man knew about the Cowper domes[tic] tion and he was the type who migh[t] make a salacious story of the incide[nt].

Once in January, when he had [gone] Senator Hume in Washington to d[is]cuss Army contract, Henry had felt that [the] mosphere was slightly strained. The[y] had asked about Sylvia's condition—[an] only natural—and gone on to inquire [if] Henry had ever called on Mrs. Ro[od]. question did not seem casual and H[e] at the time that there was motive b[ut] He said that he had not seen Mrs. Ro[od] the cocktail party. The senator had r[aised] untidy eyebrows, then frowned, as i[f] something on his mind. Henry h[ad] away with a very uncomfortable fee[ling] suspected that there must be gossi[p] Belinda and himself. If it had come to [the] of Senator Hume, it must be widespr[ead].

He knew what would be taken for [a] if such rumors were persistent. But [the] vious conclusion was not true. He [was] still trying to protect Belinda with t[he] He loved her. He had told her so ma[ny] He had never loved a woman bef[ore] knew that now. But she was not his [mis]tress in spite of desire and opportunity. Th[ey] talked about it, of course. It was his [idea] but Belinda who made it possible for [him] keep it.

He was thinking as the plane began [to] thinking realistically that nobody [would] credit the situation. He thought, *Is it [for] her? That is all that counts. What is [best] her?*

At Idlewild, in the early dusk, he dia[led] number. When he heard her voice [it] complete and safe.

"I'm here, Belinda. Do you love m[e]?" me quickly."

"Yes. You'll be surprised. It's grow[n] you've seen me."

"You darling girl. As soon as I leave [you] at the hotel and get cleaned up I'll com[e] Where would you like to go for dinner?"

"I must tell you ——"

"What's happened?"

"Ah, nothing to make you [be] alarmed. It's only that Clare is in New [York]. I found a message at the office and [she] called her back a little while ago she su[g]gested dinner with her."

"Who's Clare?"

"Clare Tarrant. My grandmother."

"Oh." Henry faced up to disappoint[ment]. "Must you really see her tonight?"

"I want to. She's alone—her husband [died] not so long ago. It must be dreadful for [her] be here without him. She's probably [living] into memories everywhere."

"Let me take you both to dinner. [Joy] suppose," he added hopefully, "that [you]

Death from the Hospital Nursery

"Death From the Hospital Nursery," an article that appeared in the February, 1959, *Ladies' Home Journal*, reported epidemics of staph infection originating in hospital nurseries among the newborn and spreading to their parents and to other patients. Now there is new evidence that the virulent staph organism still finds a place to thrive in some hospitals.

In a recent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*, two doctors give their analysis of an outbreak of impetigo in a western hospital. This outbreak, of three months' duration, resulted in disease conditions for 128 infants and 150 persons in their immediate families, according to their estimate. "The children of one family in our survey," these doctors say, "transmitted type 80/81 staphylococcus to their cousins, who were frequent playmates, and staphylococcal skin infections are now recurring persistently among both families." The authors stress that the attending physicians of the families in their study often failed to realize the hospital origin of the infection, or that it was running through entire families.

"Hospital staph" is resistant to antibiotics. Reliance upon antibiotics as an easy cure may have led to laxity in hospital sanitation procedures that permit it to start. Alert, informed physicians and hospital administrators can stop staph dead in its tracks. It does not occur, or is immediately eliminated, in hospitals where vigilance is the rule. The rooming-in system of maternity care tends to eliminate staph for mothers and babies. Prospective mothers can seek and insist on such care. Staph infection, which is usually characterized by persistent skin sores, can result in death when the infection reaches the lungs, heart, the intestinal tract, or causes general blood poisoning. The *Ladies' Home Journal* will continue to inform its readers of this danger whenever it occurs.

CONTINUED ON PA

re of the most exciting women in the world: Elsa Martinelli



RTINELLI is a glamorous and hard-working actress, o handsome young Roman count, and mother of a -year-old—"I often feel tense but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize, to ease away tension lines—"Pond's leaves my skin so clean yet keeps it beautifully soft and smooth."

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

grandmother will want to stay out very late."

There was a sound of laughter. To hear her gaiety again was so good—no one was so gay!

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"The way you said 'your grandmother.' Clare doesn't fit that tone of voice, Henry. I told her that I expected you and she said to bring you along."

"Belinda—won't she think it's out of line?"

"Because you're married? I told her you were. She wants to meet you. You'll like Clare."

"I've been starving for the sight of you," said Henry Cowper. "Every mile between us seems like a personal enemy."

"There are no miles now. It's so good to have you here."

"I feel as if I've come home," he said. "But I should be making a home for you, not letting you do it, Linda. By rights you should throw me out of your life."

"I wouldn't like an empty life," Belinda told him.

"You could soon fill it."

"No, I couldn't," said Belinda. "You can't take your life to the nearest filling station and say, 'Fill it up with love, please. High test.'"

"Maybe not like that. But you'd soon find some man who was free," said Henry. He made himself say it, but he was waiting for denial.

"I think that if you hunted for love or made a lot of conditions you'd never find it. It's never in the obvious places. It's a surprise. A compulsion. You had to call me that Sunday and I had to be there. There's nothing we can do about it, Henry."

Yes, thought Henry, *she's right. Why do I want only this one girl? She's out of my reach. But no one else will do.*

"I must take care of you," he said.

"You do. Would you like a drink?"

"Yes, I would. But how about you... mother?"

"I told her we'd be there about ei... have half an hour. I must tell you abou... She's quite beautiful even now, unle... changed since last March. And to me... ways has been one of the most r... people in the world."

"So you have a romantic grand... Who takes after who?"

"The reason she may have seemed... mantic was because Jerome was ali... much in love with her."

"Her husband?"

"Her second husband. I don't re... her first one, who was my mother's rea... He died when they hadn't been marri... long. There always seemed to be some... little obscure about him. I know that ... in England during the First Wor... Clare married Jerome when I was on... or four years old, so for me he was alw... husband. He was the man in the famil... I was growing up."

"Your father was in the last war, y... me."

"Yes. He was killed. We lived in W... ton then. He had been in Congress, ... was quite young for that. I can rememb... fragments about my father."

"Don't be sad, darling."

"I'm not. I'm just remembering. Cla... to run a literary agency here. She wa... successful. She's a fabulous person."

"I'm beginning to be afraid of your... Your mother is a political big shot an... your grandmother turns out to be a... celebrity."

"Clare is very different from my m..." Belinda said. "You'll see." She added ... little sigh, "I don't disappoint Clare th... do my mother."

"You couldn't disappoint anybody."

"Yes. I do. But anyway Clare's not a ... rity now. She gave up the work she use... when she married Jerome and they lived ... Ives when they weren't traveling."

"What was his business?"

"Jerome was head of an electrical con... Does Charters Electric mean anyth... you?"

"I should say it does. He was presid... Charters?"

"Yes, I'm sure I'm right. He was ve... portant until he retired and it showed ... manner even after that. Not that he was ... ous at all, but he had an air of being u... controlling things and people, of takin... of situations. Jerome always gave m... most complete sense of safety. Without p... a fence around me. Do you know w... mean? He was bigger than trouble. I... express it very well. But sometimes you ... me feel the same way."

"I make you feel safe?"

"It's better than being safe," she pu... "because it isn't dull and safety wou... that. Neither Clare nor Jerome was eve... They lived in a quite beautiful house tha... built after they were married and it was ... erous place. Clare always had lovely ... around her, but she didn't rely on them. ... relied on her. It was an exciting house t... perhaps because everyone was conscio... that active love between the two of then ... that they were sloppy about it. They'd ... I suppose they must have quarreled. Cla... lash out. But they never took each oth... granted. He kept courting her. He wou... his glass to her and mean it ——"

"Like this?" asked Henry.

"Just like that," said Belinda. "Thank... my love. I remember seeing Jerome ... Clare into his arms one night. I was st... with them that winter because Julia had ... to Congress to fill out my father's unex... term, and she was living in a hotel ... thought that was no place for a child. ... and Jerome had said good night to me—... were all dressed up and going out to ... dinner party—and I watched them fr... window in the upper hall as they went ... the car in the driveway. It was snow... little. There was a kind of golden light ... the lights on the front columns and Clar... wearing white furs—she's rather golden ... self. And suddenly Jerome turned and f...



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o his arms as if he couldn't help
'

y was stirred as she re-created the
t was not the man and the woman he
t Belinda watching them: his innocent
nd she still was in spite of everything.
a kind of gratitude to those people who
wn the child how a man and a woman
el about each other, and done it so
r. *She feels safe with me*, thought
I must never let that change.
now he's dead?"
Last March. Clare didn't expect it. I
that's the other way that love can
you, the ghastly way. When it leaves
enly as it comes, goes out of sight and
nd hearing. Clare was incomplete
saw her again. She was surrounded by
and not paying attention to any of
was as if she were listening all the
a voice she couldn't hear."

had expected to meet someone who
seem bereft, probably pitiful. The
who opened the door of her suite for
and himself and took them into a
lendid sitting room was not at all the
Henry had built up in his mind as
told him about her grandmother. She
was very fond of Belinda. He could
tenderness in Clare Tarrant's voice
e welcomed the girl. *Of course she
be expected to like me under the cir-
ces*, Henry told himself as he re-
to skilled graciousness that kept him
e distance she wanted.
sn't sure that he liked Clare Tarrant
though he had thought that he would.
as no doubt that she had been a beau-

**best way for a man to get out
lowly position is to be con-
uously effective in it.**

REV. D. JOHN HALL

nan, and she didn't look much more
y now, though she must be consider-
er. But she made no pretense to
he wore a black dress and her hair
ing from gold to silver. Her eyes were
lue, unfaded.
a was rejoicing tonight. The sight of
d the meeting between her and Henry
l Belinda.
e the way you take possession of any
ere you lay your head, Clare," said
"with all your books and flowers.
ns like your own house already."
hard to make this bowling alley
said Clare. "But they do help out.
so extravagant as Jerome was, and
oms need a lavish touch."
telling Henry about Jerome."
said, "Thank you, darling," as if she
at must have been said. She didn't
hat. She asked, "Henry, will you
a drink for us? Everything should be
re on the side table by that roaring
ire. I'll have a Martini—there's bour-
Scotch too."
him you'd have a Martini."
t you keep any of the family secrets,
ble child?"
rom Henry. Anyway, now he knows
y, he'd find out about us pretty quick.
met Julia, you know—before he knew

id he?" Clare was thinking. *Belinda
if it were settled between them, like an
girl. She looks at him that way. He's
an I expected, younger than Julia led
ieve. Handsome, too, and he looks very
t. I like his control. That's the worst
eems a strong person. Whether we like
isn't going to change his mind. He's
h in love with her. This man couldn't
if he tried. Neither could Jerome. He
as determined—but that was different.
der. I'd been married once and I'd
o look after myself. I knew what I was
to. Linda doesn't. Henry Cowper has a
may live forever, from what Julia
years, twenty! Linda hasn't the faintest
t it would be like.* Without apparent pause she said, "You live in Chicago, don't you, Mr. Cowper?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tarrant. At present. Our firm has its main plant there."

Now ask him about his wife and if he has any children, Clare told herself. *No, I cannot. I will not turn the knife.*

She said instead, "I thought it would be pleasant to have dinner served up here. We always used to put the table over there by the windows and watch the lights of the city."

"It's heavenly," said Belinda. "I remember. I had dinner with you up here before."

"With Jerome and me last year. And your young man—Peter . . . what?"

"Pete Sulgrave."

"What did you do with him? He seemed quite firmly attached."

"He's doing time in the Navy. In New London."

"Doesn't he ever get leave?"

"Oh, yes. He gets here sometimes."

"You must bring him to see me again," said Clare. "Jerome liked that young man."

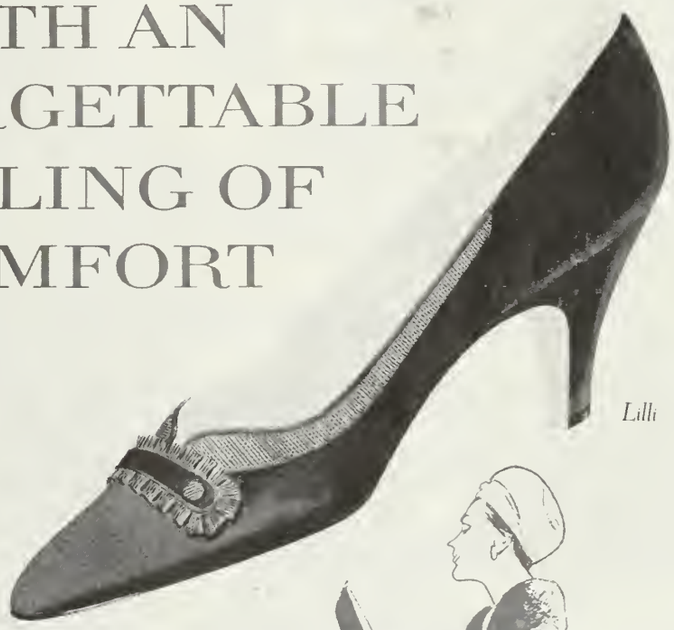
Henry Cowper was mixing drinks with a deadpan expression, but of course he had heard. *A cheap and obvious way*, Clare told herself, *but he will understand that he can expect no concession to an affair between him and Belinda. I will make none; it's much too serious.* As she telephoned the waiter, she could see the couple standing by the window. It made Clare feel like a ghost. She knew so exactly what they were feeling, how they could communicate without words, that they were adding another happy moment to their small store of them. They were beautiful together—Belinda so supple and feminine; she was a girl who needed a strong man. There were few men who showed devotion like that.

They talked over the melon and the duckling and the cheese—Clare had ordered the kind of food that Jerome liked—of jet planes and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143


Du Barry

FASHION...
WITH AN
UNFORGETTABLE
FEELING OF
COMFORT


Lilli


Beth



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P.S. You can also make 36 homemade-good brownies with this mix!



The red spoon Betty Crocker tells you it's Betty Crocker good... and General Mills guarantees it.

'TINUED FROM PAGE 141

fuels and the Formosa Straits and
e and the chance of war.
as Jerome in the First World War?"
Belinda.
re was silent for a minute; then she said,
me couldn't go in 1917. His first wife was
valid and dependent on him for every-
He had no money. Finally he made
mind to go anyway, but the war ended."
did not look at Henry Cowper. She
hem lightly, "It's very rude of me to tell
wo to eat and run, but this has been a
lay and I am going to finish my unpack-
id get to my bed. Belinda, go into my
and fix your face, if you like, and then
nd Henry can run along."
nda was gone and the door of the bed-
was closed. The strain had come back
Henry's face.
re said, "I'm sorry, Henry."
ealize what you must think of me, Mrs.
nt. I know how it must look to you. I
nly say that this is no ordinary thing.
's nothing cheap about it. I have a prob-
try to do my best with it. In law, I'm a
ed man. In fact, I'm not. All of myself
important belongs to Linda."
never works," said Clare. "Now this
eem enough. Soon it won't be."
ry not to think farther than the present,"
her.
at isn't fair to her."
keep her safe. Somehow. I promise

w can you? They are talking now about
lations between you and Belinda. Her
r is getting vile letters."
idn't know that," said Henry, his face

ere's been only one that I know of so
t they breed quickly. It's not necessary
Belinda about them, not now anyway."
course not. Mrs. Tarrant, what I want
n the world is to take care of Belinda.
en told her that she should cut me off,
of me. She says she doesn't want to."
en you have to make the decision. A
e isn't possible?"
e no legal cause. My wife is helpless.
lly ill."
d there's no future ——"
ysically she's quite healthy," he said in
voice.
or boy," said Clare. "Henry, I'm not
g you. No one can help falling in love.
you're a good man. And for your sake,
most glad you met Belinda. It's given
glimpse. But it mustn't go on. For the
s reasons that are so terribly true."

e was a ball going on in the Persian
of the Plaza and people in evening dress
athered in groups in the lounges and
ors. Among them Belinda looked very
dressed. Henry realized after a minute
that he expected her to be embarrassed,
s to suggest that they go somewhere
Sylvia would, he thought. *But Linda is
ful. She has the air of a princess.*
will be quiet in the Oak Room," she

y settled in a corner and she let her
ll on the bench where they sat.
you know that you are especially
ul tonight?" he asked.
n I? Isn't beauty a strange thing? You
–I believe people give it to each other.
t something you have by yourself.
lost so much beauty—it's sad."
hink she is a very handsome woman."
s, of course," said Belinda, "but you
have seen her when Jerome was
l."
you mean that I make you feel beau-

, yes. I've never felt this way. I shall
ly become intolerably vain if I see you
nough."
was his hour. Henry ordered vintage
agne for her, Scotch for himself because
membered that he had a big day to-
w.
hink we're good for each other," said
"I know that just seeing you makes me
r man. If that's true, if we can bank on
—"

He stopped, for he recognized the man at the bar who was watching them, trying to get their attention. It was Bob Sheldon, waving a cordial hand—Henry had to respond, but he did it with restraint. No use. Sheldon had begun to make his way across the room.

"This is a man I do business with," said Henry in a swift aside to Belinda. "He's coming over. I can't do anything about it. Have to be civil."

By that time Bob Sheldon was shaking hands with Henry and looking Linda over with inquisitive eyes.

"I'd like you to meet Miss Rood. May I present Mr. Sheldon, Linda?"

Sheldon said that it was a pleasure and that it was good to see Henry. "Terrible mob out there," he said. "I'm absent without leave from my own party, but my ears were beginning to hurt."

Sheldon was talking to Henry but regarding Linda with interest. Henry knew what the other man was thinking. He would see at once that this was not a commonplace New York date and that Belinda was both beautiful and rare. He would wonder what was going on between her and Henry Cowper.

Meeting almost any other man would matter less, thought Henry. Sheldon was a partner in the investment firm which already had put considerable money into Victor Products and would certainly be asked for more if the company expanded. Sheldon sat on the board of directors of Victor. It seemed to Henry now that Sheldon was very carefully not mentioning Sylvia, and the attempt at tact annoyed him too. Why wasn't Sheldon natural? Why didn't he inquire about Sylvia? There was nothing Belinda didn't know about his marriage. And what right had this character to be asking Linda personal questions and letting his glance roam over her that way?

"Do you just live here or do you work at something, Miss Rood?"

"I work."

Henry could not stand the fatuousness. He said, "Belinda is on the research staff of *Today Magazine*."

"It must be quite interesting work," said Sheldon. "I suppose that you have different assignments?"

"Yes, I do what I'm told," she said. "Right now I'm getting statistics, as far as they are available, on abortions."

She spoke quietly and cleanly. But the word hurtled into Henry's mind and made him uncomfortable. He wished she hadn't brought that up. Sheldon was the kind of person who would make something of it, build up a story. He would say, "This girl who was out with Cowper is an expert on sex stuff." Why didn't he take himself off? He must know he wasn't wanted.

Henry made an attempt to laugh it off when Sheldon was gone. He tried to resume possession of his hour.

"Unmitigated gall, his horning in that way. But I suppose he'd had a few drinks and felt popular."

"Why did you mind it so much?"

"I don't particularly like the man. He has all the characteristics of the rich bully."

Belinda looked too thoughtful, was too silent.

Henry said, "He's the kind of character who'd get the wrong idea. He has that kind of mind."

END OF SUMMER

By KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

Summer is not ended
When a calendar page is turned, or when a few
Dry leaves fall whitened on green grass,
Or when the meadow spires
Ripen in amber fires,
Or early sky hangs cool above sea's change.
Summer has endings, unaware and strange,
Beyond bright days extended.

Summer is done
When no toys or rubbers lie below the steps,
An empty ladder leans against the barn.
Dogs bark at shadows, and their whines
Bring no whistled answer from the pines.
No screen doors bang, and there is no admonitory hush
For sleep. Birds possess again the elderberry bush
Quietly, in the sun.

Summer was blended
Of laughter under trees, and shouts along a beach.
When the sands hold no print of quick bare feet,
No lithe and naked body of a child
Thigh-deep in minnows stares into the tide
(A fishlike being among fins and flippers)
And no one builds a wall against incoming waters,
Summer is ended.

"The idea that we're in love?"

"He wouldn't understand the situation. He's incapable of it."

"Doesn't he know you are married?"

"I suppose so. Yes, he should. If he remembers. Actually he met Sylvia some years ago. Before she went completely to pieces."

"That was it. I knew something was disturbing you. Hurting you. . . . Henry, no one is going to understand, no one could possibly think it's right except us. Not that man. Nor my mother. Nor Clare, after tonight. We can't help that. We can't help it if someone looks at us obscenely."

"I don't intend to allow it," he said sharply.

"I seem like a thief," she said, "but I'm not a thief. All I'm taking is something that doesn't belong to anyone else. And never did. It's mine—it exists just for me."

"Darling, that's the truest thing you ever said."

"But I don't like to have you feel humiliated. By being with me."

"Humiliated! I'm never more proud than when I'm with you!"

"You hated that man's guesses. And what Clare said to you tonight when I was out of the room."

"How did you know she said anything?" he asked.

"How could I not know? One look at your face—remember that I love you."

"She didn't say very much. She was rather kind. But she put it to me straight that I wasn't taking care of you. Of course she was only telling me what I know. You should have something so much better than what I can give you."

"Nothing is better than what you give me."

"There's no one in the world like you, Linda."

He reached for her hand and was about to lift it to his lips when several men came up to the bar. Henry gave them a quick look.

"Let's go," said Linda, and though she spoke softly it was decision.

Back in her apartment, Henry said, "There must be some place where I can take care of you. You don't need to go running around, working on stuff like abortions. Why should you? Let me take charge. You might like a place in the country where you could have a couple of dogs and get a lot of fresh air and have room to do anything you want. I can well afford it. And, if things work out—I'd make them work out so I could be there quite a lot of the time."

"You want me to be a kept woman?"

"Don't talk like that, Linda."

"That's what I would be."

"Please, darling. You know that all I want is to do something adequate for you. Try to give both of us a place that would be a kind of home."

She made a gesture.

"But this is your place," he protested. "I want to do what a man should do."

She said, "No, Henry dear, you can't have two wives. You're a law abider. You're honest. You promised your wife what they call your worldly goods. You promised to cleave to her—horrible word—and she can't release you from that promise because she doesn't think straight. Perhaps she wouldn't do it even if she weren't muddled. She'd have the right to refuse and the law would back her up. But she hasn't any right to a love that didn't exist until you and I created it together. Sometimes I'm almost happy in thinking that I don't take a thing that belongs to your wife or make you dishonest. I don't think I'm rationalizing—it doesn't feel like false reasoning. It feels like the truth."

"I've made it so tough for you," he said.

"No. It's been wonderful." Her eyes were suddenly startled as she heard what she was saying. "It *is* wonderful."

Henry had a flash of fear. He took her hands and drew her up from the chair, holding her straight and close, his lips against her hair, letting the warmth of love envelop them.

"I love you, Linda. You're here. We're together."

She released herself gently, as if she might tear something delicate if she were not careful.

She said, "I'm thinking of your leaving later, walking those deserted blocks alone, and a kind of shame and a feeling that this is not right will creep out of the shadows and walk along with you. They'll whisper that you're demeaning yourself, doing harm to me, that it's hopeless—oh, I know what it's like for you when I'm not there."

"You're all my life," said Henry. "Don't you know that?"

"I'm part of it. But the work you have to do, the people you meet, are part of your life too. And tomorrow morning the Sheldon man will be watching you across the table. He'll look a little sly. And you'll hate him because he saw us together." Belinda gave a strange, sad little laugh.

"Oh, my darling, forget about Sheldon ——"

"If you could," she breathed. "Henry, give me a present. Give me something I want, will you?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to walk away from here tonight loving me with pride. Do it now."

"But I always have pride—I always ——"

"Please. Give me what I want."

He lifted her face and looked at it for minutes before he kissed her.

Henry had slept badly, but his mind was firm this morning. Already he had talked to

Belinda on the telephone and told her that he would be with her at seven o'clock tonight. He was on time for the meeting of the directors.

The offices were small and standardized. Philip Yost, who was chairman of the board, cared nothing for front or show. Henry liked to work with Mr. Yost, who had an imagination like a divining rod. He would touch a suggestion or possible project with it and could tell almost at once whether it would be useful or profitable. A tall, spare, Lincolnian figure, always wearing a stringy tie, he was sternly virtuous about his dealings. Henry had once told Linda that he would bet Philip Yost knelt down to say his prayers every night and that he probably wore a nightshirt.

"Sit here, Henry," said Mr. Yost, indicating the chair at his left. "I want you to take a look at these estimates. But before we settle down to business, Mrs. Yost wants you for dinner tonight. Just some of our business family and a couple of others."

"I appreciate the invitation," said Henry, "but I'm tied up for dinner tonight. Will you tell Mrs. Yost how sorry I am?"

"You can break your engagement, can't you?" Yost asked. "General Apps is coming, and I want you to meet him before you go to Washington tomorrow."

"You want me to go to Washington tomorrow?"

"The sooner the better, Henry," Mr. Yost told him. "You beg off from that other engagement."

"I don't see how I can," Henry began and then he saw a wise, amused look on the face of Bob Sheldon, who was sitting across the table. He was probably going to the Yost dinner. And he would be perfectly capable of saying to Mr. Yost, "Henry has a very attractive friend here in New York. A girl who works on a magazine. She told me she was investigating abortions. These girls are nothing if not broad-minded. Of course no one can blame Henry for playing around a little und circumstances."

It was a business dinner. Part of h General Apps was a good man to kno

"But I'll see if I can't fix it. Of cou like to come very much, Mr. Yost," Henry.

"We'll be counting on you," said Mr with affable authority. To the stenograp said, "Tell Miss Flack to make a reser on an early plane to Washington tomorr Mr. Cowper."

Henry would call Belinda at noon a plain about dinner. She would under and he could leave the Yost party early would have hours together tonight.

The reports and discussion went on. Flack came in and passed a note to Mr. He turned to Henry again.

"There is no space on any plane avail Washington tomorrow morning. You ter take the train tonight, Henry. You c right from our place to the train."

"I'm sorry," said the girl at the switch of *Today*, "I don't know where I could Miss Rood."

Henry rang Linda's apartment, but was no answer. He left the meeting s times to call the magazine office, but i futile. It was after five o'clock in the afte before the conference broke up and he back to his hotel and the telephone. A past six he finally heard Belinda's voi sounded a little breathless.

"Are you all right? I've been trying a long to get you on the phone. Where ha been?"

"I went to Brooklyn to visit a hon girls. It's part of this research I'm on. I expect you'd be calling again after we s on seven o'clock."

"That's the trouble," he told her. Yost is pulling off a business dinner t and he insists that I be there. I couldn out of it, darling."

"It's all right. Come when you can."

"The worst of it is that he wants me to Washington on the night train. Thin popping fast and we don't want any o competitors to get ahead of us. You see it is?"

"Of course I do."

"But I want to see you so much. You know how much, Linda."

"I'll guess."

"I'm up against the ax. I may be tied up these people until traintime. I'm goi eleven-thirty. My darling, I'm so mixe about us. I'm no good to you. I've go job on my hands and I've got to deliver when am I going to see you?"

"When you come back. If you do."

It was after ten o'clock before he could the dinner. Mr. Yost wove the discu around Henry's expert knowledge and him answering questions on technical ma Finally Henry said he must go, and esc In the lobby of the apartment buildi found a telephone and dialed the far number. Steady ringing brought no an Frustration began to turn to fright. Wa hurt? Was this silence telling him she through with him? Could he taxi out t place and get back to Pennsylvania Stati time to take the train? No, it wasn't fea *I'll call her from the station*, he tho drearily.

In the waiting room Belinda stood up. denly emerging from all those people didn't matter. Her face was pale, her smi quite certain. "I wanted to see you off."

"There was never anything so kind, no so dear as this. It's been torture not to be you all evening."

"I'm here now," she said, claiming present moment.

Behind the high back of a deserted ben kissed her and tried to say it all at once.

"It's no good, not being together. I wa live with you—this isn't right for either When I saw you there, as if you belong me——"

"I belong as much as I can," she whisp against his shoulder.

"How can I leave you tonight? Linda— you come?"

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RECIPE OF THE MONTH
Chicken en Casserole



Dip 3½-4 lbs. chicken, cut up, in mixture ⅓ c. flour, 2 t. salt, 2 t. Black Pepper. Brown in ½ c. butter or marg. Transfer to baking dish. To butter add 1 to 2 T. of the seasoned flour, 2 T. Minced Onion, 1 T. Celery Flakes, 1 T. Sweet Pepper Flakes, ¼ t. Nutmeg, dash MSG, 4 oz. can mushrooms with liquid, 8 oz. can tomato sauce, 1 can water. Simmer 5 min. Pour on chicken. Cover. Bake in 350° oven until tender.

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d feel her body tighten. "With you

ould fly back in the morning if you

, do you want me to come?'

, planning quickly, "I have a com-
I can get another ticket on the train.

ould know a thing about it ——"

nged. Something happened to what

had been compliance. She stood

king or feeling ——

ody might," she said, "somebody
us together."

care," said Henry. He meant it to

ou do," she said, "you would. That's
e, Henry." Her breath lifted, not
h.

love you, Linda ——"

rse you do—and I love you. I had
o the station, Henry. I couldn't let
alone—like a man who isn't loved.
that isn't going to be missed every

you with me," he said desperately.

I was waiting," Belinda told him,
tending. That we were going away

Down to the mountains. I was
looking out the window of the train
morning and seeing peach blos-
I planned what we would have for
on the train—a big Southern break-
sausage and hominy grits ——
r train, Henry. I'll just walk to the
you," she said.

Rood approached the entrance to
dining room, her heart quickened;
ume was coming from the other

eldom die of hard work; ac-
is God's medicine.

R. S. MACARTHUR

It was his companion who startled
l. She recognized Henry Cowper at
moment that Senator Hume was
er. He bowed slightly in his grand
would have been natural to stop
the men, but Julia did not do so.
ly she spoke to the senator and she
em to recognize Henry at all, but
ssed them by.

ator said, "Suppose we postpone
nry. Let us go back to my office.
times when food loses its flavor."
ed himself behind his desk in a
nner and took his time.

ot sorry that you dropped in to see
Henry. I have been contemplating
ty of an interview with you."

t expect to be here until later in the
yesterday at the board of directors'
Victor we came to the conclusion
ould try to cut some of the red tape
to an operational status. Last night
ith General Apps. He thought you
us. You've been so kind before."

convinced that we have something
at is highly practical."

talk about that later. Perhaps. How

know, she's not at all well," said
fly. "We've had consultations with
edical men available and they all
it's a condition that calls for quiet
g care. She has someone with her
clock now."

aid the senator, "that is sad. I hope
personally tried to restore her to
confidence."

ne all I can."

seems to be some doubt of that,"
nator.

know what you mean, sir."

you do," said Senator Hume. "In
choose to be oblivious of gossip,
d's treatment of you at the door of
rant a few minutes ago must have
eelings clear. You have been seeing
al of her daughter in New York?"

nd then," said Henry, tightening up.
is own business.

"I'm not going to mince words," said the senator. "There is a certain kind of scandal which has never affected my family, and Sylvia—your wife—is a member of my family. I don't like what I hear, Henry."

"I don't know what you have heard, Senator Hume."

"Is it true or not? Have you an attachment for this girl?"

"I like Belinda Rood very much. I admire her. I respect her in every way. She is a person of great character, and ——"

"I'm glad to hear it. That should make it much easier to set the situation right. You must stop seeing this young woman."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I think that is my personal business."

"You are a married man."

"Technically," said Henry with bitterness. "I have done everything I can for Sylvia."

"For better or for worse," the senator reminded him, "in sickness and in health. Henry, I cannot command you. I advise you in as friendly a way as possible to give up this girl. For her mother's sake. For her own sake, for she can only be harmed by the association. And for your own sake too. If you do not give up the affair, I cannot continue to act as your friend and your sponsor with the Government agencies. In fact, I will use such influence as I have against you. And if Mr. Yost should inquire into my reasons, I can only say frankly that I do not trust your judgment nor can I rely on your stability. I'd rather not see that happen," said the senator, mild again in the way of a lawyer who could make a weapon of conciliation. "I've always liked you very much, Henry."

"At the moment that doesn't seem obvious," said Henry grimly.

"If you should call on me tomorrow morning and wish to talk about business, I shall be glad to be of any assistance within my power. You might like me to accompany you in making a few calls to the Pentagon. But if you do



ELMER: Elsie, you're out of your mind!

ELSIE: Oh, I think I have a pretty good chance.

ELMER: But you have no experience—no organization—no platform—no . . .

ELSIE: Don't be silly. I've had loads of experience and you can't beat my platform; "A gallon of Borden's Milk in every refrigerator."

BEAUREGARD: We've even got a campaign slogan —"Borden's Milk—the All American drink."

ELMER: Pretty savvy. . . but not enough to make you President of the United States.

BEAUREGARD: Pop, that's the *Uptown School Association!*

ELMER: Oh . . . . . !

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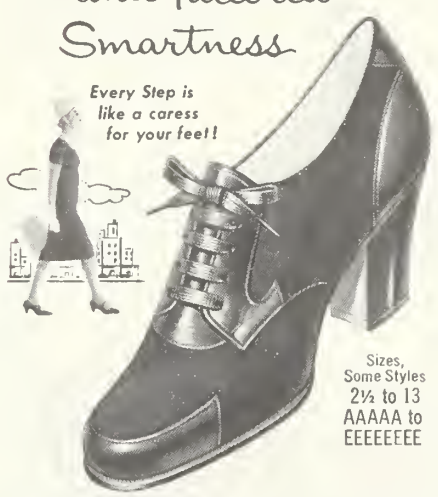


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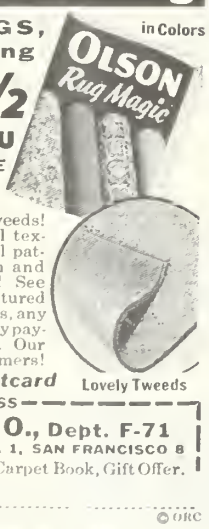
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call me, Henry, I shall take it for granted that you are going to put your life in order immediately. Otherwise—don't come back to this office."

Henry walked the streets of Washington, heedless of direction. He had never known such anger and humiliation as drove him now. He was stripped of dignity, outraged by the intrusion into his private life and the exposure of what a decent man had a right to keep secret.

Though he had suspected gossip even before Clare Tarrant told him of that letter to Belinda's mother, he had never thought that he would have to face it in his business. He had tried to think that it was a marginal, unimportant thing that could be ignored. He had been determined to believe that.

Desperately he planned alternatives to concession. He would go to the Pentagon without Hume. He would find the right people, convince them, get the contracts—but would he? Nothing would be done without the knowledge of the Armed Services Committee. And Victor would need those Government contracts if it was going to expand. Mr. Yost had laid that on the line yesterday.

If this got to Yost, especially if it affected business, Yost would go right up in smoke. He probably would anyway. Yost was old-fashioned and sentimental, and he doted on that wife of his. He loved to brag about how she had stood by him when the going was hard. He was talking about that last night at dinner. But Sylvia never had stood by. *I never let her down*, thought Henry bitterly. *I pretended for a long time. But I never knew much about women. I thought they all acted like that. Until I found Belinda.*

Did Belinda know this was coming? She was different the other night.

Other men cut loose. They break away from intolerable situations. I believe she would come with me. We could leave the country. But I'd run out of money. There's got to be money. Hume knows that. It's what gives him the whip hand. If I had a lot of capital and could settle enough on Sylvia to take care of her and run with the rest, it would be different.

It was a quarter to five and beginning to get dark. He remembered with pain that he had told Belinda he would telephone her as soon as he found out how long the business here would take, let her know when he would be back in New York so they could make plans. There couldn't be any more plans unless —— *How can I tell her about this blackmail? Tell her that they've cut the ground from under us and cut the heart out of me? And Belinda—have I done you harm? If I could stand with you before the world —— But I can't take care of you. It's more impossible than it was before. I have to fade out completely. Oh, Linda, I don't care what happens to anyone else, least of all to me, if you're all right, if you're safe.*

"You will come to dine with me very soon, my dear?" Philip Merton was saying.

"I would love it," said Clare. "Do you still have that wonderful cook?"

"I have indeed. Would you like me to include your granddaughter?"

The fear that Philip Merton's call had crowded out for a few minutes swept over Clare again. It had begun when Julia telephoned yesterday from Washington to say that she had received another of those anonymous things, worse than the first, and that she had seen Henry Cowper in Washington and cut him dead.

She said to Philip, "Belinda's very young."

"I often ignore age brackets," said Philip. "A few young people give a dinner party a fresh flavor. How old is your granddaughter?"

"Twenty-two. Incredibly."

"And does she take after you? Is she a beauty too?"

"Belinda's really rather lovely looking," she told him. "But I don't know what her engagements are."

Clare thought, *Linda wouldn't want to come to his dinner. That sort of thing isn't up her street at all.*

"I must meet her," said Philip. "Do try to bring her. Would next Saturday be possible for you?"

"Saturday is perfect," said Clare.

"And if in the meantime I can be of any service to you, Clare, you must let me know. I was deeply attached to Jerome."

"He was fond of you, Phil. I might like, one day, to ask for a little professional advice. I would like to work out a plan to help my daughter financially—she's in Congress, you know."

"I know that. She must be very clever. I often see her name in the press."

"Also I want to give Belinda a small income now and the balance of my estate when I die. There's no hurry, of course. I'll be here for weeks, perhaps even months. . . . Excuse me one minute, Phil. There's someone at the door."

Clare went through the foyer and opened her door to the complete surprise of seeing Belinda there.

SEPTEMBER ORCHARD

By FLORENCE B. JACOBS

Duchess, Astrachan, Pearmain,
Stark,
Walk in the thickened aisles,
each bough
bent to the grass, almost, with
dark
crimson, plum-colored, golden
fruit
older than history, from a root
deep in legend and timeless
myth.

(Solomon's comfort, Eve's
undoing,
discord seeding the Trojan War,
compulsion to send Old Johnny
strewing
the wide west plains with a
fertile pith
from his leather knapsack.)
Consider how
the taste of apples stays in the
mind,
never too lushly sweet, too bland,
clean on a man's tongue, cool
in his hand,
with a cool, clean scent. He may
let go by
melons', pomegranates' heavy
rind,
while he still remembers and
hungers for
Jonathan, Winesap, Wealthy
Spy.

"How nice—this is lucky, Belinda ——"

"Do you mind?" asked Belinda. Then she saw Merton's coat and hat on the hall bench and said quickly, "Oh, you've company. I won't stay now."

"But you must. This is someone who wants to meet you. He's just been inviting you to dinner, as a matter of fact."

"Who?" A flash of excited hope came into Belinda's eyes and died out as Clare said, "Philip Merton. An old friend of Jerome's."

She drew the girl into the living room, thinking she was right about Belinda's beauty. It didn't matter what she wore. Today it was a green tweed suit with a yellow scarf twisted at her neck. She seemed keyed up and that was becoming too.

"Phil, here's Belinda dropping in just when I wanted to show her to you."

"I'm so delighted that I lingered." Merton's connoisseur's eyes went over the girl and were pleased. He didn't hesitate. "I've just been telling Clare, whom I will not call your grandmother when she looks as she does, that she must bring you to dine with me. I've a funny old house, with a funny old cook ——"

"I would love to come," said Belin

"And I shall have to find a young you. Unless you prefer to supply one. a special young man?" asked Merto

She mustn't suggest bringing Hen per. *I couldn't let her do that*, thoug with apprehension.

"That depends," said Linda. "Wh invited to dinner?"

"Next Saturday. At eight, Clare?"

"It just happens that a man I kno Clare shuddered inwardly; she must s Then she heard Belinda going on pl "He's in the service and he'll have a leave. But please don't include us unle

"Is that the same young man Jero met and liked?" asked Clare.

"Peter Sulgrave," said Belinda, s like someone else.

But when Clare had closed the Merton and returned to the living r saw the girl who had been there wit Cowper. Belinda was standing by the in the very place where she had st him. *She's re-creating it. She's come something*, thought Clare.

"Thank you for letting us come t night, Clare," said Belinda without

"You've always been my favorite g know," said Clare, "ever since you little thing. Jerome's favorite one too

"I loved to stay in your house. T so much light and color. Your hou how to live so well, Clare. What h done with it?"

"Locked it up," said Clare. "Of co all tell me I should sell it."

"Should you? Why?"

"Widows used to get themselves neries," said Clare. "Now they're sup get to apartments. It's a big house. I be. Jerome was a big man."

"You're tall, too," said Belinda. "I ber that Jerome called the house citadel."

Clare laughed aloud. The sudden was delicious. "He did, didn't he? A was a reason. He knew I never felt s I married him."

"The other night I tried to tell He happy you were," said Belinda.

"I liked your Henry." Dear heav was exactly what she should not hav

"Not mine," said Belinda.

"I didn't mean that," said Clare, useless laugh. "It's just my way of id people with the ones who bring them She went on hurriedly: "He seems ve gent. Quite charming. I can see why joy his company."

There was no answer. Clare told *You can't dodge this any longer. Yo let Belinda believe that because you ha with her and Henry Cowper you are be an accomplice in this affair. Speak her how you feel.*

"But it's not particularly wise, is it Isn't it futile? From what I've heard uation—and Henry told me the sa when you were out of the room—he a divorce. Isn't that true?"

"Yes."

"It's a dead-end relationship. It c to marriage."

"It didn't have to lead to marriage

"You think that now," said Clar "At first it is always a brave adventu the bitterness sets in."

"Bitterness would never set in," linda.

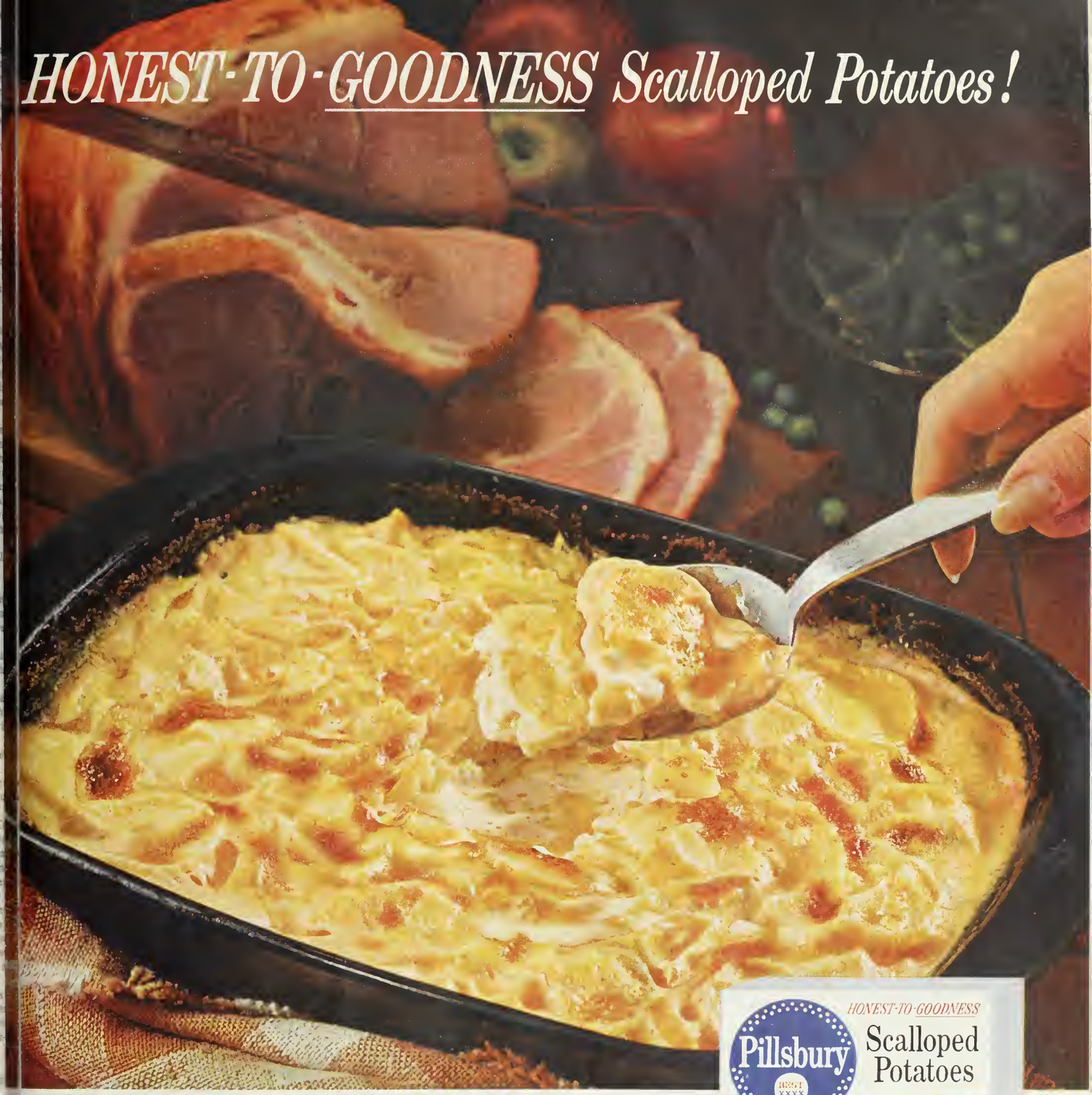
"You don't know how it is, Linda moralizing about this. I'm not talkin the right or wrong of the feeling you for each other. I know this happens like a serious accident that they aren't blame for. You've stumbled into the relationship on earth. And the mo the people involved are, the more cr

"That's true," said Belinda. "O right about that. It was why Henry over things. He has to feel honoral happy. Even to be comfortable."

Like Jerome, thought Clare. *An i look from a porter or a waiter could squirm. It could infuriate him.*

CONTINUED ON

HONEST-TO-GOODNESS Scalloped Potatoes!





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HONEST-TO-GOODNESS potatoes from PILLSBURY

90th Anniversary Year

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

"The more decent, the more cruel," repeated Belinda. "Why couldn't something happy and harmless be left alone? Just because he is a good man?"

"It's not harmless, Linda. Not for you. It's not what you should have."

"All I ever wanted," said Belinda, "was what belonged to us."

They must have quarreled, thought Clare. *She sounds so despairing. She speaks as if it were past. There are always those terrible quarrels, those days when you think that this time it really is over.*

"He's had so little happiness," said Linda. "He hardly knew what it was like to be happy. He was learning—so was I ——" She stopped, blocked by some prospect that defeated her.

"Henry is still in Washington?"

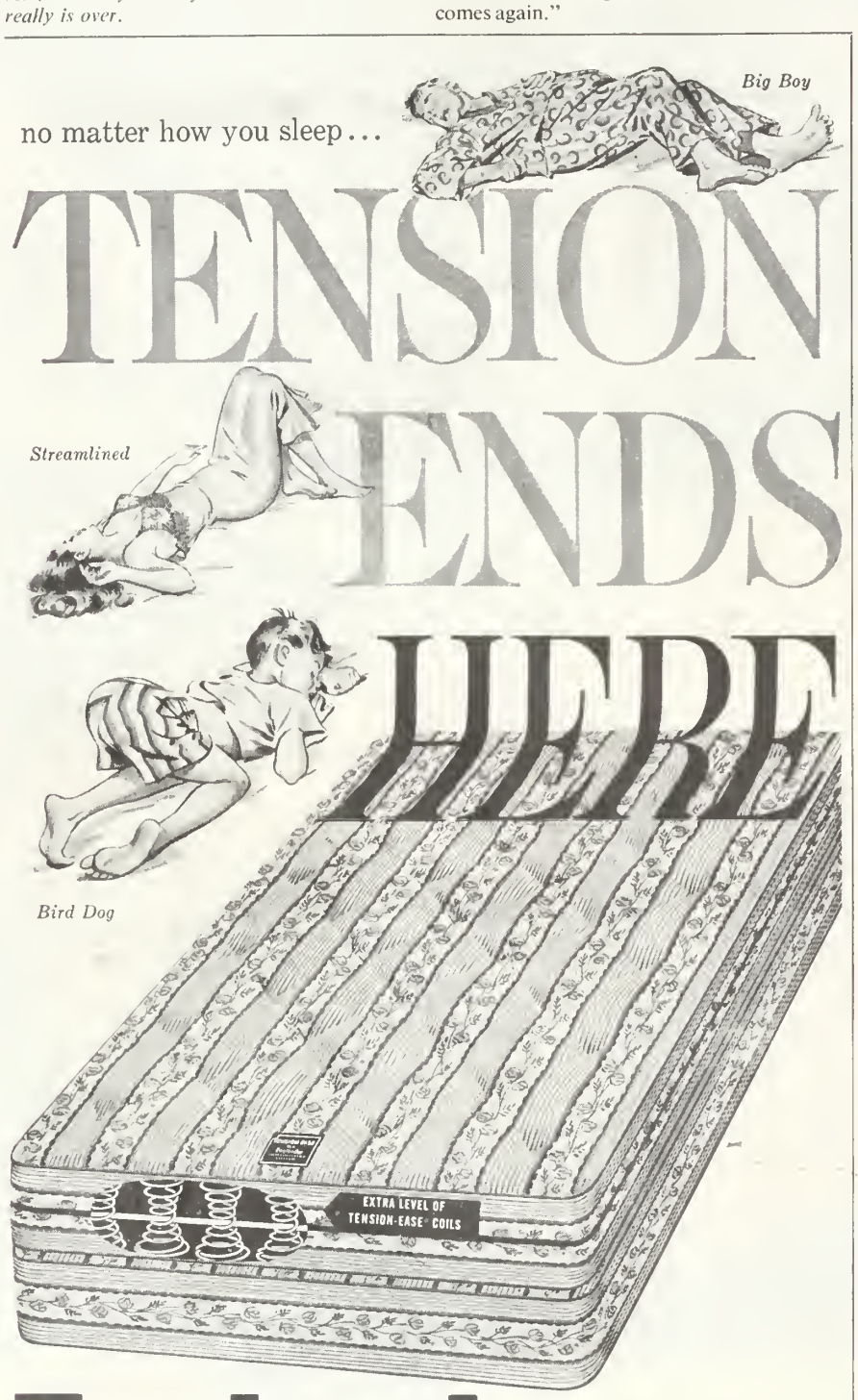
"Yes."

"I would like to see him again," said Clare. "When is he coming back?"

"He isn't coming back. He's going out to Chicago. Where he lives."

"But he said the other night ——"

"His plans have changed," said Linda. "I'm not going to see Henry any more. Not even when he comes again. I won't know if he comes again."



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If that's true, everything is all right. They've come to their senses, thought Clare. But the girl's voice and the sight of the bereft figure at the window sickened her.

"You've decided that's best?"

"Henry decided it. Something happened in Washington—somebody interfered, there was something cruel. It wasn't mother. I asked him that, but he said he hadn't talked to her. He said there was nothing else he could do. That was the night before last. He telephoned. He sounded dead. Not just tired or worried—I know his voice when he's that way—this was much worse. He said it was . . . better for me." Her voice mocked the last three words.

"He must love you very much, Linda."

"He does."

"It's a horrible shock—I know how hard it is—I'm so sorry ——"

Linda said, "Do you know why I came here tonight? Because this was the place where we were really happy for the last time. He wasn't at all sure he ought to come—and then, when we got here, he loved it. It was wonderful, so family, and everything he liked . . . and you didn't make us feel that anything was wrong—until he had that last bit of talk with you ——"

"You believe this was because of what I said to Henry?" Clare remembered that she had said he must break it off, if Belinda would not.

"Oh, no. He told me you were kind. I really don't think it was because of what happened in Washington, whatever that was. It was something in himself ——"

"I'm sure you're right. I was never perceptive enough to realize that about Jerome ——"

She cut her words off. She was saying too much. But if Linda had heard, it meant nothing to her. She had room for no more than one thought now. For another moment she was silent and then said she must go.

"Have dinner with me," begged Clare. "We'll go over to the club. You won't have to talk."

"I can't. I have to get some work done. Don't worry about me, Clare. I'll be seeing you soon."

"On Saturday night? Will you really come to Phil's dinner?"

"I rather liked him," said Belinda. "He certainly doesn't pretend to be anything but a snob. I'll come."

"Shall I pick you up, or were you in earnest about bringing that young man?"

"I'll have to bring Pete if I come at all. I've a date with him. He called me last night." She met Clare's eyes. "Henry thinks that I ought to go out with other men. He doesn't want me to be alone. He hates that most of all. So I promised that I wouldn't do anything crazy—that I'd take care of myself and try to be happy. I don't want Henry to worry about me. That's all I can do for him—all—well, it's Philip Merton, isn't it? Where does he live?"

"Sixty-first Street. And there's nothing I can do for you?"

Belinda hesitated. "There's mother," she said. "Will you take care of that? She will be glad. But don't let her ever tell me so."

After Philip Merton's perfect dinner, the card tables were set up. Peter Sulgrave glanced at Belinda with pleading and she went to her host to say good-by.

"Will you forgive us if we go, Mr. Merton? Peter is a dancer and his leave is so short," she told him.

"Of course, my dear. You were kind to come."

Clare lifted her face for Belinda's kiss. "Have a good time. And if you are late and happen to be close to my place when your evening is over, remember that I have an extra bed," said Clare. "I'll leave an extra key for you at the desk just in case."

"I'll probably go home. But thank you, Clare."

When Clare got back to the hotel, it was long past midnight. She did not expect Belinda to come. But Clare was wakeful. She lay in bed thinking of the people she had been with tonight. Then she heard the tiny clink of a key—Belinda had come after all. The luminous dial of the clock on the bedside table showed that it was three o'clock.

The girl came into the bedroom with almost no sound.

Clare said, "Don't try to be quie Lin
I'm not asleep."

"Did I wake you?"

"No, I've not been asleep. I didn get
myself until after one, and I've been lyg h
thinking about my sins and other eopl
virtues." She snapped on the light bde h
and pushed up her pillow. "I'm so ad y
came."

"I didn't want to go home," said Binda

"Did you have fun?"

"We danced. Then went to Reub 's a
talked for a while."

"Peter is a very personable boy. M ."

"He's twenty-five," said Belinda, pull
her dress over her head. She was shad y th
"He finished his law course before w
into the Navy. He'll make a very gd la
yer."

"He might make a good husban to
said Clare. "You'll find a nightdres in
second drawer in the highboy."

Belinda found one and slipped it n. S
shook out her hair and sat down on he
edge of the other bed.

"I hope I won't disturb you," she sd.

Clare laughed. "You used to say stu
when you were a child. And you we w
scrupulous about not doing it. I lov nav
you here. That empty bed can drive i cr
sometimes."

"Yes," said Belinda, as if she under od
"Put that blanket around your sho der
you're going to sit there."

Belinda did it absently. "Clare, c I
you something?"

"Anything."

"What was my grandfather like? n
rome. The real one."

Building boys is better than me ing men. **REV. I. W. WILLIAMSON**

It was a completely unexpected st
and Clare hesitated. She must answ th
estly.

"He was a fascinating person," s sa
"Clever. Handsome. He was a restles ma
"Were you in love with him?"

"I must have thought so."

"As much as you were with Jerome

"Oh no—no, it was very differen T.
bedazzled me. And I was so young ne
married him. I don't suppose I had he
pacity then for a profound love."

"How old were you?"

"Not quite twenty-one. I was jus we
when I got out of college and came N
York. And girls were greener—muc m
unsophisticated than they are today."

"I was wondering," said Belinda, if y
could feel the same way twice. About o
ferent people. I can't imagine you be
married to anyone except Jerome."

"Nor can I. I don't think I was tua
Of course Tony was my legal husba . A
we had a child, though he never s y
mother, you know. But with Jerome wa
real marriage."

"I don't believe you can contrive m
riage," said Belinda.

"You can create one," Clare sai gen
"Peter wants to marry you, doesn't he

"Yes. That's what we were talkin ab
tonight. Before I knew Henry I thou t th
perhaps I might marry Peter. I hadn ro
ised. I suppose I was waiting—I kno I w
But I wanted to marry—you natural th
about it. Living alone is so unfinis d—
temporary for a girl. And there is a cle qu
ity about Peter. So many men are s H
not."

"If you felt once that you coul ma
Peter, you will probably feal that way ga
"What he'd get from me now wou n't
good enough."

"Does he know about Henry?"

"He knows there was someone. So on
can't marry, so Peter thinks it doesn't att
That I'd forget. That he could wa it
out."

"And don't you think he may be ght

CONTINUED ON P

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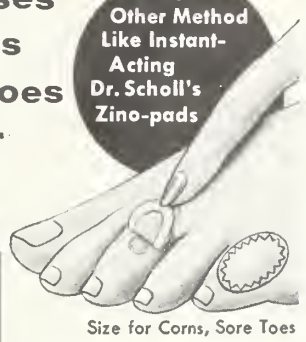
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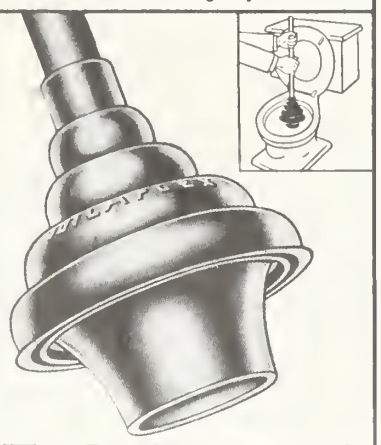
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

"No," said the girl with her curious sureness.

"Marriage is happier than any relation between a man and woman outside of it, Linda."

"Is it?" asked Belinda. She leaned across the bed, turned off the light and said good night again. Then she lay very still, like the little girl who would not cling to anyone for comfort.

She doesn't believe that's true, thought Clare in the darkness. *How can I convince her? I know it's true. Jerome and I were far happier after we were married. The worry was gone, and there was the sureness and the pride. I was never so happy—but wasn't I? When I had nothing from Jerome but love and could give him nothing else, I used to walk on air.*

They had met one night in New York at 21, which was the most notable of all the speakeasies. The home offices of Charters Electric had always been in St. Ives, but much of its financing was done in New York and that brought Jerome Tarrant, who was vice president in charge of appliances, to the big city now and then. He had seen the wine cellars before and while the rest of his party went to inspect them, Tarrant sat at a corner of the bar and watched a kind of life with which he had no connection.

He noticed the girl when she first came in. She was tall but lithe, and carried herself with confidence, though not as if she wanted or needed to attract attention. There was a man with her and they sat down at one of the small tables across the room. It was the girl who faced Jerome and he was glad of that. She was worth watching.

The man began to talk earnestly, as if continuing a discussion. The woman—Tarrant saw that she was young but not a girl—listened beautifully. She had brown-gold hair that was uncurled and shaped to her head. When she loosened her coat and flung it back against her armchair it was dramatic, for it was lined with fur more golden than her hair. She drew off her long black gloves as the waiter placed a stem glass in front of her. Every gesture she made attracted Jerome Tarrant. He watched her with pleasure and at length that drew her eyes toward him. She did not quite smile, but she did not discard his glance.

His host came back with one of the proprietors whom Jerome had met before.

"Who is the girl at the table in the corner?" asked Jerome.

The proprietor looked and answered, "That's Mrs. Delchamp. Clare Delchamp. Very well known in the literary world. It's Louis Boyd with her, the publisher."

"I believe she comes from my home town." And Jerome Tarrant added, some compulsion destroying his usual habit of reserve, "I'd like to meet her sometime."

"Let me take you over now. She won't mind." The proprietor caught Clare's eye and he waved at her and then took Jerome's elbow and moved him toward the table where the man and the girl were sitting.

"This is very bold and impudent of me," said Jerome Tarrant, "but we're a long way from home. I merely wanted to pay my respects—glad to meet you, Mr. Boyd—I mustn't interrupt."

"It's all right," said Louis Boyd, who was a gentleman and knew another when he saw one.

"I think it's very friendly of you," said Clare.

She had noticed him at the bar because he was so very handsome, so quietly observant and because he admired her. Now, as he spoke in apology and yet with dignity, she thought, *I like him.* His name was vaguely familiar, connected with some business or story. What had she heard about him? She remembered almost instantly. This was the man whose wife had been crippled in a hunting accident and he was completely devoted to her.

"Do sit down for a minute and tell me about the home town," she said.

During the months which followed their casual meeting in 21, she gave Jerome Tarrant no serious thought. She liked him. It had been natural that he should ask her to lunch after that first encounter, and he did. She accepted with a feeling of amused triumph—he was an important man from her home city, the first one who came from St. Ives to pay her attention.

If they had not happened to meet in a Chicago railway station on a November night, that might have been the end of it. But possibly not. For when Jerome Tarrant recognized Clare, there was a pleasure in his face which neither his dignity nor his shyness could mask. They were, they discovered, both on their way home to St. Ives and that meant an overnight trip. They dined together, lingering in the dining car until it had been deserted by all the other travelers. They finished their talk in Clare's compartment, yet were not done when they parted. By that time they were explaining themselves, as if it mattered what they thought of each other.

"It seems to me that you work very hard," he said with concern.

"It's interesting. And sometimes useful. Besides, I have to work. I have a little girl to bring up."

"And you said she lives in St. Ives?"

"Yes. It's better for a child there than in New York. She's why I dash back and forth. Fortunately I've an extraordinary housekeeper who's been with us for years and she takes wonderful care of Julia. I'd like to have her with me more, but I can when she's older."

> Beauty is power; a smile is its sword.
>
> CHARLES READE

"You're carrying a big load."

"Not too big," said Clare and suddenly felt tired and comforted.

"I hope I'll see you while you're in St. Ives," he said. "If Helen . . . if my wife were able to entertain, it would be the greatest pleasure for us—but she can't do that sort of thing ——"

"I understand perfectly," said Clare. "I'd love to have you stop by to see me and meet my child someday. Your wife doesn't go out at all?"

"No. Helen is paralyzed."

"I'm sorry."

"She doesn't suffer—that's the blessing."

"What caused it?"

"I'm afraid I did," said Jerome Tarrant. "May I tell you about it?"

"Not if it hurts you."

"I'd like to tell you. I'd like you to know—for some reason. I don't often talk about it. We were not married long when it happened. You see, I used to hunt and fish a lot—I always loved those things and I wanted Helen to enjoy them too. She had never done anything like that—she wasn't athletic in any way. I suppose I was selfish. We went on this little hunting trip. She was reluctant to go—that's why I always blame myself. I thought her gun was unloaded—I had warned her never to take a loaded gun in the car, of course, but she was inexperienced. It went off in the car—she was hit in the spine."

"But how were you to blame? How can you think it was your fault?"

He said grimly, "I was the man. I was in charge." And then, "I hope I haven't depressed you. I just wanted you to understand—I'm afraid you'll think I'm a dreary egotist."

"I think you are a very good man," said Clare, "and I don't say that lightly. I don't often link good and man."

Clare was having a conference with Maud Sothern while she was in St. Ives. It was easy to find out more.

"Do you know a man called Tarrant? Jerome Tarrant?"

"Oh, yes. Do you know Jerome?"

"I met him in New York. And we came up on the train together last night."

"Isn't it tragic?"

"You mean about his wife? He seems devoted to her."

"If ever a man was wasted," said Maud, "it's poor Jerome. Of course he has some compensation by being a huge s business, but he has no personal lif

"That's not her fault. She m Mentally if not physically."

"No, she makes quite a thing ou an invalid. There are worse things t idolized by a man without having t it. If she hadn't been hurt, she n have held Jerome Tarrant."

"Why not?"

"If she had been well she would to compete," said Maud, "do he cially. She would have had to sta comparison with other women. And hadn't the capacity. Helen was very a girl, one of those beautiful dolls tha But I went to Country Day with h put it mildly, we all knew that she w bright. She never could have kept Jerome. As it is, she doesn't have excused. She's like an exquisite piece Dresden on the shelf, to be admired carefully handled but not for ordi And Jerome sits at home and look

"He seems to feel responsible for in her," said Clare.

"I know. But he wasn't to blam you like him?"

"Very much."

"You must have been fun for h Maud. "Look, once in a while he for a drink with father and me. He n for dinner because Helen would that's why I've no patience with h think she herself would insist on his more. I'll ask him to come about fi row and you come too."

So it began. There was never a that for years when Jerome Tarran aware of Clare's arrivals at and from St. Ives. She would find the ho flowers when she came. He would dr the train when she went away. Th discuss what to do if he was comin York, what play to see, where to dir times by good luck their engagemer place them in Chicago for part of a conversations soon ceased to be impe

"But I couldn't hurt Helen."

"I wouldn't want you to, Jerome. your nature to hurt people. You' yourself."

"I never realized what I was missin years."

"Jerome, I don't want anything ex belongs to us."

The flag they flew above their rela which must be kept so exceptional an was Clare's independence. She neve rome buy a train ticket for her. Or p bill she had incurred. The thousand ers, the theaters and dinners, the caviar—those were all right. And fi kept the watch in spite of its diamon because it was Christmas and she hurt him.

She chose her clothes for Jerom creased her expenses because she wan so beautiful, and also because if t pened to meet in Chicago she woul hotel suite so that he could call on he times he would fly in from New Yo Ives.

There were endless arguments an sions. They were sure that no one ha plored their vein of emotion before. discovered it, staked it out, had claim. There were the days when brave and noble. And there were hours.

She could not break it off. Som furious determination Clare would would be hurt or shamed for rea would not admit. For she had prom self—and Jerome—that her lack of place in his life would never make h him. She could not keep that promise had vowed that if ever he made her he would drop out of her life. That promise he could not keep.

Finally Clare was called out of a pa best-selling writer to answer the te The words came to her unbelievably.

"Helen died at six this morning. H gave out. Suddenly. It was quite peace

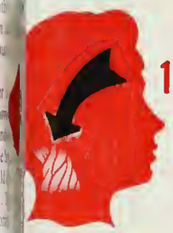
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FOR *FAST--FAST--FAST* RELIEF →



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

"Oh, Jerome—are you all right?"

"Yes. Dazed, I guess. Poor thing."

"Jerome—don't blame yourself. Not for anything."

"I'll have to take over here for a while."

"Of course. Don't give anything else a thought."

"But Clare—I love you."

"I know—not now ——"

"Don't forget me."

The nurse studied her good looks in the mirror in her bedroom. She loosened her auburn hair, and then took the stopper out of a bottle and touched her ears with it. Sometimes scent was the first thing that made a man conscious of a woman and could lead to a desire for her. She had read that somewhere.

Henry Cowper had told her when he returned from Washington to get a substitute and take a holiday, if she wanted to. But Mrs. Merrill had not gone away. She did not want him to begin to rely on any other nurse. She wanted him to consider her indispensable.

Mrs. Merrill had never seen her employer in his present mood. There was an almost angry force in him since his return. He was grim, and the nurse thought she knew the reason for it. His little New York affair had blown up. That must be why there wasn't a smile left in him.

Mrs. Merrill wondered if the letter and clipping she had sent had been responsible for breaking up the affair. Of course one couldn't be sure. But she congratulated herself on sending them. Certainly something had happened to make Henry Cowper act like a bear with a sore head. He'd get over it. A little snip of a society girl with no morals wasn't good enough for him.

Sylvia Cowper ought to be in an institution. She was never going to be any better and she'd be a whole lot worse as time went on. The expense of the way he was taking care of her was fantastic. *If he asked my advice, if he came to me about it*, thought Mrs. Merrill, *I could help him. I know some quite good places. But he doesn't realize that what he needs is a woman's help.* She sighed, smiled at the perfection of her teeth, considered in one sweeping thought her age, the scarcity of husbands, and the necessity of not being fool enough to miss the best chance she might ever have.

"Excuse me, Mr. Cowper."

Henry looked up and saw the nurse. "Anything wrong upstairs?"

"No. Our little lady is fast asleep. I was just wondering if it would disturb you too much if I turned on the television in the living room. There's a documentary that I'd so much like to see. Since Mrs. Cowper turned against TV I don't have much opportunity to look at it," she said with bright uncomplainingness.

"Good heavens, of course I don't mind. Use that thing in there whenever you want to, Mrs. Merrill. Make yourself at home."

She came over to pick up a paper that had dropped to the floor and placed it neatly beside him. The scent she wore drifted to him. He thought, *Why do women use that stuff? Belinda never does. She's so clean, so natural, so beautiful* ——

He put down the magazine he was trying to read and hunted in the pile for a more absorbing one. They all looked alike to him. Through the doorway he could hear a confusion of voices on the television and see the nurse, her red head catching the light. Henry got up restlessly and she was aware of it on the instant.

"The program's just coming on. You might enjoy it, Mr. Cowper." She was thinking, *If he does come in to watch it, I might suggest making a highball for him. I won't take one myself. Though there's no reason why not. If he once gets used to a little woman in the evenings when he's home, it would be the best thing in the world for him. No one ever comes in any more. One thing leads to another.*

She smiled up at him in a companionable way, but Henry was staring past her at the television screen. *The facts revealed in this picture are based on research done by the editors of Today Magazine. Its current article on abortions tells the story that is pictured here.*

"I hope the subject doesn't shock you, Mr. Cowper."

Henry was thinking of Belinda in the Oak Room at the Plaza. He could almost see her, hear her saying to Bob Sheldon, "Right now I'm getting statistics on abortion." She had said it so simply, without any embarrassment. He thought, *Belinda was never embarrassed. Or afraid. There she was in the station with her head up, waiting to see me off that night. Or to go with me. And I left her. I ran away. I let them scare me, lick me, give me orders about my life, my love. Now I'm afraid to go back to New York because I couldn't keep away from her. I know I couldn't. I don't intend to.*

He said, "I'm leaving for New York tomorrow, Mrs. Merrill."

She wore a blue shirt, cut like a boy's. Her cheeks were hollowed more deeply, her forehead as serene. Her hair fell in the waves he remembered. When she saw him, she closed her eyes unbelievingly.

"Oh, my darling—oh, Belinda ——"

"I didn't know it was you. I didn't think it would ever be you."

"It had to be. This can't go on. I've done everything wrong. But from now on you will always come first. Always. Belinda, do you still care? A little?"

Her smile wavered at that foolishne

After a little they were comforted. prise the shock was delight and th exult over not having missed each o cause she had planned to go out in hour.

"But you won't go now?"

"I don't have to," she told him. "H can you stay?"

"I've a plan. I'll tell you."

"It must be a good one. You're Henry. You're happier."

"Things are going very well with with my love again."

"And not bothered?"

"Never that again, my darling."

"Your wife?"

"She's about the same. No better ever we do doesn't matter to her now will. I've known that for a long time worrying about keeping up a false phony reputation. When I took a lon myself finally. I didn't like the guy I sa

"I always did."

"You'll like me better from now on

NEXT MONT

Eleven families lived peaceabl Peaceable Lane. One moved o threatening to sell to a Negro— then there was none in peace. Ins there were cruelty and fear, viol and arson. For Matt Jones, who to hold back the tides of unreason job, even the safety of his wife child were at stake.

PEACEABLE LANE

By KEITH WHEELER

Complete in the October JOURN condensed from the novel soon to be published by Simon & Schuster

"How is your work going?"

"We'll talk about that day after to Or the day after that. If we can spare t Now where would you like to go?"

"For dinner?"

"And breakfast."

Her eyes grew larger, darker.

"Linda," he said gently, "will you g with me for a little while?"

"People would know."

"A few people, perhaps. But our l long to us. I wish I could promise wouldn't have to come back, Linda shall have to. I have to earn money, bills, take care of things out there—th one else to do it. You wouldn't lik didn't. But I shall never leave you, n even when I can't be with you. It's not for you—they'll condemn me, and t right—but no man ever offered a w deeper love than I have for you ——"

"It's all I want. Henry, without you a real person. I'm not myself. The ma goes on. I breathe. But I don't feel—I and I can't. Now I've come to life Where are we going?"

"Where would you like to go?"

"Could we find the spring?" asked "I know where it is now, south, bel mountains. I would like to go to a pla I have never been before—do we know where we are going?"

"I thought we might rent a car."

"Could we?" she asked rapt "Won't it cost too much? I have some but not very much."

"Hush" he said. "Nice girls don about money."

"All right—watch me cling. But we do it, Henry. They—back where yo

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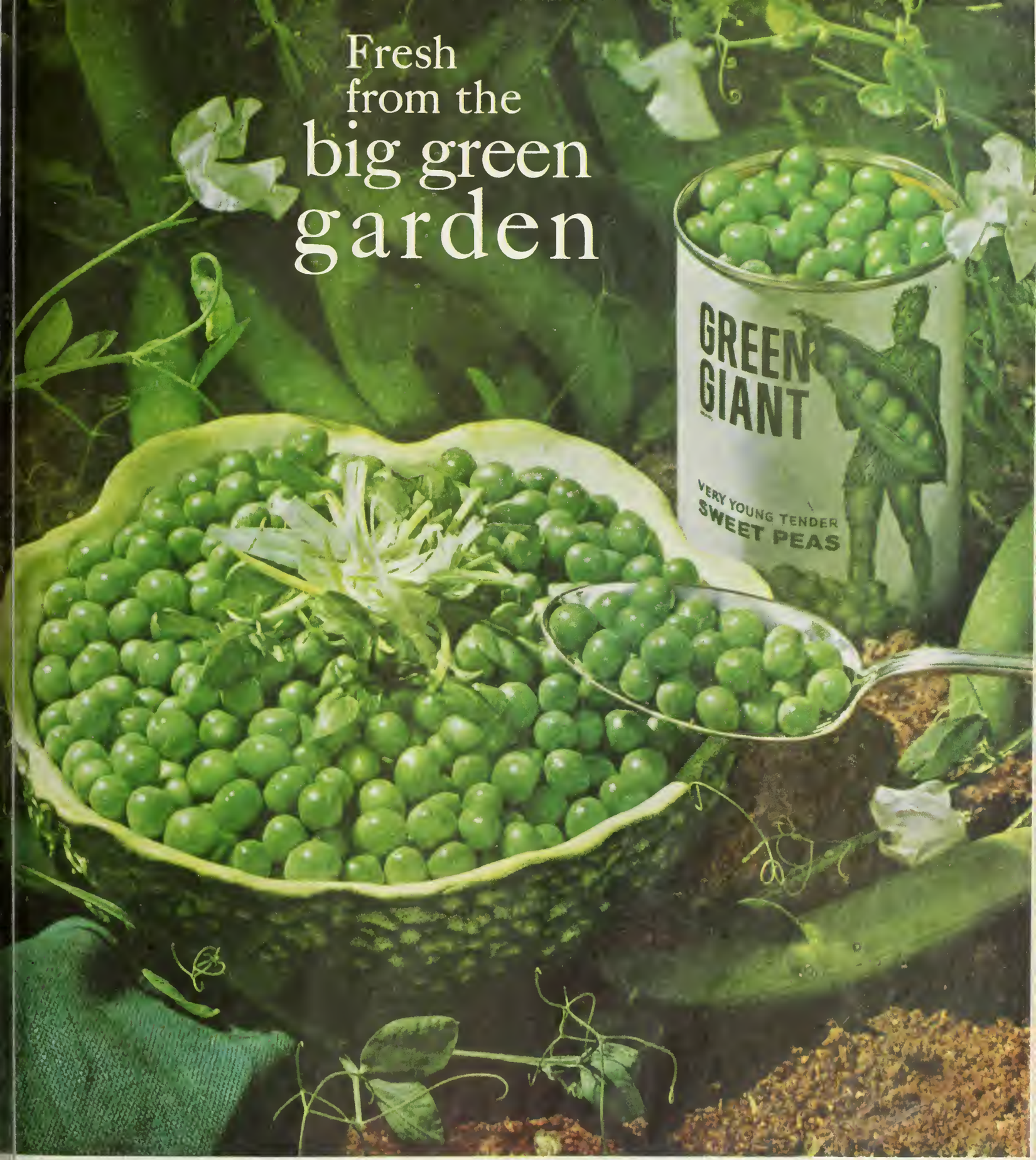
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Yes, *Fleischmann's flavor* is more delicate than the taste of ordinary margarines made from a mixture of vegetable oils. It has a *golden* taste just like the high-price spread. Try Fleischmann's Margarine.

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QUICK VARIETY TRICK with Green Giant peas. Chop fresh green onion into small bits and mix through peas. Season, butter and heat.

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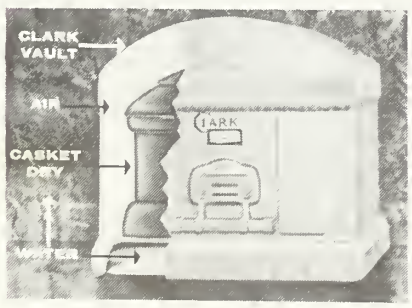
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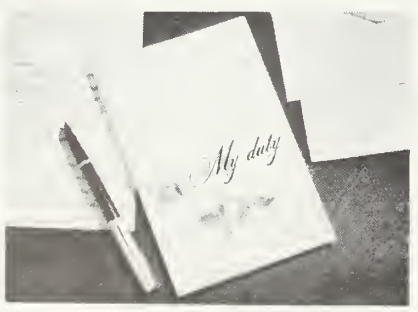
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152

is—they have to know where you are. They might need you."

"I fixed that," said Henry. "I told my secretary—I can trust her—that I might be traveling and asked her to keep in touch with the house every day. I'll call her—that's the arrangement. I didn't want to call the nurse. She's too . . . something or other. But she's good at her job. Don't think of it. You get your things packed and I'll get us a car—any particular color?"

"Yellow as a daffodil!"

"Yellow it will be. I'll be back in an hour."

At the hotel Henry also sent a telegram to Mr. P. L. Yost, president, the Victor Company. He wrote it quickly and with decision.

"This is the best breakfast yet," said Belinda.

Henry looked at her plate and grinned. "Breakfast with you is a theory, not a meal."

"It's a bridge," she said, "between the night and the day. The view from it can be beautiful. You look wonderful this morning."

"I should."

"We've had ten breakfasts," said Belinda. "Do you remember the first one?"

"I certainly do. When we ran away from the motel early and drove fifty miles before we found a place that was open for breakfast. Do we have to go today?"

"We decided on today."

Henry pushed away his cup. "I know. But how am I going to know you're all right? That you're not going to have a baby?"

"Would it seem so dreadful?"

"It would be the most wonderful thing in the world if it were possible. But it mustn't happen to you. Of course there isn't more than an outside chance."

Belinda said, "Henry, we were never going to be frightened again."

"I know. I'm not really. It won't happen. But I'd like to stay with you until we're sure."

She shook her head. "It was only going to be a week. Staying longer won't make it easier."

"And I have to find a job," said Henry.

She knew all about that now. He had told her everything that had happened as the yellow car sped along the highways, its top flung back. They had faced consequences and penalties in those unfamiliar rooms which had felt like homes and which they would never see again.

"You're sure of that?" she said.

"Oh, yes. They can't do anything else. They'll have to put in a new man. They need Senator Hume's support too much."

"It's going to hurt."

"Nothing can hurt me very much as long as you love me, Linda."

"Then you'll never feel a pang. Let's have a last look at the dogwood trees before you load the car," she said.

"Mr. Yost, I appreciate all you have done for me. I wish there were some way to show my gratitude. I've been honored to have a place in your company and I've enjoyed the work. But ——"

Mr. Yost offered no help.

"The thing is," said Henry, "that I feel that a man has to decide for himself what he is justified or right in doing."

"Within the law," Mr. Yost remarked.

Henry said stiffly, "There's nothing to be gained by a discussion of my personal situation."

"What else is there to discuss?" asked Mr. Yost.

"Well," said Henry, "as to that, I can only say that I felt Senator Hume's interference with my private life was unjustified. I thought at first I could come to terms with it. I could not. It not only seemed very cowardly on my part, but it involved other things, other obligations that I could not overlook."

"Hume is your wife's uncle, isn't he?" Mr. Yost asked.

"Yes. I can understand how he must feel about her condition. It's an appalling thing. But except in marrying her, which she desired as much as I did, I am not to blame for her . . . illness. Nor was she. The doctors tell me that it was probably inevitable. If I've left a stone unturned to bring Sylvia back to normality, I don't know where it is."

"Very sad," said Mr. Yost without emphasis.

"Senator Hume does not understand the situation. He believes, or pretends to believe, that I could change it by—well, by a normal domestic life. That's not true. My wife is a prey to obsessions. She hardly knows me. I have given her every protection and care that is in my power and I'll always continue to do so. I can't give her what she doesn't understand or want—or what isn't in me to give."

"What did Hume want you to do that you are not doing?"

"He's probably told you."

"I would rather hear it from you."

"Very well, sir. He was aware of the fact that I have a deep attachment—that I love—Henry gave the word its full value—"another woman. Who loves me. There is nothing cheap, nothing ephemeral in what we feel. I have never honored any person as I do her. Senator Hume is acquainted with her family. He issued an ultimatum that I was not to see the person I mention again. If I did so he would withdraw his support from the Victor Company. I was insulted and greatly troubled. I have a real devotion to your company. I tried to submit my feelings to his order. It's not been possible. And since that is the case, I came in this morning to hand in my resignation."

"May I ask what you intend to do?"

"Well, I'll have to find another job. I've no prospect of anything like the connection I have here, but I've a good deal of technical training and it ought to be worth something. Enough to take care of my responsibilities, I hope."

> One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.
>
> **BENJAMIN FRANKLIN**

"You will continue to be under the burden of great expense?"

"Naturally," said Henry. "But I'll make it all right."

"Pardon me for asking"—Mr. Yost's voice was courteous—"but do you intend to support two establishments?"

"There will be no question of that."

"In spite of the great affection you bear the lady?"

"Belinda," said Henry slowly, using her name for the first time, perhaps because Mr. Yost's tone now made it possible, or perhaps because it made the decision so personal, "wants nothing from me which she believes to belong to my legal wife. She is like that. She thinks that we must not continue to see each other even at intervals, nor at all unless there is a serious reason for our meeting. She wants me to provide for my wife—to do my best to maintain a decent household—and I have promised to do what she wishes. She sees very straight."

"She does indeed," said Mr. Yost gravely. "Now about this resignation. I don't think we can go along with that, Henry. We need you."

"I'd only be a liability, sir. You'd get no support from Senator Hume."

"Oh, I'm not so sure of that. In any case, I don't like to see a man throw his weight around and get away with it. I've never liked a bully. I think we can weather Hume's annoyance, Henry, without sacrificing one of our men because he didn't knuckle under to the senator."

"You don't mean that, sir."

"I do indeed, Henry. I know a good man when I see him. You've had a rough time, and I fear it isn't going to be any smoother in some respects. But I trust your judgment to do what's right—or should I say the young lady's judgment and your own?"

Henry stood up, turning away. He could not speak for a moment.

But he heard Mr. Yost say, "You know Mrs. Yost thinks very highly of you, Henry."

When Clare arrived at the offices of Merton Ply and Davis, Philip Merton was ready to see her. He chose a chair for her.

nda is coming, isn't she, Philip?"

nt letters to both Mrs. Rood and fixing the time. You've been in touch m, haven't you?"

with Belinda lately. I can't reach her telephone. But if you wrote her, I'm 'll be here "

're being very generous, Clare. I know appreciate it "

only what I should do. Jerome and I ed of it, but we put it off, because we she should find out what it's like to our own. What I'm giving Julia is the of what I got when I sold the agency. had to use all of it and it comes more from Julia's own father, because he one who started the business. But was Jerome's favorite, and three hundollars a month will give her some

arranging to cash in that annuity of nd put the money in trust for Belinda. ou won't miss it."

—no, there's plenty for me," Clare told

as things are with you now. Of course should need to provide for someone would be different."

re isn't anyone else."

Merton smiled wisely. "In one way I to hear you say that. An attractive —and one with considerable private -is apt to be sought after."

flushed, which was unusual. "Not at

seem young to me. And Jerome's nust have left a great gap in your

Of course I must do something. My partner in the agency wants me to go work there."

n agency?"

the only thing I'm trained for."

't do anything hasty. I wish ——" and lia Rood came in and there were greetings.

nda's coming, isn't she, Clare?"

"I expect so. She surely would have sent word if she couldn't make it. When did you write her, Phil?"

He glanced at the correspondence before him. "On the fifteenth. A week ago."

Julia asked, "Shall we call her? She may still be at the office."

"I did call there," said Clare. "an hour ago. They said she was on vacation." She had to say it, though she did not want to.

"Vacation where?" asked Julia. "How long has she been away?"

"I don't know," said Clare. "I've tried to call her a number of times."

Julia exclaimed, "But I took it for granted that you were in touch with Linda!"

"She's not a child, Julia, she has her own life ——"

Philip Merton said, "Well, if Belinda does not come, we can always make a later appointment for her. These two settlements which Clare so generously wishes to make are not connected with each other. I think we can go over the one which concerns Mrs. Rood now ——"

But Julia was standing. "No," she said. "I'm very grateful, but I don't want to talk about it now. I'm . . . concerned about Belinda. Something must have happened. I must go to her apartment."

"I'll go with you, Julia. I'm sorry, Phil." Clare touched his hand, then followed Julia, who was already ringing for an elevator. "Don't worry, Julia ——"

Julia turned a white accusing face to Clare. "Where is my child?" she asked.

Once again Julia was asking the question, as if repetition could force an answer. They were now back in Clare's rooms. They had gone to the office of *Today* and learned only that Belinda was on vacation. They had gone to the apartment where Belinda lived; there was no answer to her bell. So they had come back here and Julia was walking back and forth, asking the same questions. "But where is she? Why didn't she let me know? She has never done a thing like this before!"

"Julia, she was probably tired or had a touch of spring fever and wanted to get off by herself for a few days."

"You don't believe that, Clare! She's gone off with that man."

"You have no reason to suppose that."

But I have, thought Clare. She must protect both Belinda and Julia—from each other if it was necessary—if she could.

"Try to realize, Julia, that Belinda is not a child any more. She's able to take care of herself."

"She has disappeared. Oh, this is so awful!"

"It may not be awful at all. And nothing can change the fact that she is a lovely girl ——"

"She was once. Until the bad blood came out in her!"

"Bad blood?"

"I'm sorry," said Julia in a hard voice. "I've never brought it up until now. I never meant to. We look at things differently. You always did as you pleased. No matter what people said. And now it's come out in Belinda. Did you encourage her to do this? Why did you lie to me, tell me that they had broken it off?"

"I told you the truth. What Belinda told me. And why do you say I always did as I pleased?"

"Do you think I liked to have Jerome around our house before you were married? To see you get off the same train with him? And someone would say, 'Is that your father?' and know it wasn't."

"I didn't know anyone said that to you."

"You didn't care, did you?"

"Julia, I always did my best. Jerome and I loved each other for a long time. But there was nothing to be ashamed of in that. I never loved anyone else."

"If my father had lived, you wouldn't have been faithful to him."

Her father, thought Clare. *If Julia only knew of the infidelities of her father, his dislike of her conception—the long faithfulness was between me and Jerome. But I must not tell her. Let her have something to tie to, even if it's a delusion—she's in such trouble ——*

"I didn't know Jerome until long after your father died," was all she answered.

"Never mind. I don't want to talk about that. It doesn't matter. I've lived it down. All that matters is Belinda!"

"If you're going to worry to distraction, perhaps we should get in touch with the police ——" Clare broke off the sentence, for she heard someone coming into the entrance hall. Julia went rigid, standing like the statue of an avenging angel. Then Belinda came in.

She spoke first. "Hello, Clare, I must give you back your key. Oh, hello, mother, I'm so glad you're here. I hoped you might not have gone back yet. Clare, I only read that letter from Mr. Merton a few minutes ago and then I realized that the appointment with him was for today and that I'd missed it. I've been out of town until day before yesterday and the mail was piled up. I hadn't opened any of it until just now—there were so many things I had to do first ——" She stopped, as if conscious of a barrier heavier than silence. She tried to go on, "I'm so sorry, Clare. Please don't think I'm ungrateful. I suppose I've inconvenienced everyone ——"

"Where have you been?" asked Julia.

When Belinda had come in, happiness was wrapped around her. Clare had seen it instantly, recognized it. She was more beautiful than ever, her bare head ruffled with wind and haste, her eyes growing darker as Julia demanded answer. She looked very young and vulnerable. She was begging them not to spoil it. Clare felt that painfully.

"Where were you?" repeated Julia.

"South," said Belinda, "a place in the mountains. I'd never been there before—you've no idea how beautiful it is now. The redbud's out—and the dogwood ——"

"Were you alone?"

Clare did not know how long it was—it seemed long because she dreaded the exposure which she knew was coming—before Belinda said quietly, "No, Henry was with me."



"I thought so," said Julia harshly. "Have you lost your mind? Do you know what you've done? To yourself and to me? I shouldn't have trusted you—believed what Clare said. She told me that you had stopped seeing that man ——"

Belinda turned swiftly to Clare. "When I told you that, it was the truth, Clare. I didn't think this would happen. I didn't know that Henry was coming to New York. He had to come. For he couldn't leave it between us like that. You see, they put pressure on him. It wasn't his decision, it was a kind of blackmail. He hated it. He couldn't live with it. And finally he knew what he had to do—what we should do—even if he did lose his job." Her face lit up again. "But he isn't going to lose his job."

"I'm not interested in Henry Cowper's job," said Julia. "He ought to be behind bars! But when I think of my daughter running around the country with a married man like a common ——"

"Julia, control yourself ——"

"Leave this to me, Clare. If she can do this sort of thing, she can hear it described. I suppose you think you can get away with it, Belinda. People have been writing letters to me, taunting me with this affair of yours, telling me that you are Henry Cowper's mistress. God knows I didn't want to believe it. You can be dragged into court—sued; I told you that, but you paid no attention. How do you expect me to hold up my head, to have any public influence for good when my own daughter is living an immoral life ——"

"I'm not living an immoral life, mother," Belinda told her.

"Then what do you call what you've been doing?"

"Love," said Belinda almost under her breath, but they heard the word.

"Belinda," said Julia Rood, forcing a kind of composure, "I beg you to listen to me. I'm only thinking of your own good, your future happiness. You must not go on seeing this man."

"I know. We know that, Henry and I."

"Where is he now?"

"In Chicago, I think."

"Then he's gone back to his wife?"

"To his house."

"Until the next trip, I suppose. And you are actually willing to be a traveling man's mistress ——"

"Stop," said Belinda. Her pride faced her mother's anger. "It's not like that at all. I'm sorry you feel like this. I didn't want to hurt you. Of course I wish it could be different. But it's Henry I love, no matter what the situation is. Henry's marriage is a tragedy. He has to take care of her—I want him to. But he never loved anyone until he loved me."

"The old story ——"

Clare winced. "Julia, don't be so cruel ——"

Julia lashed out at Clare. "I'm not surprised that you'd think it's all right. You were just as bad. Or worse."

"Never so forthright. Never so brave," said Clare.

"And I hold you responsible, Clare—I begged you to help me stop this affair before it went this far ——"

Belinda had turned to Clare again for understanding. "It's different now, Clare," she said. "When I was here, after Henry had telephoned from Washington that he wasn't coming back, I felt so helpless. I knew he was angry and defeated, but I couldn't help him. He's not like that now. He can face anything. So can I. It's true that we aren't going to keep on seeing each other. We decided that's best. I specially for him. Unless he should be ill or badly hurt or something like that. Then I'd have to go to him. But not otherwise." She added as if to herself, "And I mean it."

"If I could believe that ——" said Julia.

"It's true."

"God knows I hope so. You must have been out of your mind to run such a risk. Suppose you found you were pregnant!"

Belinda was silent and the quiet in the room became ominous.

"Belinda ——"

"Yes," said Belinda, "you'd rather I wouldn't lie, wouldn't you, mother? I don't want to lie about this. I am going to have a child."

"Oh, darling, no," breathed Clare. Julia was frozen with shock.

"That's what I had to find out about today. I didn't go back to my job as soon as Henry and I came back. I didn't want to see a doctor until Henry had talked to the president of his company, and then I wanted to see him off without his having anything to worry about. But then I went to Brooklyn to see a doctor I know over there. That's why I didn't open my mail yesterday. I couldn't think of anything else until I found out. I was waiting—and it's really true; they can tell almost right away now ——" Her voice held nothing but joy.

"And Henry doesn't know this?" asked Clare.

"I don't want him to know now. He's going to be working very hard—it would worry him—and then . . . he might not be so happy about it as I am."

"No, I don't think he would be," said Clare.

Julia was looking at her daughter now as if she were a project.

"You can't be far along," she said.

"No. But the doctor is quite sure."

"Will this doctor take care of you? At this stage it won't be too dangerous if he's a good man."

"You mean . . . have an abortion?"

"But of course you must—what else can you do?" Julia said. "The man's married. Even if he could get a divorce—and that would be a complete scandal—it would take too long—the child would be born too soon. Maybe this will be a lesson to you!"

"Clare ——"

"To go through with it would be very difficult. And it's not fair to the child, Belinda," said Clare.

Belinda moved backward, as if the older women were dangerous or contaminating. But when she spoke it was quietly.

"I wish you both could understand," she said, "how happy I am about this. You see, Henry's wife can never have a child."

"That doesn't enter into this at all," said Julia.

"But it does," said Belinda. "Suppose Henry and I can never marry—or only when I'm too old to have children—don't you realize how he'd be cheated? This is the only way. The only time ——"

"It would be a child without the right start," said Clare. "You must think of that, Linda."

"Stop being fantastic," said Julia. "Come to your senses, Linda! This is a dreadful situation, but we shall have to face up to it. First of all, you must promise me on your honor never to see this man again. And then we must arrange for proper care and see that you get through this without any physical damage that might affect you in later life—when you marry."

"Mother," said Belinda, "I'm not going to have any abortion."

Julia shivered. "You'll come out of it all right. They're quite safe under the right circumstances."

"I know. I did research on abortions for *Today* just recently. But I want this baby. I'm responsible for it. I love it already ——"

Absurdly Clare thought, *This will make me a great-grandmother. How strange.*

Julia spoke defensively: "Please don't think I countenance the practice of abortions. I've always been definitely opposed to them until ——"

"Until you don't want a certain child to be born," said Belinda gently. "It's usually what they say. Not this child. But this child is wanted. I wish you could want it, too, mother."

"I want no child under such a cloud," said Julia.

"You talked so often about how much you care about what happens to all children. You've made other people care. The refugee children in Europe—so many of them were illegitimate, but you cared about them ——"

"This is quite a different matter!"

"It's a life. And it won't be under a cloud. I won't let that happen. My child will be happy, loved every instant. It's the way I can make Henry go on."

If only I had made Jerome go on, thought Clare. *She's braver, clearer than I was.*

Aloud she said, "I know, Belinda. You're right. See it through."

Clare was sleepless that night. But the direction of her concern surprised her. She thought of Belinda, of how protection and care could be provided for her, of places in Europe where it would be possible to live quietly for a year. She thought, *I could go with Belinda. If she wants me. If she is willing to go. She has no idea of the practical situation she is facing,* Clare told herself, but she did not convince herself of that. Her worry for Belinda was mixed with pride in her, and also with the curious envy Clare had felt before.

It was Julia for whom Clare ached with pain, Julia who seemed to be seriously hurt. And the injury had been begun long ago. Clare knew now that she was responsible for it. The hurt had been concealed so long that Clare had to search for the beginnings of it among her own memories.

We embarrassed Julia, she thought. *I didn't know that. I think I didn't. Or knowing it, did I ignore it? She realized that our situation w[as] normal and Julia always loved regularity [and] conformity. Most children do. We were wrapped up in ourselves, so highhanded in love, that I neglected Julia. Not that she wanted for anything. Not for anything mat[erial] you mean, face up to that. I loved Jerom[e] much that there wasn't enough left ov[er] Julia. And he was very kind to her, but he [al]was close to her. Perhaps he knew that sh[e] sented him. Jerome was quite different [from] Belinda, in spite of the extra generation [be]tween them.*

Jerome didn't want children. When we [fi]ried I was too old to start another family a[nd] was he. Sometimes before that I used to [ask] his child—we talked about it, but it was [a] flagrant a thing to allow to happen. Yet if [we] insisted, if it had happened, would he have [been] glad in the end? "The continuance of d[is]" Belinda said tonight. If I had borne Jer[ome's] child, his life would be going on today. [He] wouldn't be gone as he is now, finished. [Is] illegitimate? That's not fair to the child. Is [that] an excuse? Or is life itself more important [than] all the rules we make about the way to liv[e]? Isn't it? If I had kept Jerome alive, cont[rol] him—was anything else, our reputation, [our] pride—even our happiness—as importa[nt] that would have been?

His child would be tall, like that pictu[re] Jerome that I love, the one taken long bef[ore] met him, which shows how sensitive and [vul]he was at twenty. It would have been a [boy]. Jerome said, "If you and I can ever have a [child] let's make it a boy. You have a girl." We t[alked] the idea around because it was exciting, bu[t] were careful that it never got beyond the [talk]. The fact would have scandalized Jerome. [Be]linda knows that Henry Cowper will be h[is] fied—he's bound to be. But that isn't goi[ng] stop her. She's seemingly docile, but so [was] And grave. She's sent him back to his dera[nged] wife and she says she doesn't intend to see [him] again unless there is an emergency. [A] child—how long will they hold out? Euro[pe] the solution for her, at least the first step [to] solution.

But no matter what can be done, Julia [will] suffer. She's never been a realist. She's alw[ays] thought life could be managed by laws [and] rules. She's not in the least like her father. [He] was a truthful rascal. Julia's more like me w[hen] I was in college. She believes all those spee[ches] she makes.

Julia will always love Belinda because [Be]linda loves her. That came through tonight. [But] Julia will never forgive me, not quite, and [I] must always pretend I don't know that. I [must] see her again soon and get that money set[tled] on her. It's all I can do. It's all I ever did do[ne] her. But it will give her independence if not[hing] else. Tomorrow morning I'll talk to Belinda [and] Julia and make another appointment with [Mr.] astonished Phil. Not immediately. Julia [will] need a little time, and I won't hurry her.

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

There are three ways to get rich in the United States today: make something for the mother of a new baby; for a woman decorating for Christmas; or for a school board building a school.

A new husband cured his wife of going around with her hair in curlers during the daytime. Every now and then he would look at her and observe sweetly, "My, you're pretty!"

One definition of an educated man is that he knows when to use not only commas and periods, but colons and semicolons as well.

Children today know so little Bible that a young boy thought the Sermon on the Mount meant a lecture while riding a horse.

We are the kind of family which starts to find out what's "worth watching on television," and before we get through reading the paper the evening is over.

When the preparation of the evening meal was assigned to a young girl, home from school for vacation, she declined on the grounds she couldn't cook a dinner.

"What!" exclaimed her parent. "After two years of home economics!"

"I know, mother, but you see we never got off breakfast."

One wife, who seems to manage situations with a gracious touch, heard that a carload of her husband's folks were headed for a visit, so she persuaded him to visit them—confident that passing ships in the night would not meet.

A woman, wearied by five children, took off for a few days, leaving the following note: "Remember, dear, what you always told me; when you get tired just dress up the children and get yourselves out of the house for a nice long walk."

And another mother says, "Every night I read the diary of a small boy's pockets."

When the postponed legal conference t[ook] place several weeks later, it went off [with] surface smoothness at least. Philip Me[rton] noticed that Belinda was looking extrem[ely] charming. Julia Rood pleased his taste [as]. She was a very handsome woman, but Me[rton] felt that she lacked the appreciation w[hich] could be expected on receiving what w[as] a considerable gift of money. She acted [as] if she were entitled to it. Clare had probably [told] her that story about the money's coming f[rom] an agency which her father had started, [but] that of course was nonsense. Clare had [given] the money and need not make any distri[bu]tion until her own death. Taxwise, of cou[rse], this was sensible.

Belinda's glowing gratitude made up [for] any reserve in her mother's manner. Beli[nda] told Philip that she didn't need the mo[ney], and she had never expected to be so rich [and] that it would be wonderful to have the i[n]come. She was delightfully happy, obvio[usly] dreaming already of how she would spen[d it].

"It will be useful when you begin to s[hop] for a trousseau," said Philip, interrupting [his] legal statements with that little pleasantry.

Julia Rood suddenly stiffened, almost pa[le]. Philip realized that he must have touched [on]

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9



AMBROISE PARÉ—Surgery Acquires Stature—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

s French Army surgeon in 1536, young Ambroise Paré refused o llow the medical tradition of pouring boiling oil into gunshot ou ds. He proved that wounds healed faster and pain was reduced ho less drastic measures were used. Paré's military and court medical rr r was served under four kings. During this time he instituted ma medical improvements and surgical reforms, including a return o te use of ligatures for tying blood vessels instead of searing them it cautery irons.

h courage to break with tradition has enabled medical men to make tremendous advances in all phases of medicine, surgery, and supportive fields of treatment. Today, the patient benefits from these scientific advances whenever his physician is called upon to combat illnesses or physical defects.

Working with physicians for nearly a century, Parke-Davis has significantly contributed to the advancements in medicine. Through original research, development, clinical testing, and production programs, Parke-Davis has improved the medicines physicians prescribe and pharmacists dispense to help people achieve better health and longer lives.

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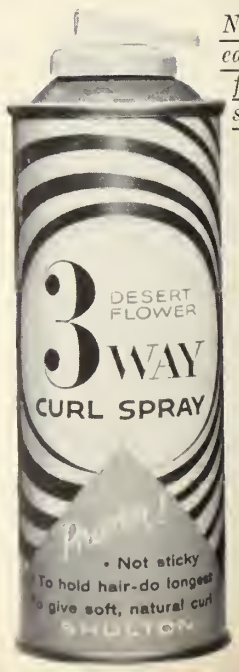
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NUED FROM PAGE 156

amily problem or disagreement, per-
e that concerned a clash of opinion as
n the girl should marry.
lieve that concludes our business for
e being," said Philip. "I shall proceed
e the stock transfers. You are going
Washington today, Mrs. Rood?"
, immediately."
n imagine how interesting and absorb-
r brilliant career must be."
ve this term in the House to finish,"
lia. "It probably will be my last in
gton."
n something was wrong. Merton saw
ost pleading glance that went from
toward her mother. Clare had lost her
He made no more comments on Mrs.
political life.
e was still a lingering constraint be-
he others as they said good-by outside
ding. Julia signaled a cab.
da said, "Shall I drive out to the air-
h you, mother?"
e you time?"
. I've the whole afternoon off. I'd like
od-by, Clare. I don't know how to
ou for what you've done today. I love
d Jerome—for it. And for so many
asons."
've been generous, Clare," said Julia.
hat won't make Julia approve of me,
Clare. She tried to be amused, not to
erted as they left her. She was glad to
n go together. Belinda was doing all
ld to make up for what Julia was en-
now, and what she must bear in the
Has she really made up her mind not to

dness is the golden chain by
ch society is bound together.
GOETHE

Congress again? wondered Clare. *Why
e punish herself? She's not done any
Shall I try to persuade her? No, I can-
Julia except with the money. She
trust my judgment. She couldn't find
for it in her manual.*

la would be all right now as far as
went. It would be a kind of protection.
gently Belinda already had rejected
of going to Europe with Clare until
r child was born.
nk I'd rather stay in New York," she
Clare. "I'll be able to work for a long
. And then I ought to be here. I want
be born in his own country. I believe
—"
knew that what Belinda believed was
enry Cowper—if he had known—
ant his child to be born in the United
ates.
was nothing more she could do for
She doesn't need me, thought Clare.
does. Suddenly she was conscious of a
ss that was new and frightening. It was
and physical. She had never felt so
was a kind of indifference to going
her, to walking even the distance to
corner, to looking for a cab. She had
ude she would come to his office this
n when she was through with her
eeting. She was on her way there now.
couldn't go farther. She hadn't the
.
was a department store just ahead.
have a rest room. She found at length
ty chair with plastic covering that she
own would be there, that all women
re getting old and became suddenly
unted on being there. Clare sank down
ough cushion, spread her knees for
. She thought, *I don't care how I look*,
hat moment touched the bottom of the
on which had been sucking her down
i.
closed her eyes. *I'm more tired than
ad a house to look after. It was a lovely
Belinda said it lived so well. And it was*
er thoughts took on color and move-
he could see the sweeping coral cur-
the staircase landing, and now Jerome
was coming up with his sure tread, calling her name, finding her in her dressing room —— *What shall I wear tonight? Dinner will be at home—we like that best—we always congratulate each other on being alone—it's not too often—we savor it, and there are special hot appetizers tonight—he will go out and tell Minna how good they are. No wonder people always like to work in our house. The house is full of affection, safe in devotion—the Irish silver is always beautifully polished. The house has the generous feel of a country house though it's on the edge of the city—we planned it so.*

What am I doing in this rest room? In New York?

It was half an hour before she stood up, washed her hands, put on fresh lipstick and drew on her gloves. On her way out she passed the chair where she had been sitting and gave it a little grateful pat. She looked at her watch. There was still time to get to Claude's office.

Claude said, "You're looking very tempting today."

"Good for me," said Clare. "I'm remarkable."

"I've always thought so."

"I came in to tell you, Claude, that I'm not going to take any job in the agency. Not even a small one."

"I wish you would, Clare. If there's any chance that you would reconsider ——"

"I'm very sure I won't. I have to think of my future."

"What are your plans? What are you going to do with yourself now?"

"I'm going back home."

The telephone in her room rang sharply and brought her back to time and place. What hour was it? Almost ten o'clock? She must have fallen asleep, sitting here.

"Mrs. Jerome Tarrant, please. Long distance calling."

"This is she."

"One minute, please. . . . I have Mrs. Tarrant on the line, sir."

"Thank you." It was a man's voice, vaguely familiar. "Is this Mrs. Tarrant?"

"Yes."

"This is Henry Cowper. In Chicago. I must apologize for calling you, but I didn't know what else to do. I cannot reach Belinda at her apartment. Her telephone doesn't answer."

"That's probably just as well," said Clare coldly.

"There's something she must know." Henry's voice was urgent. "Tonight. And I can't keep on trying to get her on the telephone. There are so many things I have to do here. My wife is dead, Mrs. Tarrant. She died this afternoon. Will you tell Belinda?"

"Died? I'm so sorry." The words came with no meaning. "Was she ill? I thought you didn't expect ——"

"It was an accident. I hope that we'll be allowed to call it that. What happened—I would like Belinda to know the truth—was that my wife took an overdose of sedatives. There was always some danger of that, but we had taken precautions—they were locked up. And she was never left alone. So I thought. The nurse was criminally careless. Of course my wife wasn't responsible. I trusted the nurse too far—it was my fault. Mrs. Tarrant, do you know where Belinda is?"

"Not at the moment, but I'll find her. I'll tell her."

"And could you ask her to understand why I may not be in touch with her for a little while—there are obligations ——"

This was Jerome talking. This was the way he had sounded twenty years ago. Stern, decent ——

"Of course she'll understand. Don't worry about that. Don't give anything else but your loss a thought now," she said to Henry Cowper as she had said to Jerome once in almost the same words.

"And when you talk to Belinda," the grave, weary voice pleaded, "if you could make her feel—I want her to know—if you would ——"

"I will," said Clare. "I'll tell her that you love her, Henry."

She was trembling as she broke the connection. She took a few minutes to believe it, to throw off the fears and pain that had ceased with the life of that unfortunate woman she had never seen. The present and the past had to be untangled, and vivid glimpses of the future flashed like lightning in a storm. She did small things that needed doing—emptied an ash tray, threw the newspapers she had read into the wastebasket, straightened a lamp shade and it was still true. She must go to Belinda, tell her carefully and slowly. There must be no shock for her in her condition.

Belinda had just come home when Clare arrived. She said that after she had left her mother at Idlewild she had come back on the bus. It was a long ride. Belinda looked tired.

"You got your mother off all right?"

Belinda said, "Yes, she got off. Oh, Clare, I feel so cruel. It's so hard on her. It's going to ruin her life. If I could only make her believe that mine isn't ruined ——"

"Of course it isn't," said Clare. "Neither is Julia's. Sit down and relax. This is the first time I've seen your apartment. It's charming. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'm fine."

Clare picked up the lighter on the table, remembering. Jerome would press it, then look up to see if she had an unlit cigarette. Then the flame would light up his firm face. He would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161



Embroidery and tucks, so elegant together . . . on no-iron blouses of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton. Each *3.98*



Burgerpizza!

Better than hamburger, better than pizza ...this quick, easy recipe combines two favorites with Hunt's Tomato Sauce!

Once in a while, you find a recipe *everybody* goes for —and here it is.

A hearty *new* kind of pizza. Topped with ground beef, savory Hunt's Tomato Sauce, and melty cheese.

What's even better, you make these Burger-pizzas in just 30 minutes. Great when you're short on time before lunch, dinner, or a late-evening get-together!

Quick cooking like this is where Hunt's Tomato Sauce really shines. It's ready to use when you open the can. And because it's *all tomato*, with just the right seasonings and spices added, it gives your cooking a new, rich tomato goodness.

For instance, pour it over hamburgers frying in the pan. Or try it with spaghetti. Or as a basting sauce for pot roast. Kettle-simmered Hunt's Tomato Sauce makes a wonderful, flavorful difference.

This recipe, developed especially for Hunt's, makes two 8-inch Burger-pizzas.

- 1 cup packaged biscuit mix
- Pure vegetable oil, such as Wesson
- ½ lb. ground chuck
- Salt, pepper, garlic salt
- ½ teasp. oregano or basil
- 1 8-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
- 1 tablesp. chopped parsley
- ¼ lb. Swiss cheese, cut in 1-inch strips

Prepare dough according to package directions. Divide dough in half. Roll each piece to fit bottom and sides of 8-inch pie pan. Brush with oil. Put half of the remaining ingredients on each pie in the following order: crumble beef evenly over the dough, sprink with salt, pepper, garlic salt and crumbled oregano basil. Cover with Hunt's Tomato Sauce and parsle Arrange cheese strips on top, like spokes of a whe Bake in hot oven (400°F.) about 20 minutes, or un brown and cheese has melted. Cut into wedges, a serve it right away!

Hunt...for the best



***HELPFUL RECIPES** on every can. Al write for FREE Recipe Booklet, "21 N Ways to Serve Hamburger." Hunt Foo Dept. K-9, P.O. Box 5, Fullerton, Cal In Canada: Hunt Foods, Tilbury, Ont.*

NT UED FROM PAGE 159

e, he had no nervous habits. He liked
time for everything. For breakfast,
ions, for making love. *Don't think of*
I must tell her. In a minute I will.
that a celestial globe? And a very
Really old. Where did you ever find

y found it. He knew that I wanted
unted all over for it."
treasure."
ll for baby," said Belinda and her
acked open with pain. "I wish my
s weren't misery for other people!
-Henry ——"

Clare sat down and held out her hand. The girl's head soon was on her shoulder and she held the frail, desolate body close, as never before.

"It's hard, but you're going to be happy ——"

"I was—I had my share ——"

"Just a taste of your share so far. Linda, I talked to Henry tonight."

"To Henry! Is he in New York?"

"No, he called me from Chicago."

"He called you?" said Belinda incredulously.

"Yes, because he couldn't reach you. He wanted me to tell you something. He sent you his love."

"Is he all right?"

"He sounded tired. Belinda, his wife died today."

"His wife ——" whispered Belinda and was on her feet, her face ghostly. "Oh, poor Henry!"

"Strange," said Clare. "I felt that way when Jerome's wife died."

"What happened to Henry's wife? She was quite strong—I mean ——"

She didn't even hear what I said about Jerome, thought Clare. *But for her there's no echo.*

"Henry said it was an accident. An overdose of something. She did it herself, Belinda. In a fog mentally, I suppose."

"Poor thing ——"

"That's right, Belinda. Begin with pity for her. The rest will come. And you must give Henry time. Any such break, any separation, even when it's been a burden ——"

"He'll think he didn't do enough for her."

"Probably he will. He's a good man. You must make him feel that he did all he could."

I did that well, she thought. *I convinced Jerome of that. It took a little time.*

Belinda said, "Now everything is different. He may think we should have waited. He may be sorry. I thought I was right. Perhaps I was wrong. He could even feel ——" she said with dread.

"Belinda," said Clare, "you must believe him. He sent you his love."

NORMAL FORMALITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

ither make your own by putting
eas through a food mill or strainer or
food.) Bring again to a simmer. Add
dissolved in the milk and continue to
few minutes. Taste for seasoning and
to be warmed up—or, if the weather
be offered cold—at serving time.

ng the soup I have assumed that you
a serving maid. From here on, be-
u might not, I shall assume that you
o have her and I have divided the
ween host and hostess.

LEMON PIE

misnomer. The product looks rather
a piece of edible jewelry than pie,
gh it does not seem rich, it goes down
one's having to swallow. You will
ave on hand:

4 *eggs*
1½ *cups sugar*
2 *lemons*
1 *pint heavy cream*
Salt and cream of tartar

the crust": Beat 4 egg whites with a pinch
lt and ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar until
. Add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, and
ue beating until your mixture is glossy
the sugar is dissolved. Spread it into a
-b ered 9" pie plate, carrying it well out
the m. Bake in a very slow oven, 275° F.,
25 inutes. Then raise the heat to slow,
F or 25 minutes again—or until a faint
nge has appeared. Remove from the
n allow to cool.

filling: Beat 4 egg yolks until thick.
d ½ up sugar, ¼ cup lemon juice and the
ted nd of 1 lemon. Stir and cook in the
o a double boiler until the mixture
ke Use a whisk or spoon for this. Re-
ve m the heat and cool. Whip 1 cup
vy eam. Fold it into the cooled filling and
n it to the crust. Save the remaining cup
rea until tomorrow, when you will put it
top f the pie. Wrap well with Saran and
p c led in the refrigerator until wanted.

On s day also, you should make sure that
ha a good linen damask cloth and nap-
s at nd. Make sure that your china, silver
l cr al are all clean and ready. You may
nk se details comic. On the other hand,
m not. You won't if you've ever ruined
oas while you polished extra forks at the
m ite.

STEP 2

s is Wednesday. Early in the afternoon you
f bu and arrange the flowers, lay out the
fee vice where it will be wanted, and set
b —very thoughtfully. There must be no
ock over a glass later as you jump up to
the lt.

Nov or the beans, and salad and dressing.

FRENCHED BEANS AMANDINE (part 1)

3 unds or more fresh green beans (the
zen whatever their virtues at other times,
n do here). Be generous because beans
prep ed cook down amazingly. Snip off the ends and "French" them—that is, sliver them lengthwise with a bean Frencher or a knife. If the beans are jumbos, cut these slivers in half, crosswise, so that they are easier to manage when eating. Set the beans aside in a plastic bag until cooking time, about an hour before dinner. A cool place is best, like the vegetable bin in the refrigerator. This cooking will be described in Step 3.

Whip the remaining 1 cup heavy cream and spread on top of the pie. Keep chilled until serving time.

If you wish to serve wine, it ought to be a dry white wine—a white Burgundy such as Chablis or Pouilly-Fuissé would do excellently. It ought now to be put to cool.

BELGIAN-ENDIVE-AND-CRESS SALAD

Remains now your salad, a plain green one. Wash and separate 8 heads Belgian endive and a bunch of water cress. Drain and leave in a plastic bag in the refrigerator to chill. (As the late Lady Mendl used to say, "Whatever is to be served hot must be *hot, hot, hot;* and whatever is to be served cold must be *cold, cold, cold!*") And here make up ½ cup plain old French dressing (to be poured on and tossed at the last moment); that is, to 1 part good wine vinegar (with salt, freshly ground black pepper and a garlic clove) add 3 parts olive oil. *Note:* If olive oil seems strong, use part peanut oil.

All this done, you should still have time to walk the dog, to bathe and take a nap. The last is important, because Step 3 is coming up.

STEP 3

Here the host comes on and you may both say that the staff work begins to look like a close-order drill. However, whether you call it headwork or footwork, the best hope of victory lies in *order*. And order in these circumstances is best got at by a division of labor. The hostess must have her part down pat and the host must have no doubt about his. For instance:

Before the guests arrive the host prepares the cocktails if cocktails are to be served. And he may also, if he can be trusted to peel an onion, whip up one very simple snack.

PARMESAN-CHEESE SPREAD

1 *cup grated Parmesan Cheese*
6–7 *tablespoons mayonnaise*
1 *shallot or small onion, grated*
1½–2 *dozen bite-size crackers or miniature English water biscuits*
Parsley

To the freshly grated cheese (or the sort sold already grated) add enough mayonnaise to make a thick paste. Squeeze into this the grated shallot or onion. Mix and serve on the crackers garnished with a little sprig of parsley. (If you happen to be fortunate to have two ovens, these may be toasted.)

Meanwhile, the hostess busies herself with the Rice Pilaf and the second stage of the Beans Amandine.

RICE PILAF

Choose a pan with a tight-fitting lid that can go into the oven. In this, gently cook 1 medium onion, chopped, until it is soft but not browned in ¼ cup butter. Add 2 cups raw rice. Stir it until it is well coated with butter. Then add 4 cups rich chicken stock. (Make this as you did for the soup, and remember the warning about the salt.) Bring to a boil. Place a sheet of aluminum foil over the pan. Cover with a tight lid and leave the pan in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes. Take the pan from the oven. Float it in a larger pan of hot water, over a very low back burner, until wanted.

FRENCHED BEANS AMANDINE (part 2)

Lightly brown ½ cup slivered blanched almonds in a little melted butter. Place aside to drain on paper toweling. Melt ½ cup butter in a little pan to season the whole bean dish and leave in a warm place. Boil the beans briskly for 10 minutes. Drain them. Sprinkle with one of the commercial "savor salts" if it is available, otherwise use ordinary salt, lifting with a fork so that the seasoning goes all through. Put all aside until the last moment and keep the beans hot as you did the rice. Obviously the nuts will remain crisper on their towel and the beans will stay firmer without the hot butter.

You then address yourself to the chicken dish.

CHICKEN BREASTS FLAMBÉES

8 *chicken breasts, boned and with wing attached*
Salt and pepper
½ *cup butter*
8 *shallots or small onions peeled and crushed*
1 *cup light cream*
3 *egg yolks*
½ *cup cognac*

Have a chicken breast for each person. Salt and pepper them. Brown these in the butter over a quick heat in a roomy skillet. You probably will not be able to do these all at once. Place the skillet, covered with its heavy lid, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 25 minutes. Remove and arrange the pieces of chicken on their serving dish which you will cover and return to a warm oven to keep hot. Cook the shallots or onions in the skillet over low heat. Stir with a whisk until they are soft but not browned. Add no salt if the chicken is well seasoned. Add the light cream into which you have beaten the egg yolks. *Simmer*, stirring with a whisk, until the sauce is thick and smooth. Transfer to a double boiler and keep warm. Have on hand ½ cup of good cognac and a little pan (really a tiny one) to heat it in.

That's the whole recipe, but it, too, is to be taken in stages.

While the host is locking the dog in the basement and plumping up the pillows—certainly before the guests arrive—the hostess browns the chicken pieces as stated above, places on the lid and puts them aside. She peels the shallots or onions, lines them up beside the garlic press and beats the egg yolks into the cream. When the guests arrive, she runs the covered skillet into the oven and sets the timer for 25 minutes. These minutes—an extra 5 wouldn't really hurt—she may spend out among the company as if she were a guest herself.

When the timer rings, she removes the skillet and tests the chicken to make sure that it is *done*. If it is, as it ought to be, she arranges the pieces on the serving dish and returns it, covered, to a warm oven to stay hot.

Here you may like to play a wise French trick on yourself: Sprinkle some flour on the handle of the skillet as a reminder that it is flaming hot. Now complete the sauce as described above.

If you choose to have wine, the host fills the wineglasses before the guests are seated, unless you have maid service and start with the soup course. This is a bit odd, but makes things easier. Then he lights the candles. The hostess checks the pilaf for heat, she reheats the beans, adding the almonds and melted butter, turning them with a big two-pronged fork. She places both the pilaf and the beans before her own place at table, and the sauceboat before the host's. Now all are seated and . . .

STEP 4

. . . begins. This is often rather touching, either because all men retain a boyish love of fireworks or because they secretly have something to do with *The Pickwick Papers*, which only an analyst could untangle.

Anyway, the host now retreats to the kitchen alone. In the small pan (remember, it had better be a tiny one) he brings the cognac to a boil (otherwise it will not ignite). At this he cuts off the heat, strikes a match to the cognac and pours it, flaming, over the chicken. After a quick check to make sure that no pets or footstools lie in his path (to change his entrance from Dickens to Laurel and Hardy), he moves in with the flaming triumph and lowers it before his own place.

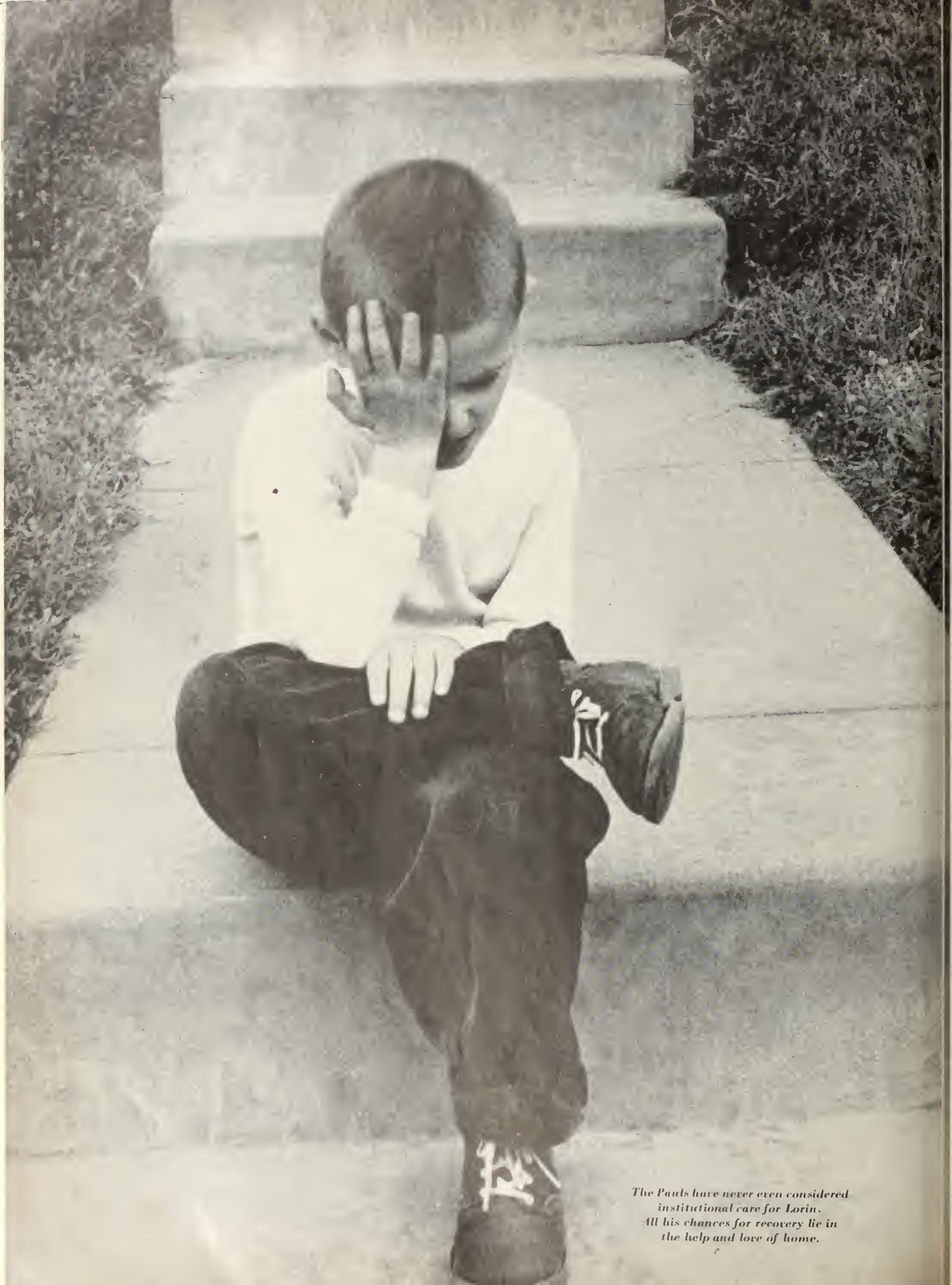
But he must keep on. He must spoon the burning cognac over the chicken and keep spooning it until the cognac has burned away. This is important. The idea is to serve the chicken with no liquor on it, to have conferred upon the chicken the flavor of cognac to which no alcohol is left.

When he is sure that the burning is through, he ladles the sauce over the whole dish, serves the plates with chicken and sauce and passes them along to the hostess, who "helps" the vegetables.

From here you ought not to be pursued by much advice, but we are tempted to keep on awhile; to say, for instance, that when the hostess has brought on her salad, seasoned and tossed, she would do well to serve it not on clean plates but on the used dinner plates still remaining before the guests. This may cause American eyebrows to go up, but it is a French notion and its object is not to save dishwashing. The truth is that if a meat sauce was any good in the first place, the flavor of whatever remains on the plate greatly adds to that of the salad. We have this direct from the wise old Abbé Dimnet, author of *The Art of Thinking*, who used to add some of the juice of the roast to his salad dressing as a valued ingredient.

We also urge that, while the hostess attends to the dessert, the host himself do the unserving of the table. Here he must be firm with the guests. If he fails, if the guests trail after him, trying to help, the evening will resemble a clambake or a picnic by the old mill. Not the sort of thing we had aimed at on this occasion. As we have said, you may find these minute instructions comic—as you might those of Mme. St. Ange, authoress of the famous *Livre de Cuisine*, in which she goes as far as to tell the host on which foot to place his weight as he carves the goose. Yes, but an orderly and, so to speak, a restful dinner party is a fine thing. You are sorry to see the guests go. You sleep well when they do. The next morning you feel the sort of glow you'd feel if you'd got a letter from the bank saying that the business about the overdraft was all the bank's fault and that the staff humbly begs your pardon.

END



The Pauls have never even considered institutional care for Lorin. All his chances for recovery lie in the help and love of home.

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK ROSEN

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Mental illness doesn't often strike before adolescence, but when it does it consigns little children to terror, parents to heartbreak. There are perhaps 50,000 such young sufferers in America today. The Sheldon Pauls, of Philadelphia, have one of them.

SCREAM IN THE NIGHT

On the night of January 9, 1956, the Sheldon Pauls, of Levittown, Pennsylvania, were one of the millions of families across the country who made a special treat of watching on their television sets Mary Martin in a two-hour production of *Peter Pan*. Three-year-old Lorin and two-year-old Candice Sue were allowed to stay up late, Candi snuggled much of the time in her father's lap. (Her mother, Ruthe, was seven months pregnant.) An early talker and keen story-listener, Candi watched the show with absorption.

Her brother Lory, however, paid little attention to the screen. He sang, danced and wandered about the house. Every now and then he talked discursively about trucks. With pretty, black-haired Candi's development, the faintest of shadows had fallen across the Paul household. Lorin, a handsome, lively boy with blond hair and big blue eyes, had been a particularly alert baby. He had stood and walked at an earlier-than-usual age. It seemed odd to his mother and father that his early flow of words seemed to have stuck at a level that was now below Candi's. He used his good vocabulary more in a private gabble than to communicate systematic three-year-old feelings. He appeared not to hear directions. He still played alone in a group of children.

But Ruthe and Sheldon were anxious not to compare. The look of brightness on Lory's face was unmistakable. Life had started out so well for him that as an infant he used to cry, "Happy, happy! Lory happy!" making neighbors and strangers turn around and smile. The only really upsetting thing he had ever done was try hard to pretend Candi wasn't there when she first came home from the hospital. When his mother showed him the baby, he averted his face and talked of something else. But Ruthe and Sheldon felt this was fully understandable. They told each other that girls were quicker than boys. Lately they had been trying with extra tact to prepare him for the arrival of a new baby.

Peter Pan over, Ruthe and Sheldon hurried the children to bed. Candi settled down at once. The instant Lorin was left alone he sat up in his bed and screamed.

It was a scream such as should never have to issue from the mouth of a well-cared-for, much-loved little boy. "It was a terror-stricken, hysterical screaming," says Ruthe. Lorin screamed all the rest of that night. He screamed most of the next day and night, and the next. Except for interludes of drugged sleep and even more frightening interludes of utterly deranged behavior, he screamed for weeks.

With less frequency, his scream has rung down through the years, for it is only lately, after years of expert help, that Lorin no longer startles with his panic cry. Ruthe and Sheldon Paul did not know it then, but they do now: they are the parents of one of the most cruelly afflicted of beings—a mentally ill child.



A psychiatrist once asked Ruthe, "Is there any episode in Lorin's past about which you feel guilty?" and she replied, "No—no, nothing! I don't feel I was a perfect parent, but I feel I was a good parent!"



The Pauls have been completely frank with their neighbors about Lorin. The result: plenty of kindnesses, not a single raised eyebrow.



Virginia Jones sleeps in three nights a week, works about fifty-five flexibly arranged hours a week for $37.50 plus bed and board. She does all laundry, cooks and cleans, but her great gift is her gentle patience with the children. Lorin has a special, calm relationship with Virginia that is very good for him.

Ruthe Paul has been through much since that night, including agonies of guilt, but she is now able to square her jaw and say, "*This is not my fault!*" She has, with a psychotherapist, with Sheldon, and with her most secret self, searched and searched through her memories of Lorin's infancy looking for causes. "No," she says firmly, "this is a dead end. Everything I did for Lorin I did through love. If I did everything wrong, they will have to throw away the books and write new ones." She has come through her self-doubts with one certainty: "I am convinced that this is a physical illness. When people talk to me about 'environmental causes' I can tell them 'This is not so!' I think all parents of psychotic children *must* be helped to feel this way—that they did not cause their psychotic child."

Certainly she and Sheldon, with their combination of deep affection and enlightened intelligence, seem almost a textbook example of a couple that has done the important things right.

Ruthe Zucker Paul was the older child of a close, lively family that moved from Brooklyn to Philadelphia when she was in her teens. "My father is a *very* sweet, kind person whom everybody loves. His electrical-contracting business went bankrupt during the depression, but he came right away to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and we were always comfortable. My mother is active, vibrant—a great theatergoer and reader. As long as I've known her she's been studying something. We used to camp every summer on a bit of wild property my father had on Long Island. I remember my brother and me teaching my mother to ride a bike so we could take trips together."

Ruthe has black hair, blue-gray eyes and a small feminine figure, and she began dating soon after she reached her teens. For what it is worth for a psychoanalyst to probe, Ruthe was a serious-minded adolescent even with popularity. More than a trace of this seriousness still remains. It is Ruthe who goes to sculpturing classes once a week, who hangs Paul Klee reproductions and her own abstract paintings on the walls of their living room, who has read the psychoanalytic books and picked up some of the jargon. "I feel that I was a very introspective child. I had difficulty relating. I tended to have one close friend rather than lots."

There are gay memories, too, however. She was graduated from high school in '44, when personable young ladies could pick and choose among jobs, and she and her best CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

HOW AMERICA LIVES



Everyone concerned with Lorin has hope. Never so ill as some psychotics, he has responded "most promisingly" to treatment, has made such strides that he now has concentration for quiet play, can share a little with sisters, Candi and Steffi. His therapists agree Ruthe's and Sheldon's steady strength and intelligence have been decisive factors in change.



BE REALLY REFRESHED... AROUND THE CLOCK!



RECIPE: Make your own "Lazy Susan" by using a large and small plate and a stemmed glass as shown. To make dainty and interesting sandwiches, cut bread, cold cuts and cheese into the shapes of hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades with cooky cutters. Sandwich together layers of meat with prepared cheese spreads, combine bread with meat and with cheese slices and there are your sandwiches. Serve with celery, olives, pickle slices, carrot curls. A clever way to present a buffet that's sure to please!





KING • REGULAR

At party time ...try this "Grand Slam" Bridge Buffet idea with King Size Coke and be really refreshed! Only Coca-Cola gives you that cheerful lift...that cold crisp taste that makes snacks more appetizing. Sign of Good Taste

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

friend had "about 5000 different ones" over the next three years—landing in 1947 in the office of a dry-cleaning plant run by an elderly man and his bright, brash nephew. The nephew was Sheldon. "He was *exactly* not my type. He was a smoothie, a playboy. He was just home from the Army, and his plan was to enjoy himself. I liked the sweet type—the kind you think of marrying right away."

But she and Sheldon opened the office together every morning. "We began talking. We found our ideas were alike about everything." They double-dated on a Saturday picnic with Ruthe's friend, and it poured rain. They sat in the car and talked some more. After that they dated every single night until their marriage ten months later, on May 9, 1948.

The wedding took place with more than the usual parental blessing. Broad-shouldered, boyish-faced "Shell" was something of a hustler—although a decidedly good-natured one. He was most interested that Ruthe's father was starting his own electrical-contracting company again (in Philadelphia this time), was operating out of the Zucker family basement with Mrs. Zucker answering the phone. Even before the wedding, Sheldon had bade the dry-cleaning business adieu ("It was *very* dull work") and become Mr. Zucker's apprentice. After the young couple were settled in a small apartment, he started on a three-year program of night courses in electrical engineering. In twelve years M. Zucker Co. has grown to a payroll of forty men, but since Sheldon has contributed so much to its growth he feels none of the onus of working "for" his father-in-law. Sheldon, now vice president in charge of practically everything, says, "*Anybody* could get along with Ruthe's father." Ruthe says, "Shell and my father have been so close. The company has prospered. When you think about it, life has been very, very good. Only one thing has gone wrong."

Their first apartment was the apple of Ruthe's eye, and Ruthe speaks of this as a happy time." But one thing was wrong t too. For three and a half years the Pauls fa what Ruthe calls "a sterility problem." It a time of temperature taking, chart kee and fervent wishing. Ruthe says, "I wa children; *oh*, how I wanted them. I fel though I was a failure. I had wanted f Sheldon wanted a *big* family. Believe me, playboy had changed!

"When I finally did get pregnant in 195 was probably the last possible minute bef was going to have to go for psychiatric h *This* was what having a baby meant to r

As Ruthe tells the story of her first pregn and birth, there can be little doubt about own joy. "My pregnancy was absolutely fa lous! I felt wonderful. I'd read about nat childbirth and knew right away that thi what I wanted. We had no trouble findi doctor who was interested, and Jefferson H pital had just started a program of classe

"Sheldon was with me all through labor delivery. I had a long labor—thirty hou was tired! I'd had no sedation at all. Bu



What every baby dreams of–

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NEXT MONTH

It was a middle-of-the-night fire—everyone helpless, shivering, thinking of nothing except that the children and the cats must get out. And when the house stopped smoldering—just a "big black mess"—there was the re building to worry about. But New Canaan, Connecticut, came to the rescue of the Frank Perrons. They had never known before how much human kindness could mean.

FIRE! FIRE!

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the October JOURNAL

soon as the baby was born, what did it mat I heard the words from Sheldon, 'Oh, wha beautiful boy!' Immediately I felt comple relaxed. Everything was all right!"

Lorin was one of the first babies to be t at Jefferson by natural-childbirth meth and word quickly spread that the unsed baby was amazingly alert. "All the interns d nurses came to look. He had this bright s right from the first—big bright eyes, and t he was so beautiful with his golden blond h I nursed him with *no* trouble. He was right side me in his plastic cart and Sheldon vis us often. For me it was the most exciting t of my life—a fulfillment. Nothing went wr Nothing! Everything was perfect."

During the pregnancy, Sheldon had bou a house in Levittown, about an hour's d from Philadelphia, and it was into this h that they moved when Lorin was six weeks l Ruthe's cup seemed to be running over. T the serious, deeply feminine young wom her own baby and her own house were t main reasons for being.

"Levittown was perfect for a young co with one child. We made friends. Never n the sea of mud! The only time I remember trouble with Lorin was when we first mo and I switched him from nursing to form Levittown didn't have a pediatrician yet, a was getting directions from our old docto phone. No formula seemed to fill him up. had already been sleeping through the ni but for a week there he woke up crying hunger every two hours. Then a young pe trician moved in and put Lorin on orange j and cereal right away. I never had a mom trouble after that. And I can't believe it week could have done such terrible ha Lorin was *never* left to cry. He was *al* picked up and fed right away.

"From then on his development was s wonderful. He did everything early. He

d 'bye-bye' and played peekaboo. He
l men—Sheldon and his grandfather
ularly—and he was good with strangers.
:aner, the breadman, the pediatrician all
:azy about him. I feel he got a lot of at-
, the *nice* kind of attention—the kind
ys, 'I like you, you're a nice boy.'"
n's superior looks and charm filled
with the deepest kind of pride. Sheldon
with laughter when it is suggested to
t young fathers are supposed to be sub-
ously jealous of first sons. He took a
caring for Lorin from the first, glowed
ally at Lorin's evident pleasure in his
ny. Lorin had doting grandparents. He
fact, all the riches of domestic love that
posed to nourish children and give
trength for the time when they must
lone. Things were so ideal that Ruthe
eldon asked their doctor how soon they
tart another baby. Candi was born in
r, 1953, when Lorin was just thirteen
old. When Lorin pretended not to see
e black-haired, blue-eyed baby for her
v weeks, Ruthe says, "We did all the
things. We didn't force him, we gave
tra attention. Other adored children
brothers and sisters and come through
ght. Why shouldn't Lory?"

n a beloved three-year-old shrieks,
do not immediately think in terms of
illness—not even if the shriek is weirdly
able. There was a period of about two
between the Pauls' first hasty conjec-
t Lory had been frightened by Captain
"But then he hadn't really seen the
) and the day in March when they
their first psychiatrist. This was the
when they watched in utter bewilder-
e disintegration of their son. It was so
ng that they find their memory of it is
irred.
on says, "All I remember out of this
bloody mess was this poor little boy
ng his head off—and what could you
emember rocking, rocking him in a
chair. But he wasn't there."

Ruthe says, "I was so *frightened.* I didn't even want to be pregnant any more. I was in hell and this baby was in hell and the only thing that mattered was getting him out of it."

The young pediatrician who knew Lory had moved away, and they took him to a general practitioner. The doctor called it the "night terrors" and prescribed sedatives. One can guess now that it was hard for him in his office to grasp all that the Pauls were going through at home, but at their request he built up the dosage of Seconal to almost an adult level. It never gave Lory more than two hours of sleep. A neighbor telephoned to say that if they didn't stop torturing their child she would report them to the police.

"Then he got worse every day. He started tearing at himself—clawing at his face and ears with his fingernails. He still bears the scars. He smeared his food, screaming in terror at the sight of it. It was not a question of his turning against the rest of us; he was locked in with some nightmare about himself. For example, he would scream, 'I want my daddy, I want my daddy!' with Sheldon right beside him. He would scream for fifteen minutes, then run wildly for fifteen minutes, then start ripping at himself. I would wrestle with him. He was so wild he was strong; often I had to sit on him.

"I would cry—when I wasn't too busy. I was on the verge of hysteria all day long. The minute Sheldon came home at night he would take over. He would say, 'Go on, get out. Take a walk. Go to a movie.' But I couldn't leave. I would go sit in the car for a while to get away from the screaming, and then come back in. I gave Candi every moment I could spare, and she was such a good little girl. She seemed to understand that Lori was 'sick.'"

Ruthe and Sheldon discussed the possibility that Lorin had fallen on his head. Their doctor continued to be reassuring until he discovered in February that Lorin's reflexes were not acting. He now suggested that Lorin be put in a hospital for complete physical tests. Ruthe says, "I'm proud of my reaction to this. I've learned since that disturbed children often withdraw completely when they are sent to a hospital. Then they are so much harder to reach with help. We insisted on keeping him at home and taking him in daily for his tests. Everything proved negative. He was in excellent health."

There was only one avenue left. Their doctor recommended a child psychiatrist and they made their first appointment. Ruthe and Sheldon kept it with beating hearts and the conflicting emotions of those who long to know, yet fear to learn. The main lesson they learned was that the first psychiatrist is not always the right one. Her first words, without preliminary (she had not seen Lorin yet), were, "Can you afford three visits a week at fifteen dollars a visit?" When Sheldon answered "No!" and then on second thought began to hesitate, she agreed to see Lorin the next day.

They brought Lorin and she retreated into another room with him for five minutes. When they came out Sheldon drew a deep breath and asked the question that cost such agony to phrase: "Doctor, is my child retarded?" She gave him a long stare and then said, "Why do you ask?" (Countering questions is an old psychiatric game, but Sheldon still explodes in what he feels is righteous anger when he recalls the incident.) She never did answer him. The next morning she telephoned to say she had "re-evaluated" her notes and decided she could not take Lorin as a patient.

Ruthe was alone except for the children when the call came, her pregnancy was now full term, and she says, "I hung up and had hysterics. This was the doctor who had been going to tell us what to *do*. To me, she was saying Lorin was hopeless."

In the midst of her tears she remembered a friend who had a disturbed child under treatment, and from her got the name of another specialist in child psychiatry. Dr. R, a man, came readily to the phone and was immediately sympathetic. His kindness made Ruthe weepier than ever. "Now, now," he told her, "nothing can be this bad. He's only three years old. He's talking. If we can't treat him, psychiatry had better shut up shop." He tore apart his schedule to make an appointment.

Ruthe's and Sheldon's enthusiasm for Dr. R mounted with their first visit. He heartened them with his optimism that Lorin was still expressing *some*thing in words. In fact, Lorin had begun to withdraw noticeably by late February. The shrieking had lessened. He stared straight ahead, seemed uncertain about his physical existence (rather than use his own hand to open a door, he would reach for Ruthe's "as though it were some object" and put it on the doorknob). Yet he was still saying randomly (with no truck in sight), "Look at the truck." (Lorin's doctors believe that what they call his "truck focus" dates from an occasion before his breakdown when he had a childishly high fever and Ruthe brought him a toy truck to play with.)

Dr. R told the Pauls he would like to see them once more before seeing Lorin, whereupon Ruthe blurted out, "Doctor, is there any way to stop labor?" She had begun her labor pains the night before, but had been unable to bear the thought of missing the appointment with the doctor who had sounded so kind. "I *know* I stopped that labor. I just *couldn't* have that baby until Lory was settled."

Dr. R said, "It certainly is possible for anxiety to stop labor. Let's say that I'll see *Sheldon* tomorrow. *You* must start putting your mind at ease."

His words were so effective that Ruthe never made home that day (Lory and Candi were safely at her parents' house). She and Sheldon stopped for lunch, a meal that they left in a great hurry. Two and a half hours later their second daughter, black-haired, brown-eyed Stefanie Elin, was born.

Ruthe says now, "Once we got through the period of not knowing, it's been uphill."

It's been a rough hill. Facing their problem was only the first step up. Learning the best ways of living with it has been another. Ruthe and Sheldon have had Candi and Steffi to think of, money to worry about. Always there was that indispensable—sometimes heavy-hearted—little creature called Hope to pull along with them toward the top. The Pauls

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are a lesson in the human capacity to keep on climbing with resourceful courage.

Dr. R's role proved only temporary. He quickly dismissed their lingering thoughts of retardation. ("Lorin's smart," he told them. "This is one of the things we *can* tell.") Extensive psychological tests laid bare how very ill Lorin was. "It was not a neurosis—it was a psychosis. He had been affected in every area of development."

The Pauls are one of the fortunates in that they live in the environs of Philadelphia—one of the great medical and research centers of the East Coast. Dr. R quickly referred Lorin on to those better geared to help him—the psychiatrists and therapists of Philadelphia's Child Study Center, under the famed Institute of Pennsylvania Hospital.

The Child Study Center believes in helping all the family members of a patient, and for the next two years some or all of the Pauls were commuting to the Center four times a week. This was an hour-and-twenty-minute trip each way from Levittown, and on some mornings Ruthe had to get up at 5 A.M. Infant Steffi rode in a portable basket. ("She grew up in the back of the station wagon," says Ruthe. "And *oh*, what a good baby she was!") Candi attended the Center's nursery school for normal children. She was such a bright, happy youngster that "the reports on her were ecstatic." Sheldon began with individual therapy, eventually found evening sessions of therapy with other fathers more congenial.

But those who obviously needed therapy most were Ruthe and Lorin. Ruthe entered willingly into individual therapy with a staff psychologist, stayed with it for two years under the Center's family plan, continued it privately for an extra period. She found it an invaluable support. She admits that she had assumed most of the guilty feelings (without having any idea *what* she was guilty of); Lorin was cutting her to the quick almost daily by screaming for Sheldon instead of mommy, by rolling on the floor and screaming, "Don't beat me! Don't beat me!" when she approached him. She credits her therapy with bringing her through the early bewilderment of guilt ("You *cannot* function as a parent until you have worked through this!") and restoring her self-confidence as a mother (Candi's and Steffi's ideal development helped).

As for Lorin—Ruthe was profoundly shocked that spring of 1956 when she saw for the first time the other mentally ill children in Lorin's nursery-school group. One wore thick glasses and barked like a dog. Another salivated constantly and tried to climb the walls. Was Lorin one of these? "Lorin was *always* cute-looking," says Ruthe earnestly "even at his worst. People still turned around to admire him because he looked like such a normal, appealing little boy."

But Lorin needed help as much as any. When he first arrived at the Center he was in deep psychosis. He too clawed at the nursery walls—or lay in a corner in withdrawal. Yet a therapist who came to know him well says now, "Lorin is one of the most promising children we have ever treated. He had this strength in him which he was able to use. His eyes never kept for long that glazed, sa[d] ward look of the completely lost."

In addition to his hours in the nursery [w] a therapist, Lorin had individual treat[ment] with a psychiatrist. Ruthe's therapist h[elped] her provide Lorin with better discipli[ne] home. She says, "I had thought everyth[ing] did must show him love. But Mr. Bolanc[e] me that he needed the strength and safe[ty] discipline. When I became firm with hi[m] could relax better. I could say to him, 'I[am] your mother. I will not allow you to kic[k] window.'" The Center found that Ruth[e had] never pushed toilet training on him, and [they] encouraged her to do so. Within three w[eeks] he was trained. Her spirits rose as her own [role] became clearer.

The steps upward began—steps that in[it]selves were sometimes frightening. He [began] to respond somewhat to his therapist—[but] not to other children; he simply didn't n[eed] them. He began to talk more—but only t[o] press horrible fears. At table he would scr[eam], "I don't want to be poisoned!" When [his] bowels were moving his cry was one of m[ortal] terror: "I am losing my stomach!" A ty[pical] flow of conversation might be, "Oh, my [eyes] tired eyes hurt. My eyes, my poor tired [eyes] are bleeding. My ears hurt. My ears are b[lee]ing. Take me out of my nose. The hou[se is] breaking!" Small, tenderly reared Lorin [had] his thoughts on beatings and poisoning, bl[ood]age and blood.

At home, he developed a terribly frig[hten]ing habit of disappearing. Ruthe and [her] helper that she and Sheldon were event[ually] obliged to hire would try to keep an ey[e on] him every minute, but "The minute our [back] was turned, woosh! and he'd be off. It w[as a] terrible problem, not only to us but to him[self]. The psychiatrist told us that it frighte[ned] Lorin—he didn't want to be alone and lo[st]—but he had no control over the impulse. [The] most terrifying time was when he landed [on] the other side of a busy highway half a [mile] from home. We used to pin a large tag on [him] back with his name and telephone numb[er], but there were *many* times when I had to [call] the township police to help us." Ruthe reports that the police were uniformly gentle with [the] small, blond, blue-eyed boy who looked [so] terror-stricken when found.

Even his nights were haunted for years by what Lorin has called "a trouble." She remembers as late as the summer of '57 spending the hot nights in Lorin's little bedroom [on] a mattress under Lorin's bed. "He would startle awake very suddenly—as though [some]one had a knife at his throat. Then he would shriek and cry. At first I'd be sleepy, and [try] him to be quiet. Then I'd realize this was a [child] bouncing off a wall. I'd get up and pat [him] and talk to him in a quiet voice. You could almost see the tide of anxiety running [out]."

By the end of '56 the Pauls knew Lorin's progress was going to be a long haul. It meant money problems were going to [be a]

CONTINUED ON PAGE [0]

HOW MUCH HAS LORIN'S ILLNESS COST THE PAULS?

Below are the total costs to the Pauls from January, 1956, to August 1, 1960, specifically attributable to Lorin's illness. Included are only three days a week of Virginia's time, for the Pauls figure that under ordinary circumstances they would be glad to have help twice a week. Not included are the costs nobody kept track of: the move from Levittown to Philadelphia, gas and lunch money on Ruthe's long commuting days to the Child Study Center.

Medical and dental fees* (not including Dr. X)	$350.00	Child Study Center	1,298.00
Physical and psychiatric tests	98.00	Summer schools	813.00
Ruthe's private therapy	630.00	Dr. X	1,705.00
Sklar School (regular sessions)	2,820.00	Medication	340.00
		Three fifths of Virginia's wages	3,680.00
		Total	$11,734.00

*Lorin cannot tolerate routine trips to the dentist. Last spring he went to the hospital overnight (Ruthe stayed with him), and major dental work was done while he was under anesthesia. The bill: $200.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

long haul too. When Lorin first began at the Center, Sheldon was earning $125 a week. Their Levittown residence made them ineligible for the Center's special rates to Philadelphians, and the cost of their family plan was $45 a week. Sheldon was able to keep more or less abreast (often less) by borrowing heavily from M. Zucker Co., staking everything on his share in the company's rapidly increasing prosperity. It was a risk that he has won. But meanwhile it was only sensible for them to leave Levittown and move to Philadelphia, where their rate would drop to $18 a week.

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In chilled bowl, combine all ingredients except almonds. Whip until stiff. Spread between and on top of two 8 or 9-inch layers. Sprinkle with almonds. Chill till ready to serve.



Ruthe didn't want to leave a bit—she loved the Levittown house—but they moved in February of 1957. They found a house to rent in an attractive development of $18,000 houses laid out on pleasant, winding streets in Philadelphia's northern suburbs. Ruthe says, "I didn't even know we had a view in back until after we'd signed. When I saw it I thought, 'Whew! Somebody's looking after us.'" A little stream flows at the bottom of their large back yard; beyond it is a gentle slope of open fields that reflect the seasons.

They decided to put the money saved into full-time live-in help. This was more for Steffi's sake than for Ruthe's—she was getting too big to live all day in a basket. Thus Virginia Jones entered the Paul family, bringing a calm and loving intelligence to her handling of the children, a rocklike reliability and industry for Ruthe to lean upon; she is with them still.

Ruthe declares that the new house itself was "a mess." She has a low opinion of builders who build picture windows facing the street instead of where the view is. "Besides, believe it or not, the previous occupants had raised birds in the bedroom!" But she had Virginia now, and before the move she came down alone to "paint and think."

They bought the house a year later, and have been transforming it into what they want ever since. Sheldon, the former lighthearted bachelor, now dedicated domestic man, has enlarged the living room, moved the picture window bodily from the front of the house to the back (bringing the countryside into living and dining rooms), put in another picture window in his and Ruthe's bedroom (at the back!), renovated the kitchen, and plans to turn the attached garage into a playroom next. Ruthe has a bold eye for color. Turquoise, royal blue and emerald green vibrate next to restful grays. Plenty of books, plenty of art and art objects give the house the Pauls' own stamp.

Ruthe says now, "Sheldon has always helped me. When Lorin seems to be standing still he'll say, 'Be patient. He's consolidating his gains. Don't you remember when you would say if only he didn't do so-and-so—and now he isn't? He'll move forward again.'"

In the spring of '58 Lory moved on from the Child Study Center to small Sklar School in nearby Germantown, which he now attends regularly. Sklar is a highly unusual school; it is one of the few in the country that offer a day-school environment to what it calls "underproductive" children. There he is in a small class that has a sprinkling of normal children. He has had the same gentle-voiced teacher, "Miss Marie," in the two years he has been there. Sklar also has a summer session that offers swimming (Miss Marie is there too), and the Pauls send Lorin because it is in the pool that he is most nearly a happy, normal boy. The price is $1000 (plus extras) for the regular school year, $200 for the summer session.

Lorin also has psychotherapy once a week with one of Philadelphia's most respected child analysts. When the Center first referred the Pauls to her in the fall of '58, she was, like many top-notch psychiatrists, "very busy and taking no more patients." But the professional people concerned with Lory were so fond of him and had such high hopes for him that doors were somehow opened. Dr. X now plays an enormous part in Lorin's life. She does not treat Ruthe and Sheldon (she quickly satisfied herself that their past therapy had given them strength and insight), but she is always available to them. Ruthe takes Lory to his appointments (she waits in the hall), telephones Dr. X freely. Two or three times she and Sheldon have asked for special appointments to talk things out at length. Ruthe says, "As far as I am concerned, Dr. X is a born psychiatrist. She is always kind, attentive—and *simple*. She never uses jargon; she gets to the heart of things in everyday words."

By now Lory has left his screaming (Ruthe's first "if only") a long way behind. He may still erupt with a scream from Dr. X's office, but that is only because tense matters sometimes come up there (for example, the time mommy stayed in the hospital with Candi during Candi's appendectomy); the scream is relevant—and he is quicker afterward. The blood-and-thunder has practically gone from his discourse. He hasn't wandered for half a year. He sleeps through the night.

Lorin talks a great deal now, in a gentle voice, with an odd, gentle smile—as though not sure anyone would listen. In the back seat of the car, keyed up because he is on his way to Dr. X's, he will say to Ruthe, "Are you trying to watch the highway while I'm resting? Am I distracting? Do you tell the ears, 'Get off my back on Pineapple Street'? . . . I'm allowed to complain. I'm allowed to whip and whine. Is it not pleasant to complain? Is it not pleasant to whip and whine?" At home his most thunderous statement may be, "I am going to have a horrible [hard-boiled] egg." Any seven-year-old could make the same joke. His remarks may even be soothing, as when he sits comfortably on Virginia's lap sucking on a green lollipop. "My lollipop is banana, vanilla, cherry, orange. It's blue. I have blue, I have blue, I have blue." There is no doubt that Lorin's world is calmer than it was.

His troubles are still there, of course. One of the disconcerting things about mental illness is the apparent element of willfulness involved. Lorin is ill because of overpowering necessity, yet some corner of his brain decides with a kind of cunning sanity what he will see or not see. If Ruthe should go to him and say, "Your lollipop is green," he will (still calmly) say, "It is red, it is yellow, it is blue." "Say green," demands Ruthe. "It is blue," says Lorin. One can almost see lurking the little

> Hostility to youth is the worst vice of the middle-aged. It is silly to quarrel with the chamois because he has not come by the mule path. I hate to hear people saying, "He is young, he must wait; he will get plenty of chances." How do they know? Could Keats have waited, or Shelley, or Byron, or Burns?
>
> J. A. SPENDER
> THE COMMENTS OF BAGSHOT

boy who knows perfectly well it is green; but he will not be pushed too far.

He is still too driven to draw a circle on a piece of paper (he must tear through the pad furiously, scribbling on every page). He still runs distractedly about the house (wearing his bland little smile). Yet with the lessening of his panic, the amount of reality he deals with is growing. He pokes at his sisters now, sometimes hugs them, sometimes betrays jealousy. He calls Dr. X by name. He used not to call Ruthe anything at all (the one he loved most could hurt him most); now he calls her "mommy."

Everybody in the household has become practiced at living with him. For the grown-ups, devotion plus common sense is the rule. Virginia shepherds him through his evening supper with the same gentle dignity she shepherds Candi and Steffi; he can be trusted (*most* of the time) to feed himself competently. He takes himself to the bathroom, but he still has to be dressed. Dr. X has urged them again to be very positive with commands (when he gets away with misbehavior it adds to his load of guilt), so there is firmness. ("Lory! *Give Candice back her book at once!*") But there is play too. "Of *course* I can make him laugh," says Ruthe. "When we play 'Here's your nose, here's your chin, open your mouth and walk right in' he won't let me stop."

For Candi and Steffi, no easy rule seems to explain the small miracle of their adjustment. Sheldon says, "Out of this has come some good. I think the girls have learned compassion." Candi, a first-grader last school year, bounded to the top of her class in practically everything, by last spring had proudly taken over the family reading aloud at bedtime. (Everybody crowds on the girls' two beds for it, and it often ends in a fine roughhouse, with Sheldon at the bottom of the pile.) Her gray-blue eyes under her black hair are steady, and her mature little air comes as much from wisdom as from manners. She knows that she is, in every practical sense, the "oldest" child, and the responsibility has made her bloom.

Ruthe says of brown-eyed Steffi, "W *wonderful* little girl she's been. Happy loves mommy and daddy and the whole and yes, she'd be *delighted* to take a na Lory has got better, his capacity for t has risen 1000 per cent. He may swo Steffi's careful drawing of "a lady," sc over it, snatch her pencil and shove her floor. Steffi gives a startled shriek, then herself up, and the little black cloud visibly from her face. "That's all righ didn't hurt me," she says comfortingly mother. A moment later, as she shows a new picture, she will say, "I love you, turn up her chubby face confidently for

Early this year Ruthe once said of "Sometimes when I play with him I 'This is what you are for—to enjoy.' know what will become of him—wha he has. But *this* he is for—right now."

More recently she has said, smiling, joined Sheldon's club." There's only one bership requirement: total optimism. Sh says, "Do I think he's going to come o it? Boy, *do* I! This is my son. Furtherm think my attitude of faith is a help to And when he does come out of it—we'r ing to have *quite* a boy. You're hereby in to his college graduation."

Lorin's doctor's optimism is more caut "Yes," she says, "Lorin's illness can pro be called schizophrenia—symbiotic sc phrenia." Dr. X has talked to many br broken parents on the other side of her and she says, "I have seen so many guilty ings—parents who need to hide the pro not only from others but from themselves studies on childhood psychoses reveal n cause, but a perplexing mixture of ca There is a definite constitutional factor in of these children, plus accidental factors as illness, plus parental influences.

"This is true for the less disturbed, neu children too. Mothers today are being m maligned, too easily accused of being 'overprotective' or 'rejecting.' Even the m cal profession has helped contribute to t load of guilt; in some centers 'treatmen the parents consists less of help than of pun ment. Fortunately, the Pauls' experience a Child Study Center was completely helpful

"In Lorin's case, I've often wished I c have seen him at birth, when he was descri as so particularly alert. Well, I wonder —

"His acute breakdown came when the ginning separation from his mother occurring. Even the normal two- to three-y old child finds this a trying time; his des are mixed as he proclaims independence then runs back to the security of his mot Yet his natural development of himself a person urges him ahead. Somewhere Lo mislaid, or failed to develop, this nor budding sense of 'self,' or ego. His whole ing was defined by the adults who cared him. It was as though when they looked other way, he ceased to exist. Their looks other way must have increased as he g older; when he first screamed, he was alm certainly afraid of death. Quite literally.

"Lorin would still prefer adults to do thi for him that the normal child does for h self—not only put on his clothes, but perfo what we call 'ego functions': control actions, make his judgments, tell him whe start and when to stop. Treatment consists trying to help him develop an ego capable functioning, of coping with his impulses a the demands of reality. The therapist must him how he feels, remind him constantly w the rules are, even, if necessary, tell him t he exists, that he is a boy and not a tr When Lorin first began to use his own c trols he seemed afraid. He had to insist t the rules were not his—they were mother's Virginia's or mine.

"There has been real progress this last ye Our first months were *so* unstructured. screamed. He talked of nothing but truc Often he could not talk at all. Now we h structure, memory and judgment. He can call and make use of comments that I ma months ago. He's developing a sense of h mor. He will tease me, use nonsense phras He can even initiate conversation.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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Mrs. Cox is pictured in her living room with her daughters Janice Ann and Elizabeth Ora. Mr. Cox is a real estate executive.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

"I think he still needs a *great* deal of treatment. The tensions of adolescence are ahead of him. Many former psychotics have functioned in jobs, but the role of husband and parent is less sure. But I feel optimistic because this is a child who can make use of treatments. He is much less ill than *many* psychotics."

That Lorin has done as well as he has is in part a tribute to some rational will for survival in him—for all the devotion, hours and money lavished upon him by his family, his therapists, his teachers and his doctors are not enough. Dr. X has told the Pauls that ideally Lorin could use at *least* five hours of treatment a week in addition to his days at Sklar. Sheldon, whose present income is under $15,000, and who still chronically borrows from his company and his bank to finance Lory's present treatment, offered to raise the weekly hours of treatment to two, but Dr. X felt that such an increase might better be saved for the future, when stresses might increase.

The Pauls have faced the fact that, like many other families, they do not have the amount of money it takes to buy the ideal hours of psychiatric help for their son. (If everyone had it, then there would be only a fraction of the psychiatrists needed to provide them.) Several years ago Ruthe joined a Philadelphia group called the League for Emotionally Disturbed Children (now joined with others to become the National Organization for Mentally Ill Children). She helped lobby in Harrisburg for a bill that would provide public-school funds for the education of such children. As it is, disturbed children ineligible for the public schools receive nothing. Ruthe says, "We worked *so* hard, and the State Department of Public Instruction backed it. But it never even came out of committee." Sheldon says wryly, "You can tell the readers of America: if you have to have a shook-up child, have a *lot* of money. Say $100,000 ... er taxes."

Yet the Pauls have many good things. V... Sheldon cleared their attached garage ... spring preparatory to turning it into a ... y-room, he turned the little girls loose int... h... delightful, bare chamber, with full permi...on to draw on the walls. Candi and Steffi h... wonderful afternoon, but then Lory can ... in and scribbled all over their pictures. ...ut look!" says Ruthe. "You can still see t...m. All these angels and mommies and dad...s. And every one has a smile." Sure eno...h, smile after smile peeps out from behin...he scribbles—the biggest of all possible sm...s, the one a happy child puts as a matte... of course on a drawn face.

Other smiling things are mixed right in ... th... the "trouble." Ruthe and Sheldon's close...s to each other is a visible thing. Sheldon w...ks hard—ten hours or more a day—but whe...he comes home, faces turn toward him as ... a sun. He can say, "I have provided my ... f... with the scale of living I think she deserv..." but he has also provided her with a str...g right arm for leaning on that has never ...l-tered.

She has needed it. Ruthe's private tragl... has been to let others help Lorin more th... she. The "symbiosis" in which Lorin's ill...ss is rooted means an extra-close relationship ...e-tween mother and child. It was a relation...p once very dear to Ruthe, but she understa...ds now that Lorin must separate himself f...m her if he is to get well. Thus Sheldon had t...e the one to lie under Lorin's bed on hot s...-

> The late Henry Ford was once asked in an interview if he felt that there were any disadvantages in having great wealth. "Well," drawled Ford, "for me it was when Mrs. Ford quit cooking."
>
> **PAUL STEINER**
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mer nights. Virginia's lap, uncomplicated... memories, is his present haven. ("You go ...a meeting," he says to Ruthe on Virgin...'s nights in.) Dr. X is giving him the defense ...e needs to live.

Dr. X says, "Recent studies indicate it s... ply is not true that a symbiotic relationship ... ways indicates a mother who has smothe... her child with a dependent love. I doubt v... much that Ruthe put so much pathology i... her relationship with Lorin that this is ... answer to his psychosis. Ruthe loved L... greatly, to be sure, and I'm sure she deri... fulfillment from him. But this is what we w... of normal mothers too. I do not feel that ... strong, intelligent woman put *all* of her ... into Lory. She has not needed him to rem... an impressively whole person since the r... ture. Her strength in sharing Lorin w... Virginia, with me, is one of the great reas... for his progress."

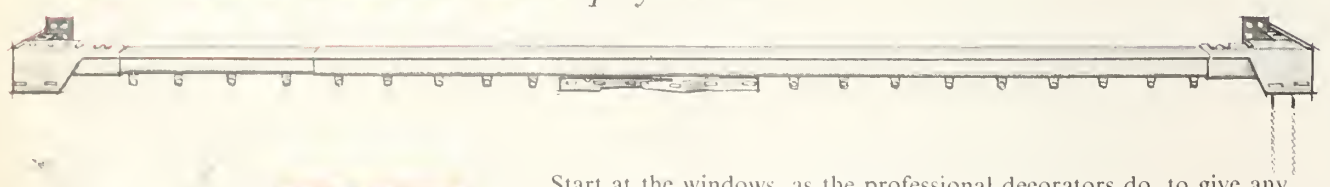
Sheldon's gentle understanding of her d... cult role has made an unbreakable bond ... tween them. When he is in the room, a stra... transformation comes over Ruthe. She e... *looks* a little smaller, more wifely. Her f... appears at rest (it doesn't always in his ... sence); she listens attentively to what he sa... A stranger could glance at her and ... promptly, "She adores him."

She and Sheldon live now with the vi... that they have been visited by a bewilder... and arbitrary act of God—the kind that ... quires so much courage and generosity ... spirit that in the end it seems inevitable. ... the *Ladies' Home Journal* does our stor... said Sheldon, "let us please be identifi... No anonymous treatment where the faces ... the pictures are turned away so they ca... be seen. Let's *do* something about the a... tude that there is something shameful ab... mental illness. Until people get over this id... there will never be enough done to help th... children."

Ruthe looks at him and nods, and her f... is at rest. E...



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Y LIFE IN WHITE WORLD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

be like setting your alarm clock for the nt when day turns into dusk.

t I do know I was in my teens before I t by the full realization of what it could o be a Negro. And I mean hit; not by a it by something that was said to me. I u the shock was the most terrible I've id.

already been singing for quite some nd had even given some local recitals. in our church had got interested in my nd wanted to help me. They decided the ad come when I ought to have some voice training. My family couldn't af- y such thing, but these interested peo- re going to make up among them the it of money required. I knew the music I wanted to go to in Philadelphia. It t exist any more, but at that time it had eputation, and as far as I was concerned nted everything a singer could wish for. the money for the tuition was guaran- went for an application blank.

at day there was a line of people in front window where applications and infor- were given out. There was a young girl the window. She was blond, very and had a way of tossing her head that rt but cute, I thought. I had time to no- these things, because she didn't seem to me. She looked over my head when it be my turn, and took care of one after r of the ones behind me until I was the ne left. She spoke to me then, but in a nt tone of voice from the one she'd used other people. 'What do *you* want?' was she said. I told her an application blank. ssed her head, and this was still pert but n't cute. Her face wasn't even pretty, he- she raised her upper lip as if she smelled hing bad and said to me, 'We don't take d.'

romise you I was as sick as if she'd hit ith her fist right in the middle of my ch, and I mean really, physically sick. I r I didn't throw up right there, but I d. I don't know how I got out of the place ome. All I could think of was how anybody who was as pretty as that, and chance to listen to music all day long, at way and say such a terrible thing. hen I'd think, 'Can't I sing, can't I be a because I'm colored?'

now my mother talked to me then when home, and for days after that. Maybe it have been better if she had told me I was littler what kind of things could n to you if you were a Negro. I might been braced. As it was, standing in front t window it had never occurred to me I eing overlooked because of what I was; ought it was because I was younger than e hers."

se Anderson was evidently luckier than ster. She had been told off at the age of I learned this from Marian on the sec- fternoon of our intimate talks. She had ioned Alyse the night before, after our alk, and laughed ashamedly when she ted the call to Philadelphia, where Alyse ves.

couldn't get out of my mind the things we lked about. I got to thinking about your g if mother had ever talked to us about Negroes, and in the end I called up to mother had ever had that kind of talk er.

lyse said she hadn't, and then she told me cident she said she'd never told anyone e, but it had happened when she was She said there was talk at the time in the borhood among parents about a petition vas being circulated. They were asked to heir consent to having a Negro teacher eir children. Up to then, Negro gradu- of Normal schools were sent only to o schools in the South.

here was a little girl who lived across the from us. Her name was Hannah. Alyse n't remember her last name. I can't , but she was white. She was under school age, but she'd evidently overheard her parents talking about the petition. She was sitting on her front stoop one day when Alyse came along the street and she called out in baby talk, 'Mamma say me will go white thchool, but you have to go to black thchool.'

"Even if the little girl didn't know what that meant, Alyse did. She knew, she said, at that instant a black school was not so good as a white, and being black was somehow lower than being white. But she said she had a guilty feeling about hearing such a thing, as if she'd found out something about sex she wasn't supposed to know. So she never told a soul, but she'd cried and cried about it off by herself."

Looking back on their childhood, Marian said, and hearing this from Alyse, she thought it strange they had been so oblivious. I agreed, and immediately contradicted myself. I had remembered, I told her, something that had happened only last summer at my house at the seashore, where my five grandchildren were visiting me. Four of them, little boys ranging in age from three to eight, were at the table with me, having breakfast one morning two or three weeks after their arrival. My extra maid for this enlarged household was colored. The children had become her friend almost from the moment of their arrival; she went with them to the beach, helped put them to bed and get them up; she also waited on table. On this particular morning that I had suddenly remembered, five-year-old Alexander, reaching his arm across hers to serve himself, paused, looked hard at her arm and at his, and asked enviously, "How did you get more tanned than me?" The other children, interested, looked at their own arms and at hers, sharing something of Alexander's exasperation. The maid answered equably, "I was born with more tan than you." The children settled back, appeased. "That's all right, then," Alexander had said, and served himself from the dish she was holding.

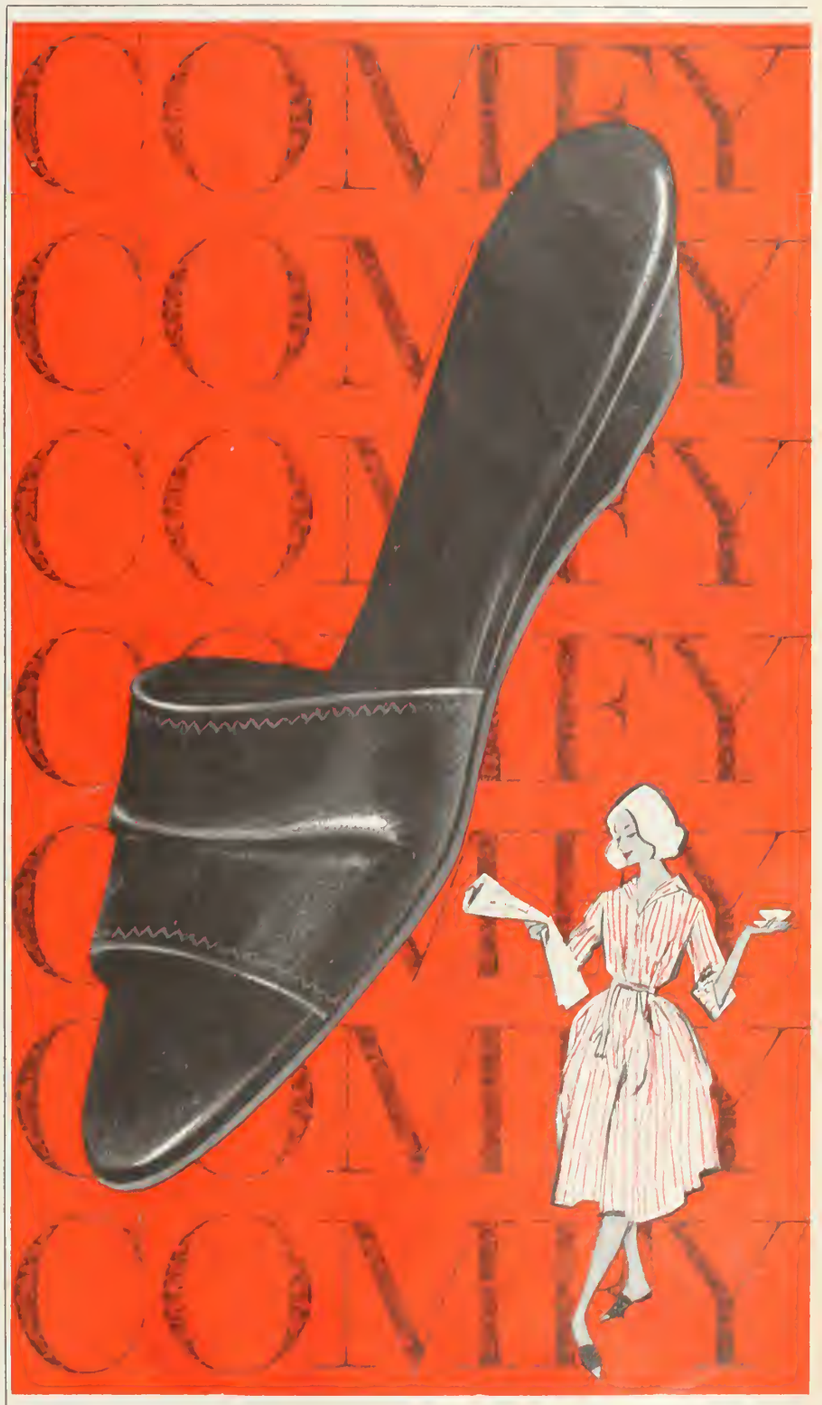
"These children," I emphasized to Marian, "had seen the maid every day and a good part of every day from the time of their arrival; but this was the first time a difference in color had attracted their notice. What's more," I added, "I was the only one who was embarrassed; at least troubled lest the maid's feelings be hurt. I think the hand of the Lord was clapped over my mouth, because I didn't tell Alexander that was not a nice thing to say, or any other inanity. Inasmuch as he had paid a tribute of grudging and envious admiration, he would certainly have been astonished to be chided for it. And there, I think, is one answer to this question of 'When did you know?' It's when some adult makes a social issue of pigmentation. I know this is oversimplifying, but at least it's one aspect. And the 'solucination,' as one of my grandchildren calls it—a lovely word—is for grownups of both colors to keep a hand clapped over the mouth. Don't create self-consciousness, and don't 'make something' of color."

Marian took me up on this. "Don't think for a minute," she asserted, "a Negro isn't aware of that self-consciousness, and doesn't wince under it, in spite of knowing that sensitiveness and kindness have provoked it. Sometimes overkindness makes us more uncomfortable than a snub. In the end it comes to the same thing; it sets us apart.

"It's hard to put a bracket around kindness or unkindness," Marian said thoughtfully. "Sometimes you say something was unkind when it wasn't meant to be. There was a little girl in my grandmother's yard one day with a cat—I haven't thought about her for years. I was older than she, but I came out to play with her. She had a paper bag in one hand and a stick in the other. She was marching round and round, keeping time by thumping the stick against the bag. When she saw me she said, 'I've got a kitten in the bag. We're marching and beating a drum.' I persuaded her to let me see, and sure enough there was a cat inside, nearly dead, poor little thing; its eyes were shut and it was scarcely breathing. I got it away from her and took it in the house and it got all right, but it had very nearly suffocated, let alone the beating it had taken from the stick and being swung around. Now then, if somebody had gone up and down the street telling people Mabel had killed a cat, the neighbors would have been scandalized and Mabel would have been marked as a terrible child who had deliberately killed a helpless animal; but she hadn't meant for one moment to be deliberately unkind.

"People are so ready to make inferences," Marian continued. "I know my people do, all of us. Some Negroes stand at a bus stop and a bus goes by. Everyone in that group thinks the reason is that the driver doesn't like to take on colored passengers. If there are white people among those waiting, the Negro has other explanations: another bus is just behind, the driver is behind his schedule, his car is already overcrowded; but the Negro never thinks of any of these reasons when he is alone or with just his own people.

"The same is true about taxis. You may think the cab doesn't pick you up because he has to get to the garage, it's time to turn in his car to the other shift; or perhaps he didn't see you flag him. The Negro only thinks the driver doesn't want to carry Negroes, or doesn't want to drive to the part of the city where they live. You try not to think that—at least many of us try—you argue with yourself it isn't so; but years of being waited on last, or ignored until you give up and leave the store, having an elevator door slammed in your face when



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you've stood aside to let other people pass first out of common politeness, all these things make for a little scratching irritation you can't brush off." That was when she said, "It's like a hair across your cheek. You can't see it, you can't find it with your fingers, but you keep brushing at it because the feel of it is irritating."

Marian broke off to insist apologetically she had never spoken of these things before. I prompted her to go on. "We'll probably not have this kind of talk again," I prophesied; "and furthermore, what you say about Negroes carries weight."

She raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Why, certainly," I reiterated. "If it were someone of less achievement talking, I could think this was part of an over-all frustration, excuses provided as a solace for lack of accomplishment. But when these admissions come from—excuse me—such a horse's mouth, no one can discount them. You've accomplished everything you set out to do; and gone so far beyond even a child's fairy-tale dream of fame, you'd certainly have no reason to prop up a lack of success by naming these obstacles."

She smiled quizzically, but when she spoke her voice was low and there was no laughter in her eyes.

"Accomplished everything?" she echoed. "I wanted to sing in opera," she said. "That was my dream. Concertizing was second choice. I don't have to remind you when I sang my first operatic role; you were there. Four years ago. And I've been a concert singer a long time. You don't think I could start a new career now, do you? If only I could give what I had to offer then. But they wouldn't accept it, or me. Other Negroes will have the career I dreamed of, because this is one more barrier that's been let down; but when I tell you these confidences, I'm not speaking altogether dispassionately."

"Well, at least," I told her, after a pause in which I found it difficult to say anything, "you are recognized wherever you go, so you're not subjected to a hair across your cheek."

Marian's answer was, "Oh, really? Yesterday when I left you I took a taxi home. You may remember it was after five when we stopped talking. The driver didn't pass me by, and he was friendly and talkative, but there was not exactly recognition of me as a person. He said he hoped I'd done a good day's work and that my boss lady was satisfied. Any Negro going uptown at that time of day he assumed to be a domestic, treating herself to a cab to ease her tired feet. You see, white people make inferences too.

"Last year," she continued, "when I was on tour, I went to a hotel in California where I had stayed many times. I found it had changed management since my last visit, and consequently had a new staff. My reservations had been made in advance. I registered at the desk, and the clerk told me they were delighted to have me back again, and he was coming to my concert; he knew who I was. But when I reached the elevator its operator, a new employee, put his arm across the door as I started to enter. 'The back elevator for you.' So, being Marian Anderson doesn't make such a difference."

She reiterated her contention that white people make inferences. "Those who don't know individuals lump Negroes under a general category: domestic, train porter, whatever.

"I couldn't count the number of times the hostess of a party given for me after a concert has taken me to her kitchen to meet her cook. Now I'm delighted to meet the cook for two reasons. She's probably a nice person, and then"—Marian floundered a little in embarrassment—"well, I know it means something to her that one of her people is a guest in the house where she's working. If there are colored people serving at the party, I always make a point of speaking to them. If they are white, I don't speak; I'm shy about it. I'm afraid they'll think I'm getting above myself."

"There you go," I interrupted, "making inferences. I always speak to the maid at the door, the table, wherever. It's no treat to her, but I think it's polite. She'd be honored, I'd be willing to bet, if *you* did."

Marian was skeptical. "All right, I'll do it," she conceded. "But anyway," she resumed, "I'd be willing to bet you a hostess doesn't make a point of taking a white singer to the kitchen to meet her cook. There would have to be some special reason. But Negroes are lumped together. Here's another instance:

"A few years ago King" (the nickname of her husband, Orpheus H. Fisher) "and I tried to buy a house close to New York. The price kept increasing from the first one quoted. We finally gave up, and then we learned one citizen was offering to buy it to keep us from having it, because he said since I was a musician, I'd be bringing So-and-so, and he named a Negro band leader, to our house for noisy all-night jazz sessions, and he wanted it kept a quiet neighborhood. In the first place, I don't happen to know the band leader he mentioned; I also happen not to be a jazz singer; and in addition, the house we wanted was in the middle of a considerable acreage, so it would have taken a powerful 'session' to have penetrated to our own gate, let alone the neighborhood."

Geographically we had remained in the Eastern part of this country, since that is the locale common to both of us, but I asked if in her experience the attitude in the South had changed appreciably since the time she had begun touring.

"From what I hear," was her answer, "it has, but I haven't sung in some parts of it for over five years. I had asked the local managers to let my people buy seats like anyone else, and they haven't been able to accomplish this. When I first went to Southern states, Negroes had to sit in the top balcony. Then at our request, the managers agreed to let them sit downstairs, but in a separate block of seats. What happened was that the white people were sold their tickets first, and the block for the Negroes got smaller and smaller as I became better known. That was when I asked they be given an equal chance of buying seats on the basis of first come, first served, and an equal choice of location. That hasn't been possible, so I stopped going wherever it isn't done."

> Little girls . . . the nicest things that happen to people. They are born with a little bit of angel-shine about them and though it wears thin sometimes, there is always enough left to lasso your heart—even when they are sitting in the mud, or crying temperamental tears, or parading up the street in mother's best clothes.
>
> ALAN BECK

I asked if there had been any incidents that had affected her personally, and she told me about one woman who had greeted her as Marian when they were introduced.

"We got off the train," Marian began, "and this lady came up immediately. She called the two men with me, my accompanist and my traveling manager, Mr. Rupp and Mr. Joffe, and told them their rooms were waiting at the hotel. To me she said, 'Marian, you're going to stay with the Robinsons (not their real name); they have a nice clean house. You'll enjoy it there.' She took us in her car. She wanted to leave the men first at their hotel, but they insisted on seeing my accommodations. When we drove through the Negro section of the town she saw me leaning forward and looking around at the crowded settlement: houses that needed repair and paint, old women sitting on their front stoops supervising children playing in front yards that were just dust—I imagine the mothers were off doing day work—and she said, 'Marian, your people just love it here. They're much happier than anywhere else.' My manager was sitting beside her and she explained to him, 'Mr. Joffe, I was just telling Marian how much better off the Nigrahs are down here where we love them and take care of them.'

"The Robinsons were pleasant people. I spent the night in their little house, and it was clean, as my hostess had promised. It was also charming and so were they. The next morning I went to the auditorium for a rehearsal. Franz Rupp, my accompanist, was waiting for me outside the entrance to the hall. We found Joffe on the stage talking to our hostess of the day before; she was evidently in charge of arrangements for the series on which we were appearing. When they said 'Good morning' I could see Joffe was ruffled. It was easy to notice this because Joffe is usually all smiles and serenity. He said nothing about the cause of his frown and grim eyes; he went down to sit in the house while Franz and I rehearsed. The hostess went backstage. I could hear her from time to time giving orders.

"When we'd finished, the three of us, Franz, Joffe and I, left the building. We were standing on the pavement to wait for a taxi when Joffe suddenly asked Franz to go back inside and speak to Mrs. Blank, the hostess. 'I'll stay here and get a cab for Marian.' I started to tell Joffe this wasn't necessary; if they both had business to do with her, they needn't go one at a time. And then I decided it really was necessary. Here were Franz, a German, Joffe, a Russian, and I, an American, the only one of the three in my own homeland; and yet I needed one of the two foreigners to insure my getting a taxi. I knew it was more than likely in that part of the country a cab driver would refuse to carry a Negro. Before Franz returned, Joffe had put me in a taxi and I didn't see either of the men again during the day.

"Both of them seemed a little nervous at the concert that night, but I had music on my mind and paid little attention. At the end of the first group of songs, Franz and I followed the usual pattern. We left the stage and I led him back by the hand and we took a bow together. Until that instant the applause had been quite overwhelming, but as we emerged from the wings, his hand in mine, you could have heard the well-known pin drop. Then there was an avalanche of sound, applause so much greater even than it had been before that it was like a roar over the whole auditorium. The rest of the evening went very well too." Marian admitted this apologetically.

"After the concert, Joffe and Franz took me home. On the way I remembered their nervousness before the program began, Joffe's uneasiness in the morning, and his sending Franz back into the auditorium, so I asked what had been going on. The two men looked across me at each other. Then Joffe said, 'Well, I will tell you. When you arrived this morning, that lady was telling me she had heard that in other places when you came out to take a bow, you held the hand of your accompanist. She wanted me to tell you if you stood on that stage, holding the hand of a white man, she would not be answerable for what might happen to both of you. I told her that was your business, and I would ask her to stick to hers. Then I got to thinking this was not fair to Franz. So I asked him to let her tell him direct. He told her, and later me, he would not pay the slightest attention to such a thing, but I must admit we were both a little uneasy.'

"Then there was another time," she continued, "and you can believe these experiences weren't easy to explain to Franz and Joffe in the beginning. As foreigners, seeing me in my own country, they were sort of groggy, they were so confused. They certainly were confused this time I started to tell you about." She resumed the story.

"We came into a station and found a big committee waiting. I was presented with flowers, while photographers from the papers took pictures. Then I was interviewed. Finally we were able to leave. All this ceremony had taken place on the platform. When we reached the door to go through the station to the cars waiting on the other side, we saw a man standing in the doorway. I don't know what his job was, but he wore a uniform. When he saw me, he put his arm across like a bar and said, 'She can't come through this way. This goes to the white waiting room. She'll have to go through the other side.' Franz and Joffe started to protest, but I stopped them; I didn't want a scene. Then they wanted to go with me, but the official wouldn't permit that either. In the end, the members of the hospitality committee, the photographers, the press, Franz and Joffe all waited for me by the cars, while I went around to the Negroes' waiting room, through that and out to join the group. Now the inconsistency is that I'd been met at that same station a number of times before and taken through the white waiting roo this particular man wanted to make a t it. For that matter, what kind of cont tion or whatever could I inflict by just through the waiting room? I wasn't ever to sit down. It's like the inconsistency i about shoes and hats. In many places they don't in the least object to your try a dress, they don't like you to try on s hats. Hats I can understand; that's dire tact. But why shoes? A Negro doesn stockings that are different from people's."

"Practically everything you tell me," to Marian, "reminds me of something I've experienced vicariously about this bewildering situation. This parallel ha a few years ago when I was on a lecture the South. I never thought I'd be repe to you. However—after my progra afternoon, the lady chairman invited m to her house for tea. I accepted with pl because in the little time we had had t before my talk, I'd found her interesti charming. We had talked about book cause I had discovered she did a consid amount of reviewing for magazines. At broke into our book talk abruptly. 'I'd ask you something very personal,' she 'and please don't feel you must answer i rather not.'

"I must say this aroused my curiosity urged her to ask whatever she wished.

"'Well,' she said hesitantly, 'in one books you make the statement that th few things you boast about, but amon few are the possession of twin daughter close friendship with Marian Anderso

"I remembered the passage, and ad ruefully my display of arrogance.

"'Well,' she went on, 'what I want you is: When you say you're a close fr Marian Anderson's, what do you really by that? Have you ever been in her Has she ever been to yours? Do you hands with her, for instance, when you

"I'd laughed aloud at the idea that be reluctant to answer such questions.

"'Certainly I've been in her house, swered, 'many times. And she's been in of course. As to shaking hands with doubt I do that; sometimes, I suppose occasion demands that we be very f Usually, like other close friends, we kis other when we meet.'"

Sure then that if I did not ask quickly was on my mind I would never broac asked Marian, "Didn't your husban for white for a number of years?"

"Why, yes," Marian answered eq "certainly he did, for the same reason a many other Negroes, who are able to Economically, it's greatly to their adva King's an architect and an engineer. H could he go in his field? He wanted to himself entirely on his ability. You yourself, no one, to look at him, woul suppose he is a Negro. So he took advan that in order to get started on a career."

"Don't tell me if the story I've heard him isn't true," I urged. "They say in Ph phia, King had a big job with the bes neering firm in town; one of the best country, as a matter of fact. Then one handed to his boss his resignation. The of the company were dismayed; they various inducements; said they were sur could rectify any dissatisfaction he mig When the bosses had finished he told pleasantly he was in no way dissatisfie the job; only he was a Negro and fou companionship of his own people agreeable."

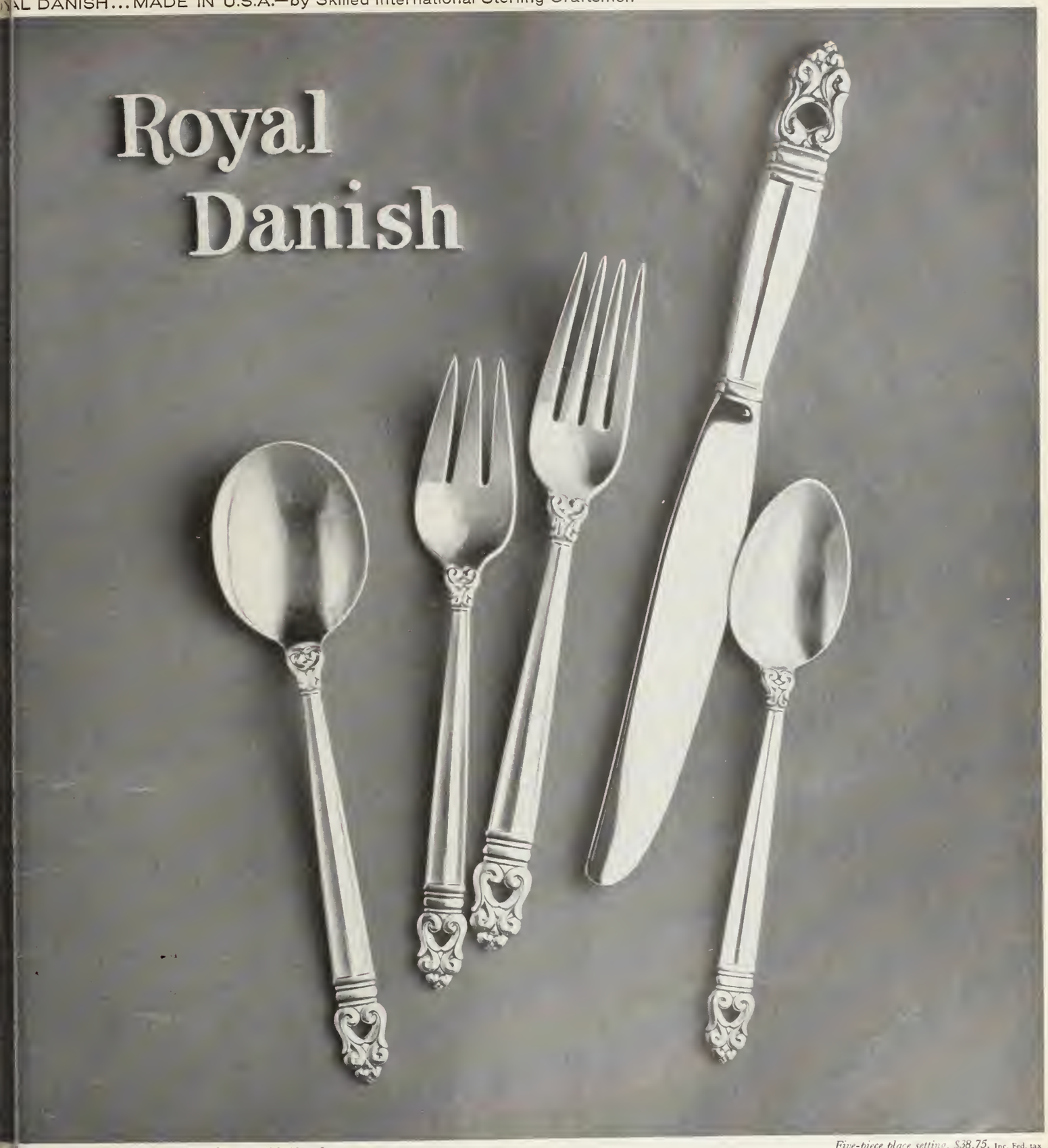
Marian laughed. "Well," she admitte a way that's how it was, but ——"

"You wouldn't be so mean as to spoi a good story?"

"At least, let me say this," she insisted held the job until he had proved what he do professionally, but he couldn't stand a deception. If white people think Negro joy passing, they're very much mistake a terrible decision to make. A Negro d want to cut himself off from those wh been closest and dearest to him. He d

CONTINUED ON PAG

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 171

want to live a lie. He certainly doesn't enjoy living under the constant threat of being identified and humiliated as someone who is not only passing but trespassing. But he weighs against all these things the realization that if he recognizes as an advantage the possession of a light skin he can utilize this to provide his family with far greater financial support than he could hope to accomplish by contradicting his appearance. So he goes into self-imposed exile.

"Now, you take King and me," she continued. "If King were not married to me or to someone else with as dark a skin as mine, he could live anywhere he chose and hold any job he's qualified for. The minute I come into the picture everything changes. . . . We were talking about the time he and I tried to buy a house just outside New York." I remembered.

"Well, when we had to give that up, we tried farther out, and went to Connecticut. There was a man who had been in the Philadelphia engineering firm when King worked there, and they'd become friends. When this man found out King was looking for a house, he suggested a real-estate friend he knew. This agent took King around and I went, too, naturally. The agent reported to the friend what he had shown.

"The friend said, 'Why don't you show King the [let's call it] Smiths' place?'

"The real-estate man was appalled. The friend told us about it afterward. The agent had said, 'You must be crazy. Why, the Smiths' house isn't far from the places of . . . [and he named two well-known families]. Don't you know King is married to Marian Anderson? She can't live near those people.'

"To this day I don't know whether that mutual friend thinks King is not a Negro. The point is that my very existence, whatever kind of person I am, set up a boundary line for King as well as for me. In the end, we had to buy a place with twice the amount of acreage we needed so we wouldn't contaminate the neighborhood."

"Why isn't every Negro," I demanded, "so neurotic as to be unable to function at all in this society? If every time I left my house I had to put up my arm, so to speak, to ward off the affront, the slight, the discrimination in some form that must inevitably occur sometime during the day, I think I'd either stay indoors with the shades down, or go out, not with my arm but my fists up. The bitter irony of this vulnerability of the Negro is that the gulf between him and the white citizen is so conspicuous in our landscape *because* all of us live in a democracy. In other parts of the world where there's a marked division of classes, a dustman doesn't expect in the normal course of his life to dine with a duke, and doesn't think about it one way or the other. But in this country, where a President is perhaps the more acceptable if he was born in a log cabin, every child grows up with the complacent assurance he might be President one day, or dine with a duke or a king; no stratum of society is beyond his potential achievement; that is, every American child except the American Negro. If he has a dark skin, but speaks with an accent, or wears the costume of another country, he is accepted anywhere, or very nearly. I heard only the other day of two delegates from an African country to the U.N. who arrived in this country in Western clothes. Two days later they had shaken out and put on native robes they had brought with the purpose of wearing only on ceremonial occasions. Those robes acted like the magic cloak in the fairy tale, except that instead of making them invisible it made them acceptable."

Marian smiled tolerantly at my outburst.

"I can't speak for how other Negroes feel," she said. "I expect there are plenty of neurotics. For every one of those there are others so intent on working toward the goal for our people they have no time to be deflected by annoyances. I suppose there are others who are plain discouraged, or so apathetic they just sit down and let others cut a path for them. The ones who are working don't take time to look back much. When they do, they can't help seeing the path has come a long way from where they started. It's wider, it's clearer, so it's worth while for them to keep pushing ahead and cutting down obstacles."

"Where do you belong?"

"I'm a believer," she answered.

"In what?"

"In God and the ultimate goodness. I think that was the way for me. When I was a little girl, there was a revivalist meeting in our church. I got caught in the tremendous urge to become a believer. I prayed and I wrestled about it, I thought of nothing else; I was in a turmoil and I anguished. Then all of a sudden one day, as I remember it came over me I was going through an unnecessary lot of agitation. There didn't have to be a violent change in me; I'd been a believer all along. It's been as simple as that for me ever since. Here's something else I believe: that one day it's going to come over a lot of people who are shouting and carrying on now against equality for the Negro, that they've really had good will toward him all along and that association with him is just as easy as believing is for me.

"When I was a member of the United States delegation at the U.N. I understood better, I think, than others serving with me a real many things that motivated the hopes and pleas and demands of the little nations particularly those whose people are dark-skinned. How much my people could contribute to our Government's understanding of these other nations! But at the same time my Government is learning more about my people be-

WOMEN'S IDEA EXCHANG

For conversational knitters, Mr H. O., of Mountlake Terrace, Washington, has an idea: paint one needl with bright nail lacquer as a guid for "every other row" instructio to knit or purl or increase or de crease.

cause it's concerned now with the worl So this is good, good for my country and my eople. I believe this.

"You see, I care so much about my cun try. I've sung all over the world, or ery nearly, and I've loved the opportunity 've had to travel. But east, west, home is certnly best. Only I worry about it. I felt this anxty, or perhaps an urgency, especially when was working at the U.N. You see"—I was di vering that Marian invariably "sees" in ic torial metaphors—"when you have a god set of china that gets a crack in some of the pes, you begin using it for second best, and en finally you put it away or give it awa If you're in a shop and you try on a dress at has a tear or some conspicuous imperfec n, you put that aside and take another one ut you can't put away or give away, or turn de from, a nation that has a crack in it. A a nation that doesn't acknowledge itself as de up of *all* its parts has a crack in it.

"Something else I think of often abou my country. A man said it in a speech to my ass at school, so you can guess how long I've remembered it. He said you can't put or old something down without bending over in some way lowering yourself. You have t get down to that same level. I'm so proud o my country I hate to think of it stooping or b d- ing to hold down some of its own people

We had come to the end of a conversa on Marian and I will probably not repeat, th gh our friendship, I'm sure, is the stronger or having said these things to each other.

We were saying good-by at my door wh I thought of one more thing I wanted to kn w.

"Do you think these things you belie in will be accomplished by the laws of schoo n- tegration, housing, employment, and so o ?"

She shook her head. "Not by those in th n- selves, wonderful as they are; they've certa ly widened the path and carried it way ahead, ut you have to accomplish the little things o. Wipe away once and for all that hair across he Negro's cheek. Take away the inconsisten es in the relationship between white and N o Americans. It's as important as all the l s. You can't build a chimney from the top, ou know. Good-by."

N THIS RRIAGE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

a meat and drink to Buff. He was born t fists up. I wasn't. There was so much gument between my elders in my d—I had a stepfather with a nasty e -that I suppose I got my quota early. r Buff starts trouble, I grab Jimmy by and the two of us run for cover. No ich behavior seems a little silly in a oman, but it's the way I am.

Mae asked no awkward questions nmy and I rang her doorbell at one spent the night in her apartment— ayed with Aunt Mae so often in the nonths I should pay rent—but in the , as meek as lambs, we went wagging Buff. He was meek too. He apolo- ofusely, we hugged and kissed each id everything was rosy—for about ten en there was another row and Jimmy ok refuge with a cousin of mine.

MARKS F EXTINCTION

By JEAN CONDER SOULE

en our youngsters were growing
They hammered and banged,
ttered and clambered,
Pounded and clanged.

lelibly marked are
The dining-room chairs.
e bounced-upon sofa
Needs drastic repairs.

e house is a shambles
Now toddlers have grown.
e handprints of childhood
Brand all that we own.

e scars on the woodwork,
The plaster and thatch
test to the fact
That we started—from scratch!

's lunatic jealousy has probably caused eal trouble in our marriage than any- lse. He is jealous of everything and dy." He is jealous of my affection for he is jealous of Aunt Mae, he is jealous ex-husband for whom I care nothing. gets annoyed if I speak a good word ex-wife, who is a total stranger to me whom I sometimes feel quite a bond of hy. If a girl friend phones me, Buff earshot and then clamors to know lled, why she called, how long we've quainted.

ore we'd been married a month, Buff me to give up my job. One evening in a ntial mood he got to talking about an ne of his and, because his confidences , I felt very close to him. Carried away intimacy, I told him how his appear- the scene had busted up my romance e senior partner at my office. Buff was ed. He demanded that I resign at once. d. I'd held the job for years, my salary cellent, my contacts with the senior at the office were infrequent and

ff wouldn't listen to reason. He shouted iations until the neighbors on both woke and pounded on the walls. He e up until dawn. In the morning I was a I tottered to the office, but he tele- me five times that day and stopped in At the end of a week of intimidation, I resigned my dandy job and took another—less stimulating and less well paid. Buff approved of the second job after he assured himself that the five male employees were all safely married, and all past the age of fifty.

"Possibly his jealousy of my old boss has some justification. His jealousy of Fred, my ex-husband, is nonsense. Fred is supposed to send me seventy-five dollars a month for Jimmy's support, but he hardly ever does. One day Buff found out that Fred's payments were nearly two years in arrears. He demanded that I telephone Fred instantly. Dunning Fred is a waste of time and I said as much. Buff exploded. He accused me of still being halfway in love with Fred. The outburst was ridiculous—but terrifying too. His face was pale, his eyes were popping, he was shouting. Loud voices have always frightened me.

"I begged Buff to lower his voice. He raised it. When I tried to run out of the room, he grabbed my shoulders and pushed me into a chair. I put my hands over my ears. He jerked them away. Finally I twisted free. Buff banged out one door and I went out the other. Somehow I got hold of Jimmy—the youngster was panic-stricken too—and we were out of the house and gone. Jimmy and I stayed that whole weekend with a girl friend.

"On Monday morning Buff showed up at my office and sweet-talked me into going back to him. Nothing was improved. He continued to belabor me because of Fred's financial slackness. He threatened to prevent Jimmy from seeing his father, although Fred has legal visitation rights on alternate Saturdays. I make it a definite point to play up Fred's virtues to Jimmy. Buff does just the opposite. He tells Jimmy that his father is irresponsible and untrustworthy, and I'm sure it's wrong for the child to have his loyalties torn that way.

"Jimmy and I used to let a cleaning woman do our chores or else let things slide. Buff changed all that. He put Jimmy under orders to clean his room, hang up his clothes, make his bed with hospital corners—a daily inspection takes place—empty all wastebaskets, scrub the back steps, vacuum the living room twice a week, and I don't know what all. Buff says he is teaching Jimmy responsibility, but the child has scarcely a minute to himself.

"One time Princess chewed a hole in Buff's sleeping bag, which Jimmy had borrowed to play with, and Buff made me cancel Jimmy's allowance for a month. Jimmy lost another month's allowance because he left his bicycle in the driveway.

"I must say Jimmy hasn't seemed to mind the constant harassment—he adores Buff—but I mind plenty. Buff's sons, ten-year-old twins, are no more manly than Jimmy. The twins visited us every Sunday. Buff made the visits a misery. He is obsessed with the notion that his ex-wife, Lillian, is spoiling his boys, turning them into sissies. To counteract her influence, he undertook to turn his boys and my boy, too, into pint-sized commandos. He promoted rough sports only—football, soccer, boxing. He encouraged the twins to fight Jimmy, encouraged Jimmy to fight the twins. My poor kid developed a permanent scab on his nose and the twins acquired so many scars that Lillian had Buff on the phone regularly. Jimmy and I left home several times as the direct result of those Sundays.

"All the coming and going has been hard on Jimmy, hard on me, hard on Buff too. Despite the front Buff puts up of being the big, bluff male, I know in my heart he needs love and understanding. He seldom talks about his first marriage, but, unlike me, he was badly hit by divorce. For one thing, religion was involved. In order to divorce Lillian he left his church.

"Unfortunately, I don't see how he and I can ever achieve peace and companionship, and I need companionship. I married Fred at seventeen to get away from the warfare between my mother and stepfather. The two of them usually staged their fights at the supper table, while in fear and trembling I watched for the opportunity to escape. If I did manage a getaway, I spent the night with a schoolmate down the block and my mother collected me in the morning.

"Fred was my schoolmate's brother. Even at seventeen I didn't see him as a partner and

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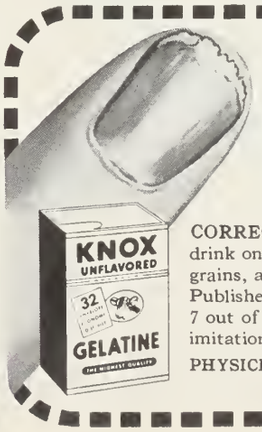
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protector. Every job Fred ever held I located and coaxed him to take. Often I became so disgusted at his spinelessness that at parties I would deliberately flirt with someone else. Fred would retire to the kitchen and cry. From the time Jimmy could walk, Fred treated him as a contemporary. While I was living with Fred, I had two children to raise.

"Buff and I have been separated for three weeks. Our last fight sounds idiotic, but most of our fights were idiotic. He and I were in the kitchen drying the dinner dishes and everything was cozy when suddenly he ordered me to stack the cups his way. I kept on stacking my way. Buff grabbed for a cup. I held on. The cup fell in the sink and broke. Buff doubled up his fist and hit me.

"That same night Jimmy and I moved in with Aunt Mae on a permanent basis. I've missed Buff a great deal, I suppose I will always miss him, but I don't believe we should try to live together again. Buff and Fred are completely different types of men and yet I failed to make a go of it with either. Apparently I don't know how to choose a husband."

BUFF TELLS HIS SIDE:

"Apparently I don't know how to choose a wife," said thirty-three-year-old Buff, a dark man with close-cropped hair and a tense, narrow jaw. "My first wife was lacking in warmth and human feeling. I never saw Lillian kiss the twins good night, although she keeps them spotlessly dressed. She sewed the buttons on my shirt and kept my bureau drawers in order, but if I put my arms around her she turned her cheek.

"Donna is a sweet and loving woman, but it seems she and I just can't talk to each other. I thought we could talk and argue and settle our differences like other couples. Shucks, an argument can clear the air and help married people get better acquainted.

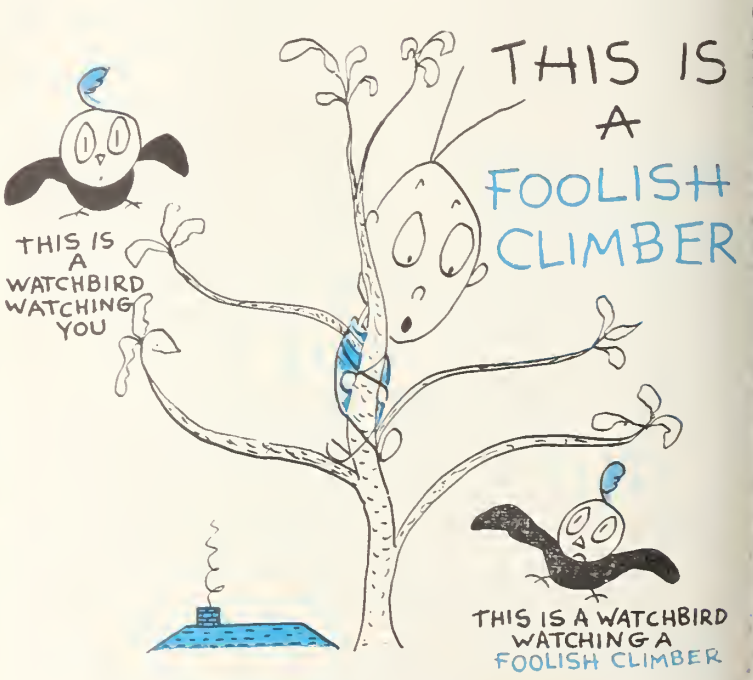
"Whenever I try to explain my views to Donna, bring out the facts of a situation and show her just where she's wrong, she takes the position we're having a big fight. If I raise my voice or otherwise step out of line, she and Jimmy are out of the house and gone.

"I'm too quick-tempered, I know—my father was just the same—but for Donna's sake I intend to master my temper. It makes me sick just remembering what happened she left me three weeks ago, how I lost c and struck her. That is something I will repeat. My only excuse is I was practica of my head from pressure and frustratic particular evening.

"That morning I'd missed out on a b and big commission—I keep my bu problems under my vest, so Donna know it. In the afternoon my supervisc spent thirty minutes chewing me out. W was hung up with him, I got a ticket for parking. Jimmy was playing the TV ful when I reached home. I turned off the T he gave me a piece of lip. I reprimande and Donna was miffed. To smooth both feathers I suggested we turn on TV and e meal from trays, a custom I despise. supper I helped with the dishes, somethir I dislike. When Donna refused to yield small a matter as stacking the teacu seemed like the last straw, and I blew m

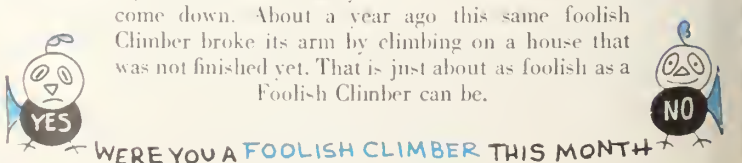
"For this past year I've been under t stress and tension. My job is new and I an unfamiliar field. Sales work is lucrativ chancy, and I've goofed more often th should. Instead of living in a house with to move around in, Donna and Jimmy are cooped up in three small rooms, be it's the best I can afford. By agreement m wife kept our house, our late-model ca $4000 worth of furnishings—which wa actly the way I wanted it. But I'd like to Donna nice things too. I'd figured on ha her that big commission—the commiss didn't get—to invest in furniture for the ment. I've been anxious to fix up our plac ask my sister Kate to dinner. All my kir except Kate, have declined to meet D Their attitude is understandable—they approve of divorce—but it's put a strai me.

"Actually, I've been under a strain since I married my first wife twelve years Lillian and I were high-school sweethea our people attended the same church- our engagement could be called a sort of ily affair. My father financed the dian ring. Being young, idealistic and inex enced, I figured Lillian's physical reserve based on maidenly modesty and I told m marriage would awaken her.



By MUNRO LEAF

This poor scared thing way up in this treetop is a Foolish Climber. Climbing in trees can be fun if we are sensible about it and don't get ourselves into danger by being Foolish Climbers. This one went too high and now it is really in a fix. It is too scared to come down. About a year ago this same foolish Climber broke its arm by climbing on a house that was not finished yet. That is just about as foolish as a Foolish Climber can be.



ng our first year of marriage she per-
ed e to share her bed once a month, and
ed to her relatives and friends that I
to demanding. I did my best to keep my
nhappiness private. My mother had a
eart condition, and sparing her shock
was much on my mind. For twelve
ved a lie. I pretended to be faithful to
but I wasn't. My conscience tor-
ne with nightmares.

months ago my mother died. After
ral, I left Lillian. When we were di-
was determined to be financially gen-
rankly, I went into sales work to
my income. From my present earn-
approximately $8000 a year I pay
$50 a month. I mail those checks on
I meet my responsibilities to my sons
ail. Surely it's only natural that I get
patient with Donna's ex-husband
indifferent to his responsibilities.

na thinks I'm jealous of Fred. Maybe
t. Jealousy is new to me. Sometimes
Donna deliberately provokes me. She
t at a political whingding, which she
with her boss. It wasn't until much
I learned he had been romancing
guy is strictly on the make, yet she
p an awful row when I insisted she
fferent job.

on, we had another set-to when her
oss sent her a pair of football tickets
ose Bowl game. She refused to return
ts and I lost my temper and tore them
ran out of the room. When I realized
Jimmy were leaving again, I did a fool
ired a pistol out the window. I aimed
round and, to tell the truth, I don't
hat I thought I was doing, except
elieving my feelings.

ng our courtship, Donna made me
as the center of her life. Now my
es mean nothing to her. When I say
r hair down, she pins it up. She is a
usekeeper. When I explain the con-
of having canned meats and vege-
aced on a shelf in neat, logical order,
s and mixes the cans every which way.
pt for Donna's interference, Jimmy
ould be real pals. He is a good kid,
ed among women so long that he
be licked into shape. She just can't
she excuses him from his chores—as
did twice as many chores—and she
to the discipline he needs for growth
racter building. Jimmy's only model
hood has been his father, which is
r him than having no model at all.
Enna complains every time I warn the
out no stock in his father's lies and
romises.

n she and I were married, Jimmy had
o years waiting for a dog Fred had
d him. I bought the dog. I thought
Princess would be good for him.
mised the boy an English bicycle. He
along a catalogue on his Saturday
d he and Jimmy pored over it, debated
gearshifts, trim and color. Of course
cycle was forthcoming. Eventually I
stand Jimmy's disappointment any
nd I went out and bought the bicycle

bout two weeks Jimmy did his chores
protest. He exercised Princess by
her lead to his handle bars and riding
and around the block. He was obedi-
respectful to me. But then he left his
in the driveway and Donna backed
and bent the frame. Both she and
were outraged—in fact, they staged a
d walkout on me—when I said the
must be paid for out of his allowance.

taught Jimmy football, soccer, box-
uess it may be possible I've concen-
oo much energy on him because I feel
about my own sons. They were inter-
the Little League while I was around.
my ex-wife won't break up a *kaffee-*
to drive them to a game. If I protest on
one, she tells me in her sugary voice
kids aren't interested in baseball any
-they prefer their piano lessons. Every
see my boys, I can notice the change in
uscular co-ordination, their manner-
actions, attitudes. Boys need to learn
be men.

"Maybe these sentiments sound dictatorial, but I'm no dictator. Donna knows that. I love her and she loves me. She knows that too. We can work out all our difficulties if she will just stop running away."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"In childhood Donna escaped the quarreling of her elders by running away. She also collected bonuses. The drama of the flight was a thrill, the overnight stay with her schoolmate pleasant, and next morning she achieved the ambition of every child when her mother appeared and showered her with apologies, affection, special attention. What little girl could fail to glow to such a triumph!

"To escape Buff's contentiousness, Donna revived the childish technique. She had no idea of why she acted as she did, until we reviewed her background. At this time she had a talk with her mother and was surprised to learn that her long-dead stepfather had treated her with reasonable kindness. An ulcer victim, he was querulous about his ill health and restricted diet; most of the supper-table quarrels, so terrifying to an imaginative small girl, had revolved around her mother's greasy cooking. When Donna perceived that she was allowing a juvenile fantasy of a nonexistent bogeyman to affect her years later, she made up her mind.

"Determined to stop running from trouble, she returned to Buff. She and he had started off with an unusual number of complicated problems. Their courtship was brief. When they married, they were barely acquainted with each other's youngsters. The children tied them to a degree of association with their previous spouses; both Lillian and Fred were definite liabilities. Buff was newly launched in an unfamiliar field of employment. He felt guilty because of his divorce, bitter because of the estrangement from his kin. Opinionated and argumentative, his confidence was at low ebb; his mood was defensive and he was at once supersensitive and hypercritical.

"Donna's experiences in business and in her first marriage had trained her to make independent decisions. If she wanted new upholstery and had the cash, she bought it. She and Buff had discussed finances and budgeting only in a sketchy way.

"Soon after Donna started counseling she acknowledged that Buff's pride in his masculinity, a vital part of his personality and appeal for her, had taken quite a beating from his first wife. She began to watch for opportunities to boost his ego, was liberal with compliments. The first evening the two stepped out after the reconciliation, she wore her hair around her shoulders in the style he prefers and she was touched by his gratitude. She took care to provide him no occasion for jealousy.

"Almost immediately Buff became less edgy. Soon he was controlling his temper and there were no all-out explosions. However, he continued to initiate too many of the so-called 'discussions' which he employed as a means of laying down the law. Capitalizing on his vehement belief in the inherent differences between men and women, Donna suggested that the two of them divide their spheres of influence.

"She now has the final say-so in domestic matters—they had an astonishing number of arguments about how to scrape the dishes, peel an onion, mop the floor—and in her own wardrobe. She is allowed to deal with her ex-husband's financial laxity as she pleases.

"Except for the laggard alimony, Buff is undisputed boss of all finances. Their differences over budgeting and household purchases were eased just as soon as Buff disclosed the amount of his income, his prospects, his obligations. Buff is a perfectionist, not an easy kind of person to live with—or to be. To admit that he could provide less adequately for his bride than for his ex-wife was a humbling experience.

"Buff and I spoke little of his family background, but my surmise was that he modeled himself upon an old-style, autocratic father. In one consultation he described a boyhood Saturday when he polished every pair of shoes in the house, some twenty-five pairs. As he was hurrying off to join a group of comrades his father spied a speck of mud behind one heel; the afternoon outing was canceled and he polished all the shoes again. In another interview he related a recurrent dream, which had plagued him since boyhood.

"In the dream Buff sees himself seated in the middle of a bed, attempting in frenzy to make it neatly, smooth out every wrinkle, pull the corners taut—a palpable impossibility while he remains sitting on the bed. Our discussion of this dream helped him to a clearer understanding of his stubborn nature and unrealistic expectations. He granted that no matter how much he and Donna changed, perfection wasn't in the cards for them. He bowed to the hard fact that he must accept his ex-wife's way of bringing up their sons, that his paternal influence was now limited, that children usually pay part of the price of divorce. By agreement Donna doesn't interfere when he disciplines Jimmy—the boy was plainly benefiting from discipline and training—and he refrains from airing his opinions of Jimmy's father. By agreement, too, they talk about Fred and Lillian only when strictly necessary.

"Donna and Buff have made other compromises and are sticking to them. They are now convinced their marriage is on a firm foundation."

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

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JOURNAL

OCTOBER · 1960

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

October 1960

VOL. LXXVII NO. 10

Journalities



Catharine Boyd

I was the youngest of a large family in Wilmington, Delaware," says THARINE BOYD. "My mother spoiled me and everybody else bossed me, so I read and scribbled." She lives with her husband, three children, e Persian cats and a French poodle in Berwyn, Pennsylvania. "My teen-year-old criticizes everything I write for one per cent of the sale; eginning to think it's worth more." *The White Dress*, page 60, dramatizes one family's solution to a problem often faced but rarely discussed.



H. B. Rickover

HYMAN GEORGE RICKOVER (*Your Child's Future Depends on Education*, ge 98) was graduated from the U.S. aval Academy in 1922 and advanced through grades to vice admiral. He as assigned to the atomic-submarine project with the Atomic Energy ommission in 1946, and is generally dited for the successful development of the first atomic-powered sub. He is equally famous as a positive and vigorous critic of education and routinely donates payment for his writing to organizations working to improve education in the U.S.



Esther Bubley

Photographer ESTHER BUBLEY'S work is the best expression of herself—quiet, unassuming, sensitive. Her hotos for this month's How America ives (*"Through All My Housework in an Hour,"* page 184) are typical. She never forces pictures; she knows the picture will project itself. Such an art has brought her nearly every honor a photographer can achieve. When not en route to some other point on the globe, she lives quietly in midtown Manhattan.

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LETTERS
OUR READERS WRITE US

MICHIGAN

WHEN THE DOCTOR WON'T COME

Dear Madam: I have been appalled to discover that doctors in this state—or at least in the town in which I now live—seem to have agreed to make no more house calls on patients, no matter how ill they may be. You are always asked to bundle the patient up and bring him to the doctor's office. Quite apart from the harm this may do to him, this must also be a danger to others. It seems to me the public has a right to far better service than it is now getting! *Yours very sincerely,*
Lansing MRS. L.M. BEECH

NEW YORK CITY

EITHER IMMORAL OR FATTENING?

Dear Editors: On Wednesday I blamed the laundry because my shirt collars had "shrunk." Yesterday I noticed that my favorite suit was too tight around the waist. Today, with once-a-year honesty, I faced the facts. I am getting heavy again. In the words of corpulent Alexander Woollcott, everything I like seems to be either immoral or fattening.

My doctor's diet regimen will be successful. I know, because I've gone through it before. What will be hard to bear will be his question, asked more in sadness than in anger, "Why can't you just be careful *all the time*, so you won't have to go through this torture?"

This year, though no less ashamed, I think I have an answer: How *can* I think about declining baked potato while remembering all the other good self-help advice with which all the U.S. is salvoed? Is it possible to specify black coffee while switching to filters, getting eight hours' sleep, having an annual checkup, mailing Christmas packages early, and aiding public schools? Here in America, land of human perfectability, I am at the same time urged to learn the mambo, save for old age, "live a little now," install an air conditioner and protect national parks. I shouldn't wonder that "one out of ten Americans suffers from mental illness." Small wonder, too, I forget creeping calories.

There are compulsive eaters, but I'm not one of them. It's the casual olive, the single peanut, the unnoticed cheese dip taken while I try to be a well-adjusted member of society. I nibble while being a "good listener," while considering the other man's point of view, while never arguing politics or religion, and during the time I "consider her feelings" and Strontium 90. While reading at night to "keep up with world knowledge," I often go to the icebox. I get round, perhaps, because I keep trying to be a well-rounded man! DISGRUNTLED

COLORADO

LASTING SOLUTION TO POOR TV

Dear Editors: Of course we should fight for intelligent programing on TV. But how better can we protect our children than by giving them homes in which Christian principles are practiced, not just preached? *Sincerely,*
Denver LYNNE N. P[illegible]

TEXAS

8 REASONS WHY *CHILDREN* GET GRAY

Dear Editors:

1.
a. "Haven't I told you a million tim[es] not to interrupt when someone [is] talking?"
b. "Mother and daddy, guess what hap[pened] at ——"
"For heaven's sake, go wash you[r] face!"

2.
a. "Why did you embarrass me in fro[nt] of my friends?"
b. "I don't care if Tommy *can* hear m[e] let me tell you, young man ——"

3.
a. & b. "STOP YELLING AT YOU[R] BROTHER! THERE IS NO EX[-] CUSE FOR THAT!"

4.
a. Mother (pouring a glass of milk fo[r] 5-year-old): "When are you goin[g] to learn to do things for yourself?"
b. Mother (mopping up spilled milk) "How many times have I told you t[o] let me help you with things lik[e] that?"

5.
a. (8 P.M.) "I wish *I* could go to be[d] now. I can't understand why yo[u] fight it."
b. (8 A.M.) "Stop that right now o[r] you're going straight to bed!"

6.
a. "Don't bother me with that now[.] Can't you see I'm busy?"
b. "Don't bother me with that now[.] Can't you see I'm trying to rest?"

7.
a. "The least you can do is say 'Hello' to our guests."
b. Parent, passing child's friend i[n] yard: "——".

8.
a. "When you aren't sure what to d[o] in a situation, try to remember wha[t] mother and daddy do."
b. See above.

Houston JANIS PATTON CONRAD

OHIO

I'M TIRED OF BEING YOUNG!

Dear Editors: Here I sit, "somewhere" in my thirties, in Bermuda shorts and sneakers, my hair in the "All-American college-girl pageboy."

I have before me a torn-out fashion ad, labeled "She bakes for the library, chairmans the P.T.A., cooks, and *still looks pretty as a teenager.*"

I also have a copy of Harry A. Overstreet's *The Mature Mind*, which I have just got around to reading. And high time. Dr. Overstreet has just hit me with the pulverizing idea that every sick society has been made up of immature people—from those who crucified

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Jesus to those who persecuted the Jews. And certainly our own society needs to be well and mature more desperately than any did before.

So I look down at my bare knees and ask, "Am I mature? So why, then, am I disguised as a high-school girl?"

I am a *woman*, married, with three school-aged children. I'm a matron, that's what I am—but that's a repugnant word that immediately conjures up a lumpy, frumpy, bedraggled character in a house dress; and in our suburban block, no "gal" ever wears a house dress. We all dress like our teenage daughters. If we didn't, you couldn't tell us from *our* mothers.

Where is the golden maturity casting a mellowing glow on us older women? In America we worship the cult of youth. But suddenly I'm tired of trying to be dewily, coltishly young—and yet I don't know what else to be. I'm like the woman of whom Kipling said youth had been a habit so long that she could not part with it.

What I may be hankering for, I suppose, is to let myself go, and I know this is treason to my sex, a retreat from the twentieth century, probably even suicidal. But on the other hand, it would be so pleasant and relaxing just to let this veneer of shiny youthfulness peel off, and show the plain, sound, aging wood underneath, and then devote my attention and energy to other, more important things.

Sincerely,
Cuyahoga Falls BETTY FRENCH

PENNSYLVANIA

RH-NEGATIVE BABIES

Dear Editors: I so enjoyed your "Tell Me, Doctor" concerning Rh blood.

For the couples who are afraid to have children because of this, I am



Healthy five.

enclosing a picture of our five healthy, happy "Rh" children!

Sincerely yours,
Berlin MRS. TOM MAUST

TEXAS

OUR FAVORITE 1960 GRADUATE

Dear Miss Posson: In 1957 I wrote the *Journal* that I had been inspired and encouraged by various well-written articles to go back to college to prepare to teach. In May I received my degree—a B.S. in Elementary Education—and will begin teaching this fall.

Sincerely,
Burkburnett SHIRLEY J. MALONE

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

OVER 6,000,000 SUBSCRIBERS MEANS 25,000,000 READERS

Dear Editors: It is with pleasure that Parent and Child, Inc., notes your latest contribution to childbirth education, "The Challenge to American Obstetrics," by Herbert Thoms, M.D., and Bruce Bliven Jr.

At a recent board meeting, the question was raised as to how many women are at least aware of the Education Childbirth movement in this count One answer was, "Well, certainly total readership of the *Ladies' Ho Journal* has been enthusiastically posed to educated childbirth."

Our thanks for your support.

Sincere
PAT MONTI
Chairman of the Board of Direc
Washington *Parent and Child,*

CALIFORNIA

TODAY IS SATURDAY!

Dear Editors: It is Saturday mor ing—a cold, rainy day. In many of t houses in my neighborhood the ch dren will soon start the age-old wail "But motherrrrr! *What'll I do!*" I p away my breakables, and then mak telephone call to a neighbor chil Other phones start to ring, and soon laughing, excited group of young on are coming up my front walk.

After rain clothes are shed, the ch dren swoop to the big, old-fashion trunk which my husband has alrea brought in from the storage room. F this trunk is a veritable treasure che The first lifting of the lid releases hea enly clouds of lavender and the tru itself contains high-heeled shoes, purs of all sizes, gloves (mostly one of kind), two old fur collars, one ve ragged feather boa, one wedding dre (*the* favorite), velvet and sequined jac ets, satin nightgowns, parts of costum and hats galore, old lace curtains a two velvet drapes. (Everything is "fee good.")

In a black velvet box is jewelry: on of-a-kind earrings, beads, two watch that no longer run, bracelets and a gl tering tiara. Other boxes are filled wi powder puffs, lipstick and eye shado ribbons, bows and artificial flower and there's a fascinating array of pe fume bottles (into which we've p apple-blossom cologne).

A pot of hot chocolate is on the sto and the cooky jar is full—and I find easy chair, well out of traffic but with good view, and settle down with knitting. Very little gets done, thoug because my services as pinner upp and bow tier are in great demand.

These happy rainy days began wh a little girl was my guest for sever days. A couple of hats, an old cockt dress and a pair of silk stockings ke her happily occupied. Then, at a churc rummage sale, I discovered the whi wedding dress and the trunk with i high, humped lid. (My husband paint it a shiny black and papered the insi with gold foil.)

Since the treasure chest loses its fa cination if opened too often, our Sa urdays are varied. We toast marshma lows in the fireplace, and the childre sing. Other times, each child brings a apron and we decorate, bake and e cookies. But our Saturdays are happ days for all of us. My husband go bowling; mothers are grateful for a fe hours' reprieve; and I no longer b moan my childless existence!

Sincerely
Burlingame ANN VERDUG

CANADA

MOVING LOVE STORY

Dear Sirs: The reason for our chang of address is that we fell in love wit the kitchen, laundry, washroom setu of your Portfolio House No. 8! Buil ing the entire house here would hav cost twice as much as we could afford but we worked this wonderful kitche into a standard-type home. It ha turned out to be everything th *Journal* article promised and more!

Yours sincerely,
Saskatoon THE RAY LORMAN FAMI

New! Easy, modern ways to prepare

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Your favorite old-fashioned recipes
now brought up-to-date
by the Betty Crocker kitchens



OVEN-BAKED CHICKEN & BISCUITS

Now you can prepare and serve this All-American favorite combination in a single dish. See recipe on page 10.

More ideas on next page



BEST TOSSED SALAD

Fresh . . . light . . . so right . . . a family favorite with a Mazola Corn Oil dressing. (Recipe in new "All-American Favorites" Recipe Booklet. See offer on next page).

FAVORITE APPLE PIE

Gold Medal makes the All-American kind of pie crust . . . the flaky-tender kind. (Recipe in new "All-American Favorites" Recipe Booklet. See offer on next page).

HAMBURGER SKILLET PIE

An all-family, all-time, all-American treat—hamburger—with a modern twist. Recipe on page 10.

For more convenience, for special nutritional benefits, make these All-American favorites with Mazola Corn Oil and Gold Medal Flour

CHOCOLATE CRINKLE COOKIES

Long time favorites, crisp and good . . . easier than ever to make. See recipe on page 10.



Recipes and special offer on next page



TESTED IN THE

Betty Crocker

KITCHENS OF GENERAL MILLS



OVEN-CRISP CHICKEN 'N BISCUITS

- 1 cup GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tsp. paprika
- ½ cup MAZOLA Corn Oil
- 1 cut-up frying chicken

Heat oven to 425° (hot). Mix flour, salt, pepper and paprika in paper bag. Place Mazola in oblong pan, 13 x 9½ x 2″, and set in oven. Shake 3 or 4 pieces of chicken at a time in a bag to coat thoroughly. Place chicken, skin-side-down, in single layer in hot oil. Bake *45 min.*; turn.

Meanwhile, make Biscuit dough (recipe below). Roll dough ¼″ thick, cut into biscuits. Push chicken to one side in pan; place biscuits in single layer on other side. Bake *another 15 min.*, or until biscuits are lightly browned and chicken tender.

Place chicken and biscuits on serving platter. *For gravy:* add 2 tbsp. flour (saved from dredgings) to drippings in pan. Bring to boil. Add about 1½ cups hot water. Boil 1 min. *4 servings.*

BISCUITS

Sift 2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour, 3 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt. Pour ⅓ cup MAZOLA Corn Oil and ⅔ cup milk into measuring cup, but don't stir. Pour all at once into flour. Stir with fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl. Knead 10 times without additional flour. Roll ¼″ thick between waxed papers. Cut with unfloured biscuit cutter.

HAMBURGER SKILLET PIE WITH SCONE TOPPING

- 1 lb. ground beef
- 1 tbsp. MAZOLA Corn Oil
- ¼ cup GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
- 2 tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 cups tomato juice
- ¼ cup diced green pepper
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 cup diced celery

Heat oven to 425° (hot). In 10″ skillet brown ground beef in Mazola. Drain off excess fat. Stir in flour, salt, pepper and tomato juice. Add green pepper, onion and celery; bring to boil, stirring constantly. Spoon Scone Topping (recipe below) in 6 mounds on top of *hot* mixture. Bake *30 to 35 min.*, or until biscuits are golden brown. *4 to 6 servings.*

SCONE TOPPING

- 1½ cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- ⅓ cup MAZOLA Corn Oil
- ⅓ cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten

Sift dry ingredients together into bowl. Add Mazola, milk and egg. Stir just until blended.

CHOCOLATE CRINKLE COOKIES

- ½ cup MAZOLA Corn Oil
- 4 sq. unsweetened chocolate (4 oz.) melted
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 eggs
- 2 tsp. vanilla
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 cups sifted GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup confectioners' sugar

Mix Mazola, chocolate and sugar. Blend in one egg at a time until well mixed. Add vanilla. Stir in salt, flour and baking powder. Chill several hours or overnight. *Heat oven to 350°* (mod.). Drop teaspoonfuls of dough into confectioners' sugar. Roll around and shape into a ball. Place about 2″ apart on greased baking sheet. Bake *10 to 12 min. Makes about 50 cookies.*

Up-to-date recipes for All-American favorites call for Mazola Corn Oil and Gold Medal Flour. Here's why:

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
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BY DUGAN, FROM THE BARTHOLET COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY



Artist James Dugan, born and trained in this country, picks subjects from the contemporary American scene. In his abstract painting of a housing development, only the white-spired church is reminiscent of yesterday's New England village.

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The Discrepancy Between Democratic Ideals and Realities

By DOROTHY THOMPSON When this article appears the election campaign will be coming to a climax. We shall have seen the candidates and their supporters on TV and heard, if we keep our radios perpetually turned on, millions of words of oratory and salesmanship. But in substance our choice, from the viewpoint of the policies to be followed during the next four to eight years, will be limited to our choosing between more or less the same thing.

Those families who are restive under the load of Federal, state and local taxes, and the indirect taxes on everything, should not expect alleviation.

Those who hope for a stabilization of prices, so that one can budget one's income, will be disappointed.

And although our foreign policy certainly needs thoughtful reconsideration, it will in all its fundamentals be continued.

The Democrats will have called for and promised a bolder approach, new ideas, fresh and younger leadership, but it is unlikely to come from the party whose leadership during the prewar, war and postwar periods initiated all the policies, foreign and domestic, which the Republicans inherited and, being "modern" Republicans, continued to carry out even when the foreseeable consequences of some of them began to show themselves.

In 1945, only fifteen years ago, the United States had emerged from the war as the only great power in the world. Vast areas of continental Europe, including Western Russia, had been destroyed. More than 20,000,000 people had been displaced from their homes. Great Britain was bankrupt and her empire was crumbling. Germany had been partitioned by the way the war was militarily conducted, which let the Russian armies into Europe beyond the Elbe—and by the demand for Germany's permanent elimination as a great state, which was obviously a Russian intention, but which was most vociferously pushed for in the United States by the proponents of the Morgenthau Plan.

America had suffered no destruction on her soil, her coffers were full, and we alone possessed the then definitive weapon.

We have already been told that we need a strong President. During the twelve years of his presidency Roosevelt had unchallenged power, and he used it personally and CONTINUED ON PAGE 14



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6 iridescent shades

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8 iridescent shades

Eye-liner Pencil
8 iridescent shades

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Ingredient number *one* helps free pores of blackheads, pasty fat and impurities not removed by soap and water—thus helps prevent pimples from spreading. Result: *Clearer, fresher skin!*



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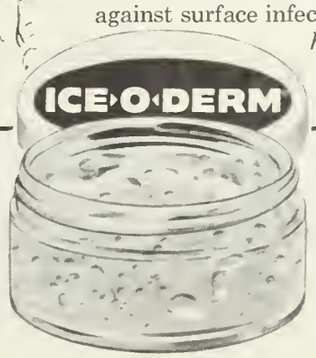
Ingredient number *two* holds moisture in, shields it from sun, winds, steam heat that dry out and wrinkle skin. Result: *Softer, moister, skin!*



3RD 5 DAYS

Ingredient number *three* stimulates and *improves skin circulation*, tightens pores and helps build up natural resistance against surface infection. Result: *Firmer, healthier looking skin!*

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

arbitrarily. He collected his own advisers on foreign affairs, chief among them Harry Hopkins (who had had no experience whatever of foreign affairs). He treated his Secretaries of State—Cordell Hull and Edward Stettinius—as dummies. He conducted his negotiations with Churchill on a person-to-person basis, and made with him agreements of far-reaching importance without even informing his Secretary of State that they had been reached.

In 1940 Roosevelt sent the Under Secretary, Sumner Welles, on a mission to Europe against Secretary Hull's expressed disapproval. Nothing came of the mission except a permanent Hull-Welles feud.

When Roosevelt died, and Mr. Byrnes was Secretary of State, the latter had not been fully informed of the concessions made to the Soviets in the Far East at Yalta and the Secretary got wind of it from a news story from Moscow. The full text of the Yalta agreement never reached the public until months after it had been signed.

Scores of volumes on the Roosevelt Administration, before and during the war, as well as British memoirs, have made it possible for the careful student to distinguish the Roosevelt myth from Roosevelt realities. Roosevelt was solely responsible for making "unconditional surrender" the sole war aim. It prolonged the war for months. Roosevelt, largely under Hopkins's influence, continued to trust the benignancy of Stalin's Russia implicitly despite the contrary information that he had been constantly receiving from his own intelligence officers.

All men err, but few American Presidents have erred more stubbornly than Roosevelt. Since the processes of history are not reversible, there is little good, except for truth-seeking scholars, in pursuing water that has flowed over the dam. But a myth which historic consequences have revised can be revived as a vote catcher only for the ignorant.

With Roosevelt's death Harry S. Truman entered office utterly unprepared; and in view of his predecessor's health, inexcusably so.

America was still the *only* world power, and was in sole possession of the atomic bomb. Russia was scared to death and was concentrating, and not unsuccessfully, her espionage activities here and in Great Britain on getting the atomic-know-how secrets.

Then was the time to demand firm agreements from Russia on the conditions that the U.S.A. and the West would accept for a continued great-power peace. Instead we got the idealistic Baruch Plan for the internationalization of the sources of atomic energy, which was not accepted nor acceptable.

But Truman, as he got into his stride, developed real leadership. Under the aegis of the U.N. he took a risk in Korea, which Roosevelt had left unprotected, when Red China was still weak. But he would not allow General MacArthur to drive the Chinese armies out of all Korea because the U.N.—whose members with the exception of a few token forces had spent neither blood nor fortune in that ghastly war—wanted "peace."

Under Truman the American armed forces were enormously strengthened. He saved Greece and Turkey. He initiated the Marshall Plan, the most constructive action in foreign affairs of the whole Democratic period.

Taking note of the overthrow by local Communists of the Czechoslovak government, he announced the doctrine of "containing" further Russian advances into Europe.

It was he and Dean Acheson, his Secretary of State, who, with the Russian armies in force in East Germany and rearming the East Germans, decided to rearm West Germany within the Atlantic Alliance. I believed then, as I do now, there were alternatives that should have been explored. Now there are none.

It was under Truman that the siege of Berlin was raised by airlift. That also was a risk and it ended in Russian admission of defeat but in another agreement that did nothing specifically to protect the *civilian* population of Berlin from another blockade.

Truman's education was limited and he was no theoretician. But he had common sense. He was not an effective pronouncer of vague and unrealizable ideals, and his star [illegible] more quickly than that of any memor[illegible] President. He was not invited to speak [illegible] Democratic convention, which paid h[illegible] an affectionate tribute. If the Roosevel[illegible] (like all myths) needs to be laid to re[illegible] Truman, who created no myth, deserve[illegible] place in the history of the times.

Woodrow Wilson is always, of [illegible] hailed by his party as one of the great[illegible] think, no objective history which rea[illegible] lyzes his achievements will so describe h[illegible] hopeful belief that the League of Natio[illegible] solve all the world's problems and lea[illegible] universal rule of law was as unmerited [illegible] of the United Nationists which Re[illegible] and Democratic leadership alike sha[illegible]

The United Nations has never yet pr[illegible] war; it has halted armed conflicts and [illegible] uneasy armistices and truces. Decisi[illegible] not taken on the basis of principles bu[illegible] trading of votes, the marshaling o[illegible] power satellites, and the blind voting [illegible] The votes of delegates are not made b[illegible] selves as the result of deliberative pr[illegible] but by their governments at home. [illegible] excellent device to sound out the ho[illegible] intentions of existing governments, an[illegible] limited uses. These might be immen[illegible] tended under conditions which would [illegible] another article.

Great states, able to defend *themse*[illegible] not entrust matters of life and death t[illegible] count of states that can do neith[illegible] "sovereign equality of all states" is an [illegible] A universal "rule of law" can nei[illegible] formulated in a manner acceptable to [illegible]

The word which God has writ[illegible] on the brow of every man is Ho[illegible]

VICTOR HU[illegible]

with different concepts of law nor e[illegible] under present conditions except by wa[illegible]

Wilson put into the world the "f[illegible] points," every one of which was qua[illegible] sacrificed at the peace conferences.

He also put into the world the doc[illegible] "the self-determination of all peoples."

This was applied in Eastern Europe[illegible] breakup of the ancient Austro-Hu[illegible] complex. Lord Balfour (a Tory) and [illegible] (a Liberal) in the wartime coalition [illegible] wanted to maintain the empire *and* th[illegible] burgs on a re-formed basis. Austro-H[illegible] needed a physician. Instead it got a ve[illegible] surgeon. A series of small and unviab[illegible] (on bad terms with one another) was [illegible] between Russia and Germany, who[illegible] dependence" rested on the League of [illegible] and alliances with France.

Vienna was my first assignment as a[illegible] correspondent in Europe. I was in m[illegible] ties and abysmally ignorant, but not so[illegible] minded as to believe that Russia, a[illegible] great power, would not survive the re[illegible] and civil wars, or that Germany, bec[illegible] feated, could be kept out of history! [illegible] Europe had been a sphere of influence [illegible] by Russia under czars or commissars.

In 1952 the Republicans campaigne[illegible] intention to "roll back" Russia from [illegible] Europe—without force and apparentl[illegible] Voice of America and the Committ[illegible] Free Europe.

When first the East Germans and t[illegible] Hungarians arose, nothing happen[illegible] such promises are made in this ca[illegible] The implementation of the wish wo[illegible] tainly have meant war, in a place when[illegible] had all the advantages.

Recognizing that idealistic sloga[illegible] "doctrines" are not in themselves [illegible] Wilson's doctrine of self-determinat[illegible] supplementary theories of "sovereig[illegible] ity" undoubtedly speeded up the [illegible] against white, Western rule in Asia [illegible] Middle East.

Another Wilsonian slogan was th[illegible] world must be made safe for democra[illegible]

That "democracy" (as we unders[illegible] has succeeded in long maintaining [illegible]

CONTINUED ON P[illegible]



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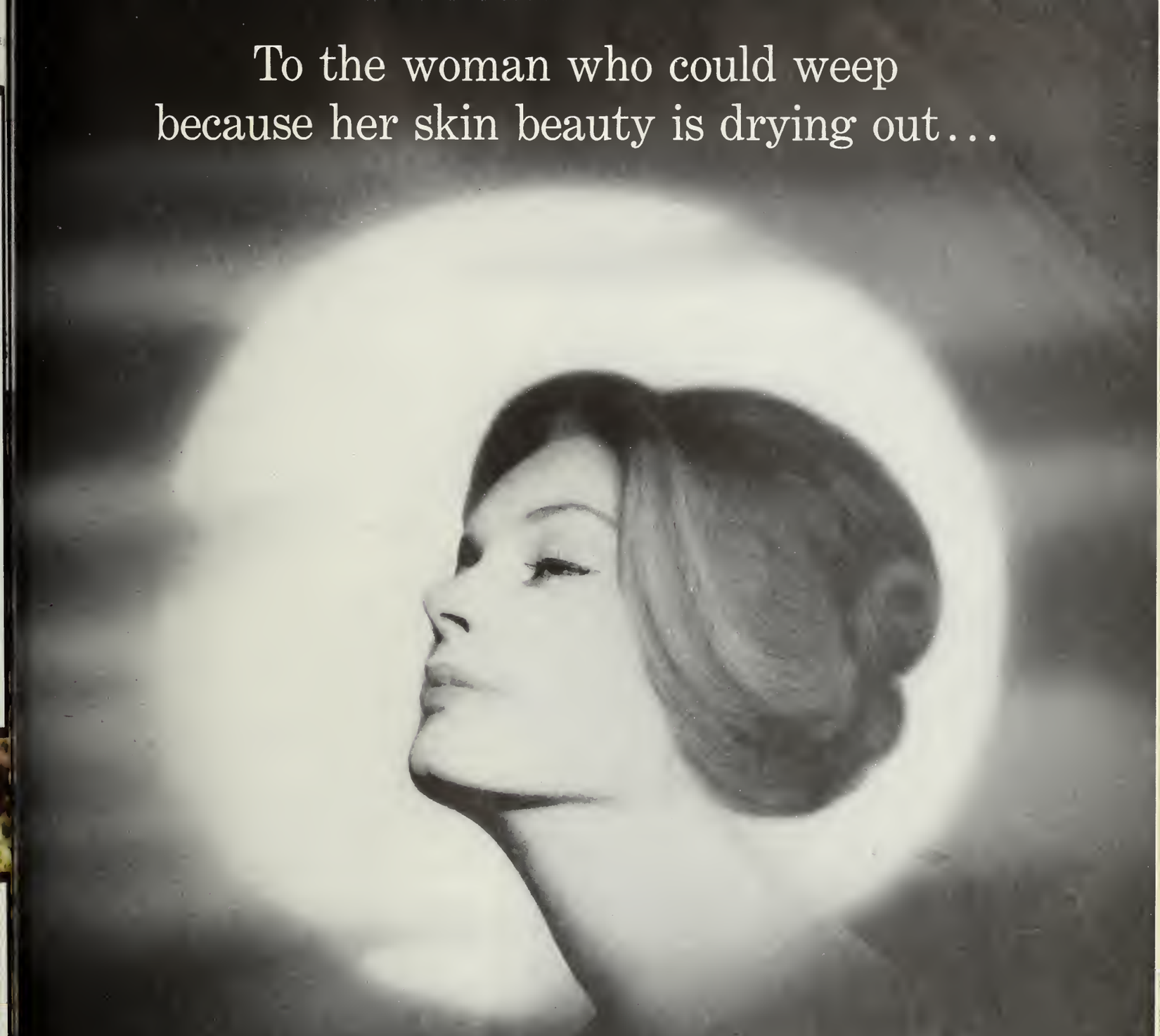


BOLERO

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For that rich, old-fashioned coffee flavor, use one Approved Measure of coffee to the cup. And here's a clue to the perfect brew— you spoil it if you boil it. (*How about a coffee break right now!*)



For your *Coffee Brewing Institute* Approved Measure in bright red, yellow or blue plastic, with a folder of coffee-making suggestions, send ten cents to PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, P.O. Box 33, Old Chelsea Sta., N. Y. 11.

NUED FROM PAGE 14

nd stable government *only* in the Anglo- ınd North European countries was not ıto account by the ideologues. Applied eoples everywhere it was, and is, cer- lead, first to chaos and eventually to . The real problem is how to make racy" safe for the world.

ave, as I write this, an immediate case —that of African Congo. What *is* the Republic? What is the Congo?

the latter part of the nineteenth cen- enormous territory traversed by the ongo River was an unexplored jungle, d by primitive savages. British African rs H. M. Stanley and David Living- rst charted it in part. Subsequently uropean interests, primarily British, and Belgian, led to the formation of ngo Free State," a sort of consortium, a series of agreements it became an- Belgium as late as 1908.

ean administrators before and after nexation had to contend with Arab aders carrying their human cargoes to ddle East (this trade was broken even- y war), and with cannibalism which throughout the area, and undoubt- l exists. The Congo was never a "na- ut a congeries of tribes led by chief- nstantly fighting (and devouring) one , or practicing quasi-religious rituals eir subdued enemies, of torture and

The most important lesson in life is simply this: never hurt anybody.
ROUSSEAU

sexuality so revolting that they could perly be described in these pages.*

ner modern myth is that in the "under- ed" areas of the world primitive peace- eoples were living quietly in their na- ocence until the imperialist Western an upset and aroused them by exploi- nd oppression.

jungle has never been peaceful or le. In the earlier days of the Belgian Administration it aroused great criti- ot among the blacks but in England, result was reform. At the time the "re- was declared it was exemplary.

what happened when the republic was and the Belgian Administration and epared to turn the country over to be verned," and Congo, diplomatically ed, was about to be admitted to the he native Congo government could not nor repress the hideous outbreak of that immediately occurred and was upon every white civilian woman who evacuated in time. Women were raped s on end, each by scores of savages, in ence of their children and often their ls, bound to trees.

oes not turn men and their communi- ose ancestors from unrecorded time ed in savage barbarism, into civilized or communities by humanitarian uropean clothes, a generation or two rn elementary, high-school or college n, given *faute de mieux* to a relatively mber, and the capacity to handle a tool. The call of the blood is still has taken centuries, even millennia, to great civilizations.

tly archaeologists claim to have dis- an endemic civilization and culture of Black Africa in antiquity. What kind zation and *what* culture, I have not otherwise there are no records of *any* civilized order existing there except s introduced by white Western men. the equality of races ever been scien- established. Biological science, like all argues from precise and demonstrated t from idealistic theories. Genes are determinants than environment.

white man is driven out of Africa, olutely predictable that the complex

* described in *African Giant* by the writer and explorer Stuart Cloete, a South African. Published by Houghton-Mifflin Company.

industrial, political and administrative structure held together by fewer than 20,000 officials and experts will (as it has already done) collapse. Their work of a lifetime was destroyed in ten days. The jungle will close over the houses and industries they have built. Communications will cease to exist. Woods and landslides will close the roads. "The Leopard men, the Crocodile men will reappear, cannibalism be resumed," wrote Stuart Cloete in a letter to *The New York Times*.

The economic heart of the region, the one Congo province that has held out so far against the tide of disintegration, is Katanga. It has formally declared its independence of the government (or nongovernment) of Lumumba. Its premier, Moise Tshombe, has apparently kept control of his police force and maintained collaboration with such Belgian troops as are at hand. It has accepted the replacement of Belgian troops by U.N. units, but only to maintain order. The Katanga area includes the great copper, cobalt and uranium mines whose products can be moved by rail through British East Africa no matter what happens in the lower Congo basin.

Katanga has exactly as much right to formal independence as the Congo in general, and it has been reported that the leaders of two neighboring provinces, Kivu and Kasal, want federation with it. But though an immediate Western decision has been called for, none has been forthcoming as I write.

One thing is fairly certain. If the Westerners go, sooner or later another nation, probably China, will replace the whites, and eventually *their* civilization will do what the white one abnegated. Ideology has little to do with it. The risings in Africa are racial wars.

In domestic policy as well, ideals must be checked by recognition of realities.

The Democratic platform enumerated a series of "rights" for all Americans: the right to a useful and remunerative job; the right of every farmer to a "decent" living; the right of every family to a "decent" home; the right of every child to a good education; the right to adequate medical care.

These are not "rights" at all. They are goods and services to be provided by the state to those who cannot provide them for themselves, out of the resources of all the people. And *none* of them can be guaranteed by the state in any free society, or universally maintained without coercion. A "useful and remunerative job" is possible only if its recipient pulls his weight and earns it. A decent home assumes a decent family to live in it; a decent living for the farmer assumes that he and his family know and practice decent living and "the" farmer does not exist! Farmers are millionaires in organized big business. And they are families scratching a subsistence from poor soil on backwoods farms, doomed to economic extinction no matter what hopes politicians may hold forth. "Adequate" medical care is subject to definition and limitation wherever the state gives it, and is not a "right" but a paid-for insurance. Every child and youth in America has access to a "good" education, according to what the states and their educators consider "good" and the teachers they can provide, and it is not the right but the enforceable obligation of parents to send their children to schools. But no government can educate a child who despises and rejects the opportunities offered. Education demands the active co-operation of the student.

And no nation can long exist as a great one, if the industrious, strong, creative, self-reliant, ingenious and patriotic are penalized to the point of discouragement by being forced to carry the load of those who are not.

The character and not the standard of living of a people is determinant. The ultimate test of the Welfare State is whether it does, or does not, succeed in improving the national character, and fostering the primary virtues, which are the sterner ones of courage, determination, duty, fortitude and personal responsibility.

And there are always barbarians living within every society, even the most civilized. Nor can the most humane society protect itself by humanitarian ideals against those of its members who cannot or will not govern or restrain themselves. These cannot be self-governed.

END



CRISS-CROSS PIZZAS: COMBINE 4½ OZ. CAN UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM, 8 OZ. TOMATO SAUCE, 1 TBSP. MINCED ONION, ½ TSP. OREGANO, 2 TBSP. GRATED PARMESAN CHEESE. SPREAD ON 8 TOASTED ENGLISH MUFFIN HALVES, ADD CHEESE STRIPS. BROIL.

Discovered: Delicious new pizza idea... made with Underwood Deviled Ham. Name: Criss-Cross pizzas... so easy! Remarks: Hearty ham flavor, just minutes to make. Suggested course: To your grocer to buy several cans of Underwood Deviled Ham.



P.S. The handy ham made from fine whole hams.

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There are three Breck Shampoos for three different hair conditions. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair, another is for oily hair, and a third is for normal hair. Select the Breck Shampoo for your individual hair condition. Take advantage of this special offer and enjoy lustrous, beautiful hair.

BEAUTIFUL MUSIC AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR

For variety...for nutrition...for easy fixing...

there's no vegetable like beans



If your family's partial to green beans, pair their favorite with a new partner. To Stokely's Finest Green Beans add sliced, sautéed mushrooms. Easy-to-fix, delicious. And Stokely's Finest are . . .

young, tender and stringless





Shellie Beans combine the flavor of tender-green beans with nut-like shelled-out beans. For "occasions" add bacon or onion or sweet-sour sauce. See Stokely's Finest Shellie Beans label for recipe. And remember . . .

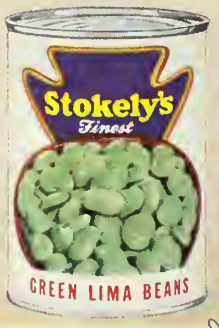
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As a snack or main-meal dish, heat Stokely's Finest Lima Beans with Van Camp's Vienna Sausage. Tasty and high in nutrition. Or serve the beans hot with butter seasoned to taste. Stokely's Finest Lima Beans are . . .

tender and full of flavor!





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"Hold your hat.
Here comes his
State of the Union message."



DRAWING BY RICHTER
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UNDER COVER

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

Who writes whose speeches is a moot question these days. The first President Roosevelt, T. R., wrote his own. He wouldn't tolerate a ghost writer. Like Lincoln before him and Churchill after him, his heart and his personality lay graven in his words. Woodrow Wilson picked out his words on an old typewriter; alone in an alcove at Princeton for his first inaugural, and on the south porch of the White House when he wrote his famous message to Congress, April 2, 1917: "The right is more precious than peace"—the message that brought us into World War I. Harding didn't use a ghost writer. That was his trouble; he should have. Calvin Coolidge wrote all but one of his speeches. The time he had to dedicate Aeolian Hall in Boston he wisely got help from a member of the Boston Symphony. But when a collection of his speeches was being edited, he insisted that that speech be omitted: "It isn't mine. Keep it out!" Herbert Hoover says that he never delivered a ghost-written speech. But F.D.R. apparently never delivered one he wrote himself. Judge Rosenman, Harry Hopkins, Rex Tugwell, Donald Richberg, Bob Sherwood, Adolf Berle, Stanley High, Raymond Moley—sometimes two, sometimes three worked together on a single speech. But the President polished and trimmed, and in the end made it his own. The famous lines that will go down through history, however, belong to the many: "Rendezvous with destiny" was Tommy Corcoran's; "Economic royalist" was Stanley High's; "Horse-and-buggy age" came through Stephen Early from his brother-in-law. (From *Ghosts in the White House*, by Dr. Claude Moore Fuess, *American Heritage*.)

It is ironic that in his last published book ***John Marquand*** should have intertwined so purposefully the present and the past, and in a study of an actual old-timer given so unstintedly of himself. TIMOTHY DEXTER REVISITED (Little, Brown), though written around the so-called "gentleman" Dexter, an odd character of old Newburyport, is a revelation of John Marquand. Here are his reflections, his memories, his deep, deep love of New England, to which he was so inextricably bound. As entertainment the book has all the wit and urbanity of his novels. It is history, it is a "biography" of Newburyport, with almost incredible stories and characters. But above all it is Marquand. Those who knew him can hear his voice resounding from the pages.

Here's one particular scene out of his boyhood, when he lived in Newburyport with his aunt. It was a snowy night and he had to drive the horse and sleigh home through the drifts piled up by a big storm. You feel the numbing cold as he held tight to the reins, and the welcome warmth of the barn when he finally made it, the lanternlight, and the smell of leather as he unharnessed the horse. These were the smells and the feel of another day, something that the present generation can never quite catch: it was born too late. Only when his own generation dies off, said Marquand, will the real split with the past come about. Then none will be left who can remember the simplicity and peacefulness and dignity of that other day.

This feeling for the past runs through all his books. It is a note of genuine sadness that comes from one whose sensations were superlatively keen, who experienced to the full the joy and delight and drama of life's single moments. But nothing lasts. Each of those moments has gone, and only the memory persists. . . . No other writer of our time—except Proust, whom he is of our time—has established so effectively this sense of time passing, of time remembered. None has felt it more deeply. We are happy that all his later best books were first serialized in the *Journal*.

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SKILLET SUPPERS



SPAM STROGANOFF

Here's luxurious eating . . . quickly fixed!

Melt 1½ tbsp. butter in hot skillet. Add 1 7 oz. can mushroom pieces, with liquid. Cook until liquid has evaporated. Add 2 tbsp. minced onion. Cook until yellow. Add 1 can cream of mushroom soup, ½ c. milk. Stir over heat until blended. Stir in salt, pepper, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, 1 can SPAM sliced, then diced. Blend in 1 c. dairy sour cream. Serve in toast cups or over wide egg noodles.

HONG KONG SPAM SKILLET

. . . with a delightful Oriental accent!

Pour into large skillet 2 cans chicken-rice soup, 2 cans water. Add 2 c. sliced green celery. Boil 3 min. Stir in ¼ c. cornstarch dissolved in ¼ c. cold water. Sprinkle on salt, paprika. Add 1 can bean sprouts, drained. Boil 10 min. Stir in 1 tsp. soy sauce. Top with lightly browned SPAM slices. Serve hot over crisp chow mein noodles.



Because it's made from sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham (choice meat . . . rich in protein) only SPAM tastes like SPAM

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TEEN-TIME BILLIONAIRES



PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEEN-AGERS

Cash in on Your Future! This morning my oldest daughter, Cherry, aged six, cleaned me out of pennies for her piggy bank—and while she was happily feeding the hungry pig, do you know whom I was thinking about?

You, my friend. Y-O-U!

First I was remembering when I, myself, at the age of nine, graduated from feeding the ol' piggy bank out of *my* daddy's pockets to my first business venture, selling buttercups on Granny White Pike near our house in Nashville, Tennessee. The buttercups grew in our front yard and all I had to do was pick a bunch of 'em and then stand on the corner and look hopeful. I had no fixed price, and when people stopped I'd say, "Whatever you want to pay"—which, I know now, was very unbusinesslike, but very profitable. At any rate, sometimes I took home as much as a *dollar* to my own hungry pig! I felt that soon I could retire for life.

Then I began wondering when Cherry would go "into business" and whether it would be bunches of her mother's daffodils or homemade lemonade or a five-cent amateur performance in our garage.

But what led me to think of Y-O-U was the fact that though the step from the carefree days of pennies for piggy banks and five cents for homemade lemonade to Big Business, with all its financial responsibilities, challenges and headaches, *looks* like a very big one, actually it isn't. It's just that one short step from childhood to teen time.

Teenagers *are* Big Business. *You* are Big Business!

So you don't believe me? Well, here are some amazin' statistics.

The Teenage Billionaire Spenders: According to a recent report in a news magazine, during the last fifteen years the average pocket money of teenagers in the United States has increased from $2.50 to $10.00 per week. Together you teenagers represent a whopping nine and a half *billion* in purchasing power yearly. That's a lot of buttercups!

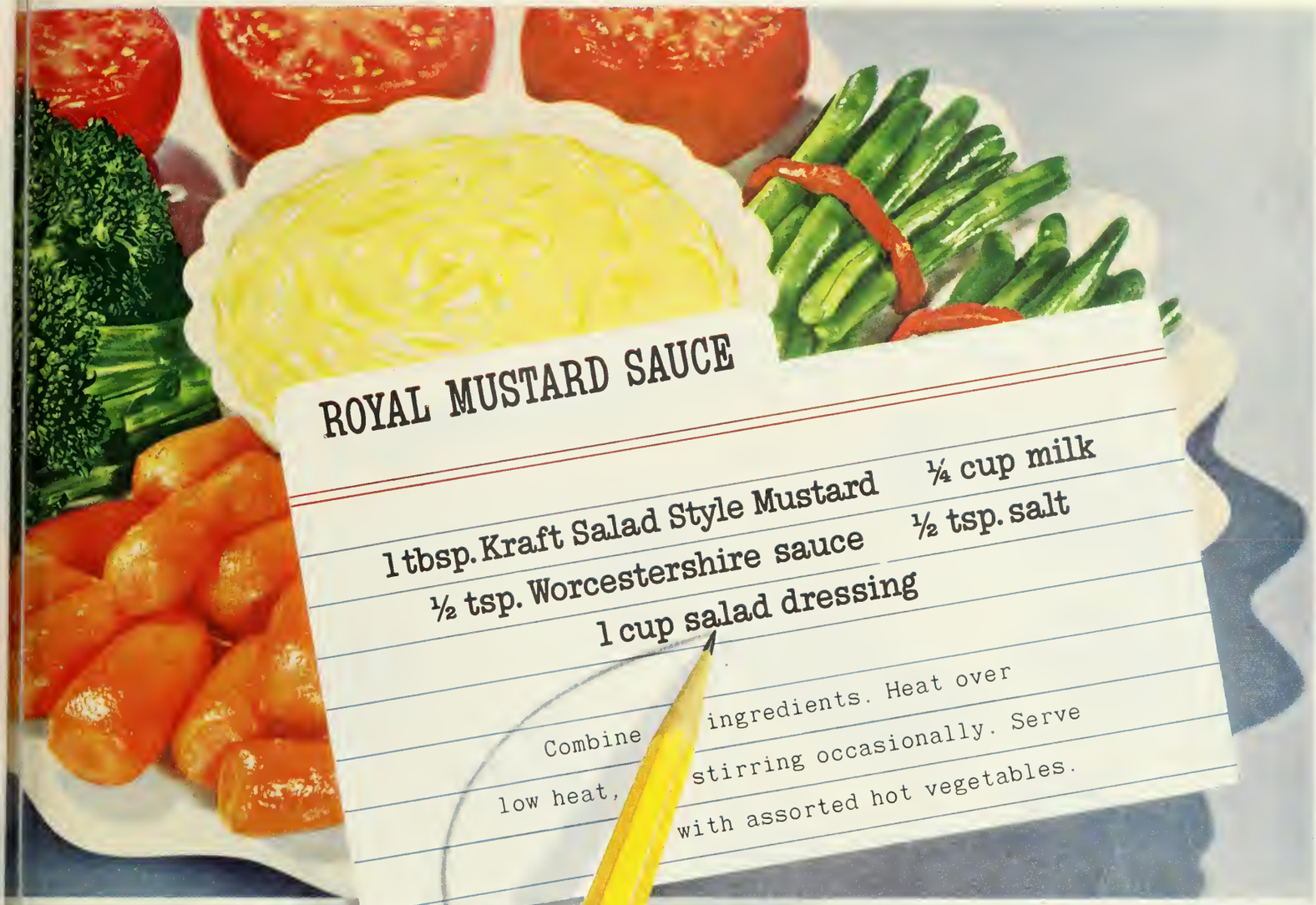
Now, from piggy-bank penny purchasers to billionaire spenders is a big jump! And a whale of a responsibility too. So while I was thinking of Cherry and the jump she'd shortly make to her first business venture, I was also thinking even more about you and wondering if there was any way I could help you from my own experience to take that even bigger jump without falling into some of the booby traps that lie waiting on the path to financial maturity and financial security.

The Art of Earning: I've heard it said by pious folk that "money is the root of all evil"—and they seemed to think they were voicing a profound truth from the Bible. Actually, what the Bible says is that "the *love* of money is the root of all evil." And when you look around at the results of greed, selfishness, insane ambition—well, you have to agree that there is such a thing as liking money too well. The idea is not to love money so much that our life revolves CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

DI PIETRO



Money need not be loved, but it does deserve respect. How you handle it reveals a lot about your maturity.



One simple change will make a remarkable difference in this sauce...just cross out "salad dressing"...specify

MIRACLE WHIP



Actually, Miracle Whip is *more* than a "salad dressing." It is a truly *different* dressing, luxuriously rich and smooth . . . and so *wonderful* tasting.

To make Miracle Whip, Kraft uses more expensive ingredients and more of them—plenty of good country eggs and the very best salad oil.

And Kraft combines these fine ingredients in a special way that gives the creamiest, smoothest texture imaginable.

But it is Miracle Whip's *flavor* that's really exciting. A lively, teasing, uniquely delicious flavor that no one has ever been able to copy.

Try it! You'll see why Miracle Whip Salad Dressing by Kraft is America's favorite *by far*.

richer in NATURAL corn cream!



Not just good eating . . . *superb* eating, that's Libby's Cream Style Corn. It's pedigreed . . . bred to produce plump, juicy kernels; then knowingly blended to start the flow of that rich natural corn cream. The flavor, the texture are your tests that Libby's is the superior brand.

Corn and Wiener Roast—In baking dish, stir 2 tbsp. prepared mustard into 2 #303 cans Libby's Cream Style Corn. Add 8 wieners, gashed and stuffed with sharp cheese. Dot corn with butter and bake in mod. oven 20 min. *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 4, Ill.*

Libby's cream-style corn

TINUED FROM PAGE 24

d it, but to understand how to make it o respect it sufficiently so that we never he lack of it.

re's a great thing to know: the statistics that roughly a third of the nine and a billions you spend you earn yourselves at ime work and summer jobs. The other irds comes to you in the form of allow- and gifts—but the older you get, the the percentage alters until, by the time ave reached legal maturity, the allow- and gifts have almost disappeared and re supposed to be a self-supporting So if at any point you're having trouble *g*, let me pass on to you a tip I got when in my teens from a very bright, success- ung lawyer.

described a time when he was trying to arted in his profession, when his kids small and the bills and budget just didn't "*Love* money!" he said. "I loved it, it, feared it—did everything but *make* d then I found out what money actually t's a symbol of gratitude—nothing more. rically the symbol changes—once it was coins, nuggets, wampum. Its only value at we give it. I decided that whatever y I receive is a symbol of somebody's ude for something I've done. If I'm not ing enough, then I'm not short of *. I'm short of the kind of service that's ciated!*"

d that, to me, has remained one of the ules I know for preventing lack without g overambitious. That's the "art of

ne of the greatest laborsaving in- entions of today is tomorrow.

IRISH DIGEST

g" in one well-turned phrase. If you making enough, *find out where you can more service to someone, agree to perform rvice, do it to the best of your ability—and t your pay as a symbol of gratitude.* Now, akes it sound pretty easy; but the funny is that in America, *making* money doesn't to be the biggest problem—at least it was in my experience. And I'm proud in agreement here with a venerable ican philosopher, Thoreau, who said: ost any man knows *how* to earn money, t one in a million knows how to *spend* o which your personal and not-so- able philosopher, P. Boone, would like 1: or invest it, save it, budget it, or even, imes, find the time to make as much as eem to need. Let me show you what I from personal experience.

ce and Romance:

rley and I were a teenage bride and n. We eloped in the beginning of my more year in college when we were both en, and though I wouldn't change a e of it, the chief problem it presented time-money hassle.

decided that to be "old enough" to get ed meant we could manage to support lves, that I could work and still finish e without "allowances or gifts" from ts. Now this, pal, turned out to be a tall , particularly when "we two" became hree" a little over a year later.

ieve me, if Ol' Shirl hadn't been the kind she is, balanced, loving, grown up for ge, and if I hadn't learned not only how n but something about saving and spend- hate to think what might have happened r love match under the early pressures ensions most young couples face.

ese are problems for *you* to think about now because the most popular marryin' right the other side of the teenage fence he expert opinions are that a teenage or young marriage has *fifty per cent less e of survival* than older ones.

alked not long ago with Judge Roger Pfaff, who presides over the Conciliation Court of Los Angeles County (they try to e magic *back* into a relationship after a ce has been asked for). The judge felt that one of the main things lacking in early marriages is "get-along skills."

"Too many teenagers and young people," he said, "starting with 'nothing but love' are faced with not much know-how. The husband doesn't know how to make a living. The wife doesn't know how to run a house. Neither knows how to manage money. If this is the case, you can see that they're not mature enough to set up on their own. They still need dad to make the living, mom to run the house, and a weekly allowance."

So I guess it's just as important for *you* to practice some good money habits (while you spend these teen-time billions) as it was for Shirley and me!

Here was our situation. As newlyweds we rented a small apartment near David Lipscomb College, furnished with odds and ends from family attics. I worked at Station WSIX, studying as I went along. And when I wasn't working I was attending classes—oh, I was managing to work and go to college—but there wasn't much time left over for being married! And, though I was supporting us independently, there wasn't much money left over either. Much? There wasn't *any*. We were out of the "billionaire spender" class.

In my sophomore year we took our five-month-old marriage and all our worldly goods down to Texas to see if things would be easier "somewhere else." They weren't. Let me warn you now that you can't move away from your problems. They ride right along with you until you solve 'em.

In Denton, Texas, where I was attending North Texas State Teachers' College, earning a salary of $44.50 a week at WPAB-TV in Fort Worth, and my bride and I were expecting our first heavenly bundle, we faced up to our problem—the money hassle—and licked it.

I was making as much as I could in the amount of time available—so an increase in income for welcome service wasn't our solution. I invested all our savings—$1200—with Russ Dyer in his chinchilla ranch. Shirley thought I was nuts, but our first pair promptly had *quintuplets*, and we'd tripled our investment! We were delirious with joy—and later just delirious. Because soon after, the chinchilla business was taken over by *big* operators, and small ranchers like Russ were squeezed out. We were left holding the pelt. So there we were—with $44.50 a week and each other.

Here was the secret we discovered:

If you are *aware* of every penny you can make, money goes a lot farther than if you treat it as a "pocketful of change." For instance, I handled the money. It seemed fitting and proper, since I was the head of the house. And I put *every cent* in the bank. However, we had a joint checking account, since marriage is still a fifty-fifty working partnership. So we could both sign checks. But we kept an accurate account of everything spent. If Shirley needed $24.00 for groceries and a maternity dress (this sure solved her clothes problem) and she wrote the check for $25.00, she accounted for the extra hundred pennies. I did the same. We found that a dollar itemized is more carefully tended than $5.00 in change that just seems to slide through holes in your pocket.

Our "entertainment budget" was 70 cents a week for the two of us. North Texas State had an amateur stage show and a movie every Saturday night which cost 35 cents per head if you had a student-body card. We found a lot of free fun, too, going to other couples' apartments or having them to ours, yakking, or watching TV, or playing Scrabble. Or we'd make the drive from Denton to Fort Worth and instead of buying a soda or a sundae in the big town, we'd have a nickel snow cone.

We didn't have much money. We didn't need it. But we did have fun using what we had—sensibly. And you'll be a step ahead of the game if you start developing some controls and disciplines now, during the teen days. Sure, you could just "blow" all those billions, and have a big ball—*but!* When the allowance days suddenly come to an end, and the rent-food-light-gas-doctor-bill days begin . . . you may be hollerin' "Help!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



CORRECTOL—the woman's gentle laxative for easy relief

A single tablet helps take care of nature's tardiness

Because you're a woman, you may have very special needs when you're constipated. The laxative you use should be extra gentle to your sensitive system, and extra dependable, too—one you can count on to stimulate the normal movement so essential to regularity.

Correctol® is made to meet these special needs of women. It contains a medical discovery that softens waste for easy, relaxed elimination, plus a small amount of mild laxative that moves the waste gently.

Working together, these ingredients bring a comforting kind of relief more naturally than any ordinary laxative can.

Hospital-proved Correctol is recommended even when your system is particularly sensitive—from adolescence through the older years. Try it today.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



Now...just pat the lint away!

"SCOTCH" BRAND

Lint Removers

6 pads only 29¢

It's so easy! Just slip new "Scotch" Lint Remover over hand, peel off protective liner. Pat clothing lightly—lint sticks to pad! Removes lint from felt hats, suede shoes, clothing. Ideal for furniture and auto upholstery.

Slips into your purse, pocket or luggage. At stores everywhere—try it now!



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Blue Bonnet

Looks, Cooks and Tastes Like The "High-Price" Spread



It's Nature That Helps Give Blue Bonnet Flavor Like the "High-Price" Spread

The wonderful, fresh taste of the "high-price" spread comes from Nature herself. And it's Nature that helps flavor BLUE BONNET, too! Yes, Nature's own flavor-maker is part of the famous BLUE BONNET recipe, giving BLUE BONNET a *true* taste, a *fresh* taste, a taste like the "high-price" spread.

BLUE BONNET's rich and golden goodness makes its way into everything you spread it on, melt it on, or cook it with . . . makes everything just naturally taste better.



Everything's Better With Blue Bonnet On It!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS I

O INUED FROM PAGE 27

l ire hope we can prepare Cherry to meet he problems as well as her mommy did. an I hope you can do even better!

o Financial Personality:

l ght now, this minute, you already have f ancial personality, an attitude toward nc y, and a method of handling it, that is as ef te and as revealing as your manners, ot smile, the way you look or think or pe . It can be attractive—or the opposite; ut 's an inescapable part of you and you ar hide it.

ur financial personality is partially or d by your education and environment— ot family's financial circumstance, how they ar e their money, what they've taught you. lu art of it has to do with what kind of guy t l you are inside, and how well you're dj ing to reality and how mature you're et g to be.

l 's have a look at the three most obvious fi ncial personality" types and see if you pc ourself in the crowd.

l st, *Sam Spendthrift*. Young Spendthrift ev has any money left two days after

ONLY THE HEART

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Only the heart breaks . . . nothing more:
Not so much as a flower of heather;
Not so much as a linnet's feather;
Not one shell on the long white shore.

Not one lichen dies on a stone;
Not one leaf of the oak is tattered;
Not one pod of the thistle's shattered:
Only the heart: it breaks alone.

all ance time, and rarely has much to show for hat he spent. He goes on a jag the minute he ts a few bucks, has a ball, and then sits ho the rest of the week. If he carries this pe nality into the adult world, he's apt to ha a $44.50 entertainment budget and noth- ing ut a sick smile for the landlord.

he may become a leading contender in the ace to "keep up with the Joneses." This is orry game, a panicky game with no peace in that can last a lifetime once the ball sta rolling. But why? Why can't the spend- thr resist spending? Why must he "show off with his money, buy a car he can't afford? Or hy will she, the spendthrift*ess*, blow her ba roll on a jazzy sweater "like Jean's" wh she has twelve sweaters and needs new sa e shoes?

lways seems to me to stem from a lack of f-confidence, a need to *buy* approval and po larity. The spendthrift *loves* money as ma as the miser. He places undue impor- tan on *things*, and thinks that what he *has* an what he *spends* are more important than w he *is*. But unfortunately the spendthrift ste s what he is by his financial personality aa loesn't fool anybody

n Tightwad is No. 2. He is selfish no do t about it—and his selfishness is sad. It's ba l on insecurity. A certain amount of sav- ing "does something for you"—it gives you pe of mind, independence, freedom. But the penny pincher who "collects" money is cu ng his financial circulation, getting noth- ing n return for the services he renders but mo and dust on his treasure. The realist will in that he doesn't get much of a message ro a pile of dollar bills in a shoe box.

ext, meet *Daisy Dreamer*—another case of mplete lack of realism. She schemes— oh ow she schemes—for the quick buck and the grand windfall. I know. I once met a chinchilla, remember? And she dreams—a thousand-dollar bill found on the sidewalk, a long-lost uncle who leaves a diamond mine in Africa. Ring a bell for you? Me too! There's a little of Daisy in all of us, just as we all have our mad spendthrift moments, and then our penance of penny pinching. But the perpetual dreamer has millions in his head, holes in his socks. He knows everything about money except how to start realistically with 50 cents an hour, or 5 cents for lemonade, and *grow up* to the big-income department. For the dreamer, "tomorrow" things will always be terrific, but each "today" brings those evils of "lack."

Three Tips for Balancing the Financial You:

The balanced budget and the balanced personality seem to me to depend on three things: saving, spending and sharing.

Now, *spending* is obviously the most popular and natural way to use money. And proper spending, Shirley and I discovered, had to be our first consideration. We had to budget salary or income against expenses like rent, food, clothing, and so on. That's pretty cut and dried—very little choice here—and a sound solution requires third-grade math plus *practiced discipline*.

You can start practicing the discipline *now*.

"Free spending," or what to do with the money that was "ours," was a question of choice. We had to be careful that good credit (keeping our bills paid promptly) didn't lead us into the trap of installment buying *beyond what we could swing!* We knew what would happen to our credit—and the tension of debt we could build up—*if we agreed to monthly payments not covered by our income budget*.

Then we learned what to do about buying "things and stuff" that caught our fancy. We'd ask ourselves four questions: Do we like it? Do we need it? Can we afford it? *Will we still like it tomorrow or next week and not be sorry we spent our "loose" money this way?* You'd be surprised how that little waiting period can change your mind.

The second tip on balancing yourself is that, from the very first dollar you earn, you should *pay yourself first*. In other words, *save!* Your savings are your security, your peace of mind, your freedom to change jobs and to keep chuggin' right on through bad times as well as good. Now there are lots of ways to save There are insurance, and savings accounts which pay interest, and stocks and bonds, and learning about them *by experience* is a very exciting business. You don't have to start with a million. You can start with a buck. But *if* you start now, you'll be laying a strong foundation of financial framework on which to build your future.

Salt away at least a little hunk—5, 10, or even 2 per cent of everything you make—for yourself, starting *now!* If I hadn't done that at your age, Shirley and I could never have been married when we were. I had been saving "for a rainy day"—and believe it or not, we were married on a rainy day!

And the last third of the balanced financial personality to me is giving—*sharing*. Miz B. and I don't ever think of this as a sign of generosity—but of thanksgiving for what we have received. Giving in the Christian sense is different from "lending" or "borrowing"—about which every man must make up his own mind. *Giving* is *sharing freely* with others what has been given to you. It acknowledges that the true source of everything we have is "Our Father."

We believe we must *share* a part of everything we receive. Farmers return their best seed to the land to perpetuate their crops, and "keep the show going." Not as a bribe, nor as a charity; but to establish the fact that we recognize God as the source of all our good, we make it a rule to *give first* of whatever we have to the work of the church, to reseed the spiritual land whence our harvest comes.

If we can believe that we are simply stewards or overseers of the many gifts God has given this great land, if we make an effort to become *wise stewards*, starting at the buttercup stage, we will find our total budgets balanced not only in our homes, in our country, in the world, but on God's ledger where the most important books of all are kept. END





"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

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"After the bright lights and tension of a show, I find a couple of drops of Murine a welcome comfort to my eyes. And when my eyes feel rested, I seem to relax better all over." Try Eddie's trick. Keep Murine handy—at home, in your car. Then use Murine whenever you feel the need to soothe your eyes and so relax tension.



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MURINE *for your eyes*

THE MURINE [illegible] A.
*TRADEMARKS RE[illegible]

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS *"We can see, not only in Russian children but in plenty of our own, that the children who are guided firmly are not only pleasanter to live with but are much more happy themselves."*



RUSSIAN CHILDREN DON'T WHINE, SQUABBLE OR BREAK THINGS —WHY?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

It helps me to gain a perspective on American children and their upbringing to read about child rearing in other countries. Nothing I've read recently has given me more to think about than two reports on Russian children. One was a book by Herschel and Edith Alt called *Russia's Children.** The other was an article by Dr. Milton Senn, *How Russians Bring Up Their Children.*†

Edith Alt has had a distinguished career in medical social work. Herschel Alt has for years been head of a social agency in New York, the Jewish Board of Guardians, which provides a variety of expert services for normal children as well as those with problems, through child-guidance clinics, nurseries, and special-treatment schools and special-treatment homes for disturbed and delinquent children. So the Alts know about all kinds and ages of American children and what we try to provide for them. They were particularly interested in learning how the Russians treat their delinquents, and with what success, since their ideas about psychiatry and psychology are amazingly different from ours. (They won't even use intelligence tests because they think it would imply that they believe children are born with different capabilities and cannot be changed by environment.) The Russian officials blocked the efforts of the Alts to see an institution for delinquents, with dozens of excuses.

But the Alts did visit all-day nurseries for children up through three years of age and all-day kindergartens for those from four to seven. What struck them most was the conforming, co-operative behavior of these children:

"What was startling was that, as we went from room to room, children of two years and two and a half, in groups of at least twenty in each room, were awakening without sound. Some in each room were still sleeping, but those whom we observed had their eyes open; they looked up at us but remained impassive. At no point did we see any of the awakening children jump up, cry out, demand attention or do anything that was mischievous, demanding or spirited. It was the lack of any impulsive behavior and the degree of control in the way they were awakening that startled and troubled us. Never had we seen a group of healthy children awaken after afternoon naps in this fashion."

The Alts describe an outdoor scene in an all-day kindergarten: "Despite earlier CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

*Bookman Associates, N. Y., 1959 †McCall's, 1958

"Visitors to a playground were struck by the absence of jostling and horseplay. Only occasionally did a child give another a poke, and when he did it was a very gentle poke."



HENRI CARTIER BRESSON-MAGNUM



Bringing Up Baby,® Hints Collected by Mrs. Dan Gerber, Mother of 5

social life from a small-fry viewpoint

When your baby and you step out to see friends, it's sometimes a bit of a problem to keep your tyke amused in strange surroundings. One mother's happy solution: a special toy kit used only for visiting. Secret is to choose toys baby hasn't seen for a while. In the joy of re-discovery, he's apt to stay engrossed longer, forget the unfamiliar surroundings.

Social butterfly babies or stay-at-homes, all need plenty of protein to keep 'em on the go and grow. Gerber Strained and Junior Meats are protein-rich and provide important B-vitamins, too. Made from selected Armour* cuts, they're specially processed to remove most of the fat for easy digestibility.



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Your baby's nutrition is usually bettered through use of a variety of foods. In addition to the meats, Gerber offers over 50 strained foods so you can select the foods that give him the nutrients he needs.



Rx for stranger-itis. When your baby and you visit someone baby hasn't seen a lot, you may find he'll turn shy at the sight of the strange face. If you let baby inspect comparative strangers from the protective custody of your arms, chances are he'll soon feel at home.



Of routine interest. Should baby and you go calling for any extended period, it's wise to stick to his regular routines as closely as possible. Naps should not be canceled or meals delayed. If the visit is going to extend beyond baby's bedtime, take his sleeping togs along, so you won't have to undress a sleepy baby when you get home.

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Nutrition notation from Dan Gerber. "May I tell you how we work in the interest of better nutrition for your baby? For example: Gerber Cereals are important because they supply the proper amounts of iron and copper to help baby build good red blood. Our laboratories have developed an exclusive formula containing a special form of iron that can be easily assimilated by infants, plus enough copper to make the iron work effectively."



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Any painful rubbing, pinching or pressing of a shoe on a corn, callous, bunion, sore or tender spot can make you wince with every step you take.

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If you already have corns or callouses, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will remove them one of the quickest ways known to medical science when used with the separate *Medications* included in each box. Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Sore Toes, Callouses, Bunions, Corns Between Toes. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

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SAMPLE PACKET OF ALL SIZES

With it you will receive complete directions on how each size Zino-pad is used, also Dr. Scholl's 64-page booklet on *FOOT CARE*.

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City Zone State

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

rain, the day had turned out beautiful, the sun was shining, and the children were working, studying and playing in small groups in the spacious grounds. Fine fruit trees and delightful walks were interspersed with elaborate flower beds arranged in great precision. Again we were told the children themselves had planted and tended these flowers, and again it was hard to believe. The boys and girls were playing, laughing and listening to teachers tell stories, and seemed unrestrained, free and enjoying themselves.

"At five o'clock these youngsters who had been in the kindergarten since eight o'clock in the morning prepared to go home. We followed them to the locker rooms. As they moved about, changing their clothes, sitting on the benches, putting on their shoes, we were struck by the absence of any of the jostling and horseplay seen at home under similar circumstances. Only occasionally did a child give another a poke, and when he did it was a very gentle poke.

"We commented to the director on this perfect conformity of behavior. 'But some children must misbehave,' we said. 'What do you do with them?'

"She pointed out one little boy who was meticulously folding his uniform and putting it in his locker.

"'At the beginning of the term,' she said, 'Boris was rebellious, disobedient and destructive. We gave him jobs we knew would interest him and brought up his status and prestige in the eyes of the other children.'

> When you point a finger of scorn at somebody else, take a look at your hand. You'll see that three fingers are pointing back at you.
>
> PERSIAN PROVERB

"Again and again we met with an overrational common-sense attitude. There was no probing into possible causes, as to how a child might be feeling; there were just matter-of-fact 'sensible' methods based on social approval."

When American parents and professional people see a child behaving in such a docile, polite manner, their first thought is that he is perhaps being treated too harshly, or at least too strictly and coldly. This question must have occurred to the Alts. Yet they keep reminding themselves and the reader that they saw no such signs. Quite the contrary: "In our visit to this nursery we were favorably impressed, as in other institutions, with the quality of serious dedication we observed in the women caring for the children. The staff are serious-looking people, involved in their responsibilities toward the children; they give the impression of warmth and kindness. The cleanliness, orderliness and general quiet set these places off as markedly different from similar institutions in the United States."

An even more favorable impression was made on Dr. Milton Senn. He is professor of pediatrics and child psychiatry at Yale, where they study normal children in nursery school and well-child clinics, as well as sick ones. Dr. Senn did not say he was impressed but troubled by the behavior of Russian children. Though he is a scientist not given to easy enthusiasm, he was moved to admiration and delight by them. He watched them not only in nurseries, kindergartens and schools, but also on the street with parents, and in playgrounds near their homes: "They are good-humored, easygoing, carefree and friendly. Yet they are remarkably well behaved. They are not given to yelling, fighting or breaking things. They play together in notable harmony, even when there is a remarkable disparity in their ages. They never seem to whine; they cry only when they hurt themselves, and then only briefly. They are warm, spontaneous, polite and generous; and it is impossible, from one's hiding place on the park bench, to keep from falling in love with them."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



Secret Hug bra: wire lift without w Latex ribbon in cups lifts, can't p or slip $5. For store, write Olga, J 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal. pat. p

CONSTIPATION Make You Weak?

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In clinical study Dr. Edwards' Ol Tablets rated 71% better, on the av age, than other laxatives tested. Th included candy and chewing gum l atives, so-called "liver" pills, a w known bulk laxative, milk of m nesia and ordinary mineral oil.

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For quick, safe, sure, 'round-the-cloc freedom from odors of strong foo alcoholic beverages, smoking, etc., tak wonder-working, pleasant-tastin "ENNDS" Tablets containing th miracle extract, Daratol®

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NEVER GO TO BED WITH A COLD

...without Vicks VapoRub

Only the VapoRub way gives 10-hour "sleep-thru" relief of nose, throat, chest...works more than twice as long as aspirin or ordinary cold tablets

Don't wait for that sick cry in the night when your child has a cold. Make sure he gets all-night relief . . . not just the four-hour action of most tablets.

Rub your child's chest, throat, neck and back with warming Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Starts easing muscular soreness and chest tightness instantly. And for 10 full hours, penetrating vapor medications go straight inside stuffy head passages, inside sore throat, deep inside congested bronchial areas.

All night long, VapoRub works to help clear away mucus, break up bronchial congestion, calm coughing . . . makes breathing easier. Helps your child sleep the night through and wake up feeling so much better in the morning.

Do it every cold . . . for every member of the family . . . never go to bed with a cold without . . .



Medicates cold-congested nose, throat, chest all at once . . . all night long. VapoRub's deep penetrating vapor medications start relieving in 7 seconds, keep on relieving for 10 full hours. And there's no internal dosing . . . no stomach or emotional upsets.



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World's most widely used colds medication . . . use as a rub, in steam, around the nose.



EARLY
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busy day ahead . . . as she explores around her own small world. Best choice for a brand new walker: one of Stride Rite's three "beginner" styles . . . designed to suit a baby's age and weight and walking habits . . . shoes with famous Stride Rite fit, built in to stay. Other features: the broad heel seats, snug heel-fit and firm counters so many doctors recommend. Start her out in Stride Rites, and keep her there . . . through every year of childhood.

THE STRIDE RITE SHOE
THE SHOE THAT UNDERSTANDS CHILDREN
Green Shoe Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Dr. Senn, too, emphasized that the nurses and teachers were models of kindness and patience. They obviously enjoyed caring for children. "One late evening in Moscow, just at the end of my visit to Russia, I saw a boy of four or five years walking down the street between his mother and father. He was dawdling a little and looking cranky. The mother stepped back and made a little motion to slap him on the backside. She did not actually hit him—just threatened. I watched with great curiosity, not realizing at first why I found the scene so startling. Then it came to me. During the weeks of day-and-night observing I had done in Russia, I had never before seen a hand raised against a child."

Well, it all sounds like the millennium, doesn't it? Such descriptions make some of our American children seem rather disagreeable by comparison.

Do the Russians have some magic secrets of child rearing which we lack? Or at least could we learn a few pointers from them?

It takes a wise sociologist months or years of living in a nation to gain an understanding of the roots of the character of the people. I'm not a sociologist and I've never been in Russia. But I do have guesses about some of the factors that might help to explain this stable behavior of Russian children, based on familiarity with different kinds of American families, and on various descriptions of life in Soviet Russia.

In America we recognize that children raised in stable homogeneous communities are better behaved on the average than those growing up in changing, mixed neighborhoods. Parents who have little self-control are not usually able to control their offspring. Families with strong religious convictions are less likely to have difficult children than families with no such beliefs. Studies of certain religious sects whose people live in isolated communities show this difference even more strikingly.

When we discuss Russian people it's important for us not to be thinking of those Soviet leaders of the past forty years who have been belligerent and ruthless. Travelers from America and England stress the friendliness, the sincerity of most of the people they talk with. Despite all that the Russians have been told about the aggressive militarism of America, they remain eager to be friends with us as human beings. They are only troubled as to why we allow ourselves to be governed by leaders who they believe are warmongers and oppressors. They have no idea that their nation appears threatening to us.

As a result of the intensive indoctrination they have received from their leaders for two generations now, and the pressure to conform which is exerted on them by committees of their fellows at their places of work and residence (even in the early school years a great part of the guidance and correction of uncooperative individuals is carried out by committees of earnest fellow pupils), the great majority of the Russian people have a very strong sense of common purpose. They are convinced that they are creating a nobler political and economic system than has ever existed before and that the other peoples on the earth will want to join with them as soon as they can be free of their present leaders. They are proud to be playing their individual roles in such a mighty effort. They don't feel any of the indignation or oppression that we Americans would at the idea that a citizen's only important purpose is to serve the state. They have never in their history been familiar with our Western credo, derived from democratic and Christian traditions, that the welfare and salvation of the individual are the ultimate good and that the state is only the servant of the people in this quest.

About 85 per cent of women of working age are employed by the state. Of the young children, somewhere between 10 and 20 per cent spend the day in nurseries and kindergartens; many of the rest of them are being cared for by grandmothers, either their own or someone else's.

There is tremendous striving on the part of a large proportion of the people for more education. Adults who work a full day then take technical courses or cultural cours. Visitors sometimes get the impression at almost everyone in public is reading a bo. Citizens pack lectures and concerts and theat and exhibitions. All this is not only for th own advancement and enrichment. They're encouraged to feel—and do feel—that it a service to their country.

What influence would this earnest, dedicat way of life have on the raising of childr ? Herschel and Edith Alt quote from the wt- ings of Anton Makarenko, the educator wo had more to do than anyone else with es- lishing the principles of child rearing d education in Russia. "In the struggle or Communism . . . our moral code should mak in the van of both our economic structure d our laws. Only if we do this shall we main n that high moral sense which now distinguishes our society so strongly from any other." d the decisive factor in successful child rea g lies "in the constant, active and conscious fulfillment by parents of their civic duty- ward Soviet society . . . where this duti s really felt . . . no failure or catastrophes e possible."

Mr. Alt had a conversation with the dir- tor of research in the children's division a psychiatric hospital: "'In America,' I said o



her, 'we are very much concerned with t feelings of the individual. We observe th we record them, you might say we virtu y put them under the microscope.'

"'Our workers,' she said earnestly, 'e interested in feelings, too, but feelings, Alt, must be directed to a useful purpose.'

When the Alts asked a kindergarten direc r to explain the conformity of the children, e said, "The good behavior you see is the re t of the clarity and agreement on the part of t teachers as to their expectations from th r children."

If you have been able to keep from feel g angered by the tone of moral superiority r suffocated by the picture of unprotesting c - formity, you can see the point I am raisin I am inclined to agree with these Russ n spokesmen that one reason—perhaps e most important reason—why most Russ n children are so well behaved is that th are clarity and agreement everywhere. e parents and child-care professionals are l devoted to a common cause that inspires the They understand the social importance f their jobs. They are proud of their contri - tions. They are unanimous about the quali s and ideals that are to be inculcated in c - dren—industriousness, love of education, operativeness, dedication to country. e children sense the consistency that surrou s them, in both the adults and the other childr . They accept this uniform guidance with re- tive ease. They show no signs of having b n intimidated or made resentful, as they wo l if they had been trained too severely.

You can see that the aspects of the Sov t philosophies of life and child rearing that I s selected sound quite opposite from our ow . In America the ideals of different families v y considerably. An ambition that a lot of s share—getting ahead in the world—does t

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7



"Every woman over 2 years of age wears Spanky Pants!"

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but with a good hot oatmeal breakfast to go on he'l
make it all right...oatmeal sticks to his ribs...and, in a way, helps him 'keep his chin up'...oatmeal a bother? Not when it's for him..."

(from a taped interview with a Winnetka, Ill. housewife)



YOU KNOW YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST_WITH HOT QUAKER OATS OR MOTHER'S OAT

NUED FROM PAGE 34

; together but puts us in competition
ie another. We have a great belief in
s, but this makes for changes in our
's rather than stability. Education is not
hought of by Americans as primarily a
of making a greater contribution to
or as enrichment of the soul, but as
he road to a better job (or matrimony).
f these common American attitudes is
hy. It is only that they do not serve to
nd inspire us. Religious beliefs which,
n colonial days, provided the main
and guide for man's existence seem to
st much of their intensity for many of
ple, especially in the twentieth century.
rica in earlier generations was excited,
fied to a degree, by the drives to push
e frontier, found a new nation, wel-
ioneers and freedom seekers from all
urope, create plenty for everyone by
alization. In two world wars there
odigious feats of total mobilization in
se of saving our country and of prepar-
way for a better world. But after each
sense of high purpose gave way to
pation with individual and material
s.

ably the fact that our population has
uilt up of a mixture from many na-
ackgrounds, all impatiently seeking a
, has been a potent factor in delaying
rgence of a deeply unifying philosophy.
also think that the problem for us
American parents of finding a set of
hich would give us a strong sense of

> ur son at five is your master,
> a ten your slave, at fifteen your
> uble, and after that your friend
> foe, depending on his bringing
>
> BEN HAMELEK VELTANAZIR
> HASDAI

n in raising our children has been tre-
isly complicated by revolutionary de-
ents in the fields of education, psy-
and pediatrics. Perhaps it is our very
deep traditions which has rendered us
arly open to new trends. In any case,
lern concepts came in a veritable flood.
n educators such as Dewey and Kil-
realized clearly that children do not
great deal that is usable in life by docile
nce of what books say, or by rote
. Children are by nature curious and
us to grow up. When schoolwork is
riate for their age and interests, they
stically try to explore it and master it.
quire lasting wisdom through oppor-
to experience, feel, think, experiment,
co-operate—when guided by skillful
s. I believe that these principles have
oved sound when applied expertly and
. They help to explain the eagerness,
fulness, mental flexibility of our young
and the impressive numbers who go
igher education. But these new trends
cation were misinterpreted by some
They drew the conclusion that the
lea was simply to lessen supervision
trol by the teacher.

the epochal work of Freud and his
s in the psychoanalysis of neurotic in-
ls came the discoveries about the func-
the unconscious mind, the childhood
tations of sexual interest, the primary
nce of love, the distortions of the
lity caused by hostility, anxiety and
ough Freud and the other analysts did
mpt to translate these findings into a
tem of child rearing, many other pro-
l people and parents who heard about
d. There was considerable misinterpre-
and misapplication, as it turned out.
who lacked confidence in their own
n sense became anxious about the
harm they might do their children if
ibited them or made them resentful
discipline. They decided that when in
was better not to interfere. A certain
of children became somewhat in-
ecause of insufficient guidance.

One more big change came in the mid-1940's when pediatricians, who had held to strictness in infant feeding for half a century in their efforts to overcome the scourge of infant diarrhea, concluded that rigidity in schedules and amounts was not medically necessary after all and was psychologically unwise. Some hesitant parents took this to mean that babies should be allowed to decide most things for themselves, without parental guidance, and this led to sleep problems and toilet-training problems.

So to sum it up, I think that a certain number of American parents of this century have been deprived of comfortable security in two ways. They began without having their feet firmly planted on a solid base of tradition. Then when the winds of new doctrines began to blow they were easily buffeted around. Eager to bring up well-adjusted children according to the new theories but anxious about all the pitfalls, they have leaned over backward to avoid severity. Their children have felt a lack of direction, and often acted up. The parents have tried to suppress their irritation at the misbehavior. But each time their patience has broken they have felt guilty and tried harder to suppress the irritation. I think that this kind of conflict in parents—between irritation and guilt—is what has allowed a lot (not all) of the minor squabbling, whining, inconsiderateness, abuse of toys and furnishings which are so common in American children.

How do Russian parents manage to avoid these exasperating faults? Part of the answer, I think, is that they don't have to worry about different theories of rearing or whether they will know how to bring up their child. They don't have to wonder what particular attitudes they will want him to develop or whether they are entitled to ask him to conform to their wishes. They take it for granted that they only need to pass on to him the straightforward ideals to which the entire nation is devoted and that these will guide him to a productive, satisfying life. This serene trust combined with a very genuine love of children seems to work.

Can we learn anything from this contrast? I think it should encourage us to set high enough standards for our children so that they are respectful of us, of one another, of their homes and possessions, of themselves. We should be clear about what we expect, and this does not imply parental severity. We can see not only in Russian children but in plenty of our own that the children who are guided firmly are not only pleasanter to live with but they are much more happy themselves.

We Americans certainly won't ever want to let our leaders set the goals all by themselves, and impose them on us. But this does not mean that we have to choose between a purposeful communism and a democracy without common aims. Many countries with democratic governments have developed a strong sense of national purpose which gave meaning and direction to every aspect of life. The most dramatic modern example is Israel: A band of idealists established a new nation, provided refuge and opportunity for hundreds of thousands of the oppressed from all over the world, made the desert bloom, created industries, founded universities, all with free discussion and democratic leadership. I have never spoken to a traveler returned from Israel who was not moved by the fervor of the people.

There are plenty of causes crying for America's concern. We urgently need more and better schools and universities, new housing, more adequate provisions for medical care, a solution for our racial discrimination. The poor, underdeveloped countries of the world are begging for our technical, educational, medical and financial assistance. The Communist nations which are out to beat us in every field of competition are gaining in productivity, giving more assistance to backward peoples, winning allies and friends faster than we. We only need to rouse ourselves, with the inspiration of bold leaders, and we'll have enough crusades to absorb us for decades. Then we might simultaneously find ourselves, save the world from destruction and give our children a new sense of dedication and worth.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.

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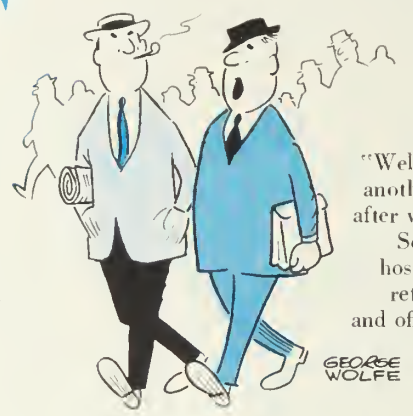
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"Well, another day, another six forty-th after withholding tax, Social Security, hospitalization, retirement fund and office collections!

I'm a good listener; but when three persons interrupted me when I tried to utter one short sentence it riled me, as I'd just interrupted them. (Maybe we're all too stimulating?)

A brave-new-world touch at the country club:
two babies asleep in a playpen while their young mothers play bridge.

My Dream Girl is deeply fascinated by Vardis Fisher's giant novel, *Orphans in Gethsemane*, but she hints that maybe it's too sexy for me to waste my time.

As an ex-teenager myself, I can advise the high-school boys who cruise around downtown streets in convertibles with the top down, aprowl for girls, that they'd get more and better dates if they made a few phone cal

A hamburger king at the next village boasts he uses "beef grown on our own farm and ground from nose to tail when prime."
That does seem fairer and more democratic, doesn't it, than diverting the better meat?

A gallant ex-bachelor at our lunch table boasts he used to remember 150 phone numbers. Now if the operator asks "What number did you dial?" he has to look it up again.

I'm in favor of establishing Son-in-Law Day as a new American holiday, perhaps in August. Merely as a token of affection and to coax 'em into bringing wife and children for a visit.

Once upon a time I courted my Dream Girl with planked steak at the tearoom, and now she rewards me with tenderized flank steak when she decrees I've been a good husband.

Our teenangels think they invented the modern sandwich of a thin slice of bread between two thick slices of meat. Shucks, that's what made us run hungrily all the way home from school!

"Naturally I buy dresses I don't ever wear very much," admits our village's most extravagant wife. "How else would I ever have any to give to the rummage sales?"

To humor the members, our town's club serves 'em a hefty buffet dinner once a month at $2.75 for all they can eat: sea food, turkey, ribs and 19 other dishes. Eyewitnesses swear they've seen some members stow away 10,000 calories.

My newest slimmer primer reveals that dancing uses up 2 calories a minute; swimming, 6.06 calories a minute; but walking upstairs consumes 10 a minute. Maybe that's the easiest outlet for *us* wallflowers.

What really awes us parents on a P.T.A. trip to our children's classes *is* not the teachers alone—it's also the lists of uncommon words on the blackboards, and the geometry and algebra and arithmetic problems.

If my wife gets bored with the football game at our alma mater, it helps her a lot to tune in on some music with the little transistor set she hides under her stadium coat's fur collar. Luckily, she's seldom bored.

Shucks, even if your man for President loses in the November election the winner will look a lot better to you the day after the voting than he did the day before. A few extra votes make him seem godly and inevitable.

My Lady Love has quit rebelling against her monthly chore of adding up the bills and writing the checks. She's discovered that most wives do it, and how much like a goddess it makes her look to me.

Occasionally we see our old convertible around town, the one we turned in on our sport car, and it always puts *us* in a glow. We've even found it parked and looked at the registration card to see who owns it now.

Just as a man's necktie and shirt collar are the focal points of his grooming, so is a woman's neckline vastly important. It may be definitely V-necked or circular or oval or square, but never nondescript!

. . . When Junior takes us to the same ocean beach where we took him when he was seven and seventeen,
. . . Or our Patrick, a naturalist at six, asks over long distance, "How is your garter snake?"
. . . And our daughter remembers to put pretty commemoratives on letters to me because I like handsome stamps,
. . . Or Cyclone (Harlan III) reports over the phone from the air base that his fingernail will be entirely healed in four months,
. . . And our daughter-in-law's homemade draperies look better than our $700 ones,
. . . Or our youngest forgives me swiftly after I've lost my temper, and acts as if nothing had happened,
Then I want to find our marriage certificate and frame it and hang it beside my wife's master of arts degree.



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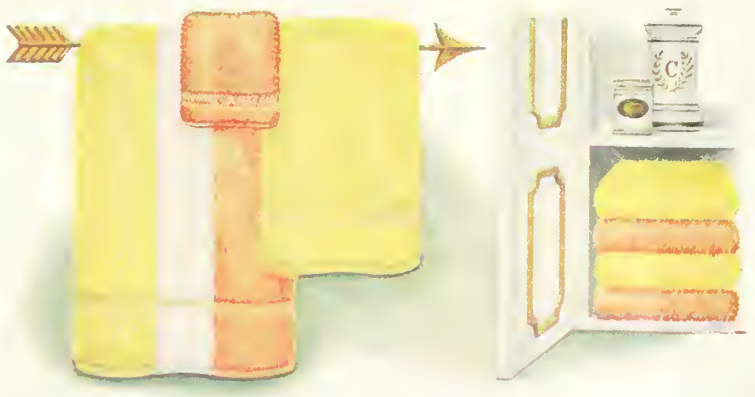


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DIVORCED AT 23

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D. *Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology*

"I WANTED TO PROVE YOU ALL WRONG"

Dear Dr. Adams: You may not remember me, but I was a student and active participant in discussions in your marriage course two years ago.

I'm writing to give you another actual case that bears out all the things you teach. When I took your course, I was going steady with Sam, who was twenty-three and had not gone to college. He was from a respectable but poor family, and had the interests one would expect with his background. I was the daughter of a prominent professional family. I had never gone steady and hadn't dated much, but I was active in my sorority and was used to the "good things of life."

Every statistic and recommendation you presented concerning married happiness was against us. This, plus the fact that my parents were completely opposed, should at least have made me look around a bit before getting married. However, being naturally stubborn, I was determined to prove you all wrong. Consequently, Sam and I eloped and kept our marriage secret for eight months. When we finally announced our secret marriage, we moved to New Jersey, where we spent two months living with relatives and friends, again a situation far removed from normal wholesome married life. When we at last started living "alone together," we were very close, since neither of us knew many people, and all we had was each other. This situation was intensified by the fact that we started working in the same neighborhood. We went to work together, lunched together, came home together, and spent all our evenings together.

However, two months later my company moved to a new location, and as a result the people in the department in which I worked began to get closer. The staff are all industrial-relations people, which correctly implies college educations, interest in social life, and more sophistication than that involved in my husband's work, which was clerical. A month passed and then Sam's work shift changed. Because of this I "branched out" even more. My department would have cocktail parties after work, luncheons for special events, and other functions in which my husband showed no interest. Whereas up to now I had known and worked mainly with the girls in my department, I was starting to get the normal attention men pay to reasonably attractive women at work, for which I was more than glad, since Sam had in a short year lost all interest in compliments, conversation and social graces. When I found myself becoming attracted to a man at work, I realized that something had to be done, because I am a romantic at heart—I believe firmly in love and marriage—and I knew that if my marriage didn't change, I might begin to cheat on my husband.

He and I had a long talk, both agreeing to try to be better. But Sam was fully convinced that everything was my fault and did not try to make any changes. Maybe deep down I didn't either, but by this time I didn't really care. We tried a trial separation, which lasted only a month because I felt sorry for him and for myself; but after four more weeks of really trying to make it work, I realized that the differences between us were just too great.

I am now getting ready to file for a divorce, have moved into my own place, and am now for the first time learning what it means to be alone. The first week I felt there wasn't a person in the world who cared about me—but after several weeks, I'm getting used to it. I get sick to death of myself, but I'm still happier than I was in a marriage where I dreaded weekends and holidays and actually looked forward to going to work. I have a good job as secretary to a top business executive, I'm only twenty-three, and I think I've learned more about myself from this experience than I could have from anything else.

At present I have a mild attachment to a man engaged to be married in December—a shocking statement, I know—but it is an attachment mainly for intellectual reasons. We share many of the same interests, and we are both intelligent enough not to expect any violent declarations of love or promises that will never be kept.

More support for your lectures: You frequently said that sexual satisfaction, though important, was seldom enough to make marriage work; my husband and I were perfectly suited sexually—but sex alone was not enough to keep us together.

I left out one thing of reasonable importance. During my last college semester I had several dates with a fraternity man, unbeknown to my fiancé-to-be. When Sam questioned me about becoming officially engaged, I went to a counselor outside your department. I couldn't come to you because I knew what your answer would be. The counselor told me I wouldn't have the guy buy me a ring if I weren't sure. Which didn't answer my question, and yet didn't tell me not to marry Sam. Had I come to you, I probably wouldn't be a twenty-three-year-old divorcee!

Thanks for letting me bend your ear, and I hope I have helped some of your students and readers look a little more closely at their lives. I realize you're a busy man, but I'd be interested in your comments on all this.

Sincerely, LILA S——

It wasn't easy for Lila to write this courageous letter. But if the experience helps her to face the future as honestly as she now sees the past, she may be able to achieve a happy marriage in the years ahead. Extracts from my reply follow:

Dear Lila: Thank you for sharing your story with our students and readers. I hope that my comments will help them—and you—to face up to the realities of marriage.

In spite of the fact that you were a college graduate, you were less ready for marriage than many girls your age. Having dated infrequently, you had not identified the qualities you wanted and *needed* in a husband. Since Sam was your only "steady," and your dating experience limited, you had no standards by which to compare him with other men.

Further, you are a romantic and not a realist. You recognized the differences between you and Sam, but the major weakness of the romantic is an inability to face the realities.

The opposition of your parents was a warning. They anticipated the consequences and differences in education, in socioeconomic backgrounds, in interests and values, and in temperaments (for example, you are outgoing, Sam prefers a quiet at-home evening). Remember, too, that parental opposition is a handicap in itself.

Another handicap was that you were unable to test your love and companionability by frequent association during engagement. Since you were in college and Sam wasn't, your courtship was insufficient to prove that the two of you were ready for marriage. When you were together, you were too happy just in seeing each other to plan for the future.

While informally but not officially engaged, you dated another man and became interested in him. This should have warned you that formal engagement or marriage should be delayed. You did consult a counselor, and I am sure that he wanted to help you, but you may have been so positive and seemingly self-assured that he took a completely neutral position. He should have helped you identify and evaluate all the differences between you and Sam, and should have suggested that you postpone official engagement until your doubts had been resolved. Perhaps he tried (or wanted to), but your "stubbornness" may have stood in the way.

Furthermore, Lila, you admit that you knew you were disregarding all you had learned in my course and from your parents, but that you were determined to prove us all wrong. One thing I have always emphasized is that elopement-secret marriages are practically never justified. That you would go to such extremes almost proves that you knew you were making a mistake. This must be construed as rebelliousness and not simple stubbornness. You made all the mistakes, including beginning your marriage (once it was announced) by living with relatives and friends. But that is water over the dam now that your divorce will soon be final.

What about the future, Lila? You say that you have learned more about yourself, but have you learned more about marriage and the responsibilities that a wife must accept in making it work? Are you less stubborn, less rebellious, and more willing to consider the rights and opinions of others? I am dismayed that you have begun an association with a man committed to another woman which you describe as "an attachment mainly for intellectual reasons." You imply that no commitments or "promises that will never be kept" have been made, but what about this man's fiancée, her family and his obligations to them?

Don't you agree that you really need personal counseling? You are only twenty-three, your whole life is ahead of you. It can be a wonderful life without heartaches for you or others—or it can be a succession of failures of which you have already had one. Yes, you are only twenty-three, Lila, but take care, for it may be later than you think. I do not wish to seem stern, but I do want to help you be realistic. Believe me, that is necessary if you are to find the happiness I hope will someday be yours.

Sincerely yours,
Your former teacher,
CLIFFORD R. ADAMS

DO YOU AGREE?

How can I get my husband to spend more time with me?

By discussing and doing things with him that he particularly likes.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I Impetuous?

Whether single or married, many women complicate their daily living by acting thoughtlessly and impulsively. Weigh each question carefully before answering "Yes" or "No."

Do you often:

1. ***Speak your mind without thinking?***
2. ***Buy things on the spur of the moment?***
3. ***Find it hard to be punctual?***
4. ***Run out of some household staple?***
5. ***Lose your temper?***
6. ***Misjudge the motives of others?***
7. ***Oversleep mornings, stay up late at night?***
8. ***Overspend your allowance?***
9. ***Seem rushed and off schedule?***
10. ***Forget or overlook appointments?***
11. ***Return purchases or make exchanges?***
12. ***Neglect answering letters promptly?***
13. ***Pay bills too late for discounts?***
14. ***Make decisions without thinking?***

If you answered "Yes" to five or more of the above items, you are probably a trial to yourself and your husband (or sweetheart). Why not try to improve the situation by: 1—Making a plan and time schedule of your activities at least a week ahead; 2—Preparing a shopping list and sticking to it when you go to the stores; 3—Listing your most annoying traits and habits, and doing your best to correct them?

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

There are many questions which women would like to ask a trusted physician, but there is not always the opportunity. In this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doctor Schauffler will discuss some of the problems which have been sent to him by readers. The situations are all real, but all the names which are used are fictitious.

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M. D.



ABBOT MILLS

"Doctor, I think I have incurable cancer, so what's the use of operations and a lot of fuss? Won't you help me make Dr. Scott and my family see it that way?"

Well, Mrs. Jarrett, what is this argument you've been having with Dr. Scott? He's a very good man, you know, one of the best. You sound rather worked up over the phone!"

Not really, Doctor," Mrs. Jarrett answered. "I don't blame Dr. Scott for being put out with me. I am sure he is doing the right thing from his viewpoint. I guess I just look at certain matters differently from most people."

Let's begin at the beginning. You are forty-eight, you have two married children and one in college. Dr. Scott wants you to go to the hospital for biopsy, dilatation and curettage. He requested permission to perform a hysterectomy if his findings warrant it. You refuse to go to the hospital or to have any further tests."

I asked Dr. Scott if he would mind if I came to see you instead," Mrs. Jarrett contributed, smiling faintly. "He begged me to. Said maybe you could knock some sense into my head!"

I'm. What caused you to seek a doctor in the first place, Mrs. Jarrett?"

The main reason was occasional itching, and a slight vaginal discharge that seemed to be increasing. My periods are still regular, but Dr. Scott got rather excited when I told him I had noticed a few drops of blood between periods. He said my trouble might simply be a yeast infestation—monilia, he called it. He said he found a little erosion on the cervix that might account for the spotting. But I know it's cancer."

What gave you that idea?"

I overheard Dr. Scott talking over the phone to the laboratory. He had taken several smears, you see, for the Papanicolaou test. I heard him get the report on the last one. That's why I refused to go to the hospital, put my family through the trouble and expense of useless operations."

What is when Dr. Scott got cross with you?"

Well, he said I was talking nonsense, that I had a very good chance of needing nothing more than the biopsy and curettage. But he wouldn't promise that would be all. I know a woman who went to the hospital for a biopsy and curettage and had all her pelvic organs removed! I don't mean just the female organs. I don't propose to have anybody do that to me!"

Just because Dr. Scott wants a more thorough diagnosis, you have jumped to the conclusion that he is going to remove all the organs from your pelvis? Don't you think you are taking quite a lot for granted?"

Mrs. Jarrett leaned forward, spoke earnestly. "No, Doctor, I don't. You see, Dr. Scott didn't know I was in the next room when he was talking to the lab. He was asking them about the 'suspicious cells' and I heard him say 'Class Three—are you sure?' It was right after that he wanted me to go to the hospital *immediately*, and give my consent to a hysterectomy if he should find it necessary. So I know it's cancer.

I'm something of a fatalist, Doctor. I've had a good and happy life. Why burden my husband and children by drawing out the agony? I want you to help me persuade Dr. Scott and my family that the quicker I can have this all over with, the happier I will be."

I gather you didn't tell Dr. Scott you had overheard this conversation about Class Three?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



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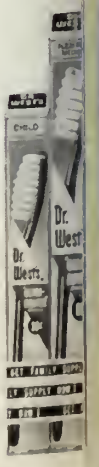
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Buy these two Dr. West's "Germ-Fighter" brand toothbrushes in the famous glass tubes—get both for only 98¢. A 40¢ saving! They're precision-made—designed to reach every tooth surface, inside, outside, in-between. Exton brand bristles won't wilt, won't pull out. Look for this special offer at your drug counter!

SAVE 30¢ HERE!

$1.28 VALUE ONLY 98¢

You'd pay 89¢ for this adult Flexi-Tuft alone if you bought it at the regular price. Now you can get these two (one for you, one for your child) for only 98¢. They're Dr. West's newest dentist-preferred designs. "Germ-Fighter" treated. Firm, yet pliant Flexi-Tuft bristles. Supply your family and save money, today!



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STOP BRUSHING YOUR TEETH WITHOUT CLEANING YOUR TEETH—YOU NEED A NEW DR. WEST'S

New medicated beauty care gives you a

Complete Complexion Clean-up!

It's 3 ways better for your skin!

1 Cleans up dirt.
Cleans like soap, but it's better because it doesn't dry skin. Put Noxzema on, wash it off with a wet facecloth. It's greaseless, washes off with water. Leaves your skin "soap-clean," but not dried out or drawn.



2 Cleans up dry skin.
Softens like cream, but it's never "butter-y" or greasy. Doesn't clog pores. Helps skin stay moist, helps to fight dry skin as only a moisturizer does . . . leaves skin "cream-soft," but so fresh and clean.



3 Cleans up blemishes.*
Helps clear skin because it's medicated. Five medicinal ingredients help heal surface blemishes fast. Regular beauty care with Noxzema helps "wake-up" a dull, lifeless complexion to new glowing vitality.

Makes your skin look lovely —even without make-up!

Imagine you with a skin so fresh and clear and radiant! Regular Noxzema beauty care gives you a complete complexion clean-up every day.

Use Noxzema for cleansing, a make-up base, a night cream. See a beautiful difference in days. Get Noxzema Skin Cream today.



MEDICATED · GREASELESS

*surface blemishes

Better than aspirin—even aspirin with buffering for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

Acts Instantly to Give More Complete Pain Relief



How Tension Headaches Start

1. Tension builds up in neck and scalp muscles . . .

2. . . . puts painful pressure on nerves.

3. Tension and pressure cause headache pain. Anacin contains special medication (not found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) to relax tension, release pressure and relieve pain fast.

ANACIN® relaxes tension, releases pressure, relieves pain fast!

Tense, nervous headaches need the special medication in Anacin. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever and *no* special medication to relieve nervous tension. But Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients—each with a specific purpose. Anacin not only relieves pain incredibly fast but also contains special medication to relax tension, release painful pressure on nerves—assuring a better 'total' effect—more *complete* relief from pain. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not upset the stomach. Buy Anacin *today*.

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients in . . .



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"Well, no, I didn't. I figured it was no use. He would probably just deny it."

"Mrs. Jarrett, I have to admire your courage and unselfishness—but what does Class Three mean to you? When applied to a Papanicolaou smear test, that is?"

Mrs. Jarrett looked surprised. "Why, the worst possible. Just the way a third-degree burn is worse than a first or second degree."

The doctor shook his head. "You could scarcely be more wrong—very fortunately! However, it isn't surprising. We doctors, too, used to think of cancer as just cancer. That is, you either had a cancer or you didn't. But we have learned that cancers don't materialize out of thin air. There is a preliminary stage, in which normal cells gradually turn into malignant ones. We are picking up cells now, in fact, that are just beginning to lose the controls or restraints—what these are we still don't know—that keep cells behaving normally instead of running amuck. Roughly speaking, six classes have been worked out from the Papanicolaou test. They go from Class One, where cells are absolutely normal—not malignant at all—through nonmalignant abnormalities such as infection, next vaguely suspicious types and so forth to the wild proliferation of full-blown carcinoma."

Mrs. Jarrett was following him now with painful attention. "And what *are* Class Three? Are they malignant?"

"They are just what you heard Dr. Scott say over the phone. Class Three indicates the earliest—the very first—*suspicion* of malignancy. Since I know that Scott is an excellent pathologist as well as gynecologist, I don't need to repeat the tests. I would say he has found some nests or patches of cells with very minute peculiarities. But their nature is such that he feels he must investigate further. There is doubtless no malignancy as yet; it is not likely that you have cancer in the actual sense of the word. In fact, you may never have one. These cells may only *resemble* early cancer cells. On the other hand, they may be precursors of cancer. But found at this stage, the chances of cure are practically one hundred per cent."

The doctor saw a variety of expressions cross Mrs. Jarrett's face—bewilderment, relief, followed by embarrassment. "You mean there's nothing to worry about? Why, Doctor, I had the hymns all picked out for my funeral!"

The doctor smiled. "Those hymns are going to have to wait a long time in your case."

"Doctor, that sounds wonderful!" Then Mrs. Jarrett sobered. "But I still don't know whether or not I have a cancer, do I?"

"It's impossible to say absolutely until the suspicious cells can be studied in their environment—that is to say, in tissue from your cervix or uterus. Diagnosis in these very early stages doesn't depend so much on how the cells look by themselves as how they act among the tissues where they are growing.

"Dr. Scott's investigation could show that the yeast infestation he mentioned accounts for the bleeding—the only symptom you have that's characteristic of cancer. Or the suspicious cells may be an early stage of what is called 'intraepithelial cancer' or 'carcinoma in situ.' Both these terms mean the same thing—suspicious cells that are noninvasive or 'contained,' as we say, in the tissues of the cervix or uterus; but which hold a possibility of someday becoming real cancer and invading other organs. Dr. Scott will have to perform a biopsy and curettage before he can find out for sure exactly what the situation is."

"But do I have to go to the hospital for that? I know ever so many women who have had biopsies in the doctor's office."

"What is called a 'punch biopsy' can be done in the doctor's office. Let's say that in making a routine vaginal examination, the doctor sees a suspicious-looking area on the cervix. He punches out a little chunk of tissue, just enough to study under the microscope, to see if there are cancer cells in that particular area. But with so small a specimen, it is easy to miss other tiny nests of cells just beginning to change. In your case, suspicious cells have been found through the Papanicolaou smear test. That calls for a cone biopsy, plus dila tion and curettage done under anesthesi

"Dr. Scott mentioned cone biopsy."

"I imagine he did. It is much more th ough than the punch biopsy. First we cu rather complete cone out of the inside lin of the cervical canal. This specimen conta most of the inner surface of the cervix. A suspicious areas are of course examined w particular care. But a good pathologist a takes samples from the tissue all the w around the cone, so it is almost impossible islands of abnormal cells in the cervix to cape detection, no matter how small th are."

"I see," said Mrs. Jarrett. "But why dilatation and curettage then? I wish y would tell me what those are. I've re known, really."

"The curette is a sharp-edged instrum shaped like a spoon, only with the middle the bowl cut out. It is used to scrape out t entire top layer of the lining of the uterus a withdraw it for examination. That is curetta First, though, the small opening of the cer has to be stretched—the dilatation part—that the curette can be introduced into t main cavity of the uterus.

"Examining the material extracted by t curette, we may find that spotting—that's o of the important cancer signs, you know—h been caused by polyps. Those are little sc wartlike growths which generally are har less. Or it may be caused by an erosion in t cervix. Such a place may bleed easily, but rarely malignant. Or we may find that anotl sort of cancer is starting to grow inside t uterus. You can see that when curettage f

> Few men have ever repented of silence. PATRICK HENRY

lows a cone biopsy, we find out what is ha pening in the innermost parts of these orga That is the great advantage of these diagnos methods."

"If precancerous cells are found, or th 'carcinoma in situ' you mentioned, the doct does a hysterectomy?"

"Not always, especially if the patient is younger woman who would like to have ch dren. We can watch carefully by taking r peated smears and doing occasional biopsi We can operate the minute it appears adv able—but a young woman may be able to ha one or even several children first. There ha been cases, too, where the abnormal ce actually seemed to disappear.

"Just the same, it's a bit risky. Where a malignancy is found, in however early a sta in my opinion older women, in particular, a better off to have total hysterectomy, inclu ing tubes and ovaries."

"There isn't any chance that Dr. Scott w take out *all* my pelvic organs?"

"Absolutely not. There are surgeons no adays who do this for cancers we used consider inoperable—that is to say, past t curable stage. It may give a longer lease of l than the patients would have otherwise. B that has nothing to do with Class Three cel

"Dr. Scott knows his business, Mrs. Ja rett. If he doesn't find any cancerous or pr cancerous cells in a cone biopsy and curettag you get a pretty clean bill of health. All yo have to do is be very conscientious about g ing back to him for tests when he tells y to."

"Don't worry, Doctor, I've learned n lesson! I'm really grateful to you for being patient and understanding with me."

"That's an important part of our oblig tion, Mrs. Jarrett. And there's another thi I'd like you to understand. Generous-heart women like you are apt to underestimate th importance of the good years which rema ahead for you—important to your families well as to yourselves. With cancer diagnos and treatment developed to their prese point, there is no excuse for throwing in th sponge at age forty-eight!"

Next month Dr Schauffler discusses problems of beg ning menstruation.

To the 8 women in 9 who do their own housework:



Your hands deserve this super-lotion that works after others wash away!

Back when almost everybody had help around the house, all you needed from a hand lotion was a pleasant scent and a soothing sensation. Nowadays you need a super-lotion that works as hard as you do. And that's precisely what you can expect from Revlon Medicated 'Silicare.'

'Silicare' does more than cosmetic lotions do. 'Silicare' *sinks in ... then seals in!* That's why it: 1. Banishes dry rough red skin. 2. Helps heal cuts, chafes and scratches . . . 3. Protects with an invisible silicone "glove."

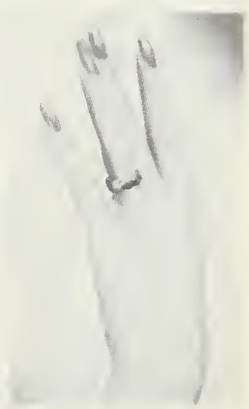
And 'Silicare' keeps working after other lotions wash away. You've seen how harsh detergents cut through grease. They wash away ordinary lotions fast. But 'Silicare's' sealed-in protection lasts through as many as five ordinary hand washings.

'Silicare' costs slightly more than other lotions. But when your hands are at stake, the difference in protection is more than worth the difference in cost. And 'Silicare' lasts longer because it protects longer than ordinary lotions.

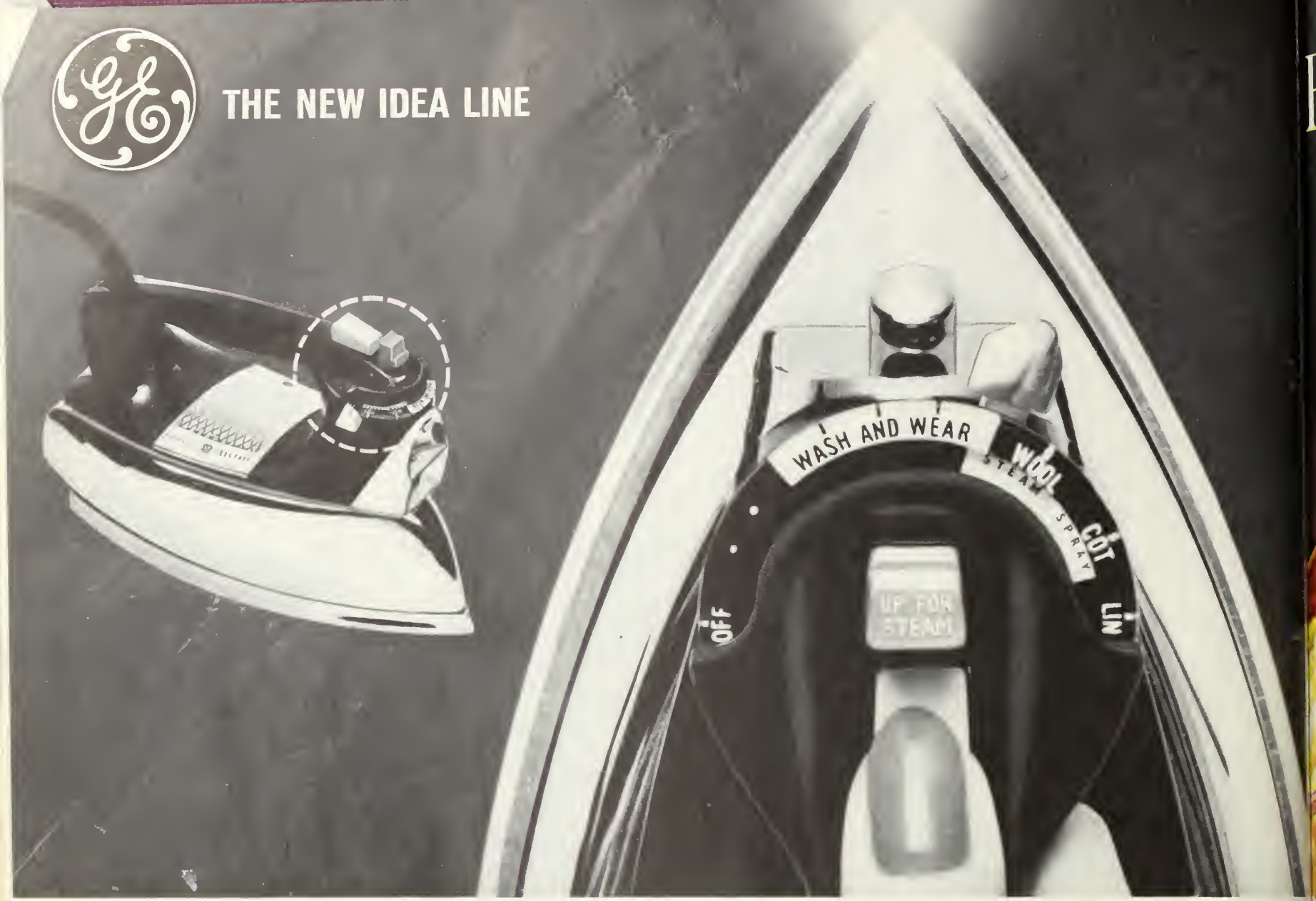
Choose 'Silicare' lotion or cream. Use it regularly for one week. You'll see there really is a difference among hand lotions.

Physicians: Write for clinical data. Revlon Pharmacal Division, 666 5th Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

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Revlon 'Silicare' MEDICATED'



New! *Three* wash and wear settings instead of one synthetic setting

Sprays . . . steams . . . new wash and wear settings!

Now . . . *all* of your ironing problems are solved by a *single* iron . . . The new General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron.

It sprinkles as you iron. Press a button and even the heaviest wrinkles are sprayed damp—ironed flat in a shake.

A new sensitive even heat system solves ironing problems formerly left to guesswork. Even the most delicate new synthetics and wash and wear fabrics can be ironed with complete safety . . . In fact you can even *steam* iron many fabrics you wouldn't dare before!

We seriously doubt whether any dry, steam, 2-way or 10-way iron can match this one in versatility . . . See for yourself at your General Electric dealer's.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



A toaster and "oven", too! General Electric Toast-R-Oven makes toast on top—makes melted cheese sandwiches in "oven" below.

Beats, whips, mixes drinks—now sharpens knives! New General Electric Portable Mixer has optional knife-sharpener accessory.

Reheats without reperking! Automatic Coffee Maker has special reheat setting. Easy-to-clean stainless steel protects flavor.

Fresh-shucked flavor in a can



NIBLETS ITALIANO. Heat, season and butter Niblets Brand corn. Add thin sautéed ringlets of purple Italian onions for an interesting flavor and color accent.

All the fun of corn-on-the-cob—without the cob. The Green Giant quick-cooks his Niblets Brand corn to save the fresh-shucked flavor, color and nourishment. He vacuum packs it so every kernel stays crisp. The one-and-only Niblets. Open up a can of fresh-shucked flavor today.

Green Giant®

Good things from the garden

Add excitement to ground beef ... add Tabasco®!



The unique Tabasco flavor begins with this pepper . . . the proud variety that Edmund McIlhenny developed more than a century ago. We carefully tend it in the fields of Avery Island until red-ripe . . . mellow it like fine wine, for years in oaken casks. Only now is this liquid pepper seasoning worthy of the name Tabasco* . . . and in this famous bottle is ready to spread singing flavor through all your favorite foods. Try . . .

*Tabasco is the registered trademark for McIlhenny Co., Pepper Sauce



FAMILY HAMBURGER STEAK

For 6 generous servings, mix 2 pounds of lean ground beef with Worcestershire sauce, garlic salt, onion or celery salt and Tabasco, of course. Brown on the outside, as rare as you like on the inside. Slicing will be an event!



KABOB-BURGERS

Mellow Tabasco brightens flavor in the meat balls which you arrange on skewers with pineapple chunks and green pepper pieces. Broil over charcoal or in the oven, basting with pure vegetable oil laced with Tabasco. Ah!



HEAP BIG MEAT DISH

Starts with 1 pound ground beef, 1 cup cooked rice, Tabasco, herbs, and an egg to hold it together. Stuff the mixture into green peppers and on halved tomatoes crowned with onion rings. Bake 30 mins.—get set for applause.



CHILI ON BUN

You'll be so proud of this chili you make with chunks of browned ground beef, plump red beans and chili so *lively* with Tabasco. A favorite chili recipe from the Tabasco booklet.†



STUFFED MEAT LOAF

Your favorite meat loaf recipe is even more exciting when you add hard cooked eggs or stuffed green olives baked whole inside the loaf. Easy . . . but pretty fancy.



ALL-AMERICAN HAMBURGERS

Perfection—with only 4 ingredients: 1 pound ground beef, ½ teaspoon Tabasco, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt. Combine, shape into 4 large burgers, cook in lightly oiled skillet, serve on buns with "fixin's."

Tabasco*... *the liquid pepper seasoning*

†**40-PAGE BOOKLET** – dozens of exciting recipes . . . ground beef recipes, too. Send inside flap from Tabasco carton or 10c to Tabasco, Dept. LH-10, Avery Island, Louisiana.

"Tabasco" is also available in Canada.

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JOSEPH DI PIETRO

GRAND FINALE: The Journal Cookbook's "cast of characters" celebrate a happy ending.

journal about town

WHERE WE GO...
WHAT WE DO...
WHOM WE MEET

Louella Shouer's food staff made 20 giant apple pies. What for? Pictures for the *Journal* cookbook preview, page 62. They used 14 pounds of shortening, rolled enough crust to cover the floor of our studio (25′ square). *Nancy Wood* estimates 2 bushels of tart green apples went into the baking. *Carol Truax*, who helped edit the book, prefers her pie with cheese, but admits that cream or à la mode is a tasty substitute. Secret of flaky piecrust: keep dough *cool* (there's a rolling pin hollowed out to hold ice water—prevents pastry from getting warm and tough). What happened to all 20 pies afterward? No problem. Eager staffers disposed of them in apple-pie order. Here's one time when we *really* had our just desserts!

The late John Marquand will be especially mourned by Journal readers since many recent novels crowning his years of distinctive literary achievement were published first in Ladies' Home Journal as serials. It was wryly noted at the time of his death that most reviewers of his lifework, giving him great critical acclaim, mentioned that his earlier works (described as "slick" and "glib") were published in popular magazines—but none which this editor saw mentioned that a long succession of his later, greater works up to the time of his death were regularly printed in Ladies' Home Journal. Could they be underestimating the power (and taste) of women—millions of women?

Times change and so do tastes; for instance, who serves terrapin any more? The dish, once thought fit only for slaves, was fantastically popular 50 years ago (turtle stew in a sherried sauce), is found on few modern menus, is very expensive, has almost become obsolete. While 1960 boasts a new look in flatware: free-flowing form, shorter fork tines and knife blades. "It may be an expression of our era," says John Stevens, who sparked an international design competition. "Beauty must be *functional* today. A shorter blade makes cutting easier."

Do authors become authors early? We asked some Journal writers. Will Stanton *submitted his first piece at 14, went down to the newsstand the next week and was disappointed not to find it there.* Hortense Calisher (*story on page 78*) *was writing at 7. But youngest of all was* Frances Gray Patton, *who composed a nature poem at the* very *tender age of 3. It went: "The wind is blowing sof'ly; The birds are singing awf'ly." It wasn't until some years later, though, that we bought* The Terrible Miss Dove, *one bird that sang very well indeed.*

Do you have trouble waking up? With days growing shorter, our staff searches for various ways to rise and shine. *Dawn Norman* has two alarm clocks named Diana (7) and Cynthia (10), who "never fail to go off on time." *Hal Williams* uses Western Union's Wake-Up Service: "A soft feminine voice purrs, 'It's seven o'clock, sir.' I even look *forward* to it!" *Betty Coe Spicer* confesses she's still searching for the perfect eye opener. She used to set her clock radio to rock 'n' roll, but the crazy beat curdled her temper. Talk about a *me-e-ean* awakening! *Mr. Gould* just wakes up—but regrets it.

Nobody believes in ghosts any more—do they? Halloween spirited us to ask if editors are superstitious. Elaine Ward-Hanna *tempts fate by living with a black cat. When* Bill McCleery's *first Broadway play opened, he learned never to whistle in dressing rooms: "Makes everyone nervous." Which is just how we felt after hearing* Jean Anderson's *chilling tale: "Don't scoff—I actually live in a haunted apartment. 'Something' knocks over lamps, opens doors, climbs stairs. We've had detectives working on it—so far, no explanation." Maybe the house will give up the ghost!*

Observant readers will notice (page 87) that some Parisians are more fashion-minded than flag-conscious—the clothes seasons ahead in style, Old Glory two stars behind the times.

Women drivers, attention! It's National Auto Show Week and we talked with Mrs. John Ramsey, who was the first woman ever to drive coast to coast (in 1909). Despite male cynics and countless obstacles (no maps, no roads), she made the trip in 41 days. Women are apt to be more cautious than men, but "good driving has nothing to do with sex. It's all above *the collar." What makes a good driver? "Manners, good disposition, patience. You may not get there as fast, but you'll arrive in better shape!" She* knows, *too: in over half a century she's never had a ticket (unless you count three for parking). And at 73 she still travels cross-country; average driving time today: 52.5 hours!*

Pioneer Ramsey at the wheel, in 1909.



AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

5 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

... explosion rocked the newspaper offices of the Los Angeles Times in October, 1910. ... ng nineteen. Tenor John McCormack ... a spellbinder with his Mother Machree. ... the fastest plane in the world flew at ...v-one miles per hour. Women's skirts ...ed upward—from the anklebone to the ... of their high fourteen-button shoes.

...omen monopolize the virtue of un-...shness," claims Editor Bok in the ...ober, 1910, *Journal.* "This is bad for ... husband and it spoils the children. ...thers miss the consideration they ...uld have, but it is their own fault. Their ... to should be, 'Never do anything ...rself which you can get anybody else ...lo.'"

"...we an Apple Revel some autumn evening ...your friends—roasting apples, bobbing ... apples, biting apples suspended from ...ngs, and fortunes told by apple peelings ...wn around the head or apple seeds laid ...he eyelids."

...rries Josephine: "I have been criticized ... allowing my fiancé to hold my hand ...le others are about. Is this improper?" ...ly: "Yes. Most of us prefer to imagine ...e-making rather than actually see it."

AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION



...ow we reached our readers 50 years ago.

This tense, dramatic story is fiction:
but it carries a greater amount of truth about
a situation which affects every one of us
than many factual articles can convey.
That is one of the reasons why we publish it.
THE EDITORS.

PEACEABLE LANE

Matthew Rice Jones was in no shape to recognize a portent, still less to deal with one, on that Sunday afternoon in May. It was a bright day in the fullness of spring, and Matt was collapsed on an aluminum lounge in his back yard, living out the last gentle melancholy of a Sunday hang-over. The sun, filtering down through the fresh green canopy of the maples, was soothingly warm, while the first page of *The New York Times* lay athwart his nose as a shield against the light.

Matt Jones was an average medium-young man, enjoying a degree of material success slightly above average. He had one car, a mortgage which caused him alternate pride and distress, a blond wife whom he loved and who loved him, and a son they both adored. Life thus far had tended to be more generous to him than demanding.

In fact, he thought comfortably, *I feel a lot better than I probably deserve.* Suddenly he remembered the source of the hang-over. They had gone to the spring dance at the Grassy Tor Club up on the hill. Had he had a good time? He could remember a succession of flushed, jovial, laughing faces, but they tended to fuzz out into unidentifiable blurs. *I must have bought a drink or two. A drink or two, nuts; I must have bought drinks for the entire membership.* CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

© 1960 by Keith Wheeler

By KEITH WHEELER

"Once we're in, this bunch can't touch us." Lamar Winter grinned. "They won't like it, but they'll have to take it—they're upper-class folks, and they're stuck with being civilized."



PEACEABLE
is soon to be published in bo
by Simon & S


6 WLISSMAN
5 CUSACK
7 CAVANIDIS
4 KELLY
8 ABRAM
3 GOLD
9 DRAPER
2 JONES
10 YALE
SOLD
11 OUTERBRIDGE
PEACEABLE LANE

Synopsis of Part I

A pretty bank teller, Kelly Sherwood, twenty-six, is ambushed in her garage one night by an admitted killer. Threatening bodily harm to her seventeen-year-old sister, Toby, he demands Kelly's co-operation in robbing the bank of $100,000. The Sherwood sisters, orphaned six years ago, are easy prey. Kelly stealthily phones the FBI. Agent John Ripley is soon able to relate the Sherwood case to the murder or suicide of a call girl, Nancy Ashton. He also meets Popcorn, a derelict informer who seems to have news of the killer's plans. Ripley has the patient co-operation of Peg, FBI receptionist he has been dating. But Kelly has been warned against confiding in Pete Morrow, her romantic interest in the escrow department. Nor has Toby been permitted to tell Jack, her high-school beau. Only Mr. Burkhardt, bank manager, knows of the threat. After being harassed by phone calls and notes, Kelly is told to take the Angel's Flight cable-car railroad to make contact for final instructions. FBI agents and police are posted in the area. Kelly hesitates after getting off the cable car and a thin man suggests that she might be looking for him. Gripping her arm, he hurries her into a nearby car and pushes the button locking the door.

Operation Terror

"I'll be all right. Don't worry," said Kelly. She squeezed Toby tightly. If anything did happen . . . Toby would manage. Second part of an exciting serial.

By THE GORDONS

II The moment Kelly Sherwood got into the car Rip left the co-ordinating room. He took the steps two at a time, dropping so fast that he clutched the old carved railing once to keep from falling. He went out the back door over ground mapped out previously. He knew where the clothesline was, and a stack of cartons piled high, and a hose stretched across a walk. Beyond the yard was a passageway, and he hurried down it, in almost total darkness. As he came into the street, Bradley pulled up a black Bureau car that carried no identifying marks. He slowed to an easy stop to keep the brakes from screeching. Rip slid into the car, and Bradley continued down the street. . . .

The man drove straight down Olive to Wilshire where he turned west. He drove rapidly but carefully, respecting stop signals and keeping up with the flow of traffic which ran heavy on Wilshire at all hours. Kelly hugged the door, her hand close to the handle. She had no intention of using it, but its nearness supplied her with a childish assurance that she could if she so wished.

His hand reached over and patted her on the leg. "Come on over. They build these seats too wide." When she didn't move, he grabbed her unexpectedly by the arm and pulled her over. "That's better," he said. He studied her. "You're a funny one."

Bullock's slipped by, and the Sheraton West and the Wiltern Theater, and then the busy, bright Miracle Mile shopping district. He patted CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



Copyright © 1960 by Mildred and Gordon Gordon



"I thought
I loved him.
I don't know how
it happened."



the WHITE DRESS

By CATHARINE BOYD

Barefoot, wearing her old red bathrobe. Margaret felt her way down the dark front stairs. She passed the grandfather clock in the hall, and turned to go through the den to the dimly lighted kitchen. It was after one—ten minutes after, to be exact; she had learned to read clocks long ago without really looking.

Janice had had her orders: be home at twelve-thirty sharp.

In the den Margaret paused at the sight of her opened sewing machine, where a tumble of organdy lay in a shadowy heap. There was something about its whiteness, its virginal crispness, that caught at her throat—the ghost of a graduation dress to be worn three weeks from Friday. Commencement day!

Where is she now? Margaret worried. *With Kenny, of course. In a car, but where? Why isn't she home? Oh, how I wish she were safe in her bed like the others, safe and sound. Remember how I used to tuck in her soft pink blankets?*

She loosened the tug in her throat with a good-natured chuckle, her only defense. A wonder they'd ever agreed on The Dress at all! Every detail was a compromise between two generations—kind of material, style of sleeves, length of skirt, even the width of the waistband.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

What she had done would change her whole life . . . and theirs.





"As American as apple pie..."

all America, with love– the best of this country's wonderful wealth of food, in the big, new Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook!

Imagine a platter piled high with Maine lobsters, steaming hot, and dripping in butter; or the flavor and elegance of a succulent Louisiana jambalaya, rich in ham and Southern tradition; or a recipe for *THE* apple pie to end them all, with the flakiest crust, the sweetest, spiciest, melt-in-your-mouth apple filling. Around the end of October, the very best of this country's wonderful heritage of delicious food will be found between the covers of the beautiful new Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook.* This book is in the nature of a command performance. For nearly eighty years the *Ladies' Home Journal* has published the best recipes for the very best food in the whole world. Our great-grandmothers began clipping the recipes, copying them from one another, borrowing them and, literally, wearing them out till they looked like shreds of rare old lace. And the *Journal* has been besieged with pleas for a solid, durable treasure-trove of its best, most-sought-after recipes, in book form. Now, at long last, it's here—*THE* Cookbook. Frankly, it's a knockout—as you will see when you turn the page and begin our mouth-watering preview of its more than 2000 delectable dishes! And if you decide to start eating your way straight through the whole cookbook, we predict you'll have a lovely time!

THE APPLE PIE

Pastry for 9" two-crust pie
8 green, tart apples, peeled, cored and cut into eighths
1 cup brown sugar or ¾ cup white
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
Dash cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Grated rind ½ lemon
2 tablespoons butter
Cheddar cheese (garnish)
Cream (optional)

Line the pie plate with pastry and arrange the tart, green-apple slices in layers. Sprinkle each layer lightly with a mixture of sugar, spices, salt, lemon juice and rind. Save out enough for the top. When plate is full, dot with butter and cover with top crust. Seal and crimp edges. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 15–20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate, 350° F., for 20–30 minutes more, until the crust is brown and apples are tender. Serve hot or cold, with cheese. Serve a pitcher of cream on the side. Eight servings.

*Ladies' Home Journal Cookbook.
New and basic recipes, edited by Carol Truax.
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Regular edition $4.95, de luxe thumb-indexed edition $5.95. To order your copy, use the coupon found on page 173 of this issue of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—or buy it at your favorite bookstore.

a delicious heritage from

New England

In the New England tradition, a family dinner table with a dozen grandchildren needs a steaming tureen of corn chowder, afloat with flecks of golden corn and savory bacon; a platter of scarlet lobsters, stuffed with seasoned crumbs, served with melted butter and lemon wedges: a creamy, classic coleslaw plus squares of feathery johnnycake, and cranberry sauce. Dessert is upside-down peach gingerbread, ringed with fluffs of whipped cream.

CORN CHOWDER

6 *slices bacon, diced*
½ *cup chopped onion*
2 (1-*lb.*) *cans cream-style corn*
1 *can* (12-*oz.*) *whole-kernel corn*
¼ *teaspoon pepper*
1 *tablespoon salt*
1 *quart milk*
2 *cups light cream*
Popcorn (*garnish*)

Sauté the bacon in a saucepan until crisp. Drain on paper toweling. Add onion to 3 tablespoons of the bacon drippings and sauté until the onion is tender; then add corn, pepper, salt, milk and cream. Simmer (do not boil) for 15 minutes. Crumble bacon into soup. Serve very hot. Garnish with popcorn if you wish. Yield: about 2½ quarts.

CREAMED SLAW

1 *can* (15-*oz.*) *sweetened condensed milk*
1½ *teaspoons dry mustard*
2 *teaspoons salt*
1 *tablespoon Worcestershire sauce*
¾ *cup cider vinegar*
1 *medium head cabbage, shredded*
4 *carrots, coarsely grated*
3 *green peppers, seeded and chopped*
1 *Spanish onion, chopped* (*optional*)
1 *teaspoon caraway seed* (*optional*)

Make the dressing first. Heat the condensed milk in a double boiler for 10 minutes; cool and put into a mixing bowl. Add mustard, salt and Worcestershire sauce.



B rapidly with rotary beater and gradually add the vinegar. Continue beating
fo minute after all vinegar has been added. Refrigerate dressing until thickened.
M cabbage, carrots, peppers, and onion if you wish. Be sure they are crisp and cold.
A our and a half before serving, mix dressing with vegetables and refrigerate again.
If u wish to use caraway seed, add them when you are mixing the slaw. Six servings.

BROILED STUFFED LOBSTER

3 *½-lb.) live lobsters, split*
art soft bread crumbs
cups butter
clove garlic, crushed
–3 dashes liquid pepper seasoning
½ teaspoon tarragon
⅛ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Lemon wedges

H e the fishman split the lobsters in half and crack claws. Remove the tomalley
a coral (the tomalley is the greenish liver and is delicious; the coral is the roe)
fr the lobsters and set aside. Wash lobsters and remove intestinal veins.
D n and wipe dry. Make a stuffing by sautéing the bread crumbs in ¾ cup butter
w l golden. Add the garlic, liquid pepper seasoning, tarragon, salt and pepper.
M h the tomalley and coral and add to the mixture. Place lobsters on rack, shell
si up, and broil for 5 minutes. Turn, brush with melted butter and broil another
1(inutes. Fill the cavity and cover most of the body with stuffing. Place under
b er just long enough to brown. Serve with a little bowl or pitcher of hot
b er and lemon wedges. Six servings.

UPSIDE-DOWN PEACH GINGERBREAD

2 (1-lb.-4-oz.) cans sliced cling peaches
1 cup butter
1 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
Maraschino cherry halves, drained
Pecan halves
½ cup chopped pecans
1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
1½ teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup molasses
½ cup boiling water
2 eggs
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
Whipped cream (optional)

Drain the peaches as dry as possible on paper toweling. Melt ½ cup butter in a heavy 10" skillet with an ovenproof handle. Add the brown sugar and corn syrup. Stir over medium heat until blended. Allow to cool. Now arrange the peach slices in a circular pattern on top, covering as much of the sugar as possible. Fill in any spaces with maraschino cherry and pecan halves. Sprinkle with chopped nuts. Cream ½ cup butter with 1 cup sugar until light and fluffy. Sift the flour, ginger, nutmeg, baking soda and salt together twice. In a separate bowl, mix the molasses and boiling water. Add the eggs, one at a time, to the creamed butter and sugar, beating well after each addition. Flavor with grated lemon rind. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the molasses. Spread evenly in the skillet. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1½ hours. Cool slightly. Loosen the sides with a spatula and turn out onto a platter. Serve hot or cold with whipped cream. Eight to ten servings.

ALL FOOD PORTFOLIO PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART-FOWLER





from

The South

savory perfection

Mention of the Old South brings to mind a moonlit-and-magnolias kind of land where people prided themselves on exquisitely appointed tables and spoke lyrically and lovingly of food: of She-Crab Soup, Hoppin' John, of country ham tenderly cured to piquant perfection of featheriest breads served oven-hot.

With America's first successful colony in Jamestown (1607) came the English influence of lordly roasts on a spit, hearty steamed pudding. Down the Great Smokies' chain moved the Germans, Dutch and Italians, bringing their own magnificent broths and sweet breads. From

KENTUCKY CHICKEN

1 young capon (4–5-lb.) or 2 (2½–3-lb.) chickens cut up as for frying
1 loaf stale unsliced bread
¾ cup grated Parmesan or Romano cheese
¼ cup chopped parsley
1 clove garlic, crushed
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 cup melted butter

Remove the crust from bread and grate bread into fine crumbs, using the coarse side of the grater. There should be 2 cups crumbs. Spread out on flat pan to dry overnight. Mix the crumbs with the cheese, parsley, garlic, salt and pepper. Dip each piece of chicken into melted butter, then into the crumb mixture. Be sure each piece is well coated. Arrange in an even shallow roasting pan. Pour remaining butter over all and bake 1 hour until fork-tender, in moderate oven, 350° F. Capon will take a little longer. Do not turn chicken, but baste frequently with pan drippings. Four to six servings.



SALLY LUNN

1 package active dry or compressed yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
¾ cup milk
½ cup butter
⅓ cup sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups flour

Soften the yeast in the lukewarm water. Heat the milk to lukewarm. Combine with yeast. Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the well-beaten eggs and mix. Add salt to the flour and stir the flour into the butter-sugar mixture alternately with the milk-and-yeast mixture. Beat well with a wooden spoon and turn into a buttered bowl. Let rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk 1–1½ hours. Beat again and pour into a well-buttered 3½″ x 10″ ring mold or angel-cake pan. Let rise again until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes. Unmold and serve warm. Six servings.

l Spanish sailing ships plied the Gulf of Mexico
l settlements there originated the memorable New
leans cuisine.

Time, tradition and the magic touch of truly mag-
icent cooks have created the cuisine we relish today
Southern and superb. Here we offer you four glorious
orites: Kentucky chicken, irresistibly crisp and suc-
ent; that most golden and soufflé-light of breads—
ly Lunn; a robust New Orleans jambalaya; and an
nost-too-good-to-be-true nutty-brown Southern Pecan
.



SOUTHERN PECAN PIE

try for 9" pie shell
up pecan halves
ggs
blespoon melted butter
1 *cup light corn syrup*
½ *teaspoon vanilla*
1 *cup sugar*
1 *tablespoon flour*

ange the pecan halves in the bottom of the pie shell. Beat
eggs; add the butter, corn syrup and vanilla. Stir until well
nded. Combine the sugar and flour and blend this with the
mixture. Pour over nuts in the pie shell. Let stand until
nuts rise to the surface. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F.,
45 minutes. The nuts will glaze during baking. Six servings.



HAM-AND-SAUSAGE JAMBALAYA

1 *pound hard Italian sausage, sliced thin*
2 *tablespoons shortening or salad oil*
1½ *cups chopped onion*
½ *cup diced celery*
½ *cup chopped green pepper*
8 *scallions, chopped*
2 *cloves garlic, crushed*
2 *cups canned tomatoes*
2 *bay leaves, crushed*
2 *teaspoons salt*
½ *teaspoon thyme*
2 *cups diced cooked ham*
2 *tablespoons chopped parsley*
3 *cups raw rice*
4 *cups water*

Sauté the sausage in the shortening with onion, celery, green pepper, scallions and garlic until lightly browned. Add the tomatoes. Season with bay leaves, salt and thyme. Simmer about 10–15 minutes. Add the ham and parsley, rice and water. Cover tight, and simmer over low heat for about half an hour until the liquid is absorbed and flavors are well blended. Twelve servings.

fabulous food from

The Plains States

The heart of our country belongs to the Middle West, where rich farmlands roll westward from Ohio into the great plains of Kansas and Nebraska beyond the Mississippi. In these states of musical Indian names, women feed their men food which borrows some of the grandeur and vastness of the countryside—great, satisfying steaks and roasts, juicy and thick. We've chosen plump, golden Illinois pork chops, with a hearty apple stuffing, baked slowly to a melt-in-your-mouth tenderness, garlanded with lots of onions, plump carrots and bright green peas. There's a casserole of scalloped potatoes, crunchy on the outside, the inside soft and rich with cheese and cream. To accompany, a confetti-bright corn-and-pepper relish. For the salad, tender young spinach leaves are drifted with an egg-and-bacon dressing. There's a sweet, creamy cherry-tapioca pudding; Indiana contributes the "picnic cake," rich in spices, and blanketed with a marshmallow-pecan topping.

Menu

APPLE-STUFFED PORK CHOPS
SCALLOPED POTATOES WITH CHEESE
WILTED SPINACH SALAD
SWEET-CORN RELISH
CHERRY-TAPIOCA PUDDING
INDIANA PICNIC CAKE

APPLE-STUFFED PORK CHOPS

6 pork rib chops cut 2″ thick
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
5 tablespoons chopped onion
1½ cups crumbled dry bread
3 tablespoons butter
1 large green apple, peeled, cored and sliced thin
5 tablespoons seedless raisins
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
2–3 tablespoons water

Split the chops through the middle from the outer edge toward the bone, leaving meat attached to the bone. Spread open like a book. Pound both sides thin with a mallet or edge of saucer. Maybe your butcher will attend to all this. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and the pepper. *Stuffing:* Sauté the onion and bread crumbs in butter in a heavy skillet. Add the apple slices, raisins, ½ teaspoon salt, nutmeg, cinnamon and the water. Mix everything together. Spread the dressing in even portions on the six chops. Fold over and fasten with toothpicks. Put chops in a shallow roasting pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., until tender, about 1½ hours. Turn once during baking time and drain off excess fat. Six servings.

SCALLOPED POTATOES WITH CHEESE

4 large baking potatoes
¼ cup butter
½ pound grated Cheddar cheese
1 cup minced onion
½ cup minced parsley
1 tablespoon salt
1 teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon savory
½ teaspoon paprika
2½ cups milk and light cream mixed

Wash and peel the potatoes and slice thin as a dime. Put in ice water for a little while and then drain. Meanwhile, butter bottom and sides of a baking dish, 12″ x 8″ x 2″. Put a layer of potatoes into the dish; dot with butter and sprinkle generously with cheese, onion, parsley, salt, pepper, savory and paprika. Repeat until you have four layers. Save ¼ cup Cheddar cheese to sprinkle on top later. Pour in the milk and cream to cover the potatoes. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 10 minutes, then reduce to moderate, 350° F. Sprinkle on the ¼ cup cheese and bake until potatoes are tender, about 2 hours. Six servings.

SWEET-CORN RELISH

18 ears corn
4 large onions, chopped
2 green peppers, chopped
1 sweet red pepper, chopped
1 pound light brown sugar
¼ cup salt
3 tablespoons celery seed
3½ tablespoons dry mustard
2 quarts vinegar

Cut the kernels from the ears of corn with a sharp knife. Mix with onions and green and red peppers. Add the sugar, salt, celery seed, mustard and vinegar. Cook slowly for 20 minutes in an open kettle. Pack into sterilized hot jars and seal at once. Yield: about 8 pints.

WILTED-SPINACH SALAD

2 pounds young tender spinach
5 slices bacon
6 scallions cut into rounds
3 hard-cooked eggs
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
3 tablespoons sugar
½ cup vinegar
½ cup water

Wash spinach, remove stems. Drain. Store leaves in refrigerator. Use only the small leaves—the large ones are fine for cooking, but not for salad. Prepare the spinach the day before so it will be crisp. The dressing may be made in advance, but must be reheated to boiling point just before it is added to spinach. Fry bacon. Drain on paper toweling and break into pieces. Add scallions, 1 chopped hard-cooked egg, pepper, sugar, vinegar and water to drippings in the skillet. Pour boiling hot over spinach, add bacon and toss well. Garnish with 2 hard-cooked eggs cut into thin slices. Six servings.

CHERRY-TAPIOCA PUDDING

¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) pitted sour red cherries
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Cream (optional)

Mix the tapioca, sugar and salt in a saucepan. Add the syrup from the cherries with enough water to make 2½ cups. Cook the mixture until it comes to a full boil. Cool and stir occasionally. Add the cherries, almond flavoring and lemon juice. Pour into sherbet glasses, chill, and serve with cream if you wish. Six servings.

INDIANA PICNIC CAKE

½ cup butter
1½ cups light brown sugar
2 eggs
2½ cups flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

TOPPING FOR CAKE
10 large marshmallows
½ cup light brown sugar
½ cup pecans, chopped coarsely

Cream the butter well with sugar until light and fluffy. Add the eggs one at a time, and beat well. Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Stir the dry ingredients into the creamed mixture alternately with a mixture of the milk and vanilla. Beat smooth after each addition. Grease and flour the bottom of a 9″ x 9″ x 2″ cake pan. Pour in the batter. Topping for the cake: Cut the marshmallows in half and arrange round side up on top of batter. Mix the brown sugar with pecans. Sprinkle over top of the batter. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., for 50 minutes. It will shrink slightly from the sides of the pan. Cool in the pan before cutting. Six servings.





In The West,

a way with good food

The wonderful food of the Golden West has pioneered its way across the country, adding gusto and a new zest to American cooking. Big cubes of beef sirloin are marinated in soy sauce, skewered with onions, mushrooms and green-pepper slices, and broiled till rare and juicy. The succulent avocado is one of the most welcome arrivals from the West, stuffed with firm chunks of pink crab meat, and dressed with a creamy dressing, spicy but suave. As for salads—the kinds and varieties of Western salads are endless, but one of the most delectable and inventive is our Catalina Salad, crisp and fresh, sporting a touch of garlic, a touch of cheese, golden croutons and a tangy dressing. What could be more perfect to end this meal than a fruit dessert? A luscious array of pineapple chunks, apple slices, melon balls, green grapes and pear sections is bathed in a magical tangerine-pineapple sauce, crisp with water chestnuts!

Menu

CRAB LOUIS IN AVOCADO HALVES

BEEF KEBABS

CATALINA SALAD

FRESH FRUIT AND FRUIT SAUCE WITH WATER CHESTNUTS

BEEF KEBABS

1½ pounds sirloin beef cut into 1" cubes
¾ cup soy sauce
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
12 small cooked whole onions
½ pound mushrooms
1 green pepper cut into 1" squares
3 tomatoes cut into quarters
¼ cup butter

Marinate the meat in soy sauce, salt, pepper and garlic salt for at least 2 hours, turning once or twice. Alternate on skewers the meat, onions, mushrooms, tomatoes and green pepper. Brush with melted butter. Broil 5–15 minutes on each side, depending on how you like your beef; brush several times with butter. Serve with noodles, rice or wheat pilaf. Four servings. Double recipe to serve 6–8.

CATALINA SALAD

1 clove garlic, cut
6 tablespoons olive or salad oil
1 large head lettuce
1 head romaine
2 cups cubed bread
3 tablespoons small pickled onions, quartered
⅓ cup sliced pitted black olives
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 egg
3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tomatoes (optional)

Soak the garlic in the oil overnight. Make the croutons by browning the bread cubes in 2 tablespoons garlic salad oil. Wash, dry and chill the greens. Tear into bite-size pieces and put into a large salad bowl. Add the onions, olives, ¼ cup of the garlic-flavored oil, salt and pepper, and the cheese. Drop a raw egg on top of the greens. Pour the lemon juice on the egg. Toss the salad over and over and adjust seasoning. Add croutons and toss once more. Garnish with tomato wedges if you wish. Six servings.

CRAB LOUIS

1 pound crab meat
1 tablespoon prepared horse-radish
¼ cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
2 tablespoons chopped pickle
1 tablespoon chopped scallion
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise or boiled dressing
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash Worcestershire sauce

Mix all ingredients except crab meat and add salt and pepper to taste. The quantity of salt and pepper will depend on how highly seasoned the dressing is. Bone the crab meat and mix carefully into the sauce. Serve on lettuce leaves in avocado halves, or in scooped-out peeled tomatoes if you wish. Six servings.

FRUIT SAUCE WITH WATER CHESTNUTS

2 tablespoons butter
1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, sliced
1 can (1-lb.-4-oz.) pineapple juice
1 can (6-oz.) frozen tangerine-juice concentrate
2 sticks cinnamon
½ cup sugar
¼ cup cornstarch
¼ teaspoon ginger
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind

Heat 1 tablespoon butter in a skillet; add the water chestnuts. Stir until butter is absorbed and water chestnuts lightly browned. Remove from heat. In a large saucepan mix the pineapple juice with enough water to make 3 cups. Add the tangerine juice and cinnamon sticks. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for 5 minutes. Meanwhile, mix the sugar, cornstarch, ginger and salt in a bowl. Blend thoroughly. Pour a little of the fruit juices into the cornstarch mixture. Stir until smooth. Return to fruit juices and cook, stirring, until clear and thickened. Remove from heat. Add the lemon juice, lemon rind and 1 tablespoon butter. Cool to room temperature. When cool, remove cinnamon sticks and chill. Just before serving, add the water chestnuts. This sauce keeps well for about a week. Serve with a combination of fresh fruits. Yield: 3 cups.





When Nina Lord isn't engaged in sales work at her shop, she's likely to be out selling people on their duty to vote.

DI PIETRO



Senator John F. Kennedy, campaigning in New Jersey, is greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Thorn Lord.



Committeewoman Nina Lord gets acquainted and discusses voter registration with Mrs. Ferdinand P. Schoettle, a new neighbor in Lawrence Township, New Jersey.

For the past 16 years as a Democratic committeewoman, Nina has been phoning neighbors and urging them to vote.



PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Candidate's wife

"I do not think women should be segregated from men in politics," says Mrs. Thorn Lord, who has worked at the grass-roots level for 16 years and is now campaigning for her husband's election to the U. S. Senate.

As the wife of a candidate for public office, Nina Lord has assumed many new responsibilities, not the least of which is bringing fresh air into smoke-filled rooms.

"I like to think of it as the fresh air of ideas," says Nina, who was dismayed to discover that smoke-filled rooms really do ignite politics. Furthermore, the rooms were very often in her own house.

"That made it easy," Nina admits, noting that it also gave her entree to gatherings she would not have attended ordinarily. She firmly believes that informed, interested women could help to dispel the smoky haze of the political scene.

Nina's project began last February in a smoke-filled room from which she was excluded. After a Democratic fund-raising dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, her husband, Thorn, went on to another meeting of New Jersey party chiefs.

Fifteen minutes later, Nina answered the telephone in another room in the hotel. New Jersey's Gov. Robert B. Meyner asked whether she had any objections to her husband's running for the U. S. Senate. He explained that Thorn had been selected as the party candidate.

"Now wasn't that silly!" Nina exclaimed, recalling the circumstances some time later. She was complimented, of course, to be consulted. But she doesn't want anyone to conclude that she might stand in the way of Thorn's political career. CONTINUED ON PAGE 194



By BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD

Politics today is a husband-wife partnership. In the not too distant past, the candidate's wife sat at home, going about the business of caring for her family as if she were untouched by election issues and the trials of the campaign. Not that she wasn't interested. She was. But it wasn't her proper role to do anything about her husband's candidacy except to offer quiet support and personal encouragement from their hearthside.

Today's candidate for office and his wife are likely to hit the campaign trail together. Even the children may be taken along because of their strong voter appeal. This is grueling work, but both the candidate and the public find satisfaction in the vision of a family pulling together in a common cause.

"You just can't beat a wife who can meet all kinds of people," Howard Edmondson, Oklahoma's youngest governor, believes.

Mrs. J. Frank Houghton, wife of a Florida state senator, found that being a "lifelong Republican" wasn't enough when her husband ran for office in 1948. She was dismayed at his defeat—by a mere 1000 votes. The next year she worked actively in every campaign in Pinellas County, ringing doorbells for the entire Republican ticket. The participation was so vigorous that she herself received several responsible assignments in local, county and state Republican organizations. Her husband was elected to the Florida state senate in 1952, re-elected in 1956. For each session of the legislature she moves her entire family from their home in St. Petersburg to Tallahassee, happily "digs in," attending to church, school, club and political work.

"When the homemaker herself decides to run for office, she needs the wholehearted interest of her husband," comments Mrs. Alice Leopold, who campaigned successfully for representative in the General Assembly and other elective offices in Connecticut before undertaking her present assignment as Assistant to the Secretary of Labor in Washington. "Once she is certain of her husband's interest, she will find that a discussion of issues with him helps to crystallize her own ideas. If she happens to have school-age children, she will find their enthusiasm for their mother can go so far as soapbox speeches at student assembly. In fact, any woman running for political office has a built-in team who without any promises or patronage can be counted on to vote for her."

The appreciation, sympathy and intelligent support which present-day candidates receive from their families can be more valuable than thousands of dollars spent in the campaign. Women especially know that holding public office, living up to the highest standards of public responsibility, results ultimately in good government. If this means a sacrifice in the pattern of family living for a time, they are finding better government worth the cost.

BECAUSE WOMEN CARE

"The women of America hold this country right in the palms of their hands," says Mrs. Clare B. Williams, assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee. "Good politics, like good behavior, begins at home where both parents set an example of citizenship and responsibility," says Mrs. Margaret Price, vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee. In this the third of its series, "Because Women Care," the JOURNAL *salutes five women for the political leadership they have shown.*



JANET HILL GORDON, of Norwich, New York . . . Republican member of New York senate. Slim, chic Janet Hill Gordon began her political career in her teens when she campaigned for her father, the late Judge James P. Hill. Her career as a lawyer began in 1940 when her father swore her in as a member of the New York State Bar, the youngest woman ever to be admitted. Two years later she married her law partner, William J. Gordon, who shares also her political views, applauds her service in the legislature. Their daughter Gail was born in 1950 during the second of her mother's six prior terms in the assembly. The minority leader in a controversial mood said Gail was the only worth-while thing the legislature produced that year.



MRS. DAVID G. FERNALD, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey . . . cochairman, Young Republican National Federation. When pretty, vibrant Judy Gregg Fernald first joined a Young Republican Club in 1950, she discovered that once you work in politics as a volunteer, "it's just something you keep wanting more and more to do." Since then she has filled assignments on all levels. Today, at 32, she is cochairman of the Young Republican National Federation, helping oversee the activities of 600,000 teenagers in 5000 clubs. With the encouragement of her husband, who is treasurer of the Upper Montclair Republican club, she goes around the country, conducting leadership-training programs, recruiting and instructing new voters.



MRS. JERRY K. GREEN, of Charlotte, North Carolina . . . Young Republican Club volunteer. "My prestige in politics, if I have any, has come not from my own activities but from being the wife of Jerry," Charlotte Green says. Her husband just completed a term as a vice chairman of the Young Republican National Federation, now is chairman of his state federation. "By both of us being interested, our spare time can be spent together." This young mother, determined to bring the two-party system to North Carolina, has made telephone calls, rung doorbells, written letters, held coffee hours, canvassed voters, worked at the polls for many hours at a stretch, and served as precinct chairman in Mecklenburg County.



MARGARET CROSS HOFFMAN, of Hammond, Indiana . . . Republican precinct vice committeewoman. Margaret Cross Hoffman and husband, George, local precinct committeeman, have worked as an active political team since 1945, when they were newlyweds and did battle together for the election of a Republican mayor for their town. Indiana is referred to as a Republican state, but the town of Hammond is thoroughly unpredictable. The successful fight they waged for mayor that year whetted their appetites for the game of politics and they are in it now to stay. The Hoffmans have five sons ranging in age from two to eleven years—Kurt, Kent, Karl, Dale, Dean—all being reared to be true and faithful Republicans.

You too can be beautiful in 24 hours

...and more beautiful in 24 days

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT



Your face is square, your jaw line too determined. New beauty, for you, lies in your talent to add a rosy glow of femininity to your entire appearance. Patricia Meravi's mother wrote: "Patricia is attractive in her own plain way, but she *could* be so pretty if she'd only try." Her pictures, taken a day apart, prove the point! For Pat, and for all other determined-faced girls, we recommend: a glamorously feminine hairdo designed to add an illusion of symmetry to the face. Pat's new, high-rising arrangement, full on top and at the sides and narrowing softly at the ears, is so flattering. "Curves" are the clue to your best make-up. See how Pat's newly arched eyebrows, enriched with brown pencil, add interest to the entire eye area. The slightly more rounded lip line (achieved with a lip brush which you can dip into wax for firmness, or with a lipstick pencil) softens her face. Other accents on femininity: the narrow drop earrings (instead of anything round or square), the *long* pearls (no chokers for you), the V (for victory over a square face) neckline, the rich clothes colors for over-all loveliness. Pat's into-the-future beauty plans are based on her new discovery that there are no limits to the appearance improvements a girl can make—provided she is continuously *eager* to try.

Can you put yourself in the place of any one of the women or girls shown on these four pages? These five readers came to us with basic beauty problems familiar to most women—and you may have one of your own, somewhat similar. Thrilled with their quick changes, each of these women plans to go a step further to achieve additional beauty goals. For one, a two-week diet will shed a pudgy five pounds. For another, the refurbishing of a wardrobe will help. For all, more imaginative attention to themselves from top to toe should complete the transformation. Look them over! Find the one who once shared your problem. Then follow her Journal lead to new and lasting loveliness.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor





Monotone coloring is your problem. Overly pale lashes, brows and skin give you a washed-out look. Mrs. Camille Bain, Portland, Oregon, housewife and mother, wrote: "Whatever would you do if you were confronted with a face such as mine?" Camille's "after" picture speaks for itself. Here are the steps that led to her wonderful new look. All "monotone girls" take note. First, a new and exciting hairdo. Camille's old French twist with its dated pompadour effect in front looked dull and dowdy. See how her "after" hairdo, with its soft fullness and feather bangs, youthfully frames and prettily reproportions her face. "Gentlemen prefer" blondes should take the same cue, and make much of their enviable hair coloring. Most flattering make-up for pale faces: foundation base (creamy in consistency to soften and protect fair skin) in a shade to heighten your coloring subtly. Try beige with a pink undertone for powder as well as the base. (See how the base blended evenly and lightly over Camille's face and neck successfully subdues her freckles. Special bleaching creams also help lighten freckles.) Colorless eyebrows come to life with warm-brown eyebrow pencil. Almost invisible eyelashes can seem luxuriant with a deep brown mascara. (Black is too harsh for fair-skinned girls.) Eye shadows in shades from misty green to turquoise to hyacinth blue (the best shade is the one that dramatizes the color of your eyes) add a glamour touch for special occasions. Camille's pinky-red lipstick seems made to order for a redhead. You may prefer coral or a rich red touched with blue. Whichever, the effect should be dashing!



Your face is round, your neck is short and (alas) you have passed that "pleasantly plump" stage. Potentially pretty Mary Gossage, young housewife and mother from Addison, Illinois, wrote wistfully: "I am not plain, yet I'm far from being pretty. I have several features which could be assets if only I knew what to do with them." Our plan for Mary was one we would make for any girl who shares her problem. First: give yourself a *lift!* By snipping several inches off Mary's unflatteringly long hairdo, and sweeping it up from her shoulders and away from her neck, a slimmer, more delicate look is immediately achieved. The new hairdo, cut in layers all over the head, was set in rollers to achieve height. (An extra "plus" is that it makes you taller too.) For fine hair, such as Mary's, a soft permanent will help hold fullness so that "pinups" are necessary only two or three times each week. Round faces "slim down" with make-up very slightly deeper-toned than natural skin coloring. An uptilt at the outer tips of the eyebrows (as opposed to a downward curve) gives a light and airy look. Often just "five pounds off" can make the pretty difference in the way a dress looks and feels. By three weeks' worth of skipping desserts, cutting down on fats, starches and portions in general, any almost-fat girl can easily solve her weight worries before they seriously begin.



You too can be beautiful in 24 hours

...and more beautiful in 24 days





Your face is long and narrow, your forehead too high. You are all for looking "interesting"—but not formidable!
Yours is the easiest beauty problem to solve—do it now! Young career girl Alys Acworth discovered her beauty do-over not only took care of her physical shortcomings, but provided a psychological boost as well. As a result of her prettier, more relaxed *look*, she has become more personable. To counteract a long-face problem, let "controlled casualness" take the place of (unintended) austerity. Alys's "before" hairdo, with its halfhearted upsweep in front and plain twist in back, gave her a forbidding look. Cut drastically (three to four inches in length all over her head), and set to achieve fullness, with turned-up ends and *bangs*, she immediately looked prettier, *friendlier!* Too-thick eyebrows (which can suggest a frown) should be thinned and delicately arched. A touch of pink rouge adds cheer while it also interrupts a too-long expansion of face. By using a lip brush to fill out a too-thin upper lip slightly, another soft touch can be added. A delectable dress color and charming accessories bring on a really grand finale! Long-range beauty for long-faced girls centers on a consistent effort to maintain the hairdo, make-up and clothes that suggest liveliness—as well as loveliness.





A florid complexion combined with heavy features (and a heavy heart?) leaves you at a beauty loss.
Handsome Mrs. Jane Ross, widowed mother of two teenage daughters, had, through the years, gradually given up on make-up. "I used to do the works," she told us, "but nowadays I've lost my interest—and my touch." The "touch" for Mrs. Ross—and for all others who are tempted similarly to despair—is surprisingly simple. The big aim is to achieve as light a look as possible. An upswept hairdo can gracefully and flatteringly take the place of a nondescript shoulder bob. A clear-beige make-up (in foundation base and powder) softly subdues and smooths out florid skin tones. Heavy eyebrows can be quickly thinned and prettily arched. Drab colors are *out*. See how the soft white against her face in Mrs. Ross's "after" picture, combined with the cheerful, brilliant turquoise necklace and earrings, freshens up her entire look. Bright lipstick (Jane didn't even bother with *that!*) adds needed sparkle.
Beauty is as much attitude as application. And a gay appearance is a tonic guaranteed to put a lift in your heart, a lilt in your step, a light in your eyes. Try it—today!

Mrs. Fay Dines On Zebra

Robert met her for the first time that night—

but suddenly recognition came with a rush.

"So that's it," he thought. "I knew it all the time!"

By HORTENSE CALISHER

Arietta Minot Fay, at thirty-seven, still lived in the house in which she, her father and all their male forebears but the first had been born, a white, Hudson River bracketed house, much winged and gabled but with a Revolutionary cottage at its core, set in a tiny village, once only a road, on the west shore of the river, about twenty-five miles from New York.

On this particular summer Saturday evening at about seven o'clock, Arietta, dressed to go out in her one still respectable cocktail dress, sat in the dimming upstairs parlor of the house that had been hers since the death a year ago, within a few months of each other, of her father and her husband. Saturday was shopping day for the week, and that morning, hold back as she might on things like paper napkins—they would use the linen ones—she had not been able to avoid spending eighteen dollars on food. Her nine-year-old son Roger, away for the night at a friend's house, would consume that almost unaided during the school week. Even the Light & Power, usually so kindly, had begun to press her about last winter's heating bill. There had been no cleaning woman for a year. Behind her, the rooms, receding wing on wing into the hillside with the depressed elegance of a miniature château, showed, beside the distinguished stainings of nearly two hundred years, the thin, gradual grime of amateur care. The house, free and clear for a century until the thirties, was hers thanks to her father's single quirk of hereditary thrift, hidden from them until the otherwise worthless will was read—mortgage insurance. It was worth about $20,000, possibly a little more to one of that new race of antiquarians aching to "restore" some old place, and able to—viz., the Lampeys, where she was going that evening. But its sale, if she could bring herself to sell, would be slow. Here she sat in it, then, in the richest country in the world. In addition to the house, she had a CONTINUED ON PAGE 119

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWER



His look hung between them, like an avowal of love.

Father of five boys,
the beloved Old Groaner
airs his goals for his daughter—
and his ideas for giving her
a different upbringing.

How I Want to Bring Up My Daughter—by Bing Crosby

AS TOLD to BOB WILLETT

Although I've been lucky enough to have had many big moments in my life, it's easy for me to pick the biggest. I've never experienced anything that topped the elation I felt aronnd 7:30 A.M. on September 14 of last year. It was only a couple of hours after my wife, Kathryn, and I had checked in at the hospital. Dr. Abner Moss almost floored me with the announcement that I'd become the father of a fine baby *girl*.

The evening of the next day, I went to a Dodger game with Phil Harris, wearing a big *It's a Girl* button. Phil kidded me about not wanting to skip the game because the Coliseum crowd was about right size to suit my urge to broadcast the glad tidings.

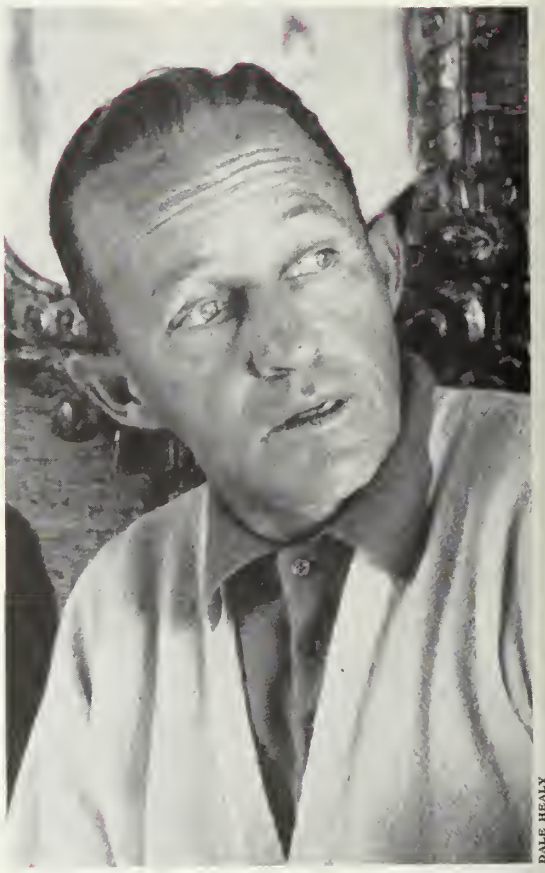
Once we got Mary Frances home, my reaction could only be called timidity. She was so dainty and delicate—so completely feminine—she overwhelmed me. Young Harry had been lusty and broad-shouldered at birth, but nobody could have mistaken Mary for a boy. She was all girl, and so petite I waited for days before I got around to even poking her.

Being on hand when a baby arrives is usually a big thing for a father. The only reason I single out the birth of my daughter is the long wait I had before getting a little girl. Having proudly fathered five sons in a row, I was beginning to think the trend would never be reversed.

All along, I'd secretly envied fathers of daughters. I'd dreamed about being one for more than twenty years. Still, I was all but resigned to being only a father of sons, particularly after Kathryn had presented me with Harry Lillis Jr. in 1958.

It was Kathryn's mother who decided his monicker should be the same as mine. We'd had only one name picked out—Mary Frances—because my wife had been so sure she'd have a girl.

She felt the same way, only more so, the second time we dated the stork. She was, therefore, nowhere near as astonished as I at the arrival of our daughter. She took it in stride, and started right in treating Mary Frances much the same way she'd treated little Tex. They're decidedly different in temperament. Already our daughter has displayed definite ideas about what she wants and doesn't want. CONTINUED ON PAGE 188



DALE HEALY

"For twenty years I'd envied fathers of daughters. How wonderful, I thought, to have one of those cute little objects with curls and giggles and a way with men."



"I'm kind of proud of this picture of the two children," says camera-fan Bing. "No shadows on their faces."

"Kathryn would rather play with the children every afternoon than play an Oscar-caliber part in a picture. A couple of years ago her interest turned from acting to nursing—she now attends classes."



"Whenever you pick Princess up," writes Bing, "she invariably stands, as in this shot with my mother and brother Bob's boy, Chris." Blue-eyed, with red-blond hair, the child takes after Bing's mother.

You'll wear your Winter Coat

No wonder it's a major purchase. You spend more for it and more time in it than anything else. The coat itself must be all things to your wardrobe, must prove its success by the way it relates. It goes over your important suits as easily and becomingly as over your knitted casual or your brilliant chiffon evening dress. It is at home in city or country, or traveling anywhere in the world. The color of your coat is often a key to your wardrobe adding vitality to your blacks, browns and neutrals, also lovely with matching or contrasting colors. If it is worth its salt, it should last for several years, staying in fashion all the time, reflecting your taste and personality. There is no room in today's hectic life (or your wardrobe) for a coat that doesn't take over. Here are six important coats with small, well-planned wardrobes.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor





DRAWINGS BY JOHN CHAVARRI

If anything could be more basic and useful than a simple black or brown coat, it is a black-and-brown one with the tones repeated in a lapin lining (by David Kidd of Arthur Jablow). Wear it with color, as photographed, with a red two-piece wool; or, as sketched, with combinations of black, brown and coral. The black daytime wool with beige satin details and the black-trimmed brown taffeta by Ben Barrack. A coral chiffon evening dress by Leonard Arkin. Big brown handbag by Barra.

least 100 times a year!



CHESTERFIELD with an otter collar by Gunther Oppenheim, newest, slim-
coat of the year, a revival of tailored "boyish" fashions that have a way of
ng intensely feminine. Combine it with a gray flannel dress and a catchy blue
plaid by Jacques Heim and a black-and-brown chiffon into-evening dress by
Ferand, all designed for David Crystal, bright green hat by Janet Sloane.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





All-time flattery: the FOX-COLLARED COAT in a new pearl-gray shade used with beige, a beautiful coat for tall, slim women, and one that takes many color combinations. By David Kidd of Arthur Jablow. A black cardigan suit, a slipper satin in pale violet by Leonard Arkin and a beige wool dress by Ben Barrack are three widely different costumes that go with this coat all hours and places.





THE BEIGE COAT, a world-wide, round-the-year fashion of unquestioned status, traveling anywhere or staying at home anywhere, now and for years to come. With this beige coat, a moss-green wool jacket dress, a violet-colored wool dress, a black-and-brown brocaded silk afternoon and dinner dress. Soft, easy fur or jersey hats, brown and black handbags and gloves. All by Hattie Carnegie.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY CLARKE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



THE FUR-LINED COAT (above) is a rare combination of night and day, city and country fashion, equally right with casuals or evening clothes. When both fur and fabric are in the neutral tones such as this beige-and-gray coat, lined with mink, by Ben Reig, combinations are virtually limitless. Beautiful choices: a gray wool dress as photographed; sketched, an olive-green wool jacket dress with a velvet collar and hat, a beige wool, and a chiffon shirtwaist dress for dinner and theater in a topaz shade.



The fashions on all these pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide as you shop. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, we believe similar ones will be available.

Your Winter Coat

and wardrobe ideas



DRAWINGS BY JOHN CHAVARRI

FUR-FABRIC BORGANA is a marvel of usefulness, beauty and easy affordability. The leopard-cloth collar of this coat by Sandy Smith is so realistic that it can be worn with the real thing in spotted furs in handbags or hats (leopard bag by Esther Dorothy). Exciting as photographed with a gold wool dress by Andrew Arkin. Planned also with an off-white jersey costume by Ben Barrack, a flaming-red tweed jacket dress by Andrew Arkin, and a devastating little black late-day dress that could call for sables but looks wonderful with Borgana. All this glamour in a coat for less than $100.



Satin evening coat by Cardin—the stole also worn as a hood.



Black taffeta with a bow back, full skirt. Castillo of Lanvin.

PARIS in AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



Fashion of the cape, fashion of the two-color costume with a fur collar by Nina Ricci, worn with Paris's version of the sou'wester.

So wearable

The best clothes in the Par collections are easy and adap able, and seem especially d signed for American wome

Cape enchantment

Newest, most romantic fashio in Paris, capes and capeli coats swish and swirl over sli dresses and two-piece suits. Th slim look is slim with pleats with easy fullness. The ove blouse is everywhere and th sleeveless fashion here to sta

Fur and more fur

From sleek ponyskin and curl lamb to sable and badger . . . fu linings and collars, fur hats an handbags and bandings.

Hemlines

are in the limelight—stitched fringed, bordered, braided edged with fur. The skirt lengt is as you like it. Some to th knee, but we suggest mid-ca or an inch above.

Spectrum of fashion

Flaming red, violet mauve an lilac against a background gray, beige and black. Als charming Ming blues, inky blues bright and shell pink. Idea de tails: a jewel pinned on a velve cockade; a waistline define with a bow; hand-knit touche in hats, scarves, turtle neck lines, waistbands and collars

By WILHELA CUSHMA
Fashion Edit



Another beautiful cape and suit by Nina Ricci. Worn with fox-brimmed hat.



Important overblouse in red wool with a jewel on a velvet bow by Cardin. Right: reversible black-and-checked cape-collar coat by Castillo of Lanvin.



The Journal selects the most beautiful trend-making fashions...

to be adapted for you in the U.S.A.



Left: The dress with a fur-lined jacket—red wool with sable by Chanel. Below: pale violet suit in soft wool edged with braid by Chanel. Right: greatcoat, jacket and sleeveless overblouse dress in inky blue by Christian Dior.





Knitted stole and hat also an important trend-maker.



Barbara Journal, as everyone knows, is purely hypothetical—
and yet she is very real. Typical of the real Barbara J.'s are Martha Wolford
and Phyllis Dillon. Each has a responsible job—
one in an office, one at home. Beyond this they hold in common the fact that

They Both Kno

The Career Girl . . .

Martha Wolford left her home state of Ohio to work in New York. As a computer programmer, she writes instructions for intricate computing machines. For the office, Martha loves a good classic—always dresses simply *and* immaculately. For evenings, she likes to add glamour. As her first fall investment, Martha wanted a costume for all-day, everyday wear. One that would not dip too much into future fall fashion \$'s and with accessory changes would take her right out from work as well.

To the Office

Martha Wolford wears her new black-and-white worsted jacket dress. For everyday, she likes to accent with classic gold jewelry. Her new black bag, \$2.98, will go with her winter coat and shoes (black and beige) already in her wardrobe. Jacket dress, \$22.95.



PRIGENT



For Evening Glamour

Martha adds lots of pearls to the neckline of the dress, a wide cummerbund with her large "diamond" pin. On another occasion the dress would take equally well to vivid color.

A Special Luncheon

Martha accents her new costume with a bright color. The beret is turquoise velveteen and is \$3.98. Pearls at the neckline, a pin accenting the pocket detail add to her dressed-up look.

low to Dress Well on Practically Nothing!

The Housewife...

Phyllis Dillon and her husband Dick live in the suburbs. With four children to buy for and her reliance on more-casual clothes for household chores, Phyllis's fashion investments are not so frequent as our career girl's. However, the type of costume she likes is very much the same. The two investments, a good suit and dress which total $40.00, might be the only ones she makes over a long period of time. But they are basic and seasonless enough to wear indefinitely. By BET HART

In Town Shopping

Phyllis Dillon and her two oldest children, Richard, four, and Patty, three. Phyllis's suit is in her favorite color, blue. She especially liked the pleated skirt, short cardigan jacket. $25.00.
SUIT BY JESS PERLMUTH





Sunday Best Look

Phyllis wears the jacket buttoned, pearls at the neckline and a flower which could be real or make-believe. The veil, $2.98, is a plus for a dressier look too.

A Party

at another couple's home or their own. Phyllis wears her new dress. She looks especially pretty in bright colors as this shocking pink. The dress and cummerbund is Vogue Design No. 9989 and costs about $15.00. She can make a matching cummerbund or add more color with a contrasting pink one.*



*For other views, sizes and price, see page 134.

© VOGUE

THE JOURNAL'S

GEM OF A WARDROBE



Red wool and pink silk combine happily. Our tweed cardigan suit is a perfect show window for the pink silk-twill blouse with a tie neckline. Pleated skirt would also be pretty with a matching sweater. Slightly fitted jacket has three-quarter sleeves. All, Vogue Design No. 4141.

This lovely double-breasted coat is made of a medium-weight oatmeal wool tweed. It swings freely from the shoulders and will go nicely over a suit or dress. The flattering notched collar is set away from the neckline. Accessories are all pale beige. Vogue Design No. 4148.

HAT BY EMME



Beautiful classic clothes endure and can survive even changing fashions. With this in mind we planned our "Gem" of a wardrobe around an oatmeal tweed coat. Its ease and comfort are obvious, and the two-piece beige dress is made of crisp wool crepe that holds pleats to perfection. A bright suit is both gay and practical. Also, it combines with an assortment of blouses. Many women find a jacket dress the answer to a "when in doubt" party. Ours, in blue silk brocade, would suit most occasions. Good clothes deserve appropriate accessories. For this wardrobe, we have chosen a lovely fur hat and an alligator bag in the same pale shade as the coat. By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI





A jacket dress is a favorite in most every closet. This one, in royal-blue silk brocade, is especially useful and practical. The slim sleeveless dress with an open neckline is topped by a short jacket with a becoming wide collar that ties in the front. Vogue Design No. 4149.

This two-piece dress of pale beige crisp wool crepe is a daytime classic. Its beautifully pleated skirt falls from a yoke for slimness. The over-blouse buttons down the back and has a snug casing to hold it secure at the waistline. Sleeve length is optional. Vogue Design No. 5079.

JEWELRY BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 119.
Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered. © Vogue

CLASSIC SIMPLICITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT STAHMAN

BY JOHN BRENNEMAN ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

This house has all the classic refinement one expects but seldom finds in a French Provincial design. The simple roof line, neatly arranged windows and soft colors all suggest elegance and good taste.

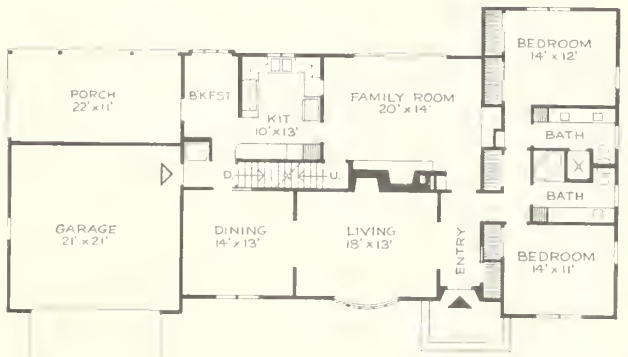
Inside is a good, conventionally arranged plan. In this house the living and dining rooms make no attempt at indoor-outdoor atmosphere; they are very frankly formal and self-contained, and that is just what a lot of people want in their entertaining areas. These rooms are therefore located sensibly toward the front of the house.

The family room, kitchen and breakfast room at the back are well arranged for informal living. They open to a secluded terrace.

The two baths are very roomy and easy to use. In fact, this whole house is roomy, done on the comfortable scale of the old days.

For the bigger family there is a huge attic, and this is a house on which dormers would look good.

It isn't a cheap house; good traditional design never is. It is a fine house of basic, conservative excellence.



Separate dining and breakfast rooms add to family room's usefulness.

ARCHITECTS: FOLGER & PEARSON, A.I.A.
AREA: 1920 SQUARE FEET
COST: $27,000 TO $36,000 PLUS LAND

Secluded terrace echoes French charm of house.





Elizabeth arrived in 1959, before the Hatfields' house was entirely finished. Mark Jr. came a year later.



Asked what he values most in his wife, Mark says, "I have trouble unwinding. She can get me to relax."



He's 38, she's 31, and one of the few flaws in their life is their lack of sufficient time to be together.

The Young Governor Hatfields At Home

They just roll their eyes when they think what they've spent in the last two years. But how can you build a "Governor's Mansion," entertain hundreds of guests at a time and have two babies in two years—all on a newlyweds' budget?

"My dear, how do you expect to perform the role of first lady and entertain on a large scale, coming as you do from such a meager background?"

A legislator's wife had the effrontery to bludgeon young Mrs. Mark Hatfield with this social club soon after the nation's second-youngest governor took office—but Antoinette Hatfield does not crush easily. "What that woman didn't realize," she said later, "is that the instinct for hospitality isn't confined to blue blood. I've never known truer hospitality than I saw in my parents' home." Antoinette is a second-generation American, of Yugoslavian descent.

Her husband, Oregon's handsome Republican governor, is the son of a railroad blacksmith and a political-science teacher. Together, Mark and Antoinette Hatfield have come very far.

"When Mark made the nominating speech for Mr. Nixon, I felt so excited and choked up that the tears started coming. But a television camera was aimed at me, so I didn't dare cry. I was so proud of him I could have burst!"

Many hard-shelled politicians expect big things of Mark Hatfield too. There's a rumor that they want the governor to run against Wayne Morse for the Senate in 1962. It's an uncontested fact that his pretty, friendly wife is a big campaign asset. "Antoinette is genuinely interested in everybody," Hatfield says. "Once, at a county fair, a boy explained why Guernseys give better milk than Jerseys. A year later, at a concert at Oregon State College, a student came up. 'Why, I remember you,' Antoinette said. 'You're the one at the Tillamook County Fair who told me Guernseys are better milk givers than Jerseys because they have a broader rib cage.'"

Antoinette's memory for people was thoroughly tested during the months of campaigning that immediately followed their quiet honeymoon. She met them by the thousands. At the Beefeaters' dinner in Ashland, they even ran into an old girl of Mark's. He didn't recognize her, but Antoinette made him go back and speak. "After all, she was old enough to vote."

Between trips across state, Antoinette wrote wedding-present thank-you notes endlessly in their tiny $90-a-month apartment. "If I ever wrote the story of that period, I'd call it 'Many, Many Thanks.'"

"Or you might call it 'Interrupted Love,'" her husband suggested.

She giggled. "We couldn't even have breakfast alone together, because that would have been wasting time. Mark always saw party leaders then."

Her worst household problem was trying to do the laundry and get enough clean clothes ahead for each junket. "Whenever we got to Portland to stay overnight, my mother would wash and iron Mark's shirts and pamper both of us. She and daddy were Democrats until Mark and I were engaged, but now they're two of his best drumbeaters."

Like her parents and her in-laws, Antoinette never once doubted how the election would turn out. "I planned an Election Night buffet way ahead. I had a caterer plank a salmon, but I watched so I could do it myself the next time. And I roasted a turkey and had *petits fours* decorated with elephants and Mark's name." She also fixed a specialty of her own that often appears on her company menus: bean salad, with three kinds of beans marinated overnight. The thirty guests ate with gusto, and celebrated late. At ten the next morning the press arrived in full cry, to interview Oregon's twenty-ninth governor and his lady. "So I fed them the rest of the cold turkey and salad for lunch."

The phone never stopped jangling that day, so they got an unlisted number. One of the last calls on the old number was from Vice President Nixon, congratulating Hatfield on being one of the few Republicans who had scored a smashing victory in a lean year for elephants.

Oregon doesn't provide a governor's mansion, so when the Vice President came to Salem a couple of months later, the state's first lady entertained him at lunch—roast and salad—in the apartment's cramped little dinette at one end of the kitchen. "I had burlap dyed yellow for a tablecloth, and when Mr. Nixon got up from the table he had yellow fuzz all over his dark suit. He seemed to think it was a good joke." At an official banquet that evening, she sat on the Vice President's right, and was surprised and pleased when, during his speech, he told the assembly their first lady was as charming a hostess as she was a good cook.

Hatfield says the thing he's always liked best about his wife as a homemaker is "her orderliness and the smooth way she organizes. I like it because we always have flowers on the table and service plates even when we're alone. And she takes good care of my clothes. She packs for me whenever I go on a trip, and there's never anything missing, down to the last cuff link."

His wife put in, "I'm better than a valet. I'm more well rounded."

The newlyweds' apartment was furnished in what the governor calls "early matrimony period," a hodgepodge of family hand-me-downs and the antiques the couple were lovingly collecting. Antoinette cleaned, cooked, ordered engraved note paper that said chastely *The Governor's Residence*, and between rounds of official functions kept shopping with her husband for a house worthy of the title.

Oregon provides a sleek black Cadillac limousine with a No. 1 license and a uniformed driver for its governor, plus a $17,500 yearly salary, but the Hatfields wanted a home to suit their own tastes and budget.

They solved the problem by buying a high, narrow, shabby eighty-seven-year-old house for $8500. They had planned to spend $18,000 on remodeling, and they went far above this figure. (They don't say how much—they just roll their eyes.) "We wouldn't have done it just for ourselves, but we felt this had to be a governor's house." They got a regular savings-and-loan mortgage, and are paying $350 a month on that, and $250 more in payments on furnishings and appliances. Carpeting was much the biggest item: $4000.

The governor has to travel around the state so often—26,500 miles last year, mostly by car—that his time spent at home seems like a vacation. He is constantly bringing home last-minute guests for meals. "I try not to plan my housekeeping schedule too rigidly," Antoinette says. "I keep everything fluid, to fit in with his job."

This hasn't always worked out in practice since the children came. For instance, Antoinette almost stayed home from the long-planned trip to the Governors' Conference in Puerto Rico, "because I hated to leave Elizabeth when she was only four weeks old. But my mother gave me a talking to. She said, 'Now look here, you've got a job as a wife too.'"

There was no such hesitation about going to the Republican convention this past summer, four weeks after Mark Jr. was born. "I'm a veteran parent now." With four doting grandparents, the children never lack for volunteer sitters or a place to visit. And, as Antoinette says of her husband's place in the spotlight there, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Of course life for the Hatfields is not one unbroken string of triumphs. An associate tells about one of the negative days, while the 1959 legislature was in session. Hatfield had planned to get away from the capitol early, in time to shave, change his clothes, and pick up his wife before some official function in Portland. But nothing went right; when the governor picked up his first lady, there was barely enough time to make their appointment. He looked exhausted, tense. Antoinette kept tactfully silent for the first few miles. Then she said, "You know what I think—I think you'll go down in history as Oregon's greatest governor."

Mark Hatfield burst out laughing and reached over to hug her. "With you around," he said, "how can I lose?"

A NEW KITCHEN FOR THE GOVERNOR



"Breakfast is our favorite meal," Antoinette said. "It's our chance to be together before the day's pressures pile up." The Hatfields enjoy the informal and cheerful dining area near the kitchen.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

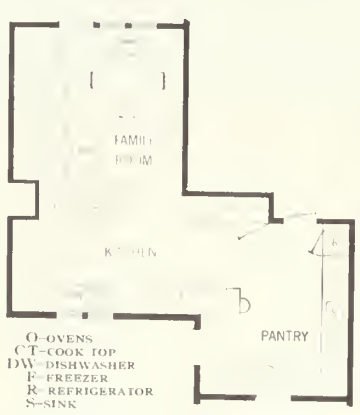
The Hatfields needed a kitchen that was rather special. The family comes first, but this kitchen has to cope with official entertaining, a relentless part of a governor's life—big teas, little parties, impromptu dinners. "In politics Mark plays hunches," Antoinette told us; "I cook the same way. I have to be ready to expand a dinner for two to serve four, or whip up a tea in a hurry." And she meets each change calmly. The kitchen has been planned that way—a wonderful room for hospitable Hatfields.

Most of the cooking is done at the special center in the divider wall between kitchen and breakfast room. There are fast-heating units for speed and one with a temperature control that minds the heat for the long slow cooking that makes stews and pot roasts so tender. A hood above is pulled out to draw off cooking odors; later it slides neatly into the cabinet. Another ventilator over the ovens handles the smoke and odors from broiled steaks or chops. At party time when the cooking load is heavy, an extra cooking section in the pantry space is available. It folds to the wall when it isn't needed, so there is counter space for serving.

The refrigerator in the main kitchen and the companion freezer near the desk are both the kind that never collect frost. Frozen packages never stick together, nor are labels coated with frost. In the freezer, Antoinette keeps a supply of ice cream, some she makes herself, for "Mark can make a meal of ice cream." The freezer "is the modern emergency shelf—and I need one in this household." The heart of the kitchen is Antoinette's desk—spacious and handy with shelves for cookbooks above and space for her typewriter and writing supplies below.

For all its efficiency, the kitchen has a mellow charm that blends with the rest of the house. The cabinets are wood in a warm fruitwood tone—with graceful moldings on doors and drawers, and accents of diamond-pane glass. These contrast with sunny yellow appliances and walls. The tile design on the floor is old-time, but the material is vinyl with marble-like sections divided off with turquoise strips.

The governor looked around the new room that reflected his warmth and interest and remembered the very first kitchen he knew: "On cold winter days the kitchen was the warmest room in the house, and we always managed to dress back of the range. We even took our baths there in a washtub with a good fire burning in the stove in the corner." Then he added, "This new room, too, has a fine family feeling—and it's much more workable."



The plan shows how the family kitchen—a workable U—opens into the breakfast area. For serving to the dining room, a modern pantry is lined up on one wall.





Left: Kitchen windows look out on park—have shades with butterfly design like breakfast-room curtains. Frostfree refrigerator here matches companion freezer across the room next the home office.

Above: Second sink and another refrigerator save bottlenecks. Long counter makes serving move smoothly. Large-size coffeemaker and shelves for dinner service for 18 guarantee all-is-on-hand for parties.



DALE HEALY



When Antoinette cooks, ventilators carry away odors here and from built-in double oven. At left is heated-top table that rolls to the dining room, makes serving easier.

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor



Minuscule desk tucks in beside chimney. Wood stove connects to flue.

When Governor and Mrs. Mark Hatfield converted the old house they had bought in Oregon's capital, they did a major remodeling job—but mainly to the first floor. The upstairs still keeps its rather old-fashioned feeling, and here the Hatfields, who collect antiques, decorated their prize guest room to reflect a Victorian mood. Antoinette Hatfield's gracious philosophy sees to it that a guest is comfortable and at home. She believes there should be good lighting; a desk, be it ever so small; that the books and magazines must be up-to-date; and another must: a full-length mirror. Charm and thoughtfulness combine here to refresh the grateful visitor.



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Striped paper sets off charming old bed, some pet antiques. Modern lamps give excellent light, have Victorian feeling.

Victorian Bedroom

YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE DEPENDS ON EDUCATION

By H. G. RICKOVER, Vice Admiral, USN

In what we believe is the most important and concise summary ever written of the challenges facing the United States today, Admiral Rickover sketches in bold, dramatic terms the nature of the conflict in which every man, woman and child in this nation is now engaged, either by action or by default. The dilemma of our times has never been more forcefully put, nor the course of right action made so crystal clear. THE EDITORS

Today we must live with the possibility that Russia—and within a few years China—may launch an ultimate weapon from a blue sky which will wipe out all our capabilities for resistance. They have the means to build such a weapon; their rulers have the power to make an unprovoked attack. They are restrained by neither legal nor moral principles—only by their assessment of the risk of retaliation.

Mao has clearly said that China does not fear atomic war. If she won, it would be worth the price, whatever the loss of human life. If she lost, she would still emerge immeasurably stronger, since her overpopulation problem would have been solved at one stroke. To Mao, half of China's people—more than 300,000,000 human beings—are expendable.

Our adversaries are formidable. The contest is perilous for us. We surpass them in the moral strength of our civilization and—I firmly believe—in the inventiveness of our people. Yet they have on their side a ruthless technological efficiency which does not appear to be matched by ours.

Is the Western world to be lost simply through inefficiency? What is it that makes the totalitarian dictatorships technologically so efficient? We cannot explain everything by their power to channel manpower where they need it. Not all Russia's successes are totalitarian successes. Certainly nothing in our form of government condemns us to have scholastically inferior schools or less efficient management of weapons development or space programs. Democratic principles and institutions do not preclude us from outperforming Russia technologically. But neither do ideals fulfill themselves without human effort and sacrifice. Democracy is not self-executory; it depends wholly on how we as democratic citizens perform our public duties.

To my mind, we shall see more clearly what we must do if we think of efficiency as the central issue. The contest is essentially one between opposite systems of management for modern industrial societies—with totalitarianism frankly avowing it will destroy us should we prove the less efficient of the two systems. The advantage of taking this unemotional and unself-righteous view is that our attention is instantly focused on ways to improve our own efficiency within the framework of democratic principles and institutions. We are thus helped to realize that not democracy but the way we use it keeps us from remaining ahead of Russia.

A totalitarian government may be compared with a truncheon made of solid wood; democracy, with a fasces. This, as you doubtless know, is a bundle of reeds tied together by a strap, with an axhead protruding at one end. It was the emblem of the majesty of the Roman state and you will also find it embossed on our silver dime, where it symbolizes the strength and resilience inherent in the free union of many separate entities.

What makes a totalitarian state strong is its monolithic social structure, the ruthless competition that selects rulers, the speed with which action can be taken to enhance national power. Those who command action need not consider others or take time to justify their decisions; a servile people under strict discipline carries out orders without demur.

In contrast, that which makes democracy strong is the enhancement freedom gives to the quality of a people and the marvels free men achieve when the bond that unites them is of their own making. When free individuals are joined together by devotion to their country, when this devotion is stronger than their individual or group interest, when they are imbued with the enlightened self-interest we call patriotism—then, just as individual reeds tied firmly together in a fasces are stronger than a solid piece of wood, so are democracies stronger than authoritarian societies of comparable size and population.

If we set the two systems against each other in this fashion, it becomes at once clear that our system depends entirely on the quality of our people. It vests sovereignty in ordinary men and hence requires that they be well educated, well informed, and actively involved in public affairs. If we have not been as successful in the contest as we must be, we cannot blame democracy—we can blame only ourselves.

What has been missing has been clear understanding of the gravity of the present peril by all our people. Past experience has given us a sublime confidence that no foreign nation could seriously threaten our survival. But today we confront an adversary who controls a larger land area, more people and more natural resources than we—an adversary, moreover, who, though not yet equal to us in the whole field of science and technology, has outstripped us in a number of vitally important areas and is rapidly catching up with us in others. And the full impact of his military power is no longer lessened by CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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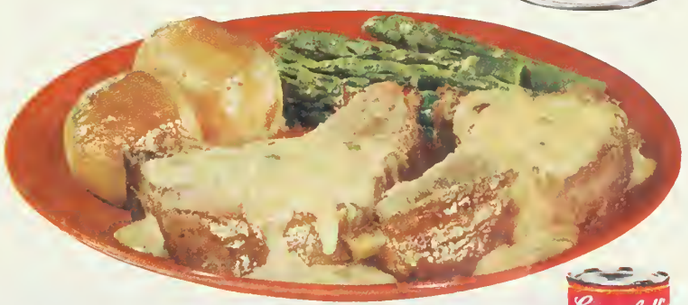


CHICKEN GRAVY FOR CHICKEN, turkey, ham, or lamb. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add ¼ cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings, as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about 1½ cups.





MUSHROOM GRAVY FOR BURGERS, roast beef, pork, ham, chicken, or lamb. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add ¼ cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings, as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about 1½ cups.





CELERY GRAVY FOR PORK, lamb, ham, or chicken. Remove roast or fried meat from pan; pour off and save drippings. Pour can of Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup into pan; stir well to loosen browned bits. Add ¼ cup water and 2 to 4 tbsp. meat drippings as desired. Heat; stir often. Makes about 1½ cups. Creamy-delicious and so very easy!



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STRESS: HOW DOES IT AFFECT *YOUR* BODY?

Stress—physical, mental or emotional—can be either good or bad for you.

In fact, a normal amount of stress is actually a good thing. For example, if you get "keyed-up" over an interesting or challenging job, you may do your work more effectively.

But prolonged or intense stress—caused by too much work or worry or anxiety—can threaten health.

That's because continued stress upsets some of the body's chemical processes. In particular, severe or persistent stress causes overactivity of certain glands that produce hormones, the body's "chemical messengers."

If this glandular overactivity is continually triggered by stress, it may upset almost every system of the body. And this may lead to illness, including heart trouble, high blood pressure and digestive disorders.

All of us should recognize the threat of undue stress. Its importance is made plain by the fact that so many people who seek medical attention today have ailments brought about or made worse by prolonged stress.

If you find that it's frequently difficult or nearly impossible to relax or "take things easy" or get a good night's sleep, chances are you're under too much stress.

Here are some ways to help you keep the mental and physical stresses of life in check:

When your work load seems overwhelming, remember that some things can almost always be set aside until later. Concentrate on one particular job. That way your work will go faster and you'll be under less strain.

When tense and upset, try physical activity. It helps relieve tenseness so that you can come back and tackle irritating problems more calmly.

Talk out your troubles—with your clergyman or family doctor or with an understanding friend or member of your family. Getting things "off your chest" prevents a lot of unnecessary emotional stewing.

Have regular medical check-ups. If you keep physically fit, you'll be able to handle your tensions more easily.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

geographic remoteness, for technology has wiped out distance as a factor in war. The oceans no longer protect us; we are as vulnerable to attack as are our European friends and allies.

Because we do not fully comprehend the changes brought about by the rise of totalitarianism and technological progress, we continue to think and act as if we were secure. We continue familiar and time-honored habits acquired during our long history of enviable independence. We engage in meaningless debates over alternative policies when in fact we no longer have a choice.

To take some obvious examples: We no longer have a real choice between policies of political isolation as against involvement in world affairs. We need allies and bases abroad and we must compete with Russia in winning friends for our side.

Neither do we have a real choice between policies of economic isolation as against involvement in world markets. Heavy inroads into our once apparently inexhaustible natural resources now make us dependent on many imports from abroad. These imports must be paid for by exporting American products, hence our prices must be competitive. It seems to me obvious that we shall not forever be able to offset with government subsidies and tariffs a wage-and-price level far above that of the nations whose products compete with ours.

Where once we could disregard the effect of tariff and trade policies on foreign countries, we must now take these effects into consideration. This change in our situation is not fully understood by some influential power groups; their insistent demand that we disregard the needs of foreign countries in order to protect domestic industries runs counter to the interests of the nation as a whole. It springs from inability to grasp the gravity of the challenge posed by totalitarianism; every blunder we make in foreign relations is instantly exploited by them to win a point in the contest.

There is always a time lag before men and societies are able to adjust their thinking to altered circumstances. Nowhere is this resistance to change more evident than in the decisions we make on how much of our income must be invested in public services essential to the strength of the nation—how much must therefore be withdrawn from private consumption for personal comfort and pleasure and for industrial prosperity. We no longer have the freedom of choice that used to be an important feature of our way of life. Yet many of us cling to the illusion that it is part of democracy to starve the public sector of the economy and coddle the private sector; that if we made the public sector stronger we would go counter to our political principles.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. calls this a "weird and intolerable" notion. He warns we are doomed if we cling to the belief that production and consumption of consumer goods are the be-all and end-all of existence, that whatever does not pay its way is not worth doing and anyway we cannot afford to do it. The United States, he writes, "the richest country in the history of the world, can't 'afford' an educational system worthy of its children, can't 'afford' as many ICBM's as the less affluent Soviet Union, can't 'afford' a proper resources policy, can't even, heaven help us, 'afford' a decent postal system."

Is it not time we re-examine this odd notion that money spent, let us say, on measures designed to insure our nation's survival, or to give our children an education preparing them to live effectively in the complex world of tomorrow—that *money spent for such purposes does not buy anything of value to us personally while money spent on comic books or cigarettes does?* Surely this is a time when our private concerns are inextricably intertwined with the larger concerns of the nation.

Today our only choice may be quite simply between taxing ourselves to support essential public undertakings and losing the contest to the Russians.

Was it sensible in the midst of a cold war to engage in protracted arguments whether to build an H-bomb, a missile, a satellite? As if this were a matter we could freely decide—when in reality we had no choice whatsoe for Russia was certainly going to build th Are we not taking frightful chances whe allow our dislike of government expansio blind us to the necessity for governme nanced and directed development pro whenever such projects are too big or uneconomic to be undertaken by private dustry? Rather than judging each case b conformity to the existing pattern of already mixed economy, ought we no make our decisions solely on the basi whether a given project will so gre strengthen the nation it would be foll reject it?

Or take another example where our free of choice has been lessened—educat Whether we like it or not, education is our first line of defense, and we neglect our peril.

Russia's schools and universities out duce us in highly qualified members o professions and in masses of young pe below the professional-school level who a solid grounding in the humanities

FROM THE HILLS

By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

Fresh water
Came from the hills.
Through a copper pipe,
Into the old parsonage
In Vermont.

Like small, pale ferns
And tiny fragrant violets,
It curled into the kitchen
Warm with new-baked bread

It came.
Purling like a brook
Above the sound of cooking.
Over the notes of singing,
And went on.

But there was always more.
Coming clear and sparkling
From the hills.

sciences. Yet our professional educati sts dismiss critics who urge that at the lea ve catch up with these Russian achieven ts. They declare Russia's educational perform ce is irrelevant for us, since Russian childre re educated to serve the state while ours gr up in freedom. But knowledge in the libera rts constitutes genuine education—no matt or what purposes a child is given the cha to acquire it—while mere life-adjustment tra g, no matter how kindly administered, w al- ways be counterfeit education.

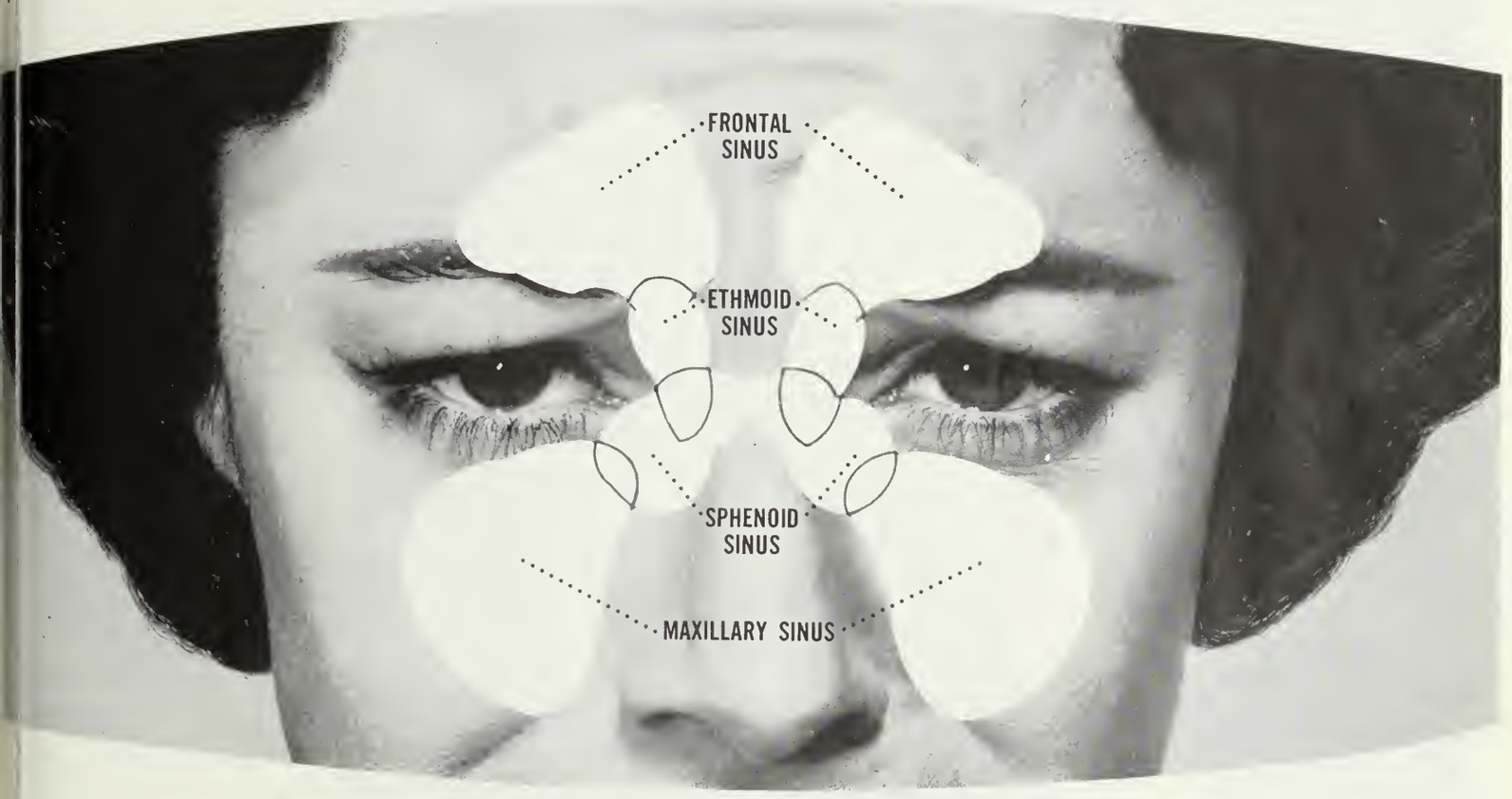
Critics of American education valu he genuine article as much for what it do to enrich the educated person's life as fo its contribution to our nation's strength. F tu- nately, the two aims do not conflict. Eas rill courses may be fun, but give no perm ent satisfaction to the individual. Real scho tic achievement satisfies on the personal le as much as it enriches the nation. But a re tic assessment of our present peril leads t he harsh conclusion that today the nation's ed of a school system that really educates ut- weighs the pleasure that being well ju- cated gives to the individual. Life-adjus ent schooling does not produce in our peop the kind of competence on which the futu of the nation now depends.

I am frightened by what appears to a tendency in some quarters to *prefer* lettin his country sink into second place if the alt na- tive means uncongenial effort, or goes co ter

CONTINUED ON PAG 02

Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE



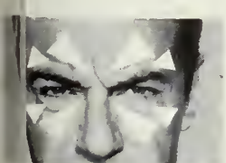
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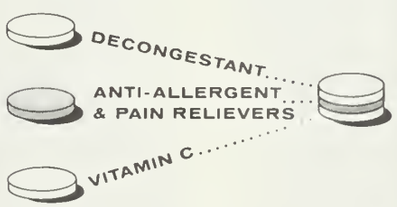
WHEN COLDS STRIKE, nasal-sinus passages become clogged with germ-laden mucus... responsible for so much colds suffering and misery.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

to deep-seated convictions as to the proper place of government in a democracy, or requires financial sacrifices that might slow somewhat the upward curve of private consumption. I am certain this attitude is the outgrowth of a sincere—though in my opinion tragically erroneous—belief that we can, without grave damage to our country, choose between making an all-out effort to keep ahead in the contest with Russia and allowing her to outdo us. Russia has only to outpace us in a single really vital area to put us decisively into second place. Those who think it costs too much to keep our nation at the top have never counted the cost of the alternative. Let us have no illusions on this score. Our choice is not between parity or superiority on the one hand and second place on the other; it is between parity, as a minimum, and certain loss of independence—not only our own but that of all nations this side of the iron and bamboo curtains. Most of us are aware of this, but only, so to speak, at the top of our heads. We need to know it in the marrow of our bones.

We are grievously in error if we equate national power with production and consumption of private goods—with the number of telephones, automobiles or ranch houses we possess. Victory cannot be won with more and better washing machines—not when the other side has more and better missiles.

To meet the Russian challenge we must take our responsibility as democratic citizens seriously, devote more of our energies to public service. Complete absorption in private and family affairs is becoming a luxury that will cost us dear. We cannot eat our cake and have it too. Democratic rights must be earned by conscientious performance of democratic duties.

Two tasks are particularly important: first, preservation of the bond that unites us into a nation; second, wise choice of men to govern us.

Though democracy gives enormous lee- to private initiative and private pursuit of private gain, there is a limit. The limit is se- the requirement at any given time to subju- this or that private interest to the public go-. We cannot expect powerful interest group- give up fighting for their special interests; s- would be against human nature. But we h- long believed that by letting them fight e- another the common good will ultimately e- served. This has now become a dangerous fallacy. We are more likely to see mutual- commodations at the expense of nation- needs. The nation's need for a depend- currency, for example, is defied when e- wage-price spiral creates permanent inflati-

When a democracy becomes in effect a pressure-group state, it will be as weak as a loosely tied bundle of reeds. Only we, as individual citizens, can prevent this from happening. The public good has no other protector but the people themselves. We must subject all organized groups to constant scrutiny and develop a highly skeptical attitude toward their attempts to create a pleasing "public image" of themselves. It is well to keep in mind that only rarely will it be true that what is good for one or another such group must necessarily be good for the country as a whole.

No less important is our responsibility to choose wisely among competing candidates for public office. The fate of our country depends in large part on having first-rate men in all important government positions—whether these be elective or appointive. In as large and populous a nation as the United States, absolute action will not be taken unless we have resolute and capable leaders. The people may realize what needs to be done, yet be unable to do it if our leaders do not lead.

Amateurs in government are not the best people to direct us when we are fighting for life in a bitter contest with Russia. Is a desire to serve, combined with experience gained in running a business concern, really sufficient to enable one to manage the public affairs of a nation of 180,000,000? Can an adequate job of running huge government agencies be done by men on brief tours of duty of no more than two years? We are the only major nation equating ability to manage a factory with ability to administer public affairs on the highest level. Could we not perhaps learn from other Western democracies with efficient systems of public administration? There, high government posts are usually entrusted to men who have worked their way up in their party or in public service, and who have on the way acquired special competence in the area of government where their new posts lie. Would it not be better if we put men who have for many years headed Congressional or Senate committees into top appointive posts where their special experience and knowledge are needed? This, of course, would demand that we give the man we elect President the support of a Congress controlled by his party.

The central fact about the contest with Russia is that every action we take or neglect to take—no matter in what area of private or public life—affects our position in this race. We have no choice but to accept this fact of international life and come to terms with the grim present. Other peoples have for centuries lived with constant peril. We, too, can accustom ourselves to living with danger. But not without great effort; not without giving up cliché thinking and illusions.

No one, of course, likes the critic who disturbs our complacency. We need not like him, but we must permit him to speak. Indeed we cannot afford not to listen to what he says. It may just be that he is right and what he proposes has validity. We have almost made criticism "undemocratic" when in fact it is the very mainstay of democracy. How can anything be changed for the better unless someone first calls attention to the need for change? Surely no one could maintain today that we are doing well in the contest with Russia. What then should a responsible citizen do? Give thought to the reasons why we are falling behind in the technological race and how we could reverse the situation? Speak out when he believes his country to be in danger? Or should he remain pleasant and agreeable and keep his mind and his mouth shut?



THE WHITE DRESS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Janice and I can't really agree on anything, Margaret admitted. *I know it's a normal part f growing up, youngsters always rebel. But eantime we have no meeting ground, no com- on viewpoint. It's as though she's drifting way, and I just can't reach her. . . . Surely ings will work out. And surely this Kenny ing is almost over. He hasn't seemed so pos- ssive the past few months.*

She thought for a while about Kenny, the rst real boy friend Janice had ever had, the nly one. She and Clyde had seen a lot of enny the last year, and though he had his ults—he was sometimes selfish, often bossy—robably he was no worse than most his age. nd they owed him a certain debt for the gift belonging that he had given Janice. Until he met Kenny Hall, Janice had chafed in a ght cocoon of self-consciousness, brooding d lonely; now she had friends and a busy hedule, she went to all the games and all e parties, was one of The Crowd. Even her hool marks had noticeably improved. She d a "steady."

Margaret cringed at the word. She and lyde had argued the matter up and down; lyde was more easygoing about such things. ut even Margaret recognized the change Janice which they, as parents, had not en able to accomplish alone. The begin- ngs of social poise and self-confidence. For is, like it or not, they could thank Kenny all.

And Janice was right when she said, "Ev- ybody goes steady." In this particular town, in this particular school, to one degree or another everybody did.

Margaret made herself a cup of instant coffee, and drank it sitting at the kitchen table, and the clock on the wall marked every minute with a little thump. (Clyde had promised to fix that clock last weekend, until he got mixed up in baseball with the boys.) She could hear the rain. *Well, rain is better than fog.* But the roads would be slippery, and Kenny's tires were slick. He'd just finished paying a speeding ticket in March.

How could Clyde sleep so peacefully upstairs? How could he rest? If she wakened him now, he'd cover his fears with impatience: "What do you want me to do? Go out and hunt them? Call the police? Kenny's a pretty good driver, for his age. Come to bed."

When a car swooped into the driveway Margaret gave a tremendous sigh: *Thank God! No head-on crash, no splintering glass, no screaming sirens tonight.* And so she stood up quickly, rinsed out her coffee cup, slammed a few cupboard doors and started to hum a tune. Janice was home.

She came through the back door swinging her evening slippers in one hand, her dark hair frosted with rain, her lipstick a little blurred, and she gave her mother a tentative smile, glancing quickly at the clock.

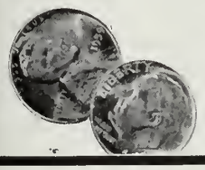
"I'm sorry I'm late; I wish you wouldn't wait up." She frowned. "I always get home all right."

"We said twelve-thirty," Margaret reminded her firmly. "You know the rules; this means no dates next weekend."

"Yes, I know. It doesn't matter." Janice slumped into one of the captain's chairs at the oval table. "It was a fabulous party—really great. Do you feel like talking?"

"Of course," Margaret said, trying not to sound too eager. She noticed that Janice was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106



The woman who had opened the door listened patiently as the boys wearing disguises and holding small milk cartons labeled UNICEF told her what the coins they were seeking would do to help the world's needy children.

"I do wish I could contribute," she said when they were through. "But my husband has been ill and out of work for several months. I am sorry, there's really nothing I can do."

"Not even a penny?" one of the boys asked. "Just that would be enough to protect a kid against TB."

The woman looked at him intently as he said that last word. Then she went into the house and came back with a dime.

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ON TRICK OR TREAT NIGHT



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Look . . . and wonder, when you see how many wonderful ways hot cling peaches can make chicken even more exciting and delicious! These two so very versatile foods, when teamed together — broiled, barbecued, fried, baked — flatter the appetite . . . transform an 'ordinary' menu into An Occasion! (Remember, only clings hold their shape and sunny color during heating.)

BROILED CHICKEN AND CLING PEACHES: Broil chicken halves on Reynolds Wrap. While broiling, drizzle 1 tsp. lemon juice on each peach half. For 4 peach halves, blend 2 tsps. brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry mustard. 10 minutes before chicken is done, place peaches on foil, sprinkle with sugar-mustard mixture, broil until tinged with brown.

FRIED CHICKEN AND CLING PEACHES: Use your favorite frying method. 5-10 minutes before done, drain excess fat from pan, add drained cling peach halves. Heat 5-10 minutes, sprinkle peaches with dill, thyme or rosemary.

PARTY CHICKEN WITH CLING PEACHES: Brown six chicken breasts and set aside. Combine 1 c. raw rice, 2 c. chicken broth, 4-oz. can sliced mushrooms, 2 tbsps. chopped parsley, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. curry or thyme in chicken pan. Heat to boiling and turn into 2-qt. baking dish lined with Reynolds Wrap. Add chicken, fold and seal Wrap, bake 50 min. at 350° F. Combine 3 tbsps. orange marmalade, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. lemon juice and dash of powdered cloves. Spread on cut side of 6 drained cling peach halves; arrange around chicken. Bake uncovered 10-15 min. more.

POLYNESIAN CHICKEN AND CLING PEACHES: Brown $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cut-up fryer, cover and cook till tender. Drain off excess fat. Quarter and separate into layers 1 large white onion. Cut 1 green pepper into strips. Cook with chicken till onion is transparent. Drain can cling peach slices (1 lb. 13 oz.), reserving syrup. Into 1 c. peach syrup, stir 1 tbsp. cornstarch, 1 tbsp. soy sauce and 3 tbsps. vinegar. Pour over chicken and cook till clear and slightly thickened. Add peach slices and 2 medium-sized tomatoes, cut into sixths. Heat 5 min. longer, serve with hot rice. Serves 6.

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD

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nervous. Janice was terribly thin. She'd always had trouble putting on weight, and what a disgrace to wear a double-A-cup bra! Her hands were slender and narrow, the tendons showing like spokes of a fan from her wrists to the knuckles. She'd start to fill out once she got to college. "Want some ice cream, dear? There's butter pecan."

"No, thanks; we stopped at the diner."

Margaret waited. The wish for confidence was rare, a treasure to be handled delicately. She noticed the cleft of a frown between the clear blue eyes, a whiteness around the blur of pink lipstick. She noticed the shoulder blades that seemed to stand up sharply, pressing the ridge of collarbones forward, emphasizing the childish hollows above them.

"Mother," Janice said suddenly, squeaking a little, "I've decided I'm going to get married." Not "I'd like to," or "What do you think?" Just "*I'm going to.*"

"Now—now wait a minute," Margaret said, bridling. "When do you mean?"

"Right away. Next weekend, maybe." Janice shrugged, but it turned out an awkward jerk of her bony white shoulders. "I think it's a good idea. After all, what's college?"

"Kenny?"

Janice gave her one of those baleful sixteen-year-old glances. "Oh, *mother*. Who else have I been out with in the last two years?"

Nobody, more's the pity, Margaret thought. *Oh, this premature pairing off like little men and women! Parties in pairs, dances in pairs, two-seated cars—it's an indefensible system, firmly installed. Even the schools are resigned to it.* "It gives them security," Janice's teacher had said. Angry color slowly suffused Margaret's face, and her heart began to pump in panic.

"You know you can't, dear," she said as calmly as she could. "You're only sixteen. You're going to college, you're on the honor roll. It seems like a long time to wait. But Kenny has three more years at State U.; a lot can happen. You'll both meet other people, make new friends. The time will fly, darling, honestly, wait and see!"

"I don't think you ever liked Kenny, really," Janice murmured. "You put up with him, you and daddy, but you think he's a mess ——"

"I don't! That isn't fair!" Margaret protested more heartily than she intended. It was her own daughter's dependence on him she didn't like. "I think he's sometimes a little overbearing. I never liked going steady, I'll guarantee you that! And I never liked his having his own car!"

"You have to go steady, whether you want to or not," Janice insisted. "You know that, mother. Lots of the kids don't really want to either. But who wants to get left out?"

"Well, still," Margaret said, "that's a far cry from marriage."

"Mother," Janice said, leaning forward, looking straight into Margaret's eyes, "mother, *I have to.*"

The blow descended slowly, a cloud in the silence. The hard, incredible words that every mother of daughters imagines in the anguish of certain sleepless nights . . . that every mother forbids herself to believe could ever be real.

The words had no reality now, none at all. Here in the dim familiar kitchen, here at the table where they shared their meals—the salt and pepper shakers with their painted faces, the schoolbooks stacked on the counter, the African-violet pots on the window sills. The thing was so impossible, so absurd that a dreadful derisive laughter welled within her: of all ridiculous things! Janice? Oh, what a monstrous joke, what an evil sense of humor! This quiet child, this half-grown youngster, *pregnant?*

A shower of thoughts flashed through Margaret's mind, spinning in chaos. *She's too young to know what she's saying, she must be wrong! How long has it been? It couldn't happen. She knows we love her, they say that's important, don't they? She knows we trust her! Ah, children driving cars, who makes the laws? What will I tell her little brothers? What if it's true? She'll never wear her graduation dress. Oh Clyde, oh Clyde!*

Janice's chin was tipped defensively forward, and her eyelids were lowered, hiding her secrets. She looked quite frail in her flowerlike party dress, the starched petals edging the top of the narrow bodice, the wide bouffant skirt blossoming over the arms of the chair. Her hair was a dark elfin cap perched over her pink-and-white face. She weighed a hundred and three.

"It—it's too late to talk tonight," Margaret said at last, surprised that her voice formed sensible-sounding words. "Does Kenny know?"

"I told him today," Janice answered, lifting her chin still higher, and when she did so her eyelids closed, and a tear stood out in the corner of one of her eyes and slid down her cheek.

"People are marrying very young these days," Margaret said faintly, "very young."

She stood up heavily and turned off the kitchen lights, and followed her daughter slowly up the front stairs, watching the silver slippers swinging back and forth.

In the hallway Janice kissed her mother distantly, and closed her bedroom door. It was later, a great deal later, almost dawn, when Margaret tiptoed into her room to tuck in the rose-colored blanket, and gently, disbelieving, touched her outspread hand.

In the light of day the events of the previ night assumed the fantastic shape of rea Margaret got Clyde off to work witho word; she wanted to make absolutely s before she thrust this extra burden on h Oh, poor Clyde! So kind, so much concer with them all—so fond of Janice! Tommy Tad, the twins now nine, had never evo the tenderness he felt for his daughter. H would she ever tell him?

Next she got the two boys dressed and to the bus, a lively handful. She somet forgot to pack their lunches, and had to g them lunch money as they galloped out door. . . . The wedding would have to quick, before rumors got to the childre but not too quick, or rumors were even m certain. A week or two?

Then Janice came downstairs, and M garet stared in amazement, for she looked different at all. The same striped chamb dress with roll-up sleeves, the same thin g chain around her throat, the white socks loafers. Only her eyes were evasive in morning light, and she was unduly quiet. usual shyness had a different quality, a de erate withdrawal. The only sound she m while she ate was the clinkity-clink of

EMERSON SAYS

Make yourself necessary to somebody. Do not make life hard to any.

I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.

Adopt the pace of nature; her secret is patience.

I like the sayers of no better than the sayers of yes.

So of cheerfulness, or a good temper, the more it is spent, the more of it remains.

I have always thought that faith in immortality is proof of the sanity of a man's nature.

charm bracelets slipping up and down slender arms.

"We'd better see Doctor Hagen this m ing," Margaret suggested hopefully. "I out for sure."

"I've already seen him," Janice stated, l ing into her cereal bowl. "I made him pro to let me tell you first. He was pretty n

"Oh, Janice—Janice!" Margaret breat

So it was true. The shock was too bi absorb all at once. Margaret's mind rebe *No, no!* and when she picked up the car to drive Janice up to the high school, the of her fingers were numb.

Janice buttoned a pale blue sweater arc her shoulders, and cradled her books in arms. She started to go outside, but sto with one hand on the doorknob, her toward her mother. Her forehead presse against the screen of the door.

"Mother, I'm terribly sorry," she whisp in a rush. "I know that's a terribly little w but I am, I am! I didn't mean it, I thou loved him, I don't know how it happe I—I was used to him, I guess, and I d want to lose him."

"I could write an excuse for school," garet faltered.

Janice's chin went up, and she opene door. "No, it keeps me busy. I'd better

At the school Margaret held her a mo in the car, pretending to straighten the c of a neatly turned cuff. "When does K go back to college?" she asked.

"Sunday night. He only came home fo prom." Her voice was steady again.

"When will you see him?"

"He might pick me up after school. pretty mad about . . . things."

CONTINUED ON PAGE

Do you have trouble giving your child medicine?



When your child has fever of cold or flu, or a headache—do you have difficulty getting him to accept "aspirin"? You won't have this problem if you give the *children's* aspirin with the orange flavor children prefer!



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

"Tell him to come to our house tonight after supper."

Janice stiffened. "I don't know whether he'll come!"

"Oh, yes, he'll come. I'll talk to his mother today."

"His mother's in Florida. Only his grandmother's there."

"Never mind, he'll come," Margaret assured her. "Tell him nine o'clock. I can get the boys to bed first."

"All right, I'll try," Janice promised.

Her mother watched her walk lightly up the long stone steps leading into the school.

Now what first? The doctor, the minister? Where shall I go?

Where have I failed? she tormented herself. *How were we wrong? Too little freedom, too much? If Clyde and I differed on discipline it was only between ourselves, we always struck a balance before we faced Janice. We decided to let her be "Kenny's girl," and tried to control it. Midnight curfew, no drive-in movies, only two dates a week. But week after week, the gathering momentum of hours alone together—she was used to him. Should we have forced her to suffer isolation? The experts say, "Teach your children right from wrong, and trust them." We tried. Then how could this ——*

This (the phrase kept ringing over and over) *this only happens to other people. . . . Oh, it does? It's happened here. In this house on Cochran Street. To Janice. To me.*

Margaret called on their minister first, a friend for fifteen years. Her muscles drew tense and painful as she talked, her face stained ruby. But he was neither shocked nor righteous, only sad.

"You know how sorry I am, Margaret," he said. "I'm sorry for all these youngsters today, the pressures of unrestraint. Of course I'll marry them whenever you say, the sooner the better."

Then she went to see Doctor Hagen. He was indignant, almost rude; he resented his helplessness in cases like this, and cases like this were coming to him much too frequently lately.

"It's time parents learned to say no!" he told her bluntly. "In spite of social customs and the law! Driving cars at sixteen, going steady! I'll tell you this, Margaret: just thank God she can marry the boy, and soon." He took off his glasses and scrubbed them with a cleansing tissue, and his eyes seemed softer when he put the glasses back. "Well, don't think you're alone. . . . Do you like the boy?"

"I might, ten years from now; it's hard to tell," Margaret answered thoughtfully. "I don't like his domineering ways, but Janice is rather meek and shy, it makes him feel big. He's an only child, his parents are divorced. Spoiled, I guess, but he's always been polite—sir this, sir that, you know. He's only eighteen."

"Yes." The doctor sighed. "Just be glad they can marry. Not all my patients are quite that lucky, believe me."

At noon she called Clyde home from the office, gave him coffee and a roast-beef sandwich for lunch, and haltingly told him what she had to tell.

She had never, in twenty years of marriage, seen her husband lose his temper so violently before. He gave his sandwich plate such a shove that it slid all the way across the table and crashed on the floor. He let out a kind of bellow, wrenched back his chair and paced the room. He stopped by the stove to pour a cup of coffee, and drank it standing up, his hand shaking. When he had drained the cup he went to the pantry and got out the dustpan and broom, and the methodical act of sweeping up the shattered china helped to calm him.

"Kenny's coming here tonight to settle things," Margaret told him. "You'll have to control yourself, Clyde. It's hard on him too."

"She's only sixteen!" Clyde shouted.

"Yes, I know, they're young," Margaret agreed, her strength returning. "It's the current trend. Remember Sally Barker got married last year, and the Gantry boy at Christmas. Twenty per cent of the youngsters at State U. are married. The parents help them out. Things have changed."

"You're right about that!" Clyde said. "The kids today!"

"The kids today have more opportunity," Margaret said. "Bess and I had a few close calls when we were young. And no cars, either."

"You know what people will say, our friends, our neighbors!"

Margaret swallowed once, her hand on her throat. "We'll tell people Janice and Kenny have known each other two years—and we decided to help them," she suggested. "It's early enough—Doctor Hagen says six weeks—so there won't be too much talk. It'll soon blow over."

Clyde sat heavily down in his chair and lighted his pipe very slowly, his shoulders sagging. "I wish I didn't have to go back to the office," he said.

At three o'clock Margaret watched for Tommy and Tad to turn the corner; when she saw them chasing along the pavement she felt a great relief. She now was possessed for the rest of the day with peanut butter, knotted string, muddy worms and minor bruises. She hastily set about paring potatoes for dinner, and scurried upstairs to make the forgotten beds. In less than twenty-four hours things had begun to adjust, the worst was over. The normal, necessary tasks save sanity.

Kenny arrived at the house that night as bidden, at quarter of nine. He was neatly dressed, although he had not reached an age of co-ordinated fashion, and wore suède desert boots with a striped bow tie.

Margaret examined him closely.

Kenny Hall, eighteen, a freshman at State—who can operate a car, use an electric razor and refuel a cigarette lighter. Who lifts weights to build up his muscles, and charges his clothes at Brinkley's. Who still has a trace of adolescent acne across his chin. A young man floundering in a cross tide of indecision, sure and unsure, weak and vain, and frightened. Far from our dreams for our only daughter, our jewel. Far from our dreams.

"Come in, Kenny," she said.

The living room was neater than usua sofa pillows plumped, the twins' toys sta by the wall. Clyde had put on his suit and folded his evening paper; Margaret changed to high heels and put on her diar ring. Janice slipped quietly into the room curled in a corner chair, trying to disap

No one could contrive a more awk meeting than that which must now take in the heart of a modest white frame hou Cochran Street. It was not the time to refreshments or light a fire, and Mar snapped off the radio as she passed it.

"Kenny, it wasn't my idea to make come here," Janice said quickly in the sil "Honest, it wasn't."

"Nobody made me," Kenny answ coldly, across the room.

"Nobody made him," Margaret to and they all tried to smile.

The boy offered cigarettes without stat up, and boldly lighted his own when were refused. His face was white, his pressed into a purple line.

Clyde walked over to the fireplace made a loud tapping noise with the bo his pipe against the slate, shaking the ch ash loose.

"Well, Kenny," he said at last, busy pipe and tobacco pouch and a silver ta "I understand you youngsters want t married. Is that the idea?"

"I guess that's it," Kenny answered wi "I guess that's one way to put it. It look way."

"We hoped it wouldn't be quite so s Clyde said. "I'm sure your family di But that's the ticket. Now. What are plans?"

"Plans?" Kenny asked, his eyes bli "We don't have any plans. How can we plans? I've got three more years of c and extra credit to make up in my sopho year. Maybe Janice can live at home a sir."

"Oh, no, no," Janice cried, sitting str "I can work, Kenny, three or four mon can get a job ——"



SPECIALTIE

MAKE THEM YOURS WIT

It's *your* way with a dish that brings that m sincere compliment: may I have your recipe? Ea one here (and above) can add luster to your goo cook's crown.

What do you do with a pound of ground beef? Fir keep it juicy and never-crumbly (without an e by mixing in PET Evaporated Milk, as our ba recipe tells. For *Long Boy Cheeseburger* heap it split French rolls, bake it brown and melty w cheese. *Appetizer Meat Balls* oven-bake for dunk in hot barbecue sauce. Recipes 2, 3, and more!

How do you fancy up vegetables? In a mushro sauce made with canned soup smoothed to j the right creaminess with PET. Top with Fren fried onion rings. *Company Vegetables*, Recipe No



what?"
ir mother and I ——" Clyde began.
ought to take it easy," the boy said
"Janice ought to graduate, at least.
ght to wait till the end of the semester.
the rush?"
ink the sooner the better," Margaret
gently.
Like when?"
e next Saturday?" Margaret asked

oy shifted suddenly in his chair, brac-
shoulders against the back of it.
're the boss," he answered, in a voice
ulent that all three turned their eyes
im in astonishment. "I'm the goat."
?" Clyde gasped.
Kenny was no longer frightened. His
listened. His mouth had turned sullen,
s defiant, and he lighted one cigarette
e other, flicking the ashes wildly.
it; you want to make things right,
ou, Kenny?" Clyde asked with forced
t. "We're not casting blame. All we're
o do is set things straight!"
e, sure, sure! But what about *me?* It
a lot of difference to what I planned for
! And after!"
nakes a lot of difference to Janice!"
etorted, his voice rising.
w, Clyde ——"
dy, please ——"
id I'd go through with it!" Kenny said
. "*Sir!*"
just bet your life you will!" Clyde
p, trembling. "By law, if necessary.
law!"
y stood up, too, and threw his cig-
n the fireplace.
let me know the time and I'll be
he said coolly, and he crossed the
with a walk which was very close to a
r.
e kept her eyes downcast, as though
w that Kenny would stroll by without
tion. He stopped in the hall, however,
d without turning:
see you, Janice."

"O.K., Kenny," the girl whispered, pinched back tight in her chair. "I'm sorry, Kenny." And all at once she streaked from the room, raced up the stairs and slammed her door, and they all heard the thump of her bedsprings as she threw herself down.

I could kill him! Margaret thought suddenly, her chest aching. *I really mean it. I could kill him!*

She sat impaled with fury: this boy who had shared their meals and their summer cottage, this boy to whom they had trusted their daughter! What fools they had been! To be swayed by his moments of charm and gallantry, to overlook his selfishness and surliness as part of youth! To let Janice grow dependent on him, and not to call a halt!

Doctor Hagen was right. We should have said no, Margaret painfully admitted. *We should have said, "Stay shy, if you must; you'll outgrow it. If steady dating's the system, it's not for us. We're different."*

"I think I could use a drink," Clyde said when Kenny's car had gone. "Can I fix you something?"

"No, I'll go along upstairs," Margaret told him.

When Clyde came into the bedroom, glass in hand, he found Margaret seated on her dressing-table bench, her back to the mirror. She wore her old red bathrobe, and her hands were gripped together in her lap.

"Clyde, we just can't allow it," she said calmly.

"Can't allow ——"

"The marriage," Margaret stated. "We have to forbid it."

Clyde set his glass on the window sill and started unknotting his tie. "You don't really mean that, Marg. What else can we do? Maybe Kenny isn't as bad as he seemed tonight. He was trapped. Maybe he'll be all right."

"No, we've made excuses too long. It isn't only his faults; he doesn't love her," Margaret declared. "We can't let them marry."

"Marg, I'm tired. Please—you're not talking sense."

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, I am!" his wife answered steadily. "We can't allow it. Janice isn't ready for marriage. With anyone. She isn't ready to be a mother, either, by several years. We'll have to see her through this as decently as we can, and see that the baby finds a loving home. Clyde, think of the child! The right home isn't with two half-developed adolescents, married in bitterness, hating each other because of it." She held out her hand toward her husband, seeking his eyes, imploring his consent. "Darling, darling, we know what love is. They never heard of it!"

Clyde walked across the room and back, and stopped beside her. "What can we do?"

"We can get help," Margaret said slowly. "I—I'm sure we can. Bess is alone in Chicago; maybe she'll take Janice in. Or maybe she can find her a place, a kind of home. We'll tell people Janice has gone away to school; we'll tell the twins. And I'll go west at Christmas—when it's time." Her voice wavered. "Clyde, tell me I'm right! She's a minor and we have to sign the papers, and I'll never sign! It means the rest of her life!"

Clyde took off his necktie and dropped it around the bedpost. He finished his drink, staring out the window into the blackness, and then he turned and called sharply, "Janice, come in here! Now."

There was a stir in the next bedroom, a patter of feet, and Janice stood in the doorway, a very slim young girl wearing a flower-sprigged muslin nightgown, like an old-fashioned shift. Her mother had made it by hand.

"Come sit down," Margaret offered, moving so that there was room on the bench beside her. "Janice, you know how much we love you. Do you know what you've done? You have changed the rest of our lives."

"I've told you I'll marry him," Janice chattered, her shoulders hunching. "No matter what."

"Listen to your mother," Clyde commanded. "She thinks you don't want to marry this boy. Hear what she says."

"Is Kenny Hall the man you want to live with, always?" Margaret asked softly. "To cherish, comfort, love all the rest of your days? Marriage is forever, Janice. Is Kenny the one?"

Janice clutched at the yoke of her gown, and her eyes squeezed shut. "Oh, mommy, *mommy!*" she moaned, using the name she had long ago forgotten. "Mommy, I'm scared!" And she fell sidewise against her mother's shoulder, retching.

"You don't have to, baby," Clyde told her.

"No, you're not going to."

Janice straightened and stared at her mother, and then at her father, her eyes bewildered.

"But, mother—daddy—if I don't . . . what people will think, what people will say . . . will kill you."

"No, not quite," Margaret promised, drawing in her breath. "We're thinking of you. We're thinking of later, Janice, of marriage, and love and the home you'll have—someday. If we see this through."

"How can I?" Janice whispered. "I can't alone."

"You're not alone," Margaret said, and she reached out her arm and drew the old red bathrobe around the child's bare shoulders, and held her close. Her eyes met Clyde's across the room with a nod and a very small smile.

But that night, as Margaret lay in bed with her husband asleep beside her, her arms and legs prickled cold with terror at what they had done.

This is a terrible road we're taking, she realized. *A terrible road. Everybody will say I'm wrong—the doctor, the church. But I know what's right for Janice. And this time we'll fight for the same thing, we're back together.*

Janice would wear her graduation dress after all. The billowing whiteness, the sheer virginal organdy, all the stitches sewed with hope and love. And it was just as well.

For even though Janice would someday marry—freely, from choice, for love—she must understand, with many another fact of humiliation, that it was not very likely she'd ever wear white again. END

f the HOUSE

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Vat makes a mix-cake Very Special? Layer it
vn a thick, rich filling plumped all through
vn cherries and nuts—a filling you couldn't
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n you think of a sweet more sure-to-please
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escribable medley of apples, nuts and rich
mb-cakey batter—luscious served warm with
oop of ice cream. Recipe 8.

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For example, when you fry just plain hamburgers, brown one side, turn, and pour on Hunt's Tomato Sauce. When they're done, the bubbling-hot sauce will be deliciously blended with the meat juices.

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1 lb. ground beef Salt and pepper
4 slices sharp cheese Oil for frying
1 8-oz. can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

Form beef into 8 *thin* hamburger patties. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay cheese on 4 patties. Cover with remaining patties. Pinch edges together to enclose the cheese completely. Brown on one side in hot oil in skillet. Turn and pour Hunt's Tomato Sauce over them. Simmer 8 to 10 minutes, basting occasionally. Serve piping hot with the delicious pan gravy.

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RS. FAY
INES ON ZEBRA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

arketable "old pieces," small ones to be from among the massive bedsteads and res, but nothing on which to rear a nine- old boy. She was sitting at great-grand- r Marie-Claire's tambour desk; Roger eat it in two months. She had the pawn s for Marie-Claire's rose diamonds, and arie-Claire's daughter-in-law's epergne. he had $126.35 in the bank.

d in addition she had, of course, herself. been her only dowry, and until some six ns ago she had never seriously attempted w upon it. "What a pity," her golden- Uncle Victor had remarked of her she was eight: what a pity that Arietta ot male, for she seemed to have all the t talents, including a marked facial re- ance to the founder of the line.

room where she sat now was the *petit* that held the conglomeration of family es. Above the mantel was Yves, done on full length, too, which was unusual for edium. It was a triangular face in which e lines went up, a minstrel face whose long for its tilt, must have moved, as hers ith speech. The enamelist had even man- o indicate in *couleur de rose* those same pple bumps of cheek she had when she l. Next to him was his Dutch wife, in conventional oval to the waist (of there was much), a great blonde, serene but her stays. Beneath the two of them, ding on lengths of velvet ribbon in the f life, were their heirs direct and collat- laguerreotype to candid camera, spilling he mantel to the side walls. As a curious menon among them one could see one other of the two progenitors recurring, with such fidelity that there had long family slang for the two types—"the s" for the Dutch ones, and "*les maigres*" hose *mince* creatures who were true ts. Although there was no intermarrying, pe usually managed to marry the other, is children tended to be his opposites as

s Minot, the first forebear, had come to ates in the entourage of Lafayette—some s a body servant, although this had never proved—and had managed to stay near eneral's person in some nonmilitary ity throughout all the general's cam- s but not at Valley Forge—Yves, like of his descendants, had been less cow- than clever.

tta, brooding on the three pictures be- Yves and the wedding portrait of her- nd Carolingus Fay, deceased, traced a y much more in Gibbon's line. Beneath came his son Claude, a beefy, of whom ht have been said (as Henry Adams had f himself) that "as far as he had a func- n life, it was as a stable companion to men, whether they liked it or not." In e's case they had. Next came Louis, her father, who had switched to railroad s—a light sprig of a man who had passed ll in years and benefices, while accom- ng home the equally aged body of his , on the Union Pacific somewhere be- Ogden and Omaha, in a private car. r him, in the sepia gloss of the eighties, his sons, beefies again: her father in his in the deerstalker's cap so prophetic of ter years, and Victor, his elder brother, ly a man with a beautiful Flemish jowl. r had already been with "munitions" at me. At the minimal age of eighty, he had her father used to joke, not of an over- of his patron's pheasant and Lafitte but pique, because his patron's son, se- by the increasingly corporate air of vare, had entered Victor's exquisitely in- le services on a tax sheet, had actually to incorporate *him*. With her father, the descent, gradual as the grime on her -brac, was clear. He had still had the itary talent, but he had been fifteen younger than Victor. Patrons herded in s now instead of carrying on singly, and red the distressingly plebeian admiration of the many to the fine, patrician allegiance of the one. Ergo, her father. For when a Minot was stripped of his devotion and of the truth-telling that was its honorable underside, when he was reduced to picking up crumbs of "contact" wherever he could, to making public show of his charms like anyone else, then he did so in the only way he knew. For no Minot had ever had a salary, or had gone, as the phrase is, "to work." Therefore her father had become a diner-out. It was some consolation that, under many chandeliers and between many long-stemmed rows of pink and tawny glasses, he had dined so well.

She glanced at her wrist, remembered that she no longer had a watch, and looked at the river, estimating the seasonal angle of light on the opposite shore. Still too early to walk the short distance to the Lampeys', who, much as they adored her company, still preferred their guests to arrive, sharply gala, at eight. And these days Arietta aimed to please, had in fact aimed so steadily these past months and so far from her usual haunts, the shabby Saturday-night parties of the real denizens of these hills, that it was no wonder if the latter were already remarking how unexpected it was of Arietta—slated, one would have said, for years yet to the memory of Carolingus—to be openly hunting a husband. How surprised they would be if they knew that all she was hunting was a job. A job, to be sure, for a Minot—a sinecure not for sloth but for the spirit. With, of course, perquisites enough to feed a healthy nine-year-old boy.

She rose and went to the mantel, staring up at Yves—one *maigre* looking at another. She was four velvet ribbons removed from him, and—except for Roger, who would be nothing for years yet—the last hope of the line. If from his vantage point he could have approved the resemblance, would he have expected her, a female, nevertheless to do something in his line? Being female, what she had done was, twelve years ago, to marry Carolingus Fay. After Vassar had come a year in Italy with one of her two most intimate school friends; the girl had married there, and Arietta, after attending her in a horsehair hat, had returned home. Next, the second girl, married to an Englishman who farmed in Nigeria, had invited her there. Against her father's wishes—it was not cautious for a woman to become too rootless—she had gone, and in her lightsome way had enjoyed it; but marooned there, she had missed much of the war and most of the eligible men. Returning home, with her laugh lines baked deeper than they should have been for her age, and with some knowledge of cacao and palm oil added to the magpie lore of her clan, she had vegetated in the Hudson Valley for a few restless months—her father's profession so seldom left him home to be cooked for—and then had gone to Baltimore to visit an old cousin.

And there she had met Carolingus. Eighteen years older than she, he had still seemed a man whom many might be glad to marry—a very fine beefy with proconsular manners and profile, and all his curls. Actually he had been a cliché, poor dear Carolingus—old Baltimore French, old poor, old hat—and he had been very glad to marry her. For by heredity, and unfortunately nothing else, he was a patron—an even sadder case than hers. They had recognized each other, or loved—in time it seemed the same thing—at once. The only way he could afford to retain her was to come live in her house, which he did, to her father's delight—their mutual recognition, too, was a touching affair. Carolingus had been too shy to dine out (he had only the dispensing talent), and in time, with her and her father's full acquiescence, the house and what it held might have been taken by any casual guest to be his. At eighty her father retired, and the two men could not have been happier, jogging along in a life of aristocratic pattern gone native, shooting over their two acres for rabbit instead of fox, and serving up the game with an excellent dandelion wine. And in their contentment Arietta had been happy too. Even when Carolingus had not long survived her father, she could not avoid thinking that he was better so, just as she could not help seeing, as the long, curlicued, taupe coffin went down the front steps, that it looked exactly like the éclairs of which he had always been so fond.

And then, of course, it had become her turn—to dine out. She had let no one know her real situation: she would have been plied with all that was usually offered an untrained widow—"rent your lovely rooms to teachers; become a nursery-school aide"—all the genteel solutions that would trap her forever. No, she was still child enough of her race to risk all on its chimera: that somewhere there was a post where one might exercise an airy, impalpable training that could never be put down on any résumé, somewhere even in this taxable world.

These last months she had been looking about her in the valley, among people like the Lampeys, whose kindness had the practicality that went with money still fresh in the till. Tonight, for instance, they were having her in to meet a Miss Bissle, from Delaware, who was devoting to a state-wide program of hedge roses and bird sanctuaries her one-twenty-fifth share in a great-grandfather's fortune in explosives, and whose secretary-companion had just died. The Lampeys, drawing Arietta out for Miss Bissle's benefit, would no doubt ask her to repeat the story they loved, about the time a zebra, a real zebra, had appeared in her garden, although she had other anecdotes she herself preferred. A humanist, she liked stories about people, and the zebra one was bad art besides, having no ending really, and an explanation that was sadly mundane. She would much rather tell about Claude and Henry Clay, about one of the Great Compromiser's compromises that had never reached the historians. Or about Louis' patron, a

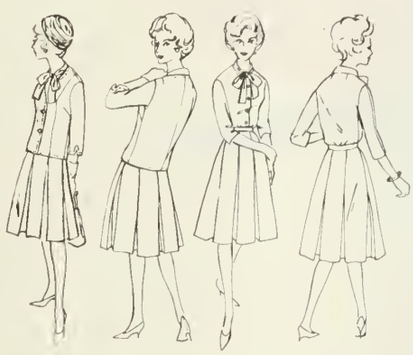
THE JOURNAL'S
GEM OF A WARDROBE

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 90 AND 91



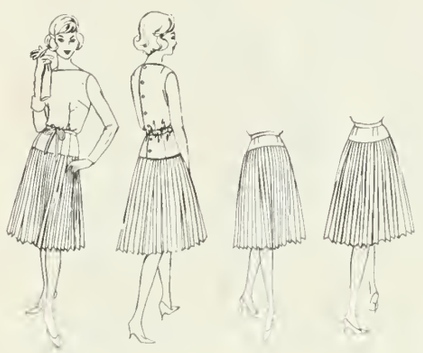
VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4148.

Coat; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 1⅝ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.



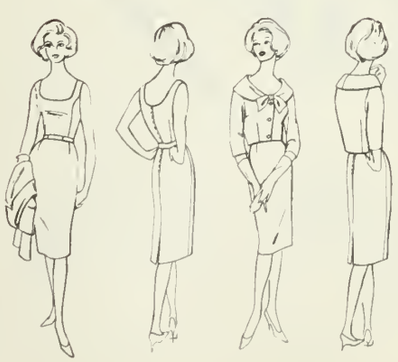
VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4141.

Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $2.00. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap for suit and 2 yards of 39″ fabric without nap for blouse, size 14.



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 5079.

Two-piece dress; 10–16 (31–36); $1.00. Version shown requires 3⅜ yards of 54″ fabric with or without nap, size 14.



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 4149.

One-piece dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50. Version shown requires 4 yards of 45″ fabric with nap, size 14.

philanthropist who gave in kind only, and who, on being approached at his door by a panhandler who wanted money for a glass eye, was able to invite him into a *cabinet de travail* where he had a box of them. But considering the roses and birds, possibly the zebra was more in line.

Meanwhile, a few minutes away, the Lampeys and their house guests, Miss Bissle and her second cousin Robert, were speaking of Arietta. Parker and Helen Lampey, a white-haired couple in their sixties, had started life together at Christian College, Missouri, but long since, owing to Parker's rise to the extreme altitudes of international law, had accustomed themselves to the ponderous social mixture to be found there—Swiss bankers, German industrialists, American judge advocates and solid rich like the Bissles. Thirty years of moving intercontinentally had not made them raffish—so far as was known, they had never felt an expatriate tingle. What it had done was to give them the eternally pink-cheeked, good-tempered look of summer people; they had, in fact, been summer people all over the world. By native standards they should have been suffering by now from all the ills of cosmopolitan riches and ease; actually money, comfort and change had kept them amiable, enabling them to be as kindly as they looked, though considerably more worldly.

Parker held several directorships adjacent to Robert, whose share in the family fortune was much larger than Miss Bissle's, and it was through him they had heard of her needs. And had at once thought of Arietta.

"I made Robert come with me," said Miss Bissle, "because Mary Thrace—the *last* one, you know—drank." She was a large, gray pachyderm of a woman whose eyes blinked slowly. "And I don't at all. You would think that would make it easier to notice in others, wouldn't you? But it doesn't. So I brought Robert."

"Well, I do," said her cousin, looking his drink through the lower half of his bif ls. "Steadily. So you did just right."

Parker smiled. He knew Robert, a et abstemious sort, widowed early and chil ss, devoted to rather *sec* philanthropies ce. One of those mild, almost expunged me for whom second- or third-generation fo ne was a conscience, not a release.

"Why do men always make themselve ou more colorful than they are?" said iss Bissle, to whom Robert, past fifty, was younger cousin.

Helen Lampey glanced at Miss Bi e's shoes, the flat, self-assured feet of a wo an who would never know why. Her c sin looked the way most people who wore g ses like that did—round and tame.

"Is this Mrs. Fay outdoorsy?" said Bissle. "Mary Thrace wasn't."

"I don't know that one thinks of h as 'out' or 'in,'" said Helen slowly. "What uld you say, Parker?"

"Delightful either place. In Arietta's m pany, where you are always seems just ere you want to be. The father was just the s e."

Helen could see Miss Bissle thinking hat this was not the way one got things *done*. She had a year in Africa," she said hastil "I should think one would have to be . . ut doorsy there. And of course she grew up ght here in the Hudson Valley—why, they c gho a copperhead on their place only last y r.

"Still has the old place. Old family re-abouts, the Minots," said Parker, risi to replenish the drinks.

"Minot!" Robert said softly. "Dic yo say . . . Minot?"

"Yes; ever know any of them? Unde nd they were quite a family at one time." usy with the drinks, he did not note Robert' ack of response, covered by Miss Bissle.

"*Trigonocephalus contortrix*," she ads. "They don't eat birds."

Robert sat back in his chair. *Yes, I k w a Minot*, he thought. *I knew Victor. Pr bly isn't the same family; chances are it could be.* Still, what Lampey had just said abo the woman they were expecting . . . that wa just the way Victor had been, turning life ros and immediate wherever he was, and for a lts, too, as could be seen in the aureole that ent round a room with him—not merel for Robert, the small boy on whom he had ca-sionally shone his great face, fair, ho and flame-colored as Falstaff's sun. Looking ack on Victor now from the modern distan , it seemed to Robert that he must have dr ned him—that day on the Brandywine for ins ce, 1912 it must have been, when Victor had ken him fishing, the same day he had insist on letting Robert join the men lunchi at Robert's grandfather's table before the ock-holders' meeting, and had fed the boy ine. Robert could see him now, jutting e a Rubens from even that portly grou the starched ears of the napkin he had tied a und his cravat shining blue in the water lig re-flected from walls that were white inst d of walnut because of his choice, the ri kin flecked, as lunch went on, with sauces ctor had conspired with the cook, the heavy om-pany tasting him with the same neglige ap-preciation they gave the food, as now an hea he sent a sally rolling down the table e a prism, or bent over Robert, saying, "A tle more claret with the water, Robert? . . And now, if you please—a little more wat with the claret."

After lunch, Robert had seen him gi his grandfather a sheaf of papers, saying, "Here they are, Bi—Robert and I are going ou fter turtle."

As they left, one of the men said, "Bi, here do you get your cigars?"—it was Victo who had started people calling Robert's and father "Bi."

"Victor gets them for me in Philadel ia," his grandfather said.

One could imagine two important me murmuring of a third, as in another conte they might mention that his chef was the eat-nephew of Brillat-Savarin, "Lucky ma has a Minot."

And that afternoon on the dock, ung over the lines that the caramel-colore Ne-groes in the shack behind them had lent em



en a time he had remembered always, ecurrent dream—a day on which abso- nothing had happened except sun, and the lax blush of the wine in his And Victor, doing nothing all after- xcept what he did everywhere, making el that whatever you and he were doing moment was "it," that where you were ere." They had caught, Robert recalled, rtles; he remembered being warned of oite, and informed, lovingly, of their

tor," he had asked suddenly, "what u in?" meaning chemicals, cotton, tin, ing the way men in those days, at that ad spoken of what they did.
, I'm not 'in,'" had been the laughing . "You might say I'm . . . with." ing hard, Victor had been peering in at nper that held the turtles.
ert had looked down at him. "So shall I : had said.
, no you won't. You're already stuck like these chaps. You're already *in*." had risen, puffing. "Best you'll be able s to have somebody around like me— does."
ert had considered. "I'll have you, then, y," he had said.
or's face had been in shadow, the sun

CONSTABLE PAINTING

By SARA KING CARLETON

wn through the early sunset
bright
Vagons with their abundant crop
y in the amber evening light,
Dragging and turning, go and
stop.

ading on coarse-mown meadow
grass,
he lovers linger hand in hand
watch the lurching hayrick pass
hrough an enchanted autumn
land.

him, but after more than forty years could still sense in him the unnamable that had sent him fishing in his "M-m-m. If your father doesn't get to t," he said.
Robert's father had got to him first, ictor's old age, he had got to Victor. ard man but a dull one, of the powerful eed, that cherished its dullness for its and meant to impose that, along with of its worldly goods, on its sons.
e that brew we had at lunch?" Victor d, as they trotted the hamper along the "And well you might," he said, men- a name, a year. "Pity I've only daugh- e sighed. "Women've no palate. Per- ills it."
e them, atop the green dunes of lawn ept to the water's edge, a small figure at them, his grandfather, guests sped, ing the veranda alone.
I have one, d'ya think?" asked

n-m, can't tell yet."
rt considered. His grandfather, color- quiet, seemed to him much like his who drank only Saratoga water. "Does ?" said with interest.
r smiled, waving back. "He's got me,"

dfather was like me really, not like thought Robert, returning to the ys', where conversation, as so often ed elsewhere, had rippled on without *e was a dull man, too, as I am, but like the different and often painful dimen- not valuing it, of knowing that some- sometimes in the same room, conversa- nkled past him like a prism, a rosier life went by. Grandfather was like me. But grandfather had Victor.*

And looking at the door through which Emily's possibility was to come, telling himself that it was midsummer madness—of Victor's daughters, one was dead and the other last heard of years ago in a nursing order in Louisiana—he still told himself that he would not be surprised if the woman who came through the door were to be huge and serenely fair, a great Flemish barmaid of a woman, with Victor's florid curls.

When Arietta walked through the door, he was surprised—at the depth of his disappointment. For what he saw was a slight woman, almost tiny, whose hair, sugared now like preserved ginger, might once, at youth's best, have been russet, a small creature whose oddly tweaked face—one of those pulled noses, cheeks that looked as if each held the secret cherry of some joke—was the farthest possible from the classic sun face he remembered. Even if she were some relation, she was nothing like. There was no point in asking, in opening a private memory to future rakings over whenever he paid a duty call on Emily. For what he was looking at, he reminded himself, all he was looking at was Emily's future companion.

As the evening progressed, he was not so sure. For the Lampeys' protégée remained dumb. From their baffled glances he judged that this was not usual; he himself would have guessed that Mrs. Fay's ordinary manner, if she had any, was more mobile. But for whatever reason, her eyes remained veiled, her hands folded in the lap of her pale, somewhat archaic skirt. A certain stubborn aura spread from her, but nothing else, certainly nothing of the subtle emanation they had been promised, and but rarely a word. Only Emily, impervious to this as she was to so much, noticed nothing, intent on numbering the occasional sips Mrs. Fay took of her wine.

Nor could Arietta have explained. She could have said only that almost at once she had felt Miss Bissle to be a person she could never admire. Or tell the truth to, the truth about Miss Bissle being what it was. Not because Miss Bissle was dull—the best patrons necessarily had almost as much dullness as money—but that she did not suffer from it, whereas the real patrons, all the great ones, had a sweetening tremor of self-doubt at the core. If dullness was what had made them keep Minots, then this human (and useful) sweetening was what had made Minots keep them. *But I must*, thought Arietta. *Roger*, she said to herself. *$126.35*. Nevertheless, when Parker deftly introduced Nigeria, on which he had often heard her entertain, she heard herself furnish him three sentences on the cultivation of the cocoa nib, and fall still. It must be stage fright, her first professional engagement. Her father should have told her that the artist's very piety and scruples were a considerable hindrance when the artist came down to dining out. In desperation she gulped the rest of her wine. Opposite her Miss Bissle blinked slowly at Robert, as if to say, *I count on you*.

"Arietta!" said Helen Lampey. It was half command, half plea. "Do tell us the story about your zebra."

"Zebra?" said Robert. "Have you hunted them, Mrs. Fay?"

"No." Mrs. Fay addressed her small, clenched hands. "That's equatorial Africa." She heard Helen sigh. "Have you?"

Now, what none of them, what no one knew about Robert Bissle was that once in a while, under certain conditions, he lied. Not on the Exchange, of course, or in any real situation. It was his only valve, his sole vice, and it escaped him, with the wistful sound of steam from an air-locked radiator, only when, as tonight, he deemed himself in the safe company of those even duller than he. He leaned back—on these occasions he always did. "Zebras are very beautiful creatures. I never molested them save to procure specimens for the museums, or food for the porters, who like their rather rank flesh.

Mrs. Fay, for almost the first time, raised her eyes and looked closely at him. "Yes?" she said. Her nose, he observed, moved with speech. "Do go on."

"The hartebeest," he said slowly. "Coke's hartebeest—known locally by the Swahili name of kongoni—were at least as plentiful and almost as tame."

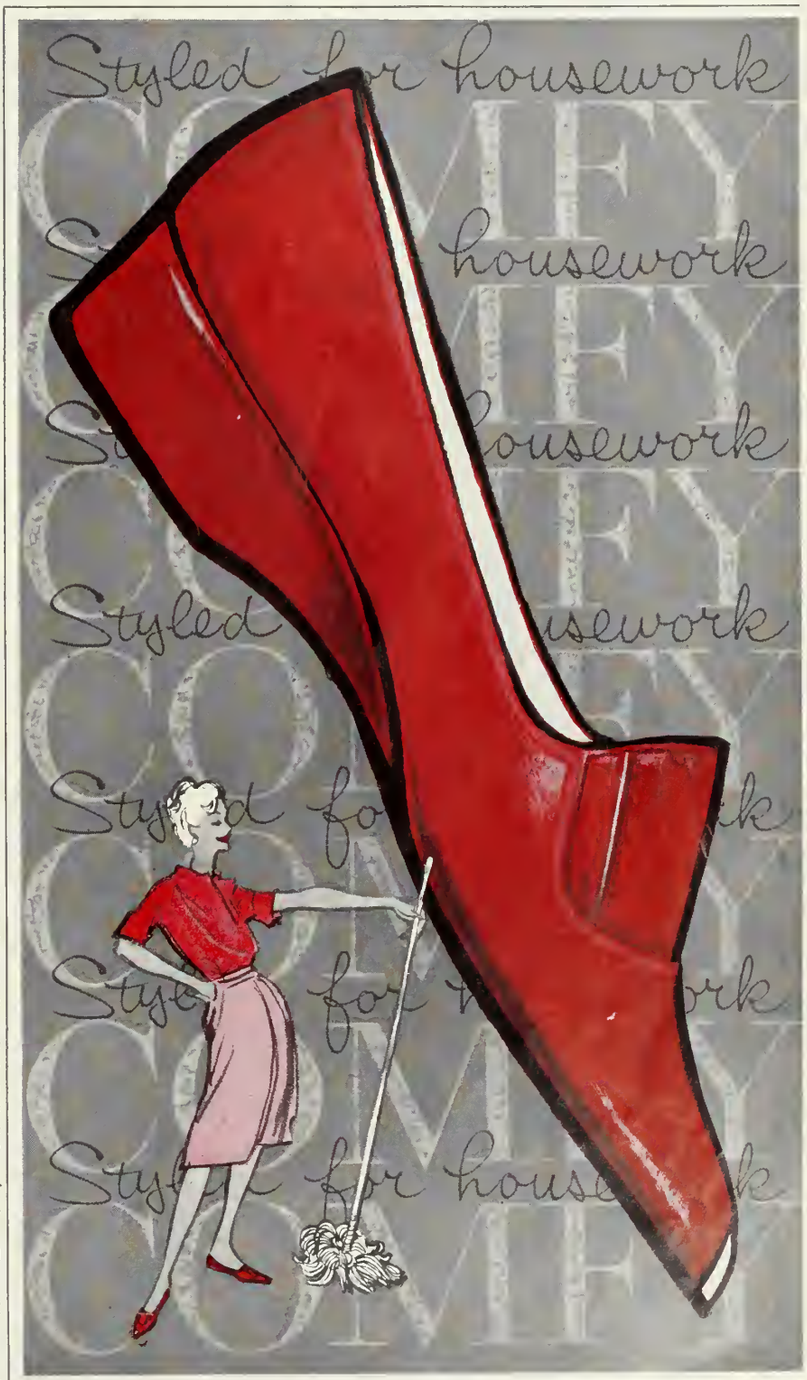
"Why, Robert!" said Miss Bissle. "I never knew you were in Africa."

"Oh, yes," he said, still looking at his neighbor, in whose odd face—he had not noticed until now—all the lines went up. "One year when your back was turned." He plunged on. "A few months before my arrival, a mixed herd of zebra and hartebeest rushed through the streets of Nairobi, several being killed by the inhabitants, and one of the victims falling just outside the Episcopal church."

"Handy," said Helen Lampey, in spite of having been informed the Episcopal was Miss Bissle's own. She was watching Arietta and Robert, Arietta smiling her pawkiest smile at him, and saying, "Yes, yes, do go on."

Robert took off his glasses. No, there was no resemblance, not even if he imagined a napkin tied round her neck, although for a moment there he had almost fancied an echo saying "and now, a little more claret." He shook his head. The company, whatever it was, was not so safe as he had thought. "Your turn," he said. "Your zebra."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123



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You did it...

(so easy, too!)

INUED FROM PAGE 121

etta unfolded her hands. They trembled
ly. Miss Bissle's cousin, and even richer,
ad heard—and even more. One of the
reed, she was sure of it—and she had
t missed him. "My zebra?" she said.
e was ——" She had been about to say
" But one let people see one knew the
about them only after one had won
—sometimes long after. And particularly
people. "Mine was—here," she said.
t here in the Hudson Valley. In our
n."
help me it was," said Parker. "I saw it.
, Arietta."
she did. It had been a Saturday morning,
id, and she had been sitting in her bath,
Roger, seven then, had knocked at her
and said there were policemen in the
n and she had called back, "Tell
. . . . Just when Senator McCarthy was
so busy, too, wasn't it confident of me?"
tes later, Roger had knocked again and
"Mum, there's a zebra in the garden,"
e had replied, "Tell daddy. . . . Now,"
rietta, "Roger is not a fey child. I should
known." She knew every periphrasis of
tory, every calculated inflection and
this was the point where everyone
s began to smile expectantly, and paus-
he saw that they had. "I've never been
o afford to disbelieve him since." For
Carolingus had come up the stairs. "He
d," said Mrs. Fay, delaying softly, ex-
, "well—like a man who has just seen a
in his garden." As, according to him, he
She went downstairs—and so had he.
ade them see the scene just as she had,

"The most exhausting thing in life is to be insincere."
ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

o policemen, Mack Sennett characters
of them, yelling "Stand back there!"
a point well behind Carolingus, and
cornered in a cul-de-sac near the car-
house, flashing and snorting, the zebra,
led in the rhododendrons like a beast out
douanier Rousseau.
"The policemen," she said, "had had no
fast, so there I found myself, carrying a
ith sugar and cream and my best coffee-
—luckily I had baked on Friday—to two
men and a zebra, in a back yard twenty-
miles from New York." She rose, circled
oom, holding the scene with her hands
d tightly together, and, as if absent-
dly, poured Parker some coffee out of
Lampeys' silver pot. Outside, in the
eys' garden, a barn owl hooted—it was
mosphere, conspiring gently with her as
She waited. At this point someone
s asked "But how?"
t, *how?*" said Miss Bissle.
h, now," said Mrs. Fay, "I have to
e back. I have to tell you that across
us, in one of those very modern houses
the kitchen set just under the crown of
ad, the family gets up very early. They
n, and the mother-in-law is a past presi-
of the Audubon Society of Atlanta,
gia." Still circling the room, a *diseuse*
fabricating her own spotlight, Mrs. Fay
one hand, a brief wand, on Miss
's shoulder as she passed her. Robert
ed, enthralled. There was nothing to it,
e held them—they sat like marionettes
she awakened slowly to a mild, quiz-
sensation like the pleasure-pain in a
ng foot. "And at about six o'clock that
ing, the head of the county police picked
phone and heard a cultivated Southern
say, 'Ah should like to repo't that jus'
as we wuh setten at breakfas', we saw a
payss bah on the Rivuh Road.'"
r laughed, and Mrs. Fay picked it up,
him in quickly. "Ah, yes," she said,
you hear her? And the chief thought
nself that the River Road is rather the
nian part of his parish, and that Satur-
orning comes—well, after Friday night.
calls our policeman and says, 'George, people down your neck of the woods seeing zebras.' George decides to wait until, well, two or more people see it. Then Joe Zucca, the old caretaker at Fagan's, telephones, babbling that a striped horse is crashing around his conservatory. And the chase is on. And they bring it to bay in our garden."

Parker guffawed. "'There are zebras at the bottom of my garden.'"

Arietta, reaching her own chair, sat down in it. Someone always said that too. She looked round at their faces. Yes, she had them, particularly one. *Quickly, quickly now, wind it up.* And in a long, virtuoso breath she wound it all up—how the village had filled the yard, a gold mine if she'd just had the lollipop concession, how her smart-aleck neighbor had stopped by the front gate, offering a drive to town, and when she'd said, "Wait a bit, Tom, we've got a zebra in the back yard," had smirked and said, "Yeah, I heard that one at Armando's—and the horse said, 'I've been trying to get it to take its pajamas off all night.'" And how it had been one of the great satisfactions in life to be able to lead him round to the carriage house. And how the cops had finally got hold of the Hudson River Cowboys Association—yes, there was one, those kids in white-satin chaps and ten-gallon hats who always rode palominos in the Independence Day parade—and how they'd come, out of costume, alas, but with their horse trailer, and how Carolingus and the cops had finally jockeyed the beast in, using a three-man lasso. And how, at the height of it—children screaming, yokels gaping, three heated men hanging on ropes, the whole garden spiraling like a circus suddenly descended from the sky, and in the center, the striped, incredible—how Arietta's eighty-five-year-old Cousin Beck from Port Washington, a once-a-year and always unheralded visitor, had steamed up the driveway in her ancient limousine, into the center of it all. "Oh, *Cousine Beck*," she'd stammered—in French, she never knew why—"you find us a little *en déshabillé*, we have us *un zèbre*." And how Beck, taking one look, had eased her old limbs out of the car and grunted, "Arietta, you *are* dependable. Just bring me a chair."

Mrs. Fay folded her hands. Now someone would ask the other question. She gave a sigh. Next to her, her neighbor marveled. No, she was nothing like—no aureole. This one whisked herself in and out, like a conjurer's pocket handkerchief. But the effect was the same. Small sensations, usually ignored, made themselves known, were piped like a brigade of mice from their holes. There was a confused keenness in the ear . . . nose . . . air? One saw the draperies, peach-fleshed velours, and waited for their smell. The chandelier tinkled, an owl hooted, and a man could hear his own breath. The present, drawn from all its crevices, was here.

"But where did the beast come from?" said Miss Bissle.

Yes, it would be she, thought Arietta. The cousin, his glasses still off, was staring at her with eyes that were bright and vague. "A runaway," she said in a cross voice. It always made her sulky to have to end the fun this way, with no punch line but fact. "There's an animal importer up the mountain; we found out later. He buys them for zoos." She turned to the cousin. "Perhaps it was one of yours."

"I can't think when, Robert," said Miss Bissle. "I've always known exactly where you were."

Robert, before he replaced his glasses, had a vague impression that Mrs. Fay looked guilty, but she spoke so quickly that he must have been wrong.

"Parker," she said, "did you and Helen ever hear about Great-Grandfather Claude and Mr. Henry Clay?"

They hadn't. Nor had they heard about Louis' patron's glass eye. Robert, saved, sank deeper in his chair. He was his father's son, after all, trained to fear the sycophant, and he brooded now on whether Mrs. Fay wanted something of him. Look how she had got round the Lampeys. Was she honest? Victor's tonic honesty, he remembered, had spared no one; he never flattered individually but merely opened to dullards the gross, fine flattery of life alone. And what did he, Robert,



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want of her? If he closed his eyes, prisms of laughter floated past him, flick-flack, down the long cloth of another table; he could feel, there and here, the lax blush of the present in his limbs. He relaxed in it, while Arietta told how, when Carolingus spoke for her, her father had said, "You know she has no dot." And how Carolingus had replied, "I've no dough either." And how in after years both always purported amiably to be unsure of who had said which.

And then Robert sat up in his chair. For Arietta was telling the story of the "beefies" and "*les maigres*."

So that's it, he thought. *I knew it, I knew it all the time*. And in the recesses of his mind he felt that same rare satisfaction that came to him whenever he was able to add to a small fund he had kept in a downtown savings bank almost since boyhood, money separate from inheritance made by his own acumen, on his own. *I recognized her*, he thought, and the feeling grew on him, as it had been growing all evening, that in the right company he was not such a dullard after all. He leaned back now and watched her—quiet now after her sally, unobtrusive whenever she chose. It was not wit she pretended to; her materials were as simple as a child's. What was the quality she shared with Victor, born to it as the Bissles were born to money, and that others here felt too? For there was Lampey, murmuring ingenuously into his brandy glass, "Wonderful stuff, this, isn't it?" quite oblivious of the fact that it was his own; and there even was Emily, her broad feet lifted from the floor. Whatever Mrs. Fay did, its effect was as Victor's had been: to peel some secondary skin from the ordinary, making wherever one was—if one was with her—loom like an object under a magnifying glass—large, majestic and there. She made one live in the now as, time out of mind, it seemed, he had once done for himself. But he did not know how she did it. Or whether she did. Watching her rise from her chair, begin to make her adieu, the thought came to him that he would not mind spending a lifetime finding out.

"Let me go with you," he said, standing up. "Let me drive you home."

But Emily had arisen too. "Mrs. Fay," she said, her blinking fluttered, "have you had any experience with birds?"

Arietta smiled between them. How lucky she had recognized him, the real thing, poor dear, even if his sad little *blague*—out of *African Game Trails*, of course, old Teddy Roosevelt, on half the bookshelves in Nigeria—was not.

"Do," she said to him, "but let's walk." She turned to Miss Bissle, and let the truth escape from her with gusto. After all, it was her own. "No, not really. Of course—I've shot them."

On the short way home, the river, lapping blandly, made conversation. Robert spoke once. "I don't really think Emily would have suited you," he said, and Mrs. Fay replied that it was nice of him to put it that way.

At Arietta's doorway, they paused. But it was imperative that she find out what was on his mind. Or put something there.

"I'd ask you in," she said, "but I've nothing but dandelion wine."

"I've never had any," said Robert. "I'd like to try it."

She led him through the hall, past the rack where Carolingus' leather jacket hung, and her father's, and the squirrel-skin weskit they had cured for Roger, through the softly ruined downstairs rooms, up the stairs and into the little salon. It was an educative tour; it told him a great deal. And this was the family room; he sensed the intimate patchouli that always clung to the center of a house even before he looked up and saw them above the mantel, hanging on their velvet tree. While Arietta went for the wine, he moved forward to examine them. What a higgler's collection they were, in their grim descent from ivory to pasteboard to box camera, yet there was a firm insouciance from face to face, as if each knew that its small idiom was an indispensable footnote to history, to the Sargents, Laverys, De Lazlos that people like him had at home. And *there*, in that small brown-tone. Yes, there.

"Take me round the portraits," he said when she returned, and here, too, since she also was on the wall, he learned. He saw that Carolingus must have been of an age near his own.

"And who are they?" he said. "You missed that one." They were sitting at a small escritoire on which she had placed the wine, and if he stretched a hand he could touch the faded brown-tone.

"That's my father as a boy, and his older brother, Victor."

What an absurd feeling happiness was. That must be its name. To feel as if such a sum, such a round sum had been deposited in that bank that he need never go there again. Not if he stayed here. As, in time, he thought, he could arrange.

> We are our own devils; we drive ourselves out of our Edens.
>
> GOETHE

Opposite him, Arietta fingered a drawer inside which the name of the desk's first owner was inscribed—Marie-Claire, who had married for inclination but had got the rose diamonds too. She stole a glance at her vis-à-vis. After all, she had recognized him, and in time, as she did remember this and inclination could come to be almost the same. It was strange that he was no beefy, but she had already had one—and no doubt her tribe, along with the rest of the world, must move on. And he was very responsive. In time, she thought, the house would come to seem to him like his own.

"Wonderful stuff," he was saying, holding up to the light one of the old green bottles into which Carolingus and her father had put the wine.

"Is it really?" said Arietta. "I was never any help to them on it."

"What it wants," he said, "is to be decanted, for the sediment. One does it against a candle flame. I was thinking—I might come by tomorrow. And show you."

"Do—for company," said Mrs. Fay. "...ally, one wine seems to me much lik... other. I've no palate for it. Women don... father always used to say."

"No, they don't." He was looking at ... deeply that she was startled. "Perfume ... it," he said, and so intensely that, odd a... as it was, it hung over them both li... averral of love.

Downstairs, she let him out the front ... and watched him to the end of the ... Roger's spaniel yipped, and over the hi... other dog set up an answering cry. I... darkness, as she closed the door, she s... one of old Teddy's sentences lumb... through her mind: *The hunter who w... these lands sees the monstrous river horse ... ing, the snarling leopard and the coiled p... the zebras barking in the moonlight.* A... went back up the stairs, she wondered wh... she would ever tell him. Some truths, ... honest companion, one spoke in jest; o... as a woman, one kept to oneself. At the... ment it didn't matter. Standing in the do... of the little salon, she stretched her arms ... *dined out!* she said to the pictures, to he... *I've dined on zebra, and on hartebeest, an... I think on . . . husband. I've dined well.*

Outside the hedge at the end of the ... Robert watched the door close. He knew ... how it would begin tomorrow; he would ... by asking her as he had never asked an... to call him "Bi." There would always ... temptation to say more—who, for inst... would understand about that day on ... Brandywine better than she? But he mu... member; with all she was—she was a ... woman. They liked to be chosen for t... selves. He must always be as mindful o... as of his incredible luck. And what utter ... it was! He swelled with the urge to tell s... one about it. But there were not many i... world today who could appreciate pro... its nature. It was even possible that he hi... was the last one extant of all those who ... had. Standing in the shadow of the h... he whispered it to himself, as once a man ... whispered it to his grandfather, over the ... *Lucky man*, he said, *you have a Minot!*

OPERATION TERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

her again and this time his hand slipped up along her leg. Removing his hand, she said tightly, "I thought this was a business deal."

He stared at her, then shrugged. "O.K.—I can wait."

"Wait for what?"

"What do you think?"

A doubt slipped a foot in the door. "You did call me? Asked me to meet you tonight?"

"Say, what're you pulling? It was a pickup and you know it."

She pressed her feet hard against the floor to steady herself. "Please, there's been a mistake. Let me out."

"What goes with you? You give me a come-on and now ——"

"Please—I thought you were someone else."

The enormity of the error overwhelmed her. If the killer had watched her, if he thought this was some kind of clever ruse ——

"Someone you'd never seen? O.K.—so you never saw him. You're lucky. You got me instead of a crumbum. Come on, loosen up, honey, we can have ourselves a time."

She edged toward the door as the traffic signal turned red. He was quicker, swinging an arm about her neck and crushing her to him. She struggled, but his grip was too tight. His hand slipped down inside her dress, and something exploded inside her, blasting every bit of reason and judgment.

Her fist struck him low in the stomach and she heard the sharp gush of wind as she wrenched free. She was opening the door and half falling, half leaping out. She heard him shouting, and people were gathering, and then as she slumped to the ground another car ground its brakes within a few feet of her.

Someone was helping her, a teen-age boy and a man, and she rose unsteadily. She heard questions and she was shaking her head assuring everyone she was all right. Then she remembered and shoved her way through the crowd, not caring whom she pushed or how, but anything to get away, and once she reached the sidewalk, she was running.

Scarcely had the man driven across La Cienega than a Bureau car opened its siren behind him in a low warning wail. He looked about wildly, then started to pull to the curb, but a police car coming up fast on his right blocked him. Lights flashed and sirens shrieked.

"Get out," a voice said, and he stepped numbly into a .38. A Tommy gun came up from one side. He fell back against the car.

"I didn't do nothing. I just picked up this girl I mean—she picked me up. I was walking along and she was standing there, and she gave me the old one-two, you know, and I asked her out to dinner ——"

More cars roared up until Wilshire was blocked. He looked around, eyes widening. "Great Scott, you'd think I was Dillinger. I tell you, I was just taking the girl to dinner."

As Kelly approached the house, she heard the phone. She hurried, her fingers thumbs as she fumbled with the key in the lock. She burst into a house fully lighted. Before going to the Hendrickses, Toby had turned on every light.

"Hello," she said, out of breath.

She had never heard a man so angry. "You little double-crossing ——"

She dropped into the chair by the phone. She had taken all she could tonight. "Shut up and listen to me," she said, surprised by her hardness. "I didn't know the man. I never saw him before in my life. How did I know it wasn't you? I've never seen you either, remember? He picked me up because I was standing around looking as if I wanted to be picked up."

He shouted something, but she talked him down. "If you saw me, why didn't you come out of your hole and get me? You could have done that much. But no, I go to meet you and you let me get picked up like a prostitute."

She ran down at last and heard nothing from his end for a long beat. Then he said, but he was much quieter, "I still think he was a cop."

"That makes a lot of sense, doesn't it?" She hurried on: "I told you I'd work with you. I want my cut."

He waited, thinking it through. "O.K. I'll take your word for it until I find out different. It took me a lot of time to make that setup and now I've got to figure out another one because of some stupid jerk." He continued, "But don't forget—I can sit up on that hill and pick you off with a high-powered rifle any morning you come out. You remember that."

There was a click and the line went dead.

Captain Moreno rode with Rip on the way back. The thin, pale man who had picked up Kelly Sherwood had been released shortly after his identity was established.

As the lights of the Civic Center rose across a black sky Rip said, "Did you know women zip up their skirts on the left side?"

Moreno looked wary. This Rip, he was to be watched.

Rip continued, "No, I mean it. But when Homicide found Nancy Ashton, her skirt was zipped up the right side—and she wore nothing underneath."

"I follow."

"She came out of the bath, did her toenails, and someone bludgeoned her ——"

Moreno picked it up: "—— but he didn't think we'd believe a woman would commit suicide in the nude, and he put a skirt and blouse on her."

Rip nodded. "That might be the reason, or it might be he was someone close to her—father, brother, her husband—and he didn't want her to be found naked. We had a case once where a husband drowned his wife in the bathtub, but before he fled he threw a blanket over her."

At the police building Moreno said on ... ing the car, "I'll look up Popcorn. Migh... something there. 'Night, Rip."

"See you tomorrow, Pancho."

He then took Broadway, the main bus... street, to Sixth and turned west for the ... office.

As he walked into the office, Peg was ... ing. Her eyes lighted up.

"What're you doing around so late?" ... asked.

"I'm not going to tell you, if you d... know." She hastened on: "You wouldn't ... derstand, but when a girl invests time in a ... she likes to stick around and make sure o... investment." She backed toward the ... "You're my A.T. and T., Mr. Ripley."

"Wait—I'll run you home."

"Not tonight you won't. On account o... Bureau made an ident on the subject i... Sherwood case. I put the Teletype in ... workbox."

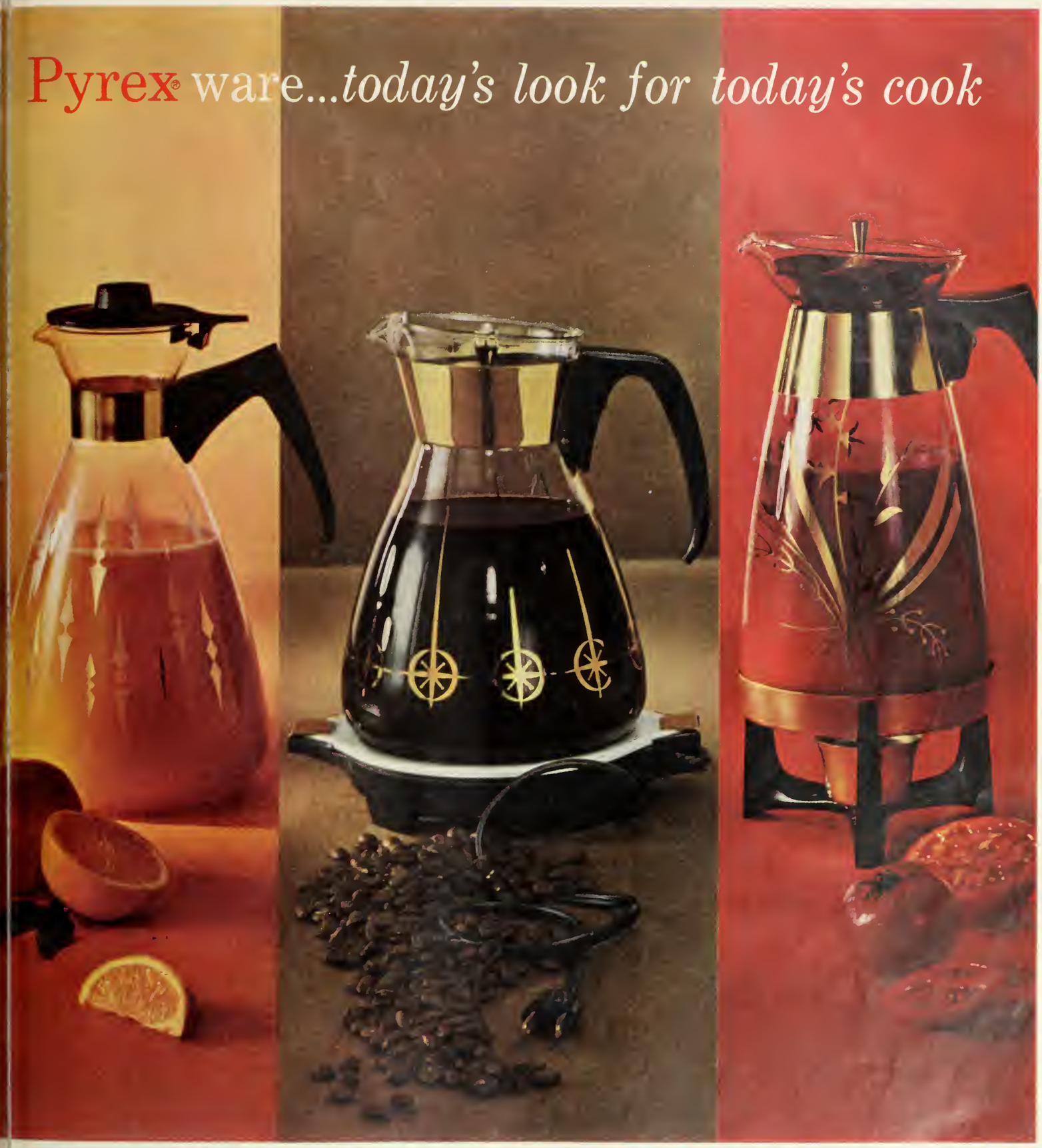
Picking up the Teletype from Washin... Rip felt the old pounding. No matter ... many cases a man worked nor how m... years the excitement of the hunt was n... swallowed by routine. The Teletype read:

SAC LA. RE UNKNOWN SUBJECT BANK ... BERY, VICTIMS: FIRST NATIONAL BANK HO... WOOD, KELLY SHERWOOD, ELOISE SHERW... D. SUBJECT BELIEVED GARLAND HUMPHREY DIL... N ALIAS GAR DILLON, RED DILLON, DILL DIL... N, JAMES MONTEBELLO, JIM CATO AND MURPH... O-WELL. WANTED UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO A... D PROSECUTION FOR MURDER. COMPLAINT F... D BEFORE U. S. COMMISSIONER, OKLAHOMA CY, 7-16-59, OKLAHOMA CITY OFFICE OF ORI... I.O. 24081 ISSUED 7-20-59.

Washington, Rip learned later, had b... with one lead, the subject's asthma. It had ... thousands of cards on wanted men throu... a classification machine. The cards bore h...

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2...

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

and slots indicating habit traits, appearance peculiarities, and the like. The machine was set to kick out all the cards "holed" for asthma and tossed out some fifty.

Bureau experts then had set about to study the records on these fifty. Previously the lab had established from the recording tape forwarded by the Los Angeles field office that the subject pronounced an *l* almost as if it were a *w*. Hence, the word "life" sounded like "wife."

Eventually, the experts learned from the records that one of these wanted men, Garland Humphrey Dillon, more commonly known as Red Dillon, possessed this speech oddity. The fact had been set forth at the time of an arrest.

Rip continued to read:

SUBJECT FOND OF GOLF, MOVIES, NIGHT CLUBS, AMUSEMENT PARKS, MEXICAN FOOD, RACE TRACKS. HE IS WELL READ AND HAS BEEN REPORTED TO FREQUENT LIBRARIES DAYTIME. HE IS EXPERT MAKEUP ARTIST AND FREQUENTLY CHANGES APPEARANCES. REPORTS INDICATE HE ESTABLISHES LIAISONS WITH WOMEN OF ORIENTAL DESCENT. HE IS EXTREMELY DANGEROUS AND BELIEVED HEAVILY ARMED. EXTREME CARE SHOULD BE EXERCISED IN EFFECTING HIS APPREHENSION.

Rip looked up the I.O., the identification order that was sent out by Washington to the FBI's 53 field divisions on each wanted subject. The I.O. showed a rather handsome man, though without distinguishing features, who wore glasses.

Under "Description," Rip read: Age 38, born November 5, 1921, Nashville, Tennessee (unverified); Height, 5'9"; Weight, 160 to 170; Build, medium, muscular; Hair, brown, receding, thinning; Eyes, gray-blue; Complexion, ruddy; Occupation, salesman, clerk, accountant; Scars and marks: one inch over left eyebrow, crooked little finger on left hand.

Under "Record" were listed convictions for statutory rape, forgery, criminal assault, armed robbery, grand larceny and murder.

The conference began in the SAC's office at 9 A.M. By now the detail working Operation Terror numbered twenty-two agents. Most had worked the night through as the man hunt for the rapist and killer spread swiftly through this city of 2,000,000.

Earlier the SAC had talked with Washington, and now he sketched in briefly the subject's known crimes. At sixteen, in Nashville, he had committed statutory rape on a thirteen-year-old girl, and been placed on probation. The next year, in the same city, he was committed to a juvenile home for check forgery. He was released a year later, and reentered high school, subsequently graduating with honors. He was twenty, and beginning his second year in university, when he held up a bank in Memphis and killed a teller. Caught and convicted of murder, he escaped prison seven years later after slaying a guard. He was thirty when he was arrested under another name for a criminal assault on a seventeen-year-old girl who subsequently lost her mind as a result of the act. He escaped jail before his trial. In July, 1959, he shot down one Bertha Meyers, twenty-four, a bank teller, in her Oklahoma City apartment.

The SAC said, "Investigation failed to reflect that he had had any association with the slain woman. Her friends had never heard of him, and none remembered having seen him when shown his picture. Since the slain woman was a bank teller, it might be reasonable to assume that the subject was trying to force her to work with him in a crime similar to the one he is attempting to perpetrate here, and when she refused he murdered her."

After the conference broke up, Rip assigned leads. Agents would cover golf courses, amusement parks, night clubs, libraries and bookstores, Mexican restaurants, the principal movie houses and race tracks.

In addition, the field office would send out wanted notices to all physicians, on the possibility the subject might call on one for treatment for asthma, and to opticians and optometrists on the possibility that he might need new glasses.

Rip kept for himself and for Bradley the lead suggested by the Bureau Teletype to determine if the subject were dating any girls of Oriental descent.

Before they left for the Chinese and Japanese areas, Rip placed two phone calls. One was to Kelly Sherwood at the bank. He had sent over the subject's picture with one of the agents on the bank surveillance.

She said now, "I see so many people. I may have seen him somewhere, but I don't remember him."

He arranged to meet her at four. He thought to ask, "How's Toby?"

The lilt came back in her voice. "She's in love with you; did you know that?"

He laughed. "I am with her too."

He let her chat a little as her old self revived. It was miraculous what a laugh could do.

His second call was to Captain Moreno, who reported no developments in the death of Nancy Ashton. Moreno said, "I'm going to get my face slapped because of you. I've been looking at women's skirts, and they do zip up the left side, like you said."

By noon, Rip and Bradley had covered Chinatown, and after lunch they moved into Little Tokyo on East First Street.

They stopped at a judo school, the Nisei Trading Company, the Bank of Tokyo, at the Fuji Drugstore and the Kinema Theater, where Japanese movies were shown with English subtitles. They went into fish markets, and bath and massage places. They talked with a venerable old man who instructed matrons in the ancient art of the tea ceremony.

It was grueling and monotonous work. They were looking for a needle in a haystack. Eventually they found the needle. They turned into a side street that led to an American-Japanese Christian church which in its architecture looked more like a Buddhist shrine. The pastor was effusively polite. "So nice to meet you," he said. "So nice."

He took one quick look at the photo. "You want this man? Yes, sir, I see him. Twice. I came out of church, and he was standing across the street, waiting for one of my members. She got in the car with him. You want her name, of course, and her address. The name, it is Sheri Kimura, and the address, I will find it for you."

As he looked it up, he continued, "I thought nothing of it except that she didn't want her friends to know she was keeping company with a Caucasian."

He copied the address on a scratch pad. "Here it is: 4517 Harker Street. She lives alone in an apartment there."

He had last seen the subject about a month ago. "I'm certain she wouldn't have been with him if she had known who he was. She's a very fine person."

She worked as a cashier at a chain drugstore in downtown Los Angeles. He added, "She is a Eurasian. Her father was Japanese, and her mother, she told me, was Spanish. They're both dead."

At the drugstore, they learned from the manager that she had been employed five years, starting as a salesgirl, and had an excellent record. She had left the store an hour before.

At 4517 Harker Street, they drove slowly past a boxlike two-story apartment building. They located the postal substation, and talked with Sheri Kimura's mailman. He knew her slightly, and nothing against her. "If I've a registered letter for her and the weather's cold, she always asks if I'd like a cup of tea."

He suggested they talk with a neighborhood bank where she had an account. One of the officers knew her quite well, but he had never seen her with the subject. "She's a swell kid," he said. "Oh, she drinks some, if you call that a sin, but she's had a rough time of it. She was married for two, three years but it didn't work out."

Next they stopped in a neighborhood drugstore. From a booth, Rip called his office and a contact at the police department for a run of the indices on her name. Both checks proved negative.

Bradley asked, "What about it?"

They had two alternatives. They could stake out the apartment building on the possibility that eventually Red Dillon would show. They ran two risks with such a stake-out. He might never appear; and if he did, they would have to move in fast to apprehend him without having time to work out a plan. Trapped, he might kill any innocent person who got in his way.

The other alternative was to take Sheri Kimura into their confidence in the hope she could and would inform them of Red Dillon's whereabouts.

"What d'you think?" Bradley asked.

Rip reviewed the situation. "We've checked her out thoroughly—and not one negative report. What d'you say we give it a try?"

Rip parked the car a block away and they walked down a sidewalk where children were riding tricycles and pulling red wagons. Sheri Kimura's mailbox indicated she lived in Apartment 4-B, which was on the second floor.

One moment Rip was knocking, and the next Sheri Kimura stood at the door, breathtaking and exquisite. Her black hair was stacked in the latest fashion, her kimono was banded tightly in the midriff.

Rip identified himself and Bradley, and instantly the curtain was pulled. She asked them in politely, but they felt hostility.

"Please sit down," she said. The furniture was mostly American and the room smart. The prints on the walls were Japanese. Suspended by a thread from the ceiling, a delicate paper dragon with fierce teeth moved with every breath of wind.

"We must ask you to hold this in confidence," Rip began.

"All right." She curled her feet under her in a massive armchair.

"We're told that you know a man named Red Dillon."

She stared at her red toenails, jutting out from sandals.

Rip insisted, "Do you?"

"No," she whispered.

"Maybe you know him as Gar Dillon—James Montebello—Jim Cato?" He handed her the photo.

"No."

Rip continued, "We're looking for him on a murder charge. He killed a woman about your age, who had a year-old baby."

She smoothed out the kimono, not looking up. "I want to talk to my lawyer."

Rip felt the wind knocked out of him. "Of course," he answered quietly.

"I'll phone him."

"We'll wait, if you don't mind."

"Please do."

She passed them, gliding softly to a phone on a nest of carved teakwood tables in one corner. She sat on a matching chair scarcely big enough for a kitten. "Sam," she said, "this is Sheri."

Rip and Bradley exchanged glances. They listened intently, but the voice was too soft and low to carry distinctly.

She watched them as she talked. "I'm fine, thank you. . . . Sam, two men from the FBI are here asking me questions and I think I'd better see you. . . . Could you? . . . All right. . . . All right."

She hung up and turned. "He'll be here in about ten minutes."

She started for the door to the kitchen. "I'll prepare tea—if I may leave the room."

Rip suppressed his mounting irrita[tion]. "This is your home, Miss Kimura. We'[re] guests."

Once she was gone, they both moved a[t the] same moment, seating themselves so the[y had] a view of both the kitchen and the front d[oors.] They sat so they could rise in a simple, [swift] upright movement, as if all they would ha[ve to] do was press a button.

If they had erred, they could not expla[in the] reasons for their course of action to Was[hing]ton. The Bureau tolerated no errors.

She served the tea in silence. "Thank [you,"] Rip said and Bradley echoed him. "What [is the] attorney's name?" Rip asked.

"Sam Sumoto."

They heard then a man's steps on the [hall]way outside. They were slow, contemp[lative] steps, and as soft as a man's weight wou[ld al]low. His knock was the same.

"Hello, Sheri," he said. As she opene[d the] door, a shrewd-looking, smiling Jap[anese-] American of about thirty entered.

As she introduced them, he droppe[d the] smile and assumed a professional mien. "[Mr.] Ripley, Mr. Bradley. You're the first FB[I men] I've met."

Rip and Bradley stepped into the hal[l out]side while he talked with his client.

"I think we just got our tail caught [in a] wringer," Bradley said. "What do you [sup]pose that's all about?"

Rip shook his head, worried. "Sh[e's a] mighty smart number."

A few minutes later Sam Sumoto j[oined] them. "O.K. She knows the guy you're a[sking] about. She swears she's never been inv[olved] with him in any crime and I believe her. [I told] her to co-operate with you."

The way he said it prompted Rip to [ask,] "Will she?"

Sam Sumoto rubbed his neck. "Her r[eason] tells her to, but I don't know about her [mo]tions. She's got a strong attachment fo[r this] guy, I can tell. But she says it isn't anyt[hing] romantic. It's something else with her."

He repeated thoughtfully, "Something e[lse.]" He continued, "But you ask her yourse[lf. I'd] like to sit in if you don't mind."

They went back in. She turned from the [win]dow, and said humbly, "I'm sorry. I was [ter]ribly frightened."

Rip nodded in understanding. "If you'[ll tell] us where we can find Mr. Dillon ——"

She answered tightly, "I don't know [where] he is. I know you don't believe me."

"Would you tell us if you did?" Bradley asked.

"I can't believe he did what you say."

"That isn't what I asked," Bradley [came] back.

"I said I didn't know where he is."

Rip asked, "When did you last see [him,] Miss Kimura?"

"A week ago Saturday. He picked [me] up when I got off work. We had dinner and [went] to a movie and then dancing, and he brought me home about two in the morning."

"You haven't heard from him since?"

"No."

"Are you expecting to hear from him?"

She nodded. "Sometimes he doesn't c[all] for a month or two. He's out of town a great deal."

"Tell us when you met him, where, [and] how long you've known him, all that."

She waited a moment before answering, [her] face a placid mask. "He came into the [drug]store often, and we would talk some. [I] know how it is. He seemed all right, and [I] went out to dinner with him one night about [two] years ago."

"What'd you think he did?"

"He said he was in finance, but I didn't [ask] him any questions. You ask what a man [does] and he bores you the rest of the evening [talk]ing you."

Rip smiled, and she relaxed a little. [He] talked along quietly, asking myriad questions, seeking to draw out details. She continued courteous but skillfully evasive.

At last Rip said, "I'll be frank, Miss [Ki]mura. I've a feeling you're hostile to us, [and] I don't know why. You say your relationship with this man was very casual, that you saw

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

THE POTENTIAL

By DILYS LAING

If it has a human face
and is in human form confined
it well may have a human heart,
it well may have a human mind.
Love and help it if you can:
it yet may learn to be a man.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

only once or twice a month, and surely you wouldn't hold any brief for him. Your pastor says ——"

"I've told you everything I know."

Rip changed tack. "How many bedrooms do you have here, Miss Kimura?"

She was puzzled. "Two."

He continued, "We'd like your permission for two agents to stay in one—day and night—and we'll put a woman in with you."

"For my protection—or the agents'?"

Sam Sumoto broke in. "Sheri, please ——"

"I'm sorry. I'm—I'm terribly upset."

"You can refuse, of course," Rip said. "As a law-enforcement agency, we ask the co-operation of citizens in helping us apprehend parties charged with crimes, but we never insist. I want you to know that you have every legal right to refuse my request. I'm hoping you won't, though. This man assaulted a girl who's in a mental hospital. He has killed three people—a prison guard and a bank teller besides the woman I mentioned. He'll go on raping and killing, Miss Kimura, until we find him."

She nodded. "It's all right, of course. I wasn't thinking."

They left with Sam Sumoto, parting with him at the corner. "If there's anything I can do, give me a ring," he said.

From a drugstore phone booth, Rip called the General-desk supervisor, filled him in with the skeleton facts, and asked for two agents to take up the vigil. He obtained the supervisor's approval, too, to request the police department to assign a policewoman to Miss Kimura's apartment.

An hour later, Policewoman Lily Taguchi arrived. She was a Japanese-American herself, twenty-four, slender and attractive. They held their conference in a Bureau car a block away.

"Thanks for coming," Rip said.

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," she answered, smiling. "I've never worked with the FBI before."

"You may get pretty bored. We just want you to stay in the apartment when Miss Kimura is there. We don't want you to ask her any questions or try to learn anything. We thought if you'd act like you actually were a girl friend who had come to spend a few nights ——"

"That should be easy."

Rip continued, "We've worked it out so I don't believe you'll be in any danger. But you never know in these situations."

"Don't worry about me. I understand. My father was a night watchman. He died walking down an alley one night. Just walking down an alley."

At 3:40 Mr. Welk stepped up to her window. "Miss Sherwood, you have *another* phone call." He said it in a tone designed to remind her that he would have to speak to her if she continued receiving repeated calls. Only a few minutes before, Mr. Ripley had telephoned, canceling his appointment.

As she walked to the phone, the old pressure mounted step by step, pounding until her head seemed about to burst. All day she had waited for the killer's message which would set up another rendezvous. Every time a strange face moved up before her, she would edge her hand toward the alarm button.

Now Toby's voice came over the phone. "Hi, sis. I just had to call you. You all right?"

"Fine. How about you?"

"You don't sound fine. Has anything ——"

"No, nothing, Toby."

"Louella's asked me over for dinner. Give me a call when you get home, huh?"

"Sure, hon."

"Don't forget. Hang loose and swing easy."

Hang loose and swing easy.

After that, until five, events picked up tempo. She balanced to the penny on the first run, placed an order for $50 in ones, $200 in fives and tens, and $500 in twenties with Mr. Welk, and locked the cash drawer in the vault. One of the bookkeepers asked her about an nsf check (not sufficient funds) that a good customer had presented, and she referred the check to Mr. Burkhardt, who would call the customer as a courtesy.

The atmosphere became surcharged a few minutes before five as purses were collected, faces repaired, covers placed over machines. She was conscious of curious eyes as she and Pete left together.

He took her to Frascati's on the Strip, where the movie people went. They had cheese blintzes. He was his usual ebullient self. He could even laugh when he told her about an attorney who had berated him that afternoon in an escrow matter.

"Expecting someone?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"What's wrong, Kel?"

"You mean I'm not bright-eyed and bushy-tailed?"

"Toby's all right, isn't she?"

"She's fine, thank you."

"You're not sick?" When he got on a point, he rode it.

"Please, Pete, I'm fine. I haven't been sleeping well, that's all."

"Nothing's happened at the bank?" He was inviting confidences, and that was the one thing she couldn't tolerate in others, not even in Toby.

Before she knew what she was saying, she blurted, "For heaven's sake, Pete, stop cross-examining me."

He put his fork down slowly. After a long beat she said, near tears, "I'm sorry, Pete. I'm terribly sorry. But let's talk about something else besides me."

She had to get control of herself. She couldn't go around blowing up.

They had planned to see *Ben-Hur*, but she pleaded a headache. It sounded spurious. For how many centuries, she wondered, had women used headaches to escape realities?

> Most of us live too near the surface of our abilities, dreading to call upon our deeper resources. It is as if a strong man were to do his work with only one finger.
>
> JOHN CHARLES WYNN

He drove out Sunset, and took the Beverly Glen pass through the Santa Monica Mountains to Sherman Oaks. He was disturbingly quiet. She realized she had ruined the night for both of them

Before her house, he turned off the motor and took her hand. She was conscious the agents would be watching perhaps the neighbors, perhaps even the killer.

He said, "I'm not good at talking, but I'm crazy about you."

His arms slipped about her, and he was holding her tightly, and his warm lips were on her cold ones. She went spinning into space, but the moment spent itself quickly. It was not only her consciousness that they were being watched. It was the other woman, the ghost, who sat in the back seat. He had never kissed her that Kelly hadn't wondered what kind of woman his wife had been; had he loved her as much and in the same way, saying the same things, and what had come between them? He had never discussed his wife or the divorce. It was a closed path, never to be walked again.

She pleaded she must take a headache tablet and he let her go. He was confused. He had felt the first response of a woman in love with a man, and then the limpness.

Inside the front door, she looked for a note or a telegram. As she telephoned Toby, she experienced a flutter of hope. He had given up the plan. Something had happened to him. Surely he would have contacted her before this.

When Rip came through the door that evening, Peg bobbed her green earrings in the direction of the SAC's office. "They're waiting for you."

He passed quickly by her. Before the SAC's door he took a deep breath, like someone wanting to pretend it was the start of a day. He walked into a room of low murmur. The SAC glanced up from dictating to a secretary, nodded, and quickly wound up.

"Everybody here?" he asked, looking about at the agents seated informally around the desk. "All right, Rip."

Rip led off the discussion. Most of the leads set forth that morning—to cover golf courses, race tracks, libraries and the like—had proved negative. "I think he's changed his habits and interests," Rip said. "He's given up golf and libraries because he knows we'll be checking those places."

"You think he knows we're on his trail?" Bradley asked.

"Not necessarily. But he's playing it safe."

The SAC commented, "He may have given up golf, but I doubt if such an active man would become a hermit."

Rip agreed. "No—he'd probably turn to some other sport."

They decided they would cover bowling alleys and other sport centers the next day.

Soon after the conference broke up, Moreno came by. "I had a talk with Popcorn and I've got a feeling—just a feeling, mind you—that he's holding out on us. I think he knows where we could look for Red Dillon, but Popcorn figures it's a big story and maybe he'll peddle it for good money to a newspaper."

"We can put a tail on him."

Moreno shook his head. "He'll spot it, Rip. He's expecting one and he'll lead us on a walking marathon all over this blasted city."

"Let's think about it. Must be some way."

Moreno rose. "That's not why I dropped by. We've located a woman we believe was Nancy Ashton's closest friend. I'm on my way now to talk with her. Thought you might like to come along."

Her name was Deborah Samuelson, a known call girl. She was thirty-three, blond, tall and poised, and wore a simple black sheath dress that gave her an illusion of glamour. She lived alone in the Hollywood hills in a $200-a-month apartment.

As he studied her, Rip wondered what had possessed her to enter prostitution. She had a good, intelligent face. She would have looked right as an airline stewardess or a buyer for a department store. She talked slowly, feeling her way. When she was convinced they actually were investigating Nancy Ashton's death, she relaxed her long taut body until it no longer pressed against the dress.

"You knew her well?" Moreno asked.

She nodded. They had met at the University of California at Los Angeles. Since their graduation they had got together at least once a week for a movie or dinner. "She was the only friend I had, and since my parents died, I'd looked to her when I needed to talk something through."

"What about other friends?" Rip asked.

"None close." She added carefully, "She was in a type of work where it was difficult to make close friends."

Rip said, "A few days before her death she came to our office, presumably on behalf of a close friend who had taken part in a crime involuntarily."

She almost stopped breathing. He continued, "Miss Ashton wanted to know if this friend would be subject to prosecution if she came forward."

The girl looked from one to the other. Her face was very white. "I think you're making this up."

Moreno said, "We're not accusing you."

"But you're thinking it."

"No," Rip said.

"What about it—was she talking about herself?" Moreno asked.

"No. No, she couldn't have been. I knew nothing about her affairs really, because we had an unspoken agreement that we would never pry into each other's life. I don't think you can be close friends unless you do respect the rights of the other one to privacy, don't you?"

Rip drew the photograph of Red Dillon from his inner pocket. "Do you know this man?"

She scarcely glanced at the picture. "Yes, of course."

"Where did you know him?"

"He was her brother. I met him only once, about a month ago. He was leaving her apartment—it was about eleven—when I was coming in. I said to Nancy later, 'I didn't know you had a brother,' and she remarked she hadn't seen him in a good many years. She said it as if she didn't care for him."

She hesitated. "May I ask what you want him for?"

Moreno nodded. "He murdered a woman back in Oklahoma."

Rip went on, "What name did she give you when she introduced you?"

"Dill. She just said, 'I want you to meet my brother Dill.' She didn't give me a last name."

She hurried on, "Look, I've leveled with you, and I think you should with me. I'm not the close friend she talked about, and I don't know who it could be. If you suspect me ——"

Moreno repeated, "We're not accusing you of anything."

Rip turned toward the door. "Thanks, Miss Samuelson. You've been very helpful."

In the lobby, they sat and talked. They agreed the facts seemed to support this hypothetical reconstruction: Red Dillon had persuaded Nancy Ashton, or forced her under threat of death, to work with him in his scheme to obtain money from the First National Bank through Kelly Sherwood. Thoroughly frightened, Nancy Ashton had gone to the field office with the story about a "close friend." Apparently she had committed a criminal act with her brother at some time in the past, since she feared prosecution.

Then he had become aware that she was about to expose him. Perhaps he had accosted her, and when Rip and Bradley called she had remained silent in the apartment, either because he was there or because she had changed her mind.

Dillon had brooded, though, and perhaps entered her apartment while she was showering. When she emerged, he had slugged her with a heavy instrument, then put a skirt and blouse on her and pushed her out the window.

It was only a theory. The police would continue to work the case until all leads were exhausted. They might uncover a fact that would shatter the reconstruction.

Rip remained at the office until midnight, receiving reports and plotting leads. A few minutes before he left, the switchboard light rang him. "I've a man on the line. Says he has info about the Sherwood case."

Rip straightened in the swivel chair. Only the Sherwoods and Popcorn, besides the FBI and the police, knew about the case. "Put him through," he said.

When the man came on, he began in a low, almost indistinct voice, "I've got some information to give you about one of your cases."

"May I have your name, please?"

The voice was curt. "It doesn't concern me."

"What was it about?"

"It's the Sherwood matter."

Rip pretended he wasn't acquainted with the name. "Sherwood. Sherwood. What kind of case is it?"

"She's being threatened. . . . You do have a case on her, don't you?"

"I don't know. I'd have to look it up. Why don't you come in and talk to us about the matter?"

"Maybe you don't have a case?"

"I'd have to check. But if you want to give me something over the phone ——"

The man considered, breathing heavily. "Guess I'd better come in. What'd you say your name was?"

"Ripley. John Ripley. What time'll you be in?"

The voice squirmed. "Nine in the morning be O.K.?"

"That's fine."

Rip tried to prolong the conversation, but the other party hung up abruptly. The call had been too short to trace through the city's complex telephone dialing system.

At the same hour the two agents posted in Sheri Kimura's apartment sat in the dark in the back bedroom, facing a door opening into a long, narrow corridor. Down this corridor they could see through the living room to the front door, barely discernible in a shaft of moonlight.

They had agreed to sleep in four-hour shifts, but neither was sleeping, both being too keyed up by the possibility Red Dillon would slip through that door.

The evening had gone with a minimum of irritation. Miss Kimura had been col-

ite. She had placed towels for them in the hroom, and offered to make space in the wded bedroom closet for their clothes, if y wished to send for additional clothing the t day.

She had an immediate liking for the police- man, Lily Taguchi. They had exchanged t about their backgrounds. Both had gone Uni High in Los Angeles, although not at same time, since Sheri was considerably er.

When it came time for dinner, Lily sug- ted that Sheri go ahead as though she were ne. "I'll get my dinner later," Lily said, d dinner for the men." She nodded toward back room.

Sheri insisted they work together. "This'll fun, having someone else around."

n the midst of cooking the phone rang, and eri hurried to answer it. Lily Taguchi over- rd her saying, "No, operator, there's no . John at this number. . . . No, the party has old number. I'm told that Mr. John had s number before I did."

She returned to the kitchen, saying, "Long tance from Chicago for a man who had this nber before me. I get a call for him about e a month."

Shortly after seven, Sheri slipped into a rt and blouse, and left, saying, "Don't wait for me. I don't know when I'll be back." At the door she turned and asked, "Will y be all right?" She indicated the back bed- m.

Lily smiled. "They're nice guys."

The remark was a firebrand. "I hate their s—the whole lot of them. The whole damn l." She was gone the same instant, leaving y taken aback. She watched below as Sheri ned to the right on leaving the apartment se, and walked with quick, short steps to corner where she disappeared.

ily Taguchi talked with the agents in the k bedroom for an hour, in whispers. They d a problem, that of silence. A man's voice a man's movements might attract the at- tion of the people in the apartment below, hey had seen Sheri Kimura leave. The nts removed their shoes, and began cata- uing in their memories boards that creaked groaned, and furniture which might prove ap in the dark.

Sheri returned shortly after nine. Lily said, thought you were going to be up to all rs."

Sheri shrugged, and said little as she un- ssed. She bathed, laid out her clothes for next day, and was asleep a little after ten.

At midnight, Lily Taguchi was still awake. e slipped noiselessly from bed and into a e. She crossed the corridor to the bath- m, took an aspirin, then returned to bed. eri Kimura never stirred.

The agents in the back bedroom listened n to the night noises. They listened to iso- e an alien one. A dozen times they tensed at e groan of the steps outside. A dozen times y were mistaken. At a time like this, imag- tion was a sneak in the night.

Pete asked about Kelly's headache as she ssed Escrow, and her hesitancy was telltale. e never could remember a lie. "It's gone," e said, and added, "Thanks, Pete, for last ht. You're the greatest, honestly."

She could still feel where he had held her, lips on hers. She pictured him about the use fixing things, in shorts mowing the lawn, oss from her at dinner eating by candlelight d listening to hi-fi. There had been many her fellows, but none she could ever fit into her , which she knew was growing more cir- nscribed with the years. None she could ure with the children she must have.

She was late to the vault by a minute. When e took her cash drawer, Mr. Welk put a seal out it. Once a month the bank ran its own ck, always without notice. At Window 5, e waited for Mr. Welk, who passed from e window to the next, breaking the seals, unting the money and checking to see that e amount tallied with the sum reported on e batch run the night before.

The routine began. The checks from the aringhouse were processed, the armored arrived and the guards with the money, e coffee break was taken, and the doors opened. Her first customer submitted a per- sonal check for $650. She took it to Mr. Burkhardt for approval. All checks for $500 and over required his initials.

He whispered, "Anything new, Miss Sher wood?"

"Nothing. I haven't heard a thing."

"Be sure to let me know if you do."

At 11:45, she left with Penny for lunch. The restaurant was crowded with pushing elbows and hips. In the far back they found a seat. After ordering, Kelly excused herself.

The rest room was almost deserted. She went to the long wall mirror above the wash- basin and dabbed at her make-up. She was vaguely conscious of someone leaving a cubi- cle, the door opening, closing, opening.

In the mirror, she saw a woman enter, a large person wearing dark glasses. The woman stopped quite still, looking about, and Kelly later remembered wondering why some peo- ple insisted on wearing dark glasses indoors. Kelly, her back to the woman, continued combing her hair. Then suddenly the comb clattered to the floor.

"Hello, Kelly." It was the voice in the ga- rage. Except for his lips, which were thick and set tightly, he made an attractive woman.

He continued: "Stand where you are, and don't try anything. I've got a gun on you, and I'll use it if you make me." He held a purse in an odd manner.

She dropped her hands to her sides, and turned slowly around.

"I haven't much time," he was saying, "so I'll give it to you right off. You take in a wad of money Friday afternoons. You must take in a quarter of a million sometimes. But I'm not hoggish."

She was certain he was studying her intently from behind the dark glasses. He was watch- ing for a swallow, an expression in her eyes, any evidence that she intended to betray him.

"You shove the take into your purse—and it'd better be a hundred thousand. And don't



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HOUSEWARES Festival Values

Housewares Festival

tell me you park your purse someplace else, because I happen to know you keep it on a shelf under the cash drawer. You walk out with it like any other time. Go straight home and then I'll get in touch with you—tell you where we'll meet for the split."

She heard steps approaching, the knob rattling, the lock holding.

She answered quietly, "But what happens when the customers start writing checks next week and they bounce?"

"I've got it all worked out. You got nothing to worry about."

Nothing to worry about? Because I'll be dead by then?

"One more thing," he continued. "I had a cellmate up at San Quentin. He went up for attacking women before he killed them. He said there was no thrill in this world like getting a woman and stripping her, and then afterward feeling her soft throat in his hands as he squeezed the breath out of her."

He added, "I wouldn't know because I've never done it. But sometime I'm going to—when I got a reason. He never had a reason, but I don't like it that way. I've got to have a reason."

He stepped close to her, his hand going to her cheek, stroking it. By reflex, she jerked her head away. Then caution reminded her and she stood perfectly still. She noted that his lips scarcely moved when he talked.

"I've got to frisk you. I've got to be sure."

He ran his hands slowly and carefully over her, every place where a gun or a transmitter might be concealed. Her whole body hardened to hold her unflinchingly in place. But eventually she could not keep the tremble from her legs, and she knew he felt the fear in them.

He rose slowly, bringing his eyes a foot from hers. The strong odor of tobacco and his heavy, difficult breathing took her back to the garage that night.

He kissed her lips hard and long. When he let her go, she found that revulsion had momentarily supplanted fear, and she was surprised at the strength of her own voice. "If you ever do that again, the deal's off. I'm in this for my percentage—my twenty thousand. That's all."

She added, her voice tight, "And you're not going to kiss it out of me."

He studied her, a faint smile on his lips, his face a blank behind the dark glasses.

"You're a beautiful dish—but I don't trust you as far as I could throw you. You just get the money and when I get ready to take delivery, *you* bring it. Remember that. Because I'll know if you get any fancy ideas about sending a decoy—and you'll regret it. You'll sure regret it, Kelly."

He backed to the window, checked the alley and climbed out. She walked unsteadily to the door, which was locked with a press button in the center of the knob.

Once again Rip and Kelly sat in the lonely, pretentious conference room, at the long, glistening mahogany table. He listened intently, but asked few questions.

She said, "If anyone had told me a week ago that I could have stood there and let a man like him search me ——" She shook her head, trembling.

"And after you warned me never to go to a rest room alone. I forgot. I don't know how I could have."

"I'm only sorry you had to go through it."

"I'd thought he'd phone."

"Sometimes they do and sometimes not in these threat-of-bodily-harm cases. He wanted you to feel his hands actually on you—because that's a physical threat a hundred times more racking than a telephone call. When he put his hands on you, and kissed you, he figured that was the kind of a final shock that would break you."

Rip did not tell her that Dillon, egomaniac that he was, also had wanted to show the police or the FBI, if they were following her, that he could operate in their midst. This, the women's rest room, was a weak spot in any surveillance. And yet, though it was a daring act, it was a foolish one, too, and he had taken a chance far beyond what he might gain. The act indicated that though he could give up golf and change his other habits, he could not forgo his compulsive flair for the theatrical.

"He had on a long, loose coat," she said. "It was brown. And a brown cloche—hat. A coat like that can disguise practically any figure. I didn't notice what was under it—maybe it was buttoned all the way up."

"It doesn't really matter," Rip said. "He probably ditched it at the first service station. Tell me about Friday afternoons, the big deposits, everything."

"Well, you know we stay open until six on Fridays, and about four o'clock our large commercial customers start coming in with their cash and checks for deposit, so they won't have to hold large amounts over the weekend."

She named several who deposited from $5000 to $40,000 late each Friday.

"Could you get a hundred thousand into your purse?"

She smiled. "With the kind of a purse I carry, yes."

"The bank never examines purses?"

"There'd be no point. If anyone wanted to embezzle, he could carry it out on his person."

Burkhardt joined them then, apologetic that he was late. "The bank wants to protect Miss Sherwood in every way," he said. "She mustn't take any chances for us."

Burkhardt turned to her. "I talked with the home office, and they instructed me to inform you that they appreciate to the fullest your co-operation, and when it's concluded they will entertain an application from you for a promotion."

"Thank you."

Burkhardt turned to Rip. "Now what do we do?"

"It's possible we may apprehend him before the bank closes tomorrow." He glanced at his watch. "We've got twenty-eight hours."

"What about the money?" Burkhardt asked. "I'd let her have it if I were handling the matter. But I'm not, and I don't think the home office —— A hundred thousand is a considerable sum if it got away from us."

"I wouldn't want the responsibility," she put in quickly.

Burkhardt said, "Could you make up a dummy package ——"

He trailed off, thinking, as they all were, that if Dillon made contact with her, and found the package of money a fake, she wouldn't have a chance. But then, because he was a wanton killer, he would in all probability kill her even if the money was all there. And if she didn't go through with it, he would hunt her down and kill her—and Toby—and go on to another victim. Any way you looked at it, Kelly Sherwood didn't have a chance.

Rip said, "Let's meet that situation when we come to it."

Burkhardt rose. "I must be going, if that's all. Let me know if there's anything the bank can do."

After he was gone, she said, "You know, I think I'm going to pieces. Now that he's set the time—I don't think I'm going to make it."

"Sure you are. There's always a letdown after a shock like the one you've just had."

She shook her head. "I just don't think I can go through with it—meeting him again, I mean."

"You did on Angel's Flight."

But that was an eternity ago. Two nights.

RHYMES FROM YOUNG MOTHER GOOSE

By C. S. JENNISON

My little old man and I fell out.
And what do you think it was all about?
He said, when the baby woke at four,
It wasn't his turn to walk the floor.

He said gently, "Let's take one thing at a time. I want you to do something for me. It sounds crazy, and I can't explain."

"You don't have to."

"I want you and your sister to go swimming when you get off work tonight at that park in Sherman Oaks. If Jack wants to come along, it's O.K."

She looked up in surprise. He went on, "I know the water will be cold at five-thirty, but you needn't go in. Just sit around. You don't have to stay long. Say a half hour."

A few minutes before five, Rip walked slowly down Main Street. The faces and bodies he passed were a blurred background. Sometimes all a man needed was an idea, a faint idea. Sometimes the idea had been inside him for days, but he had neglected to ferret it out.

He approached Popcorn, leaning back in his beach chair against a lamppost. He was holding court, as was his usual custom at this hour. A stripper in her teens was talking with him. A Negro man waited. He was pushing a large, old-fashioned baby carriage containing a sack of groceries. An old sot steadied himself against a waste receptacle. Popcorn himself looked freshly bathed and dressed, his soft blue eyes sparkling.

Rip passed him, overhearing the stripper asking about a business matter. Popcorn never glanced his way.

Rip rounded the next corner, got into his car and sat five minutes, timing it to the second. Then he drove a few blocks, and at a crowded Broadway corner eased up to the curb. Popcorn slid in beside him.

As they pulled away, Popcorn settled himself comfortably and looked curiously about the car. He said, "I recollect when these rigs first came out. I told the wife they never would catch on."

"Never can tell," Rip put in. He took the Civic Center approach to the Hollywood freeway, and soon was lost in a pack of cars, running three lanes solid. Overhead KMPC's helicopter hovered, broadcasting news of the freeway's traffic condition, alerting drivers to jam-ups.

Popcorn cleared his throat. "I may have a big story tonight, sir. Page one maybe."

"That's what Pancho tells me." Pancho had set up the date with Popcorn, informing Popcorn only that Rip wanted to talk with him. Rip continued, "He tells me you may not sell it to us."

Popcorn slid Rip a devious glance. His old eyes crinkled with the zest of haggling. "You do have a little competition. I've got a standing offer from one newspaper. Twenty-five dollars for a top story like this, sir."

"Anybody else bidding?"

"I'd rather not say."

They crawled past Hollywood, which from the freeway's elevation spread out before them on the left.

Popcorn continued, "May I ask where we're going, sir?"

"Sherman Oaks."

Popcorn rolled the name around, trying to fit it in with the story. They took the Van Nuys Boulevard off-ramp, turned right on Huston, and pulled into the curb near the Sherman Oaks park.

Rip said, "I've got something to show you."

Popcorn left the car slowly, puzzled. They followed a sidewalk, then crossed over the grass, coming to the pool.

Rip talked along easily. "You're in the newspaper business, and I know reporters. They're so busy getting the facts together and writing the stories that they don't get time to think what the stories mean to the people in them."

They walked along the other side of the pool from Kelly, Toby and Jack. Toby and Jack were in swimming, splashing around and chasing each other like a couple of porpoises. Kelly sat at the pool's edge, dangling her feet in the water, facing into the slanting sun. She had unusual maturity and depth, Rip thought as he watched her. And she stood up to life. He doubted whether any easier alternative had ever occurred to her. Peg measured up, too, he thought, give her Kelly's added years. Circumstances hadn't exacted an early maturity as they had in Kelly's case, but Peg had her head screwed on, as his mother so often pointed out.

He said, "Those are the Sherwoods o there. That's Kelly, the older one. And th Toby's boy friend, Jack. I thought you'd l to see the principals in the story. The older there will be dead by this time Saturday if D Dillon pulls off what he's got in mind. Ma she'll be dead sooner if the story hits the pers and he thinks she double-crossed him."

He paused. "As for the younger one, D Dillon got to one like her—she's in a mer hospital."

He turned back toward the car. "I j wanted you to know what they looked lik"

As they retraced their steps, Popcorn offe no comment. The man possessed a basic go ness, Rip thought. Yet the goodness mi have been strangled long ago by the hun and desperation that dogged each man Skid Row.

As they got into the car, Popcorn sa "You're asking me to suppress a news sto and I couldn't do that, Mr. Ripley. No go editor could."

Rip felt the crash in his temples.

Peg was leaving when Rip returned to office. "How's it going?" she asked with d concern. Suddenly he wanted to take home, to sit and talk on the doorstep with h

"Not so good. We can't seem to get break."

"You will. What was it you told me on That every big case has a point of discoura ment when it seems nothing will crack it, a then it happens."

She sent him a smile from the door, her e dancing. It was a smile to carry with him. A boy his mother had taught him to remem and cherish smiles and the happy words t people said, as he would a toy given him.

He sat at the old familiar desk, which was much a part of his life as his clothes. scanned the log turned in by the men who h run the surveillance the evening before Sheri Kimura:

7:32. Subject leaves apartment buildi proceeds north to Viking. Stops to talk w unidentified Japanese woman, about fif weight one twenty, height five-seven, d brown hair, wearing dark print dress.

7:42. Subject proceeds to Little Tokyo t ern, joins man later identified as Sam Sumo attorney, drinks one Manhattan.

8:03. Subject leaves tavern, takes O b west, sits by herself, third seat back of driv

8:18. Subject leaves bus at Cheyenne Stre proceeds south one block, enters Dayton H pital. Inquiries made of receptionist who fuses to advise whereabouts of subject hospital.

9:05. Subject leaves hospital, proceeds no one block, boards O bus east.

9:18. Subject leaves bus at Harker, proce to her apartment.

Rip rose wearily. He thought he would go the hospital. Sheri Kimura might have be visiting a sick friend. Again, she might n have.

At the hospital he inquired for the ni superintendent. The receptionist asked cur what he wanted. He said he would tell that the night superintendent.

"She can't be disturbed," said the girl.

"Thank you," Rip answered. He strode p her down the hall, and stopped a nurse.

The receptionist came hurrying after hi "I told you ——" she said.

"And I heard you."

The nurse showed him to the office of t night superintendent, who proved a busine like woman in her forties with a drama white streak across her dark hair.

He identified himself, showing her the fl black, walletlike credential. "I must ask you hold this call in confidence. A young wom by the name of Sheri Kimura came here l night. I hasten to add that Miss Kimura is n the subject of any investigation by our offi and I don't want my call to cast suspicion her."

"You want to know why she was here?"

"You know her, then?"

"Just stay here a minute, please."

The superintendent disappeared, closing t door behind her. Rip rose and stood in a l

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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Festival Values Housewares Festival

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

corner, out of range of the door. He took a book from the shelf, discovered it was titled *Obstetrics*, replaced it, and found another. He pretended to read, but picked up every sound in the corridor outside. As the minutes droned on, he was mystified and uneasy.

The door opened slowly and a six-year-old's face peered in, taking stock, as if he were on enemy ground.

The superintendent's voice came over. "Go on in. He won't bite you."

He had large, bright almond eyes and dark hair neatly combed. He walked with excruciating effort, one step at a time. He seemed about to fall, and Rip started toward him.

The superintendent said sharply, "He can manage." She continued, "He was born without a hip cup on his left side. But we gave you one, didn't we, Joey? A nice plastic one. Other boys have to get along with old-fashioned hip sockets, but not Joey. Sit over there, boy."

Joey smiled up at her as he eased himself into her swivel chair. He looked at the wonders on her desk.

She said, "This is Miss Kimura's son."

Rip took a chair across the desk from him. "Hello, Joey." This was a business of surprise, but he was careful to suppress his reaction.

"And this is Mr. Ripley, Joey." She turned at the door. "I'll leave you two men alone."

Joey asked, "Are you a doctor?"

Rip shook his head. "I'm from the FBI." He took a gold-plated badge from his trouser pocket. He never showed it except to people who might not understand the meaning of the credential.

Joey examined it with widening eyes. "You don't look like Jimmy Stewart. Are you here to kill a bad man?"

"I hope not. Maybe just arrest one."

Rip hesitated. He disliked questioning children. "How long have you been here, Joey?"

"Years and years. I guess ten years." He brightened. "The doctor said I could go home Christmas." He added quickly, "But I like it here. My mother comes every night."

"How about your father?"

"Didn't you know? He's dead. He died when I was born."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right. You can't know everything."

"What about relatives?"

He saddened. "I don't have any relatives. Except Uncle Dill. Only he's not my real uncle. Do you know Uncle Dill?"

"In a way. Does he come to visit you?"

"Sometimes."

Rip turned then as the door catch clicked. Sheri Kimura stood there, trembling.

"Mamma," Joey yelled in delight, sliding out of the swivel chair.

She could scarcely control her voice. "Go back to your room, Joey."

"Mamma, this man ——"

"I know who he is. Go on, Joey. Do as I tell you. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Painfully, he made his way to her. She bent low to kiss him, hugging him tightly. Closing the door behind him, she leaned against it, her face ashen.

She said through tight lips, her voice strident, "You cheap, two-bit copper, sneaking around hounding my boy. Don't you have any decency in you at all?"

He waited, letting her fury run its course. He said evenly, "I've got a job to do, and the job's to keep alive someone who's going to get shot if I don't do it. I'll interview a three-year-old, or a ninety-year-old, or somebody on his deathbed if I think it will lead to a rapist and killer."

"If you ever again talk with Joey ——"

"I'll talk with the boy whenever I need to, Miss Kimura."

She didn't hear him. "He paid the bills for him, do you know that, copper? Yes, Red Dillon, the guy you're trying to tell me is a rapist and killer. If it weren't for him, Joey wouldn't be walking. It's cost thousands. And he paid, because he loves the boy, and sends him toys and clothes. And you're trying to tell me Red's a killer. Well, you go to hell, mister, you go straight to hell and tell them that."

She bit her lip to steady herself. Rip said softly, "Look, Miss Kimura, I understand how you feel. He's one man to you, an an other to us. But what he is to you doesn't een him from killing anyone who crosses im. Everybody's got some kindness in him, pe cially when it comes to kids or a mothe r a woman. But we can't let a murderer go a ind killing people just because he's kind at ti s."

"You're lying."

Rip said, "I don't get it. You were hos t us even before we told you what we wai d."

"You bet I was."

"Why, Miss Kimura?"

"Does Christmas, 1941, mean anyth to you?"

He thought the date over. "Offha it doesn't. What does it mean to you?"

"I'll tell you what it means to me. vas twelve years old and I had the world. I ha the greatest dad any girl ever had. My m died when I was four, and he'd brought me up ith all the love in his heart. We were close- ery close."

She swallowed, fighting emotion, and ip waited.

After a second she continued, "That d my world crashed. We were given a few da to get ready. The Government was packing off to a concentration camp. My Governmen the flag I'd loved. Packing us off because the color of our skin. My dad lost most ery- thing. They put us under guard in a pla in Arizona, behind barbed wire and with les ready to shoot us down if we tried to ge ut. They didn't have any gas chambers when ey could put us to death, but he died an ay, brokenhearted. I swore when they put h in the ground—I swore ——"

Reliving the scene, she broke.

Rip said, "That was eighteen years go, Miss Kimura, and Red Dillon's today nd there's absolutely no connection. What's re, if I remember rightly, it was a military er, and an action which the Department of Jstice opposed from the time it was suggested he FBI never made any request for such ac- tion."

He paused a moment. "Believe me, I un- erstand how you feel, but your thinking all wrong. Please give this some study—and lk with your attorney about it."

"I told you before that I don't know re Mr. Dillon is."

Rip said quietly, "At seven-twelve last ght you took a telephone call. Afterward you ld Miss Taguchi that some party in Chicago as calling for a Mr. John—that you had Mr. John's old telephone number."

He waited, seeing her color. "There no record that any Chicago operator put a all through to you—and the party who had our number before you never heard of Mr. Jo."

She flared. "You're calling me a liar."

He continued, "I think Red Dillon ed you and you two had a prearranged sign If you said there was no party by the nam of Mr. John at your number, that meant re was trouble, and he was to stay away."

She dropped into a chair, head saggin.

Rip said, "Don't get up some morning nd read in the newspaper that this man's led again, and have to live with it the rest of ur life. Because, Miss Kimura, somewhere, s me time, a woman like you is going to die be use of you, if you know where this man is nd don't tell us."

At the door, he turned. "You've got a ell boy in Joey. You've got a future to live f, if you can forget the past."

He was sweating as he walked down the ll. The receptionist's hateful stare followed m.

As he passed the switchboard, the girl id, "Mr. Ripley, you're to call Popcorn—ho st, that's the name—at KA 6-4257."

He asked her to request the phone com ny for the location of the number. "I'll l at my desk," he said, noting that the time as 9:42 P.M.

He shed his coat and loosened his tie. He thought of Sheri Kimura, wondered if he d shaken her as much as he intended. He tho ht of Peg, saw her smile again.

The phone rang, and the switchboard r said, "It's a pay station at Main and Clau ."

"Put me through, please."

Popcorn came on immediately. "I've en doing some thinking, Mr. Ripley."

s, Popcorn."
n afraid I'm not a very good newspaper
. I'd be fired from any good sheet."
experienced a quickening inside him.
corn continued, "This one's on the
."
I get Miss Sherwood to bake you a pie."
k her to make it cherry, will you? The
ised to bake me a cherry pie on my
ay." He asked, "Can you come at
, the usual place, by yourself? We'll be
a short walk."
thought fast. "O.K.—Moreno and I'll
re."
ly you, Mr. Ripley. That's the way it's
be." He hurried to add, "There won't
trouble. I'll be taking you to a listening
You can hear the news for yourself."
K. The usual place. Eleven o'clock."
sat rolling a pencil, then broke up his
hts by dialing Captain Moreno at home.
peated his conversation with Popcorn.
your informant, Pancho. What do you
?"
listened to a long silence before Pancho
I don't know, Rip. Like I told you, he's
s played it square with us." He added,
don't I give you a cover?"
anks. I'll get Bradley on it too."
w minutes after ten he left the office, and
the Hollywood freeway for his apart-
where he changed into the old clothes he
weekends. He left the shirt collar open,
re off the second button from the top.
cated a threadbare corduroy jacket, and
air oil to add a grease spot to the patch
t.

he mind of the bigot is like the upil of the eye; the more light ou pour upon it, the more it will ontract. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

remembered to remove the loose change his trouser pocket so there would be no e clinking if he had to move noiselessly, e tossed his wallet on the chest to remove nce of anyone's identifying him if it were to.
dropped into the inside jacket pocket a transmitter by which he would keep in with Bradley and Captain Moreno, who l maintain a loose tail job.
ore leaving, he checked his .38, making he cylinder was filled. He pulled the hol- little forward on his hip, then looked nirror to assure himself the loose jacket led no bulge.
turning to the office, he parked the car oarded a Sixth Street bus. He stepped t Main Street, passed the Follies Theater crossing the street, came to the all-night e house, paid his 35 cents and entered. He ocked again by the stench of dirty bodies heap whisky.
pcorn waited in the cubicle office. "Good ng, Mr. Ripley."
he name's Rip."
es, Mr. Ripley." He fished a note from a pocket, and read from it. "Mr. Dillon eservations aboard Pan-American Flight e-eight-three-one to Tokyo at eleven-fifty- P.M. tomorrow—Friday."
low do you know that?" Rip shifted un- . He disliked his doubts and suspicions, hey were a part of his business. An agent t live because of a doubt, die because of ack of one.
pcorn said, "He will carry a passport r the name of Dr. Franklin Immer, a tist."
m curious."
thought you would be. But it's no great ery. On the third floor of the Union Hotel 's a pay telephone that many characters I merely listen."
he Union?"
t's at Main and Sanders, three flights up. e's a clothing store on the first floor, s on the second, and the hotel begins at hird. If the guests don't fall down before ing the third, they can stay for a dollar a quarter a night."
nd Dillon uses this phone?"

Popcorn shook his head. "A friend does. I don't know his name, and I've never seen him. As I told you, I merely listen. The friend is making all arrangements: the airline tickets, the forged passport, the health certificate, all that."

"What's the number of the phone?"

"I don't know, Mr. Ripley. I've never used it." He chuckled. "I've never even seen it, and I don't think you will. The hotel manager—he is an ex-convict. He has no love for me, and would gladly cut my throat—and yours if he found you about the place. He operates a first-class place. No detectives."

Popcorn took his time, reveling in the intrigue. "I've got a listening post, and I'll show it to you if you'll promise ——"

Rip was instantly wary. "Promise what?"

"That you won't ask the phone company to take it out. It would hurt my business ——"

"We never interfere with the phone company."

"Thank you. Mr. Dillon's friend is usually punctual. He makes his call at midnight."

Rip's hesitation was short-lived. "Let's go."

"Thank you for your confidence, Mr. Ripley."

"It's Rip."

"I could never call you that. I was taught as a boy always to call my superiors 'mister.' It was a way we had in the back country of Indiana. My father was a Methodist parson and he always told me ——"

They walked slowly and carefully down a narrow, dark alley. Here in this deep canyon between ancient brick buildings, it was utterly still.

Popcorn stepped lightly in old, beaten-up tennis shoes, his footfall noiseless. Rip followed, ready to fall flat at the slightest brush of a noise. He searched out the shadows ahead, the darkness of the doorways, the black hunchbacks that were refuse cans, the telephone poles where a man might hide in ambush.

He listened for Bradley and Moreno behind them, and heard nothing. He was not disturbed. The transmitter broadcast every sound he made, every whisper.

They reached a dead end, a brick building rising into the dark night. Popcorn turned right toward a timbered wall higher than his head. His hand went out by habit to push through a door. He closed it carefully behind them, bolting it, and in the scrape of metal on metal Rip heard the warning that Bradley and Moreno might find their way blocked.

A dog rushed them savagely, growling. Popcorn called low, "Here boy, here boy." The growl faded, as if it had been wound up and had run down. A German-police dog, happily wagging his tail, took the meat Popcorn offered. Popcorn rubbed him behind the ears.

They made their way then through a junk yard, the dog following. Eventually Popcorn stopped beneath a fire escape. It was that type in which the first segment hangs high off the ground. He reached up and pulled it down, and stood a moment on the first step. His seventy years told in his breathing. His hand, though, was steady as he touched Rip, indicating upward to the third-floor landing. This, he whispered, was the listening post. The phone was three feet inside the door, on the right.

They took the fire escape slowly, flattening themselves against the brick wall. On the ascent to the second-floor landing, they stopped before reaching a lighted window. They heard voices inside, an older man and a young woman. They thought the window opened into an office. Popcorn leaped three steps across the light and Rip did likewise.

They paused, fastened to the building. As the girl reached the window, the man said in ugly humor, "What's the matter with you?" The girl answered, "I thought I heard something." The man said, "Forget it and pull the shade."

They waited until the shade was drawn and the tap of her spiked heels had faded. They continued then, one step at a time, freezing whenever the metal whined beneath their weight.

When they were two steps from the third-floor landing, Popcorn sat down and signaled Rip to do likewise. They could see the hall

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Housewares Festival

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door open, to provide ventilation since the night was close.

Almost the same instant the telephone rang, and its clamor bounced back and forth in the narrow hall. It continued ringing as no one answered it.

The shots came unexpectedly as a dark, indistinct figure emerged from the hallway. One instant there was nothing but the darkness and stillness, and the next a powerful, blinding light flooded them. Rip felt the first shot tap the brick behind him. In the same second he crouched low, firing to the right and left of the spearing light. He heard the gunman cursing Popcorn.

The gunman's lead cut the air about Rip, and then Rip, firing, saw the blinding light waver, and slide away from them and up the building. The flashlight struck with a metallic clunk on the landing, rolled a few steps and plummeted off into space.

Holding his own flashlight far out from his body, he threw it on the crumpled figure on the third-floor landing, and saw he was seemingly lifeless. He was not Dillon, nor anyone he had ever seen. He had been in his thirties, medium height and weight, and bore that kind of anonymous face so valuable to a criminal. Swiftly Rip took the .45 from his right hand, and searched him for a shoulder weapon, or one strapped to a leg, or stuck in a belt.

Finding none, he turned. Popcorn slumped where he sat, his head napping on his chest, and blood darkening his shirt.

Rip felt his pulse. There was none. Bradley came up then, followed by Moreno. Rip didn't hear what they said.

No crowd swarmed about to disturb them, and only two or three heads emerged from windows. Gunfire indicated trouble, and no one in the area wanted to answer police questions. They would learn in time, by the telegraph of the bars and flophouses, what had happened.

After Popcorn's body had been removed, the usual crime-scene examination proceeded on its dull, routine course. The only difference was that it proceeded quieter and swifter than usual. Rip wanted the killer's body taken away as soon as possible. If Dillon had sent the gunman, then if they moved swiftly Dillon might not learn for several hours what had happened. He might even come to find out, or telephone; and if he did either, an agent would be waiting.

"Just what's necessary," Moreno told the officers.

He turned to Rip. "We'll give out a news story the police were called after somebody heard shots, and we found two bodies, and we're now attempting to reconstruct what happened."

Looking down at the gunman, Rip felt shock. He had never become hardened to death. His eyes went to the belt, which had been inched up an extra notch recently, judging by the wear of the eyelets. The man had lost weight. Perhaps from hunger? His clothes in general indicated he lacked money: the wrinkled, dark trousers, the gray shirt open at the collar and fraying, the scuffed black shoes.

Moreno searched his pockets, finding six one-dollar bills and twenty-three cents in change, a loose key. A Social Security card identified him—unless the card had been stolen—as Daniel Shoemaker who had lived on Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, at the time the card was issued, January 19, 1939.

Moreno checked Records by phone, and reported, "He's got a record going back eighteen years. Been arrested twenty-two times for everything from petty theft and knifings and plain drunks to one attempt to commit murder. He was convicted only once, for petty theft."

He added, "He's known as a runner. At one time or another, he's run errands for every hood in the city."

Rip said, "I don't think he knew anybody would be with Popcorn. Probably Popcorn did a little too much talking, and it got to Dillon."

Moreno nodded. "Sooner or later, Popcorn was bound to go out like this. I think he knew it. He said to me once, 'If someone puts one through me, captain, will you see I get some words said over me down at the rescue mission?'"

Moreno rubbed the sweat from his forehead with his shirt sleeve. "I'll stop in the mission tonight and see what I can do. The newspaper boys'll probably chip in something, and some of us at headquarters."

"Put me down for a couple," Rip said, and asked, "What about his people? Anyone to notify?"

Moreno shrugged. He said Popcorn had lived at the Springs Hotel on Spring Street, Room 29. Rip said he would go by.

He said, "Push it for all you can. If we can apprehend the subject before six o'clock tomorrow evening ——"

He noted it was 12:46 A.M. It was not tomorrow evening. It would be this evening. Less than eighteen hours away.

He stopped by the Springs Hotel, where he awakened a paunchy, unshaven fellow in his forties who was sleeping in a rocker near the door. When Rip told him Popcorn was dead, the man merely shrugged.

"Did he get any mail?" Rip asked. "We're trying to locate relatives."

"No, no mail."

"Can I take a look around his room?"

The man thought that over, nodded finally. "Don't take anything. He owes me a week's rent. They always wait to die until they owe me money."

Room 29 was seven feet wide and eight long. It contained an Army cot neatly made up and a rickety, hacked-up chest. Clothes hung on hangers on nails driven into the wall.

In the bottom chest drawer, Rip found several crumbling Christmas and birthday cards, a showbill of the Ziegfeld Follies dated 1920, a love letter dated 1914 and signed Effie, and the yellow, faded photograph of a lovely girl.

A man's lifetime—in a bottom chest drawer.

"How much did he owe you?" Rip asked.

The man scratched his ribs. "Ten bucks," he said craftily.

"He didn't pay you any ten a week."

"Make it five—since he's dead."

Rip handed him a five-dollar bill. "Give me a receipt made out to him. Paid up in full."

When he returned to the office, he found a message. He was to make immediate contact with the surveillance team posted on the street outside of Sheri Kimura's apartment.

In the quiet dark of Sheri Kimura's back bedroom, the agent sat very straight in the floral-print easy chair. He sat straight to keep himself awake. He noted the time on his watch's luminous dial. It was six minutes before one o'clock, not yet an hour since he had taken over the four-hour shift. On the nearby bed his partner breathed heavily in a sleep of exhaustion.

The agent reached for the vacuum bottle, and filled the cap with hot, black coffee which he sipped slowly. He smelled the good coffee aroma, and wondered how far it might carry—if someone restless and awake in the apartment below might smell it, and wonder. He longed for a cigarette, but the pungent odor would carry even farther.

Slowly he grew aware of something not quite right in the night's sounds. He concentrated but couldn't isolate the alien noise. It was something a little furtive. He extended the periphery of his hearing to a dog barking far away, and the roar of a plane miles distant. He pulled his attention closer, and was conscious of gentle, cautious movement in the yard outside.

He stepped to the window. Below him, almost hidden in the darkness gathered about a tree, stood a bulky man with a cap pulled well down on his forehead. He stood almost motionless, yet he had a nervous habit of moving one foot about.

The agent touched his partner, who came awake instantly and joined him at the window. A minute later the man emerged from the darkness, and advanced with deliberate pace into the apartment building. A half block up the street, two agents slid out of their surveillance car and, walking briskly, reached the yard and followed him inside.

The man's steps were heavy on the stairway, and they were slow. The agents in the bedroom felt their holsters and took up positions on each side of the open bedroom door. They waited anxiously as the man's steps stopped before the front door.

Even though they anticipated it, the sound of the doorbell, which was explosively loud in the stillness, startled them. They heard Sheri Kimura say something, and Lily Taguchi answer, then their bedroom door opened, and Miss Kimura emerged, pulling a gossamer negligee about her. She hesitated as she flounced her hair out, and audibly took a long breath.

The doorbell rang again, longer this time.

She took quick steps to the door, and called out nervously, "Who is it, please?"

As if the man hadn't heard, he rang again. She called louder, "Who is it?"

He answered this time, though they couldn't make out what he said.

She turned on the outside light and opened the door. She stood a little to one side and they saw a big, bulky, powerful-looking man in a dark suit and white shirt.

He said, "Pardon me, I must have the wrong place. I was looking for the Itos."

He stepped back to look at the apartment number. "Apartment four—1610 Senter Street."

She said, "You've got the wrong street. Senter's one block to the right."

They were certain she whispered something, but he was talking and blotting out for all except his own ears whatever she was murmuring.

He said, "I'm sorry I awakened you. Please forgive me."

She closed the door behind him, and sagged against it for an instant. Then she glided silently back to her bedroom.

The man turned right when he reached the sidewalk. He walked with that lumbering effect of those grossly overweight.

The agents working the street followed him. One stayed a half block behind while the other crossed the street and kept him under surveillance from that angle.

He never once looked back. He continued his deliberate, elephantlike gait to a corner, and there he waited for a bus. While one agent continued the surveillance, the other hurried back for the automobile. When the bus pulled up, and the man boarded it, the two agents followed in an inconspicuous dark sedan.

A half hour later, near the Union Station, he left the bus, stood on a corner in seeming uncertainty for a few minutes, then headed toward the station. He stepped into the nearest phone booth and had a little difficulty squeezing himself in so he could close the door.

One agent stepped quickly into an adjoining booth in time to hear the man say, "Is that you, Red? . . . The girl says the cops are all over the place. . . . Yeah, she says she'll let you know when it's O.K. . . . Yeah, Red, I got you. . . . Yeah, I got you."

He left the booth. Lighting a cigarette he looked about, and his casual perusal included the agent in the booth, who was talking into a dead mouthpiece.

Outside, the man stepped into a waiting taxi, and the agents ran for their car. They followed the taxi at a distance of a half block careful not to let a stop-and-go signal trap them. Eventually, after several miles, the taxi pulled up before an old, rabbit-hutch apartment building on Standar, off Pico. The man handed over a bill, waited for his change and, without tipping, disappeared inside the building.

The agents notified the field division and requested instructions. When Rip talked with them an hour later, they asked about interrogating the man. Rip thought not. The man would admit to nothing, even to knowing Dillon. But free, he might lead them to Dillon.

Shortly after three o'clock Kelly rose quietly from her bed, where she had fought wakefulness for four hours. At the door she glanced backward at Toby, who was sprawled on her stomach, her head buried in the pillow.

She groped her way through the hall into the living room, sank wearily into the big, old chintz-covered chair by the television and was alone in the dark with her thoughts. She speculated that Dillon would choose a lonely spot for their meeting that night. For that matter, he might not meet her, but instruct her to toss the purse out in some unfrequented spot, such as up on Mulholland.

She wished he had set up a time and a meeting place. It was the not knowing that harassed her.

At the creaking in the hallway, she tensed. Toby took shape in the faint light.

"Hi," she said. "This your night for sentry duty?" She dropped to the floor and leaned back, her arms hugging her long, gangly legs.

"The natives are restless tonight," Kelly said.

Toby looked up at her. "You'd better take a sleeping tablet, sis. You've got to get some sleep or you're going to fold up on me."

"I'll be all right. Don't worry."

"I've got to look after you. You're my allowance."

"I'm touched. Really, honestly touched."

Toby yawned. "What's going to become of me when you marry Pete?"

"He hasn't asked me."

"He will. How can he help himself?"

"You'll live with us, of course."

"I don't think so, sis. I'll marry Jack."

"Has he asked you?"

"Practically. Boys don't ask girls in so many words any more. It's dinosaur." She added, "Do you think Pete will ask you to marry him in so many words?"

"I don't know if I'd marry him if he did."

"Because he's been married before?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

Toby mulled it over. "I'd marry Jack, even if he'd been married before. I don't think you should hold a mistake against a man, if he really, honestly, truly, definitely loves you."

She added with conviction, "I like Pete. I'd marry him."

"He bribes you with candy."

Toby laughed. "The old payola to the little sister. It always works."

Toby turned serious, looked up at her. "You're hiding something. I can tell. You heard from the man, didn't you?"

Kelly hesitated, and Toby said, "You're just no good at hiding something."

"Yes, he phoned me," Kelly told her. "He's to deliver the money tonight. Bring it here with me from the bank, and he's going to call me, and tell me where. But don't go worrying because they'll arrest him the minute he shows up."

She added, "Mr. Ripley will want to know where you're going to be tonight."

BARBARA JOURNAL

OTHER VIEWS,
SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE
PATTERNS ON PAGES 88 and 89.



VOGUE DESIGN NO. 9989.

One-piece dress and cummerbund; 10–16 (31–36); 75c. Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 39″ fabric without nap for dress and ⅞ yard of 35″ or 39″ fabric with or without nap, size 14.

Housewares Festival

11 reasons why this is the best pot in the world.

1. Lid *locks in* juices, nutrition, flavor! Special "lip" design forms a vapor-seal to cook goodness into food—not out!

2. Lid stores right in the pot. Just flip it, it nests; ready to stack, always on hand, on shelf—or up on the wall.

3. No need to stir—lid bastes by itself. Unique dome *inside* collects the good juices, drops them right back; keeps food moist naturally—*automatically!*

4. Lid lifts without pot-holder. Special finger-guard design makes sculptured handle easy to grasp. Made of ebony-look Bakelite, it stays cooler, too.

5. What's inside? Pure stainless steel, satin-finished to stay! No tough scouring, or polishing; no dirt-catching rivets punched through. Just wash it, it shines; as easy as dishes.

6. Remarkable "Radiant Heat Core" sandwiched in stainless spreads heat evenly—not just over bottom, *but all the way up sides!* No hot spots; heat *wraps* around food, cooks it evenly—bottom on up!

7. Locked-in Bakelite handles stay in place, stay cooler. Shaped to fit either hand.

8. You can cook *waterless* style, hold *all* the nutrition, taste and texture in meats, vegetables. (Directions with pot.)

9. Cooks like a dream—on *low* heat! Hoards heat so efficiently, cooking goes on even when burner's turned off!

10. So strong, your husband could stand on it. Shining, luxury-weight stainless steel stays brilliant without polishing.

11. Simple, sleek, functional design makes you feel wonderful just using it. Saucepans to skillets, Ekco/Flint has a beautiful range of the best cooking ware in the world. Why settle for anything less?

EKCO/FLINT

"It's Friday night. Jack said something about going to a dance, but I'll give him some excuse and stay home."

"You'd better go over to the Hendrickses," Kelly told her.

"I couldn't. Louella would be talking all the time, and I'd be waiting for you to call. I'd rather sit it out."

"Why don't you ask Jack over and watch television? Tell him you don't feel like going out—or something."

"I'll ask Jack over. Thanks for trusting me, sis. I don't know of any other girl's folks who'd let a boy friend come over when nobody's home."

"Hah. Maybe it's Jack I trust."

Kelly squeezed her tightly. If anything did happen, she needn't worry. Toby would manage, and very well. It was amazing how self-sufficient she had become. She had what their mother often said was better than an education, good common sense.

Six A.M. Twelve more hours. Rip rubbed the stubble and borrowed a razor. In the washroom mirror, his dull, weary eyes stared back at him. He splashed his face with cold water, rubbing it vigorously. Then he walked down the street to an all-night stand where he drank two cups of black, bitter coffee. As he drank, he read the story, SKID ROW "EDITOR" SLAIN. It was factual, but the words in cold type had been written by someone who had liked the man, and the liking warmed the story.

At eight o'clock Rip telephoned Sheri Kimura. Her soft, lilting voice answered sleepily.

He said matter-of-factly, "This is Ripley, Miss Kimura."

Her voice turned hard. "Yes?"

"I'm going to the hospital to talk with your son. If you want to be there ——"

For a moment she said nothing. He imagined she was curbing a strong desire to tell him where he should go. "I'm due at work soon."

"I'll arrange it with the drugstore."

"I don't suppose I have anything to say about it?"

"On the contrary, Miss Kimura. If you will help us—I'd rather talk with you than Joey."

"I told you I don't know where Mr. Dillon is," she said.

"I'll be at the hospital in twenty minutes," he said, and hung up. He was angry and anger had no place in his work.

At the hospital, Joey was swimming in the pool with three other youngsters. "Hi," Rip said, calling to him.

Joey looked up out of eyes big with surprise but said nothing. The supervising nurse let him get out of the water the best he could. It was a long, painful process as he dragged himself up over the edge of the pool by his arms, and then managed to get a foot under him. The nurse found chairs for them.

Rip asked, "How's the water this morning?"

Joey said, "My mamma doesn't like you."

"I'm sorry, because I like her."

"You do?"

Rip nodded. "I don't think she understands me. You know how it is sometimes with grownups."

Sheri Kimura appeared then, fresh and delicate as a cherry blossom. She wore a billowing summer print skirt that hugged her narrow waist tightly, and a white sleeveless blouse that exposed long, graceful arms.

She said tartly, "I see you couldn't wait." Rip rose, and brought up another chair.

Joey said, "He likes you, mamma."

She was sharp. "What have you been telling the child?"

"Just that. I think you're a lovely person, Miss Kimura, and so does everyone. But I think, too, you're a very confused person."

She stared at him. "You had no right to call on my minister. You're hounding me, trying to ruin me, just like they did my father."

"Listen, Miss Kimura, I didn't come to talk to you. I called you merely as a courtesy, and I don't expect you to interfere."

He turned to Joey. "I want to talk to your Uncle Dill."

"You want to see him?"

"Yes, Joey. Where can I find him?"

Joey looked to his mother. "Where does he live, mamma?"

"I've told this man I don't know."

Rip said, "He sends you toys, Joey?"

The boy nodded. "He sent me a big tiger. I got it in my room. You want to see my big tiger?"

"Sure, Joey, sometime. When did you get the tiger?"

"I got him on my birthday. He's a good tiger. He does everything I tell him ——"

"When was your birthday, Joey?"

"Don't you know when my birthday was?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh, well, you can't know everything."

"What else has he sent you?"

"A picture book. It has camels and elephants. Have you ever seen an elephant?"

Rip nodded, and Joey was impressed. "A real, live, honest-to-goodness elephant?"

Rip said, "I'll show you one next time the circus comes."

Sheri Kimura broke in. "Don't go promising a little boy something you don't intend to do," she said.

Ignoring her, Rip said to Joey, "We've got a date, remember, to go to the circus."

"You promise, hope to die?"

"Hope to die."

Rip continued, "When was Uncle Dill here last?"

Joey thought about it. "Years ago maybe," he said.

"Was he here on your birthday?"

"No."

"Did he say when he'd be back?"

"No."

"Does he write you?"

Joey turned to his mother. "Why doesn't he write me, mamma? I asked him special last time to write me."

"He's busy," Sheri said.

As Rip rose, the nurse came up. "Have a good swim," Rip said to Joey.

"Will you come back to see me?"

"Sure, I'll be back."

Sheri hugged Joey. "See you tonight, punkins. I've got a surprise for you."

Rip waited and walked out with her, the silence cold between them. Outside on the steps Rip said, "Will he be all right?"

"The doctors think so—in time."

She added with bitterness, "I don't know how you could do that to a child—cross-examine him like he's done something."

Rip said quietly, "Red Dillon sent a dog to your apartment last night, and you talked with him."

She retorted, "I'd never seen him before in my life. He got the wrong address."

"You told him the police were all over the place."

Her eyes flashed angrily. "You think it's because I'm a woman living alone you treat me like a criminal."

Rip shook his head. "Not as a criminal, couldn't, because you're not one—yet. You're a fine and decent individual, except for one fanatical attachment for a man who would kill you as quickly as anyone else if you crossed him. But I don't have to tell you that. You know it deep down."

He handed her the wanted notice on Dillon. "Here, read this."

She crumpled it up and threw the wad into the shrubbery. Then she went down the steps and turned toward the parking lot, walking determinedly, eyes set dead ahead. Rip felt the quick, sharp hurt of failure.

He turned back into the hospital and, leaving the nurse, asked to look at Joey's room. She led the way down a long corridor to the room Joey shared with three other boys. "They're in there," she said, indicating a row of wooden cabinet by his bed.

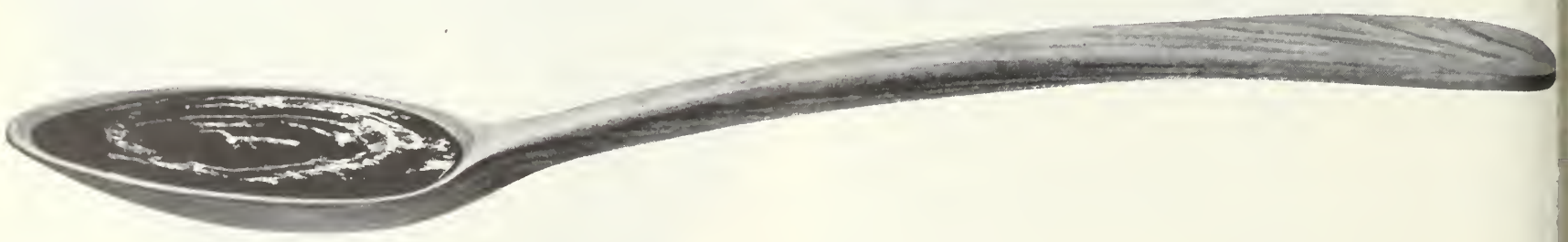
Rip asked, "Do you happen to know when his birthday was?"

"Sure and I know. We had a party for him. It was Tuesday."

Rip showed her a photograph of Red Dillon, and she exclaimed, "Why, that's the boy's uncle. He was here visiting him only a couple weeks ago. Seemed very pleasant."

"If he comes back, will you phone me at once?"

A.1. STEAK SAUCE...in 15-minute Meat Loaf



the spoonful that enriches every mouthful



Zesty, hearty A.1. Steak Sauce in the mix brings out *more* steak taste in any cut of ground beef



RECIPE: (Serves 6)
2 beaten eggs
1 lb. ground beef
1 c. rolled bread crumbs
2 Tbsps. A.1. Steak Sauce
1 tsp. salt • ¾ c. milk

Pre-heat oven to 450°. Mix ingredients in order given, pack meat mixture into greased muffin pans, rounding tops slightly. Bake 15 minutes. Garnish individual meat loaves with parsley, watercress or pickle slices. And put the bottle of A.1. Steak Sauce right on the table for generous pour-ons. Men love it!

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOKLET
"Cooking With Your Hat On"

THE A.1. SAUCE COMPANY (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN), HARTFORD, CONN.

re and I will, Mr. Ripley. I can't imag-
—"
aven't told the boy."
, of course not, and neither will I."
efully he took the toys out, examining
one at a time: a tank that revolved and
ooden pellets, a wind-up racer, a fire
a cat that blinked his eyes, and the big
which was soft, furry yellow with black
and green glass eyes.
ut the tiger on the bed, patted him, and
to leave. At the door, he glanced back.
oks like he'd just swallowed a man," he

countdown began at noon. Six hours.
was penciling notes when Kelly entered
nk's conference room. "Hello, Miss
ood," he said, rising. He noted the yel-
otton print dress, and the small silver
at her throat, the only ornament she

d you get any sleep?" he asked.
didn't hear him. "I saw a picture in the
ng paper of the man who was with you
pool last evening."
hoped you wouldn't."
fly, he told her about Popcorn. "He
at this one was on the house because of
o."
ish I could've baked him that pie."
nodded and began the briefing. "The
t has certain limited possibilities. He
instruct you to leave the money some-
and then pick it up after scouting the
orhood and making certain no one was
But we doubt if he'll do this. He'll want

rtue consists not in abstaining
om vice but in not desiring it.

BERNARD SHAW

mine the package and see for himself
e money is there, and he'll detain you
e's doing it."
hen he finds the money's fake ——"
won't."
on't understand."
. Burkhardt talked with the home
and they're putting up the money."
can't take that responsibility—I just

u won't be held accountable for it."
t I'd feel as if ——"
ey're taking very little chance of losing
ney. They feel you're the one taking the
, and if you're willing to go along on
—"
rubbed his neck as the hours told. "We
give you a package with $100,000 en-
, but it would be better, if you don't
if you would pretend to embezzle the
. Pocket the deposit tickets on the large
nts as they come in, until you have
d $100,000."
listened intently as he spoke. "We want
b to look real, just in case Dillon has a
t in the bank who may be watching you
y check your work sheet after you're
o see if you did withhold deposits. It's
precaution."
continued, "Now he said he'd telephone
night and give you instructions. He may
le may meet you at any point after you
he bank. If he does telephone you either
bank or at home, we'll know about it.
on't get in touch with you unless we feel
cessary. We won't move in until after
ves you unless, of course, you're in
e."
said, "I thought I'd carry a gun ——"
ught the quick tilt of his chin. "Shouldn't

u told me you weren't too well ac-
ted with guns."
smiled. "And you think I might shoot
f you."
was glad she could still joke. She was
a woman, this Kelly Sherwood. Their
et in one quick communion. He wished
ld take her place.
continued, "One or two minor points.
re you've got gas in your car. . . . Carry
small change in case he asks you to make
a phone call from a pay station. . . . Wear comfortable shoes and a full skirt so you can move fast if you have to. . . . And eat something."

He rose, asking, "Where will your sister be tonight?"

"At home—with Jack, if that's all right."

He nodded, and shortly afterward said good-by, and was gone.

When she reached the lobby, Pete came up. "Say," he asked, "how about a movie tonight—that one we missed?"

"Sorry, Pete, but I promised Toby ——"

"I'm going to drown that kid." He laughed. "Tomorrow night?"

"O.K."

"What time?" She walked away in a daze, not realizing she hadn't answered. Tomorrow night? Tomorrow night if she were still on this earth.

Mr. Welk bustled up. "You're late, Miss Sherwood. Six minutes."

As she opened Window 5, people flocked from other lines. The first customer was a young mother dragging along a four-year-old with a deflated balloon and saying to him, "I couldn't blow that balloon up again if my life depended on it."

The hours passed, and the line seldom dwindled. Mostly they were individuals depositing pay checks or withdrawing money for weekend trips. Shortly after four o'clock, the big deposits started coming in: $17,000 plus from an airlines office, $24,000 from a fight arena, $32,000 from a department store, $7000 from a night club, $9000 from another airlines.

Deftly she pocketed the deposit tickets until she had held out some $96,000. She took a deep breath of relief, and after that filed all deposit tickets in their proper slot. She slowly became conscious that someone was trying to signal her from the mezzanine. It was the switchboard girl, who indicated she had a call for her and would place it at the desk of a loan officer who was out.

Back in the office Rip found a memo from Agent Cronin:

Miss Bonnie Merkinson, children's buyer, Bullock's department store, advised that stuffed toy animals may be traced to their manufacturer through design, stitching, type of fabric, etc.

At the request of agents, she accompanied them to Dayton Hospital to inspect a stuffed tiger belonging to Joey Kimura.

After examining the tiger, Miss Merkinson advised that the hand detail and design of the face indicated the tiger was the product of Toy Animals, Inc., Culver City, California.

John S. Norton, sales manager, Toy Animals, Inc., advised the company had 14 outlets in the Los Angeles area. He supplied the names of the 14 outlets. He said the tiger in question was priced retail at $24.95.

That afternoon when classes ended, Toby and Jack headed for the Hangout. They took the last checker-clothed table. They ordered a malted milk each.

Soon the place was jam-packed, with everyone talking at once, and Pat Boone singing.

Toby asked, "You coming over?"

"You call mom," Jack said. "She'll say yes to you."

She was sliding out when the waitress beckoned from the phone booth. "Hey, Toby, somebody wants you."

"Me?"

The waitress nodded.

Mystified, Toby closed the door to shut out the uproar. A man's voice answered her hello. "I'm a friend of your sister's," he said hurriedly. "We got a business deal together. Did she tell you?"

Her heart kicked against her chest, and she put a hand over the receiver to shut out her breathing.

He continued, "Doesn't matter. Your sister's been shot. It was an accident. We were setting up the deal ——" He was talking so fast that his words ran together. "She's bleeding badly and somebody's got to get her to a hospital, or she's going to die. I can't take her because the cops want me. If you hurry—but there isn't much time. She's bleeding bad. I'm in a car at the corner of Cedros and Van Owen. You got that?"

(To Be Concluded)




THE ONE SHAMPOO
UNIQUE
TANDEM
SHAMPOO
THAT'S REALLY TWO

Now...the one shampoo that's really two

NEW TANDEM™

You suds twice—same as always—but what a difference!



For the first sudsing
twist the cap
to TANDEM GOLD

cleans hair completely the way no other leading shampoo can

TANDEM GOLD is the shampoo that's a cleaning shampoo all the way through. Unlike other shampoos, TANDEM GOLD contains no conditioning agents to dilute its deep-down cleaning power. Nothing gets in the way of its richer, thicker, fluffier suds. Nothing stops it from getting hair clean, clean, clean—perfectly clean—because TANDEM GOLD is made to clean—*and nothing else!*



For the second sudsing
twist the cap
to TANDEM GREEN

controls hair so completely there's no need for cream rinses

Now comes TANDEM GREEN shampoo to suds your hair into beautiful behavior—immediately! TANDEM GREEN's light, light lather cleanses gently. Adds the perfect finish to TANDEM's cleaning shampoo. Calms and quiets your hair. Puts it under *real* control. Brings the body and moisture that make hair alive and obedient. Encourages it to set without special rinses. Heightens every highlight! Lends the luster of healthier hair to every head it shampoos.

See what TANDEM's two let you do right after you shampoo



Style your hair any way right away. No waiting for hair to calm down. TANDEM makes it manageable instantly. Easy to comb, set and style *any way*.



Hair sets easily—stays easy to set. You can even pass up a pin-up or so. TANDEM makes hair easy to manage even after a toss-and-turn sleep.



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

HOPE FOR VICTIMS OF STROKE

Prevent strokes before they occur? . . . Doctors hope to do so soon. Meanwhile, they have developed techniques which can often save the dying and restore some disabled victims to normal good health.

By ROBERT A. KUHN, M.D.

POSSIBLE NOW—

Desperately ill patients restored to normaley through brain operation.

Anticoagulant drugs pull patients through the critical period of acute attacks.

Surgeons achieving vast improvements (sometimes cures) by operating on blocked arteries in the neck.

LATER—

500,000 Americans yearly are felled by some sort of stroke, and the number of victims is increasing. This trend will be reversed if modern medical techniques are used to prevent strokes beforehand.

© 1960 BY ROBERT A. KUHN
THIS IS AN EXCERPT FROM THE BOOK
NEW HOPE FOR STROKE VICTIMS
RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY
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In the foyer, the librarian bends busily over her glass-topped desk. She is humming softly, an almost inaudible sign of contentment, and occasionally she lifts her head to look affectionately at the scattered groups of peaceful, semisomnolent readers. Then, satisfied that her domain is functioning well, she returns to sorting check-out cards.

This plain, kindly soul is about to experience a terrifying ordeal. Sudden disruption of her brain function is several hundred seconds away. What could an expert medical detective offer on shrewd appraisal now, before this catastrophe? Surely there must be telltale signs of impending disaster, perhaps even some method of prevention?

Physically, the librarian gives the impression of exceptional good health. Fiftyish, spare and neat, she wears her smooth gray hair in an efficient knot. Her movements are quick and sure. Only in recent years has she needed her rimless glasses. One would suspect, and rightly, that here is a woman who seldom wastes a jot of patience on those who pamper colds and coughs by staying home when they could just as well be working. We decide with reasonable certainty that Miss Helen is medically well-nigh indestructible. But this brief survey has already eaten up all but a few precious remaining moments, and still we have found no helpful clues—no way to guess what is about to happen.

But wait: perhaps there is some hidden flaw of constitution? some illness passed on from forebears, a silent diabetes or unsuspected essential hypertension? Later we shall find out that, to the contrary, the librarian comes of long-lived, sturdy stock, untroubled by chronic disease. Now the seconds move inexorably by. Miss Helen flips another card, her face serene. One must watch closely now, for there will be little warning.

We are six seconds removed from terror. She swivels her chair to the typewriter, turns a card in with a practiced twist, and begins to type. Some vague premonition of disaster wrinkles her brow slightly; the rapid chatter of the machine slows, stops. One hand comes up tentatively to touch the scalp. She seems to be sensing an indefinable inner discomfort at the back part of her head.

One second now. A sudden savage pain tears at the nape of her neck, totally unlike anything this mild lady has ever experienced. Defenseless, she stiffens in rigid surprise before her typewriter. In the next few interminable seconds, bursting agony floods to a peak. The hushed quiet of the library is profaned by her scream. Her vision blurs and fades into the nothingness of merciful oblivion. The slight figure pitches forward on the desk.

For an instant there is frozen silence. Then pandemonium swirls about her. No one knows what has happened. She is gently lifted and laid carefully on a couch by a fat man, terrified and now perspiring freely, who had only just been about to take out a book. It is apparent that though Miss Helen is deeply unconscious, she is still alive. The words "heart attack" and "stroke" ricochet through the little knot of bystanders. Someone thinks finally to call an ambulance. By the time the white-garbed crew arrive, the patient is partly awake. She is very nauseated and begins to vomit repeatedly. She

mumbles over and over of her bursting, unremitting headache—the while holding her temples desperately with both hands. Although half conscious, she seems to be using all four limbs with normal strength and co-ordination. She even helps to move herself to the stretcher as she is being lifted.

Those who were very close beside her, and were especially observant, might have been struck by the fact that her eyes no longer seemed exactly parallel, and one pupil was much larger than the other. But most would remember for a long while just a wretchedly sick little lady who had had some kind of terrible and painful seizure. One hour after arrival at the hospital, examination of her spinal fluid showed the presence of fresh blood. Our indestructible librarian has been the victim of a hemorrhagic stroke.

In a moment we shall follow our patient to the hospital and trace the steps which will be taken to investigate and treat her illness. Let us digress for a moment to consider the crippled ranks this woman has joined.

It is estimated that 500,000 Americans yearly are felled by some sort of stroke. Moreover, the huge number of victims seems to be steadily growing a little larger. The increase is probably a normal accompaniment of the rising average age of the population—strokes are more frequent in the elderly. And there is every indication that incidence of strokes will continue to mount, unless we find some way to reverse the trend.

What are the social implications of this problem? We can gain an idea from the fact that 1,250,000 individuals who have had one or more strokes live on in hospitals, nursing homes and other institutions. This figure represents about one in every 150 persons—of all ages—in our populace. Typically, these unfortunates are at least partially paralyzed, many without speech or power to recognize those about them, living out their years in hopeless invalidism. A few lucky persons recover "spontaneously" from stroke. Many have long since ceased to live in any real sense. Those permanently crippled constitute an incalculable drain on the mental and financial resources of their families. Sadly, many of the victims are experienced, highly trained men and women at the height of their productive power, stricken at the moment when their contributions to society are at a maximum. We can ill afford to squander such talent. Happily, we are now in a position to help many of these victims.

It is not generally realized that today, for the first time, we have the means to deal effectively with strokes. Depending very much on the type of stroke, appropriate measures can cure or greatly help many of the victims. It remains now to begin to apply these methods with concerted skill and diligence.

First of all, there must be some common understanding in regard to usage of the word "stroke." It is true that certain easily observed features of a stroke—such as paralysis—are generally recognized by everyone as characteristic or typical. But what, precisely, does the term mean?

"Stroke" has no precise meaning. It represents a medical way of saying paralysis, or coma, or loss of consciousness, or any other of a series of symptoms which have usually been found in the past to accompany this condition. It does not really matter which of the synonyms is used, for they can be—and are—interchanged freely and still connote a stroke. But all these words suffer from the serious flaw of being purely descriptive. None of them gives us any information about the possible *cause* of the catastrophe.

There have been unfortunate consequences in the past of using this word as a *diagnosis:* in other words, of using the designation "stroke" as a label applied to all who develop paralysis. Not long ago, comparable terms such as "rheumatism" and "growing pains" were respected medical diagnoses. With the advent of modern investigative techniques, these vague terms have all but vanished, to be replaced by exact designations of the illness of which they are the symptoms. In modern medical parlance, blanket terms such as arthritis, rheumatism and heart disease are frequently called "wastebasket diagnoses." They do actual damage by strongly implying the same causal agent, same clinical course, same treatment for all the patients lumped under each general heading.

Such a word is "stroke."

A medically accurate description of a stroke is *a disruption of brain function due to some cause—we know not precisely what.* The all-important answer as to where, and what, and how will come only after the systematic and patient application of special tests. Treatment must rest upon the solid bedrock of precise diagnosis.

For many years, once it had been established that a stroke had indeed occurred, little attempt was made to pursue the matter. The damage was done, the outlook was grave, and main efforts were directed toward making the patient as comfortable as possible. But during the past several years we have witnessed the development of a new and startling change in attitude toward the medical tragedy of the stroke victim. Universal hopelessness has been replaced by cautious optimism. What has happened to produce this revolutionary change in a period of only a few years?

It is not surprising that the brain—the monarch of all organs—has been more reluctant than the heart, the stomach, the lungs to yield its secrets to the scientific prob unusual sensitivity of even a normal b slight disturbances of its stable state h fronted investigators with hazards not dismissed nor easily surmounted. A sic is even more susceptible. Yet as resea vanced, technical difficulties crumble dramatic suddenness.

Today we have three effective m of studying brain structure—and, t it, the why and wherefore of st *cerebral angiography, pneumoenc lography* and *electroencephalogra* words more difficult to pronounce t understand, as you will soon see. E fore describing these tests, it might be pe to consider the external appearance stroke. What exactly do we mean by tion of the brain function"—what, ac happens to the patient?

There are many different causes of s and one patient who has the same k paralysis as another might well have de his stroke for an entirely different rea

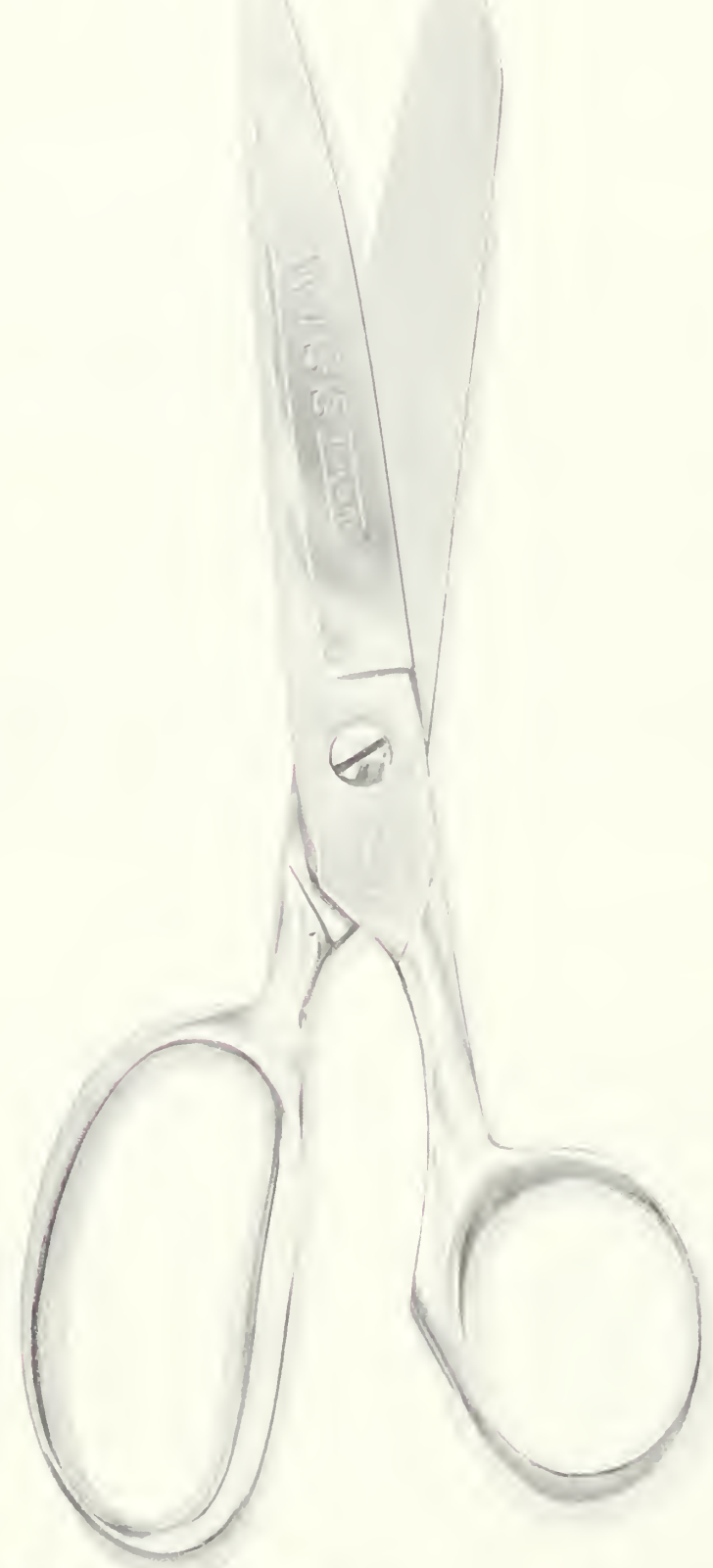
Most frequently, during the cours stroke, paralysis of part of the body The most usual combination of paral volves the upper and lower limb and one half of the face, all on one side. T paralysis is present in all three sites, the of paralysis may be greater in the arm leg, depending on the exact spot in the of the damage. If paralysis is total i limbs it is termed *hemiplegia;* if (meaning that some movement in the a limbs is still possible) it is called *hemip* Variations in the severity of paralysis the limb hit hardest are due to slight ences in location and varying severity o damage.

Hemiplegia and hemiparesis are the kinds of paralysis shown by those lab having had a "stroke." (Note, though our librarian had no limb paralysis at a would have been ordinarily consider stroke victim by the layman.) Since paral half the body is the most familiar mar stroke, it has been assumed to be an inv sign of such an attack, yet this easily de symptom of stroke may often be absen

Onset of a stroke may be abrupt an lent—the "vascular accident" of the Even small hemorrhage into brain sub usually causes symptoms within secon the patient is deeply unconscious wi

CONTINUED ON PAG

SHEAR MAGIC



WISS

INLAID BLADES

LEND A HAND TO THEM

The 28,000 welfare and hea agencies supported by the Uni Fund are always ready to lend a ha wherever it is needed, with trai personnel, technical knowledge, dru food and clothing. They include h pitals, community centers, the B Scouts and Girl Scouts, homes for aged, the Salvation Army, ment health clinics, visiting-nurse servic Traveler's Aid, the Y.M.C.A. a Y.W.C.A., day nurseries, counseli centers and the American Red Cro The list is long. Even the m proudly self-sufficient of us have tak advantage of some United Fund se ice, and United-sponsored medi research benefits us all.

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A public statement concerning Metrecal, a new concept of weight control

Several months ago, Metrecal® was introduced to the medical profession by Mead Johnson & Company, manufacturers of nutritional and pharmaceutical products. Many people have since learned of this product by word-of-mouth. To emphasize the role of the physician in problems of weight control and to provide accurate information on Metrecal, Mead Johnson & Company is publishing this factual report.

September of 1959, a new product—Metrecal was introduced to the medical profession by d Johnson & Company. It was developed to ide physicians with a new technique for use udicious weight reduction of overweight ents.

e wish to stress the importance of the physi- in problems of weight loss and control. This articularly the case for individuals who are endously overweight, patients with disease e kidneys, and patients with various forms of rt and blood vessel disease.

view of the broad public and medical inter- n weight control, many persons have learned letrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual ement.

What is Metrecal?

trecal, when properly used, is an effective ght control agent. It is not a panacea.

letrecal is a complete food in powder form ch is mixed with water to make beverage ls. It is designed to provide a low calorie diet ch contains all basic nutrients required by a son on a reducing program. *Metrecal contains drugs.*

letrecal can be used as the total diet for the iod required to achieve the weight loss which est for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used indefinitely for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight on a properly devised Metrecal program simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And Metrecal users are remarkably free from hunger—the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the Metrecal diet. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy to continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

One-half pound of Metrecal powder in frequently specified day's supply provides 900 calories or energy units, 74 grams protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 30 grams fat and all essential vitamins and minerals in quantities that meet or exceed minimum daily requirements established by the Food and Drug Administration. Metrecal is available in all drugstores.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel and guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

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NO TOUCH-UP PROBLEM, won't shampoo out, streak or rub off. *Tecnique*, unlike ordinary rinses, tints and dyes, never looks less than beautifully natural. Exclusive ACTOGEN, a mild creaming agent, works color into individual hair strands instead of just coating the surface. *Tecnique* also blends in with new hair growth —never a tell-tale "dye line."

TECNIQUE WILL:	TECNIQUE WON'T:
• *Highlight, accent natural hair color.*	• *Need touch-ups (never a "dye line").*
• *Last up to 8 weeks, often longer.*	• *Harm hair or add unnatural color.*
• *Condition hair with fine oils.*	• *Wash out, streak or rub off.*

CONDITIONS, TOO . . . fine oils add luster, make your hair soft to the touch and easy to manage. Apply *Tecnique* any time . . . even right after a permanent . . . use it for years and never see hair go harsh.

ADDS THE ACCENT your hair needs for true *natural* beauty—the just-right dash of auburn, spicy brown or glowing gold. Shampoo-simple, you *can't* make a mistake, color action stops automatically. 12 shades to choose from . . . at all leading drug and department stores (also available as a moderately-priced sale service). Satisfaction guaranteed SHULTON, 630 5th Ave., NYC. Price 2.00 plus tax.

"TECNIQUE Color-Tone"



. . . a glimmer . . . a gleam . . .
soft color glows in your hair

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

ute or so, we may be fairly certain some l of bleeding has occurred. Sudden block large brain artery by a clot propelled by heart may be almost as dramatic in onset, coma is usually absent. At the other end he scale are "little strokes"—brief periods paralysis or numbness in the same limb ern as seen in severe strokes, but which r up spontaneously after each episode. h attacks may be repeated many times be- the first "real stroke" happens, and are luable warning signs that serious trouble rewing and that investigation is sorely led.

ymptoms as innocent as dizziness or igo continued over a period of many days be the initial manifestation of a stroke. very first sign of some strokes is an eptic attack, and in other strokes such ures never occur. Sometimes insidious menchanges diagnosed as early senility are the indications—in fact, personality changes stitute a most important clue in developit of some types of strokes. Despite popubelief, a stroke is no respecter of youth: ain kinds of strokes are found to occur cally in adolescents. There are no age rections in those affected by this illness.

hodgepodge of signs and symptoms might icate warning of a stroke. Such an attack ld be manifested in a number of ways. A tly simplified analogy will point up the culties in study of such an illness: If a den cutoff of electric power plunges half our home into darkness, hurried inspection disclose only uniform absence of light in blackened rooms—the dark rooms representing the external evidence of electrical-ver failure. Within itself, the darkness carno distinguishing features indicating its se. We must search for the cause, excludone by one a spate of possibilities, from a rted circuit to a prank-playing youngster. o, also, with the outward manifestations stroke. Cursory external examination of atient paralyzed in an arm or leg, or both, be totally unrevealing as to whether that alysis was caused by bleeding from an ry deep in the brain substance, or by any he different kinds of brain tumor, or by a sed-off artery in the brain, or one in the k, or by infection. It is the rule, rather than exception, that strokes produced by these ely different causes are externally the e. No singular marks of identification—magic clues—set apart paralysis due to one se from that due to another.

t is not possible, therefore, for even a hly trained specialist to determine, by ical or neurological examination alone, precise reason for any stroke. His years of erience may enable him to narrow the d down to a remarkably small area of the in. He may occasionally be able to pinpoint, hin a fraction of an inch, the exact path- ys that have been injured in the brain. Yet, n then, the all-important *cause* of the dam- remains incompletely known. It might be otal block of the tiny brain artery irrigating t site. The site might just as easily have n "starved" by impaired blood flow ough the parent vessel which is its main rce of supply and is located in the neck. Precise knowledge of *why* that particular area is affected might mean life or death to the patient.

Today the "why" of a stroke can be discovered with precision and accuracy by systematic application of special tests.

Until recently, one of the important tests for those with suspected brain disease involved taking X rays of the head. X-ray pictures are *contrast* photographs, depending entirely on the different densities (or compactness) of body tissue. X rays penetrate dense tissues poorly and porous tissue strongly—hence the contrast on the resulting picture. Skull bone, being very dense, shows clearly. The brain and its coverings and fluid jacket, however, are much the same density; therefore, in X rays taken of the head there is no contrast—only bony structures show.

Because of this limitation of X rays, investigative techniques have been developed which rely on "contrast substances" to outline structures within the head. Gas and dye are two such substances.

For many years, medical investigators searched for a contrast liquid which, when injected into an artery headed for the brain, would outline the blood-vessel "tree" clearly on an X ray simultaneously taken. The technique finally developed, called *cerebral angiography*, has truly revolutionized medical approach to vascular diseases of the brain.

Using special X-ray equipment, it is possible to follow the column of dye as it surges up the large arteries at the base of the neck, up through the neck itself, and finally into the brain. If we scrutinize these films with knowledge of what the normal blood-vessel pattern should be, any deviations from normal become apparent. For example, if a stroke is due to a slowly enlarging tumor, that tumor will produce a characteristic distortion of the blood-vessel pattern. If, on the contrary, the paralysis has resulted from chronic obstruction of a large artery in the neck, quite another pattern will show on the X ray. A third possibility is bleeding into the brain, which frequently results from rupture of a "ballooning" or weak spot in an artery wall. In such an instance, dye studies are the *only* method of making an accurate diagnosis.

During the early days of cerebral angiography, as is often the case with a new procedure, it had a somewhat dubious reputation. Dye injection was accompanied by an appreciable number of complications and an occasional death. Two factors were mainly responsible: first, the adverse response of the brain to the dye then used; second, the frequently desperate condition of the patient, which made the attempt to help a necessity, but which also increased the risk. This second factor has not changed, but the manufacture of new contrast liquids has, for all practical purposes, eliminated risks previously due to the dye itself.

The *pneumoencephalogram*, though originated many years ago, continues to be one of the most useful tools for the investigation of brain disease. In this test, gas is injected into the spinal canal and, as it rises into the brain, is seen in X-ray pictures as a delicate tracery of shadows within the skull. These pictures, taken at various angles, show the internal and external surface of the brain in silhouette, and yield extremely valuable information. Pneumoencephalography has certain drawbacks—none of the blood vessels, nor finer details of brain anatomy, can be visualized using this method. However, combined with cerebral angiography, it is of enormous value, and is one of the principal techniques used for the investigation of suspected brain tumors. When used with certain normal precautions, this method cannot be matched in terms of information gained and safety to the patient.

A third testing procedure of major importance in evaluating brain function, particularly in locating an accumulation of blood within the brain, is the "brain-wave recording" or *electroencephalogram*. Electrodes pick up incredibly small currents in the brain, and an amplifying apparatus converts this electrical energy into movements of a pen which "writes" on a moving sheet of paper. Each wavering line represents moment-to-moment changes in electrical potential between two electrodes.

What, exactly, has happened to our stricken librarian? Is it possible that she can be helped—perhaps completely cured? By using one or more of the tests described above, can we determine precisely what felled her in such

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a brutal fashion? It will be recalled that the onset of her stroke was explosive, with terrific head pain and almost immediate loss of consciousness. In addition—and in this she is not typical of others with stroke—she does not seem to be paralyzed. The reason for this becomes apparent only after we have conducted an examination in the emergency room at the hospital. Violent onset, unbearable headache, boardlike neck and incessant vomiting—all are explained by the bloody fluid found when her spinal column is tapped.

This patient has experienced a classic sequence of events for brain bleeding. She has had a hemorrhage somewhere within her head—we can even make an educated guess as to the location. We know, for example, that a massive hemorrhage within the substance of the brain itself almost always causes paralysis of one or more limbs. She has had no such paralysis, so we speculate that this hemorrhage has occurred from an artery within the skull, but before it enters the substance of the brain.

It is now vital to determine the exact point of artery leakage. For this we schedule the patient for *arteriography*.

In the X-ray special-study room, dye-injection studies of the librarian are performed. On the film series there can be seen quite clearly a small weak spot, or blister, like the bulge of a weak spot in an automobile inner tube, located at the junction of two medium-sized arteries beneath the brain. This blister, undoubtedly present since a very early age, has for some unknown reason chosen this particular moment to rupture. It let loose a raging arterial stream into the skull which then subsided momentarily for reasons as obscure as those surrounding the rupture. Sealing of the hole took place—or she certainly would have expired within a minute or two.

It is well known that after one such bleeding, future rupture at the same weak point is very likely to recur, and that chances of surviving subsequent attacks are exceedin slim. So now Miss Helen faces brain surg to clip off the malformed blood vessel. Thou there is considerable risk, her outlook survival and cure is far better than it wo have been ten years ago—when she might w have been released from the hospital only suffer a second and fatal hemorrhage.

It is probable that about one third of strokes are due to hemorrhage within head. A large number of those affected, p ticularly those in the older age groups, ha in the past been said to have "spontaneou bleeding, in that the *exact* reason for hem rhage was at the moment not complet clear. There are fairly accurate data conce ing those who die as a result of intracran bleeding, for in many of these instan autopsy is requested and performed. But our only information about brain hemorrha is derived from examining those who ha died from it, our attitude toward brain blee ing will surely be pessimistic.

This pessimism is unwarranted. After a one does not make generalizations about extremely poor outlook for all patients w peptic ulcer by considering only those dyi in the throes of an acute hemorrhage! It possible to offer real help to some bra hemorrhage victims through surgical remov of the clot if it is done shortly after the init bleeding. There seems little doubt that ma people have brain hemorrhages which go u detected and from which they recover. Ma of these could be protected against furth bleedings by alert and vigorous surgical ma agement. These surgical triumphs occur mo and more often with early accurate diagnos for which cerebral angiography is indispe sable.

It was assumed in the past that strokes a due to three main causes: *cerebral thrombo* (thickening and closing off of a blood ves in the brain), *cerebral embolism* (block of brain artery by a particle being carried by t blood stream), and *cerebral hemorrhage* (ru ture of a vessel in the brain). Hemorrhage indeed responsible for about 30 per cent strokes, embolism for about 10 per cent. B the remaining 60 per cent of strokes ha been erroneously lumped together as due cerebral thrombosis.

Recently there have been a number thorough studies of several groups of patien with hemiplegia or hemiparesis due to initial unknown causes. The strokes, which we alike in that each patient showed partial complete paralysis of one side of the bod were fully investigated, using modern metho Causes of these apparently similar strok were discovered to be as follows:

One third of the patients had complete partial occlusion in the neck of one or both the main (carotid) arteries carrying blood f the brain.

The importance of this unexpected findi can hardly be overestimated. In the pa disease of the main artery to the brain ha been considered so rare as to be a medic oddity. The extraordinary frequency carotid blockage is only now becoming a parent—more and more of such cases a turning up each day. Yet stroke due to th cause cannot be differentiated from strok due to another cause unless special studies a made. Symptoms as innocent as vertig dizziness and brief periods of numbness of a arm or leg are warning signs of such troubl These warnings are usually ignored—wi development of a real stroke within weeks months. Most of these cases slip by unreco nized even today, at least until severe paralys has occurred.

Victims of carotid occlusion are, in on way, extremely fortunate. The artery is readi accessible to direct operative exposure and remedial surgery—much more so than if th clogged vessel were within the brain. Certa patients with stroke due to carotid occlusio in the neck can therefore be cured or vast improved by prompt surgery to remove or by pass the obstruction. Naturally the soon warning signals bring the patient to the do tor, the better his chances are.

One third of the patients had develope blocked arteries within the brain itself. The



ividuals who have stroke due to nce considered the most typical -closing off of a major artery in or of one of the important

mounting evidence that patients ed arteries in the brain can be pecial anticoagulant drugs. There e indication that if the patient can ver the critical period of the acute rtain amount of reconstruction of in the narrowed vessel may be rough intensive treatment. So f cerebral-vessel disease scarcely espair—vigorous early treatment store much function.

ter of the patients had tumors or ccumulations of blood within the ding certain types of malignant ths, these conditions represented peful aspect. Such patients are eurosurgical problems. Early diag- icularly important to effect a cure, ideal circumstances and with early ome of the happiest results occur ases. If the mass of blood or tumor arply circumscribed, and has not damaged adjacent brain sub- pressure or by squeezing off its ly, brain operation can often con- sperately ill patient to complete

aining small percentage of strokes to be due to relatively rare causes, ction of the brain, injury to it from involvement by disease spread n the body. The correct diagnosis ed by exclusion—after the usual failed to uncover the commoner ere are only a few known possibili- onsidered. Some small hint eventu- nedical attention from the external of the "stroke" to focus on the culprit.

Looking over the groups of stroke victims described above, we see that most of them needed specific treatment of one type or another. The application of a battery of investigative techniques was the only possible way to sort them into groups according to cause. Appropriate and specific therapy was the next step. The number of individuals in these groups who might "get well by themselves" is microscopically small or nonexistent.

Due to the relative newness of these concepts, it is not surprising that testing procedures are not yet routine. As with any other scientific advance, there is some lag between development of a new method and its mass application. There are factors which hinder present-day routine use of such tests, especially in smaller hospitals. Radiographic equipment is bulky, elaborate and expensive. A special room for the techniques must usually be set aside. Each of the tests is time-consuming, and requires collaboration of a number of specialists in allied medical fields. But these are relatively minor difficulties and there is no doubt that they will soon be overcome.

Several years from now it may be that routine cerebral angiography will form an integral part of annual medical examinations for all those reaching fifty. Today, utilizing certain warning signals of impending stroke, medical or surgical treatment can effectively *prevent a stroke from developing*. Modern medical techniques have established a major breach in the wall surrounding vascular diseases of the brain. The next decade should witness consolidation of the ground we have gained, and a steadily brightening future for victims of stroke.

DR. ROBERT A. KUHN is a neurologist and neurosurgeon. He has been in private practice for the last five years, was previously a teacher in his special field, and engaged in research in brain and spinal-cord physiology.

INQUIRY

By LIZABETH MCFARLAND

ne, where does Fancy dwell?
hes gone by I knew her
ell ——
ke a bud in spring's lapel,
joy.
t fruit the midnight school-
oys steal.
was the face all poems
onceal.
hen *she* wore them, pearls
ere real
y!"

know the party: lived
pstairs.
at one that gave herself
uch airs."

e tell Miss Fancy I inquired.
nd her of the May we hired
wer cart, its axles fired
spring.
roamed all day through the
gray city
g 'FLOWERS deserve the
retty!'
gave, as well, to the kind or
witty
spring."

Mister, she *used* to lodge top
floor.
ur friend don't live here any
more."

more? Lost, then?
Discredited?
ell me, where has Fancy
fled?"



Arrive looking fresh! In a Boeing jetliner, you ride so smoothly, and get there so soon, you actually step off as fresh as you stepped on. For the most thrilling travel experience of your life, fly Boeing—world's most popular, most proved jetliners. More than 3,000,000 women passengers already have!

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Virginia Bruce tells

Hollywood's Secret of Staying Slim After 30

"Every woman over 30 might do well to take my advice on keeping a trim figure," said lovely motion picture star Virginia Bruce in an interview. "That's the age, you know, when so many women get careless about the way they look."

And how right she is. Just glance around you. Even look at yourself. Are you guilty of appearing older than you should because of extra weight? Then listen to Virginia.

"The real answer to weight control is appetite control at all times. And what's my secret of appetite control? A low-calorie, vitamin and mineral candy, specially made for reducing. It's called Ayds." Then Virginia gave this explanation of how simply it works.

"Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite so you automatically eat less and lose pounds naturally.

"Like many of my Hollywood friends," said Virginia, "I've discovered it lets me eat what I want, only I find I want less.

"Why," she continued, "I enjoyed such delicious dishes as beef stroganoff, macaroni and cheese—even ice cream—and still lost 9 pounds on the Ayds Plan. Anyone can do it!"

Curious to know more about this reducing-plan candy, this writer did a little investigating and uncovered some significant facts.

Unlike liquid crash diets and reducing drugs, both of which can be harmful to health, Ayds Candy is absolutely safe. In fact, it is medically approved by physicians. In over 500 clinical studies, Ayds has been shown to be far more effective than any other product tested.

And best of all, reducers say that once excess pounds are *lost* on the Ayds Plan, it's the easiest, pleasantest way in the world to help control weight and *stay* slim.

One thing more—the economy of Ayds. It costs only eleven cents a day, just a fraction of what you pay for most fad formulas. A box of Ayds holds a thirty-day supply. If you'd like to trim down the way the stars do, see your doctor before reducing and have him write for the medical journal report on this candy. Then get Ayds Reducing Plan Vitamin and Mineral Candy (the vanilla caramel kind or the softer chocolate fudge-type) at any drug or department store.

Campana Corp.

PEACEABLE LANE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

He winced at an at-first-unidentifiable blast of human noise, and then, peering under the newspaper, realized that his son and a raucous accomplice, Benjy Abram, from across the street, were charging around the house in pursuit of a football.

"Catch it, butterfingers!" Bill Jones screamed. He launched a wobbly pass and Benjy charged downfield. Matt cringed as the flailing young cannon ball came down on him.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You monsters trying to kill me?"

Benjy pulled up, abashed at the sign of hostile life. Bill blandly retrieved the football.

"Try it again, butterfingers!" he yelled.

"Stop!" Matt lapsed into a pleading tone. "Look, son, why can't you go play in Ben's yard?"

"Because my mother chased us out already," Benjy said. "She said we were too loud."

"She's right. You're too loud. Look son, you and Ben find something quiet to do and I'll blow both of you to the price of a Good Humor, the de luxe kind."

The opposition consulted through extrasensory perception, decided to surrender, collected and departed.

"I knew he'd pop for it," Billy muttered as they left. Matt heard and shuddered.

From somewhere came the high-pitched whine of a lawn-mower engine. *Probably Zack*, Matt thought. Nobody on Peaceable Lane mowed his own grounds except himself and Zachariah Gold, who kept up the mortgage on the acre to his left.

He turned his head as the mower's whine grew louder and he saw Gold's tall, heavy figure moving steadily up the slope. *Looks hot*, Matt thought, and on impulse straightened up and yelled. Gold shut off the engine and came leisurely across the grass.

"You trying for a heart attack?" Matt asked. "Sit down and cool off and I'll make you something."

He arose, found a glass, peered into the ice bucket, saw its contents were still solid.

"It's good," Gold acknowledged, sipping at the drink as he settled into another chair.

"Zack, how come you mow your own lawn?"

"Two reasons," Gold said. "Number one, I can't afford the eighty bucks these Italian barbers would charge for it. Second, I need the exercise."

"I should have been able to figure that out for myself," Matt said. "It was idle curiosity, you and I being the only do-it-yourself grass barbers in the neighborhood."

"Why do you?"

"Same reasons, same order of importance."

"Well, it isn't going to kill us to cut our own grass," Gold said.

Matt Jones and Zachariah Gold were casually and comfortably friends. It was an undemanding relationship, but probably closer than most friendships on Peaceable Lane, whose eleven householders were not much given to intimacy.

Their talk was desultory, in tune with the day. Gold gibed at Matt mildly for his failure thus far as chairman of the street's community swimming-pool committee to get the pool ready for summer. Matt defended himself on the ground that another neighbor and committee member, John Ainslie Outerbridge, had not yet hired a lifeguard. When David Bronson, Matt's neighbor on the other side, appeared distantly in his back yard, Gold was moved to observe that he had heard Bronson was trying to sell his house.

"That," Matt said, "is a sign of spring as sure as robins. Every year Bronson tries to sell his house. How about another of these?" he asked, jiggling his empty glass.

"Not me, thanks. I still have what looks like a quarter section to go." Gold raised his heavily muscled bulk and moved off toward the hemlocks.

The lawn mower coughed and began to howl. Matt, lying back dreamily, heard a door bang and saw his wife coming toward him across the grass, tall, blond, with usually, somehow, an aura of freshness and
light about her. He watched her a
with approval, forgetting that she w
ably coming to call him to unwelco
at the grill.

"How are you, good-time Charley
said, smiling down at him with s
belying the insult. "Coming back to

"Don't nag me, darling," Matt sa
fortably. "You know how I am—
from the undertaker."

"Do you think you have the stre
burn the steak?" Ellen asked.

Matt grunted, "I guess I can face
gathered his lanky parts together and
to come upright. Ellen picked up the t
they walked to the cedar shakes and f
pile of the Jones castle.

Matt found the salt, pepper grinde
of garlic, the heavy knife he liked
steak laid out on a wooden tray. He
the fire for a moment before driving t
into the heavy slab of meat and dro
on the grill precisely where he wante
once the meat sizzled hotly and sen
haze of aromatic smoke.

The telephone rang. "I wonder w
is," Ellen said. "Not one of those twen
ute party post-mortems, I hope." She
into the house.

"It better not be," Matt said dang
to her retreating back.

"Don't worry, I'll cut her off, whoeve

But she did not, and Matt, guid
steak toward the precise degree of pi
grew first anxious, then irritated. At
lifted the meat from the fire and soun
indignation.

"Hey!" he yelled. "You want to eat
Billy! Ellen! Come on, knock it off."

"Stop squalling," Ellen said, comin
the house. "We're ready—that is,
Billy's in the bathroom washing off t
nacles. Everything's ready. Bring the

"Where were you?" Matt asked ir

"That was Laura."

"Oh, the Cusack. I should have gu

The nearing hoofbeats of Jones Juni
ing the parts of both Matt Dillon and
sand bloodthirsty Comanches in
down the stairs put a stop to that subj

"I want that part," Billy announced,
ing off the war whoop to point an ima
scalping knife at the tenderloin. "No
mom. Gimme a little potato. No butter.
no butter. Aw gee, jeepers!"

"You'll take butter and like it," Mat
"What did Cusack have on her—you
excuse the expression—mind, Ellen?"

"The Bronsons are selling their hous

"I know. Zack was talking about it."

"To a Negro?" Ellen said. "Did he t
that?"

"You mean like Clarice?" Billy dem
showing interest.

"Let it go, let it go," Matt said, so
a note of warning for Ellen. "Come o
give those potatoes a break, hear me?"

"I did. I ate most of them." Billy so
aggrieved. "There was a black man an
at Bronson's today. Not black exactly.
of brown. The lady's pretty."

"You saw them?" Ellen asked.

"Sure. They were there twice this
With some white man the first time.
be excused?"

"May, dear. 'May I be excused?'"

"O.K., may," Billy agreed.

He was gone, and Matt looked at his
"How is it we managed to father a tor
he asked above the receding clatter.

"You fathered it, remember?" Eller
primly. "Anyhow, he makes me enviou
to say proud."

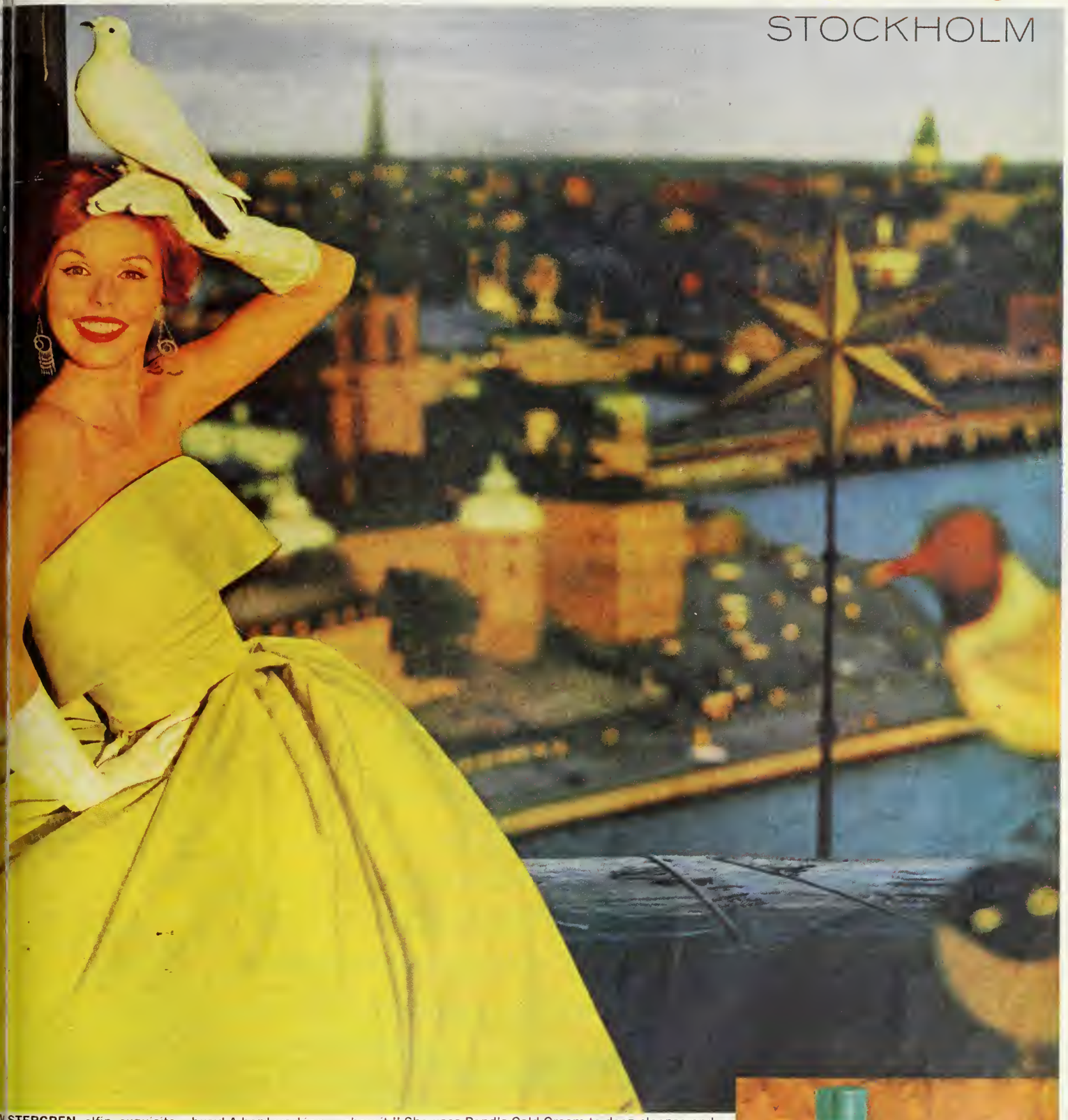
"I'm proud of him, but I'm not goi
let him know it too often. He's about t
on me most of the time the way it is. Ta
way he appears to have been casing the
sons; and that reminds me, what di
Cusack have to say anyhow?"

"Laura said Mrs. Weissman told h
Bronsons have an offer from a Negro."

"Laura Cusack is off her rocker abou
enty per cent of the time and the other
she's just plain mean."

CONTINUED ON PAG

e of the most exciting women in the world: Meg Westergren



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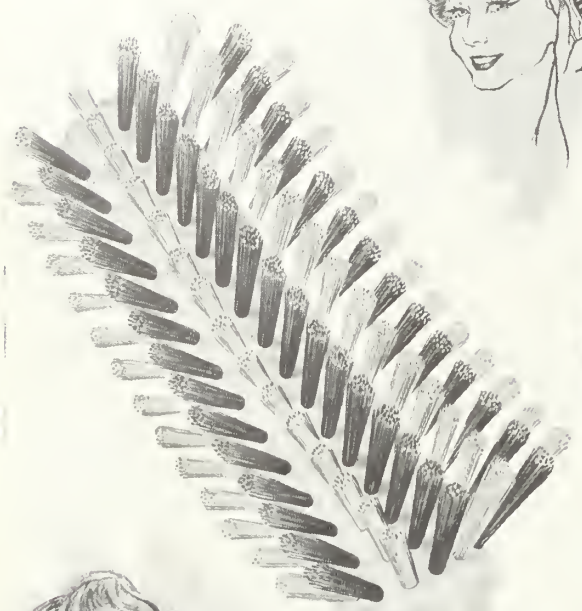


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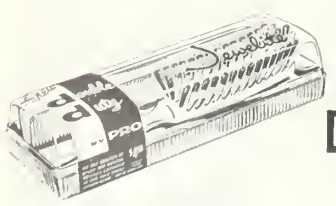
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HAIR BRUSH BY PRO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

"This came from the Weissmans. You know how Mr. Weissman is; he knows everything that goes on. And remember Billy."

Matt sat back and considered for a moment and then let his head fall back and the laughter roll out. "A colored family! Straight across the street from John Ainslie Outerbridge! Oh, brother!"

"Matt, I hope you're out of last night's laughing jag. Straight across the street from the Outerbridges is next door to us."

As Matt Jones was nursing the steak on his back-yard grill, a scarlet Jaguar roadster wheeled onto Taconic State Parkway and went flashing south.

"Trying for another ticket, honey?" The voice of the woman beside the driver fell somewhere between irritated affection and anxiety.

His quick grin flashed at her. "I'm watching," he said. "I'm watching. Trust papa."

"I'll trust you right into jail someday."

"Promised the sitter we'd be back by five. We'll make it." He fell silent, giving an intent, joyous concentration to the car.

At this swift pace only the car was spectacular. But, had it been at rest, anyone encountering its occupants would have seen the woman first. It was not only her costume, although it was notable: a loden-cloth car coat with its hood trimmed in mink. The face, framed by the oval of mink, was arrestingly beautiful. Her mouth was rich and sensuous. The mouth and the lustrous huge eyes seemed at first to make all of her face. But there was more. Those who had time and the chance to study this arrangement of features, particularly the man beside her, were not likely to grow weary of it. Over a dozen years he had painted her a hundred times and unfailingly found new ways of seeing her vivid beauty.

The man himself was worth a second look. The face, a triangle wedging down from wide-set, confident eyes and high cheekbones to a mobile, somehow arrogant mouth, was instinct with vitality. Here were two vibrantly handsome human beings, and both were Negroes.

Far ahead a glint of sun on metal seemed to suggest the possibility of a state patrol car. He studied it, narrow-eyed, and then eased the pressure on the accelerator. The driver turned a pleased, inquiring look toward the woman.

"You liked it, Margo?"

"Why ask? You know I liked it. I would like the moon, too—and I'm just as likely to get it."

He laughed exuberantly. "You'll get this one, baby."

"We thought that once before."

Sudden, sullen anger darkened the man's expression. "I know. But not twice. Nobody's going to put the freeze on me the second time—not after I think I'm in."

Pride and worry chased each other across her face as she studied him through the wind-lashed fringe of mink. "You're so tough. It scares me. Nobody gets everything they want."

He grinned at her. "I do. I got you; anything else is easy."

She was silent wondering, as often before, why it was that anger, more than anything else, seemed to nourish and enrich this man. Others of their race either made peace with circumstance and learned to live with it, not necessarily in craven humility, or were destroyed by it. But not Lamar Winter; there was no compromise in him. She felt a puzzled glory in him, but he frightened her as well.

"I made him an offer. I'll bet you another mink coat he's going to take it."

"Oh." All at once the daydream bred a nightmare fringe of terror. "Lamar, stop this thing. I can't think or talk the way you drive."

He flashed an indulgent grin at her and let the pressure ease. The car slowed until he braked it smoothly and it rolled onto the grassy shoulder of the parkway. "We're plumb solid stopped, baby. You can start talking—thinking, too, if you want."

"Don't be smart-alecky. You know you scare me."

"O.K., I scare you. But I love you too. That's why I'm going to get this house for you."

"Will he dare? I mean dare take y
fer?" The creamy face was taut with s
"You don't understand." Winte
curled. "This one's a pigeon, our l
pigeon. Bronson's sore enough at his ne
not to give a damn. For us that kind
diamonds."

She was silent, brooding. "But we'd
live there—with them. Will they let us
today . . . those kids in the yard. Wha
the kids? What about Tod?"

Winter's face softened and he to
hand gently. "Margo, listen. You've
face up to it. We can hand ourselves an
ber of reasons for wanting that house.
it's reason enough that you want it an
afford to pay for it. I grew up on th
side of Chicago. You know what it w
No kid of mine is going to grow up i
lem. Especially not Tod. He's not
enough."

"This may be worse," she said. "
these people aren't going to take us
down—just like that. You know they'r
"Look, baby, all they have to do is l
alone. I ask no more than that, but I'n
to see we get that."

She sighed. "I hope you're right. How
did you offer him?"

"What he asked. Thirty-six thousand
"It's an awful lot of money. Is the
worth it?"

"No," he said. "To a white man it w
be worth within four thousand of that.
that and he knows it, and we both kn
other knows. Bronson's a thief, but exa
cause he is, he's also my pigeon."

She shook her head. "I can't help it. I
dangerous to me. Isn't it there somewhe
man you work with lives? The adv
man?"

He grinned at her. "Sure, that's wher
lives—right next door."

"Oh, Lamar. Can we do this to him
frowned. "And there's something else.
like that man Fox. Do we have to have
broker?"

"I'll go at that one backward," Winte
"We don't have to like Fox but we've
use him. We'd never get to first base
with a guy like Bronson—unless we
white broker out in front. I know it an
knows it and that's his business. Th
other part. Matt. How's it going to hurt

"You know what I mean. How d
think he's going to take it—a client, a m
work with?"

He sobered momentarily. "If Jones a
Macmillan outfit stopped bringing me
somebody else would. But I did think
the other part of it. I really did. I do wor
the guy and we work good together, bu
ple like us just plain can't afford to let
like that stop us. We have to look out fo
selves—we can't look out for him."

"Does he know?"

"He does not. There are two good r
for not telling him. It's none of Matt J
business where I live or how I spen
money."

"But it's his business where he lives."

"I know that, honey, and that's the
part of it. The truth is, I like the guy,
like him. So I can't put that on him. You
I tell him he'll have to take a stand. He'l
to be for us or against us."

**"But you can put a pri
on your wife and son!" Ell
Jones said. Which should co
first with a man — his family
his principles?**

READ
PEACEABLE
LANE
BEGINNING ON PAGE 56

"But if he's against us? What then?"

Now he was entirely serious. "I told you, honey. I like him—I don't like many white men. The truth is, I don't dare put the pressure on him. If he went bad on me under pressure—and the pressure on him would be terrific—then, bam, I'd have to hate his guts."

"But he's going to find out anyhow—in the end."

"That's the difference. So long as he doesn't know beforehand, it's impersonal. This way it's nothing between us."

Monday morning Matt waited at the bus stop under the parkway overpass. Ordinarily Ellen would have driven him to the station, but this was her car-pool day. She was off already making the first of the four daily round trips required to transport the Gold, Cusack, Cavanidis and Jones progeny to and from their classes at Wacapo Consolidated.

It was a murky morning, threatening rain, and Matt hoped it would hold off until his eleven-thirty appointment with Thurston Young. It could be a delicate business, handling this first meeting between the owner of Glamour-Glow and Lamar Winter.

Matt went over in his mind what he knew about Thurston Young. It was mostly trade gossip. Young was an autocrat, a strange, harsh figure to bulk so large behind a dollars-and-cents business whose essence was as fragile as its façade in the make-believe land of feminine beauty. Incongruous, but you couldn't deny success. Glamour-Glow was a name to rank with Chanel or Verlaine.

John Ainslie Outerbridge's conservative black Packard came through the underpass, slowed and stopped. Matt slid into the seat beside the lawyer, said, "'Morning, John Ainslie. Thanks. You're early; making the seven-thirty-three?"

"Yes. Business." Outerbridge hesitated. He always spoke with deliberation. "It is a business, I believe, which concerns you as well as myself. Indeed, it concerns us all."

"How so?"

"You may not have heard that Bronson has his house on the market—and that he is reported to have had an offer?"

"I heard. Some talk he aims to sell us down the Suwannee River."

"Yes." Again Outerbridge paused. "What do you make of it?"

"Sounds screwy to me," Matt said. "He may be sore at the place, probably is. But I doubt if he's that sore. Besides, why would a colored man want to live with us?"

"I am afraid more is involved here. A Negro who could afford it might well wish to better his surroundings. I do not wish to seem to voice anything that could smack of prejudice, but I am sure you know, if you will reflect, that a Negro, seeking to invade a white community, would make the effort only where there are a significant number of Jews."

"Huh?" Matt said. "Come again?"

"Yes," Outerbridge said. "They make common cause—for reasons of their own—with the so-called liberal movements."

"If you mean Bronson is a Jew and is out to clobber the Christians, I don't think I buy it," Matt said. "I got the idea—or my wife did—that the Bronsons are Unitarians."

"I hope you have not been deceived," Outerbridge said. "A Manhattan jeweler? Would you be likely to find many Christians in that business? Then the name, Bronson. I believe, if you care to trace that name, you will find that it was changed at about the same time Bronson became a Unitarian."

Matt grunted, feeling uncomfortable, vaguely sickened. "You trace it. I'm not going to bother. In my family there's already enough trouble with genealogy. There's a rumor that one of my grandfathers was a quarter-breed Sioux. It's fairly widespread in Wyoming."

Contrary to expectation, the train was on time, and Matt, having gone through the convention that the man given a ride buys a *Times* for his host as well as himself, settled down beside Outerbridge on the narrow seat. They did not speak again, for it was also a convention that once the newspapers were open, conversation was dead.

Matt was still going through his mail when Grant Macmillan's secretary called, asking him to step in. Macmillan looked up and grinned as Matt came through the door. "A nice recovery. You went at that party the other night as though you were sore at yourself."

"I was," Matt admitted with a smile.

"I picked up a bruise or two myself," Macmillan said reminiscently. "You're seeing Young this morning?"

"Yes. You know, he isn't quite fetched yet."

"You'll do it."

"I hope so. The presentation is ready, including the implication that it's all Young's own idea, which is not entirely a lie. I called Winter. He's meeting me there—sketches and one finished painting."

Macmillan frowned. "You sure it has to be Winter?"

"I don't see any way out of it. He talked about Winter's work. If I don't produce Lamar he'd likely think I couldn't get him."

Macmillan sighed. "I suppose you're right. But two bastards to deal with at the same time in the same place seems one too many."

Matt felt a familiar unease at Macmillan's use of the epithet. He knew that "bastard" applied simultaneously by Macmillan to both Young and Winter had a slightly different meaning. Winter was sometimes a nuisance; if that were all that lay behind Macmillan's dislike, it would be understandable. But deep within him, Matt suspected, Macmillan's sense of natural order was offended that a colored man should possess such talent and maintain it in such insolent assurance.

The subterranean strain did not actually hurt the firm. Macmillan was too thoroughly in possession of a sound and healthily avaricious business sense to let that happen. All the same, Matt thought it was a shame, this business of race intruding into professional and personal relationships which were complicated enough without it.

The taxi delivered Matt at the richly unobtrusive entrance on upper Fifth before Winter arrived. He was waiting outside the door when another taxi drew up and the artist slid out, carrying an ungainly picture case.

Together they entered the decorously gleaming salon which was Glamour-Glow's face before the world. Shortly thereafter, passed from one retainer to another, they waited while a secretary announced them to Thurston Young.

The secretary beckoned, and Matt, waiting for Winter to enter first, came up close beside the artist. He was aware of the tenseness with which he was watching for a sign, trying to read the face of the small, bald man who rose from behind a vast desk.

"Mr. Young, this is Lamar Winter," Matt said.

"How are you, Mr. Winter?" The voice was dry, precise and carried no undertone, neither reservation nor—what would have been worse—an excess of cordiality. The touch of hands, one white and carefully groomed, the other brown and slender and corded with muscle, was firm. So it was going to be all right then?

Young waved them to chairs and went back behind the polished plain of his desk.

"I am sure we all know what I intend to do?" It was couched as a question, but Matt felt that Young meant no question.

"I think so," Matt said carefully. "The heart of it, as I understand your concept, is elegance."

"That's the guts of it," Young said dryly. "The Cadillac approach—on a higher level."

"I don't know how much you are prepared to spend on me—that is, if you decide I'm your man," Winter said. "But there's something I've wanted to try and have experimented with enough to know it could work for television. I can animate the paintings—a kind of Mickey Mouse business except on a lot higher technical level. I warn you, though, it would cost like sin."

"Yes?" A flicker of interest lighted the controlled features. "How much like sin?"

"Enough. Even with farming out the rough stuff—movement of fabric and the like—it would run up the bill maybe four times as high."

"I assume you are fairly expensive at any level."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151



Here's the best home dental care anywhere—the new Double Duty Tooth Brush by Pro! No tooth brush polishes teeth brighter—yet the Pro Double Duty never damages gums as some hard-bristled brushes do. Outer rows of gentle bristles act as a buffer between the inner rows of stiffer polishing bristles and your gums. Insist on the Pro Double Duty next time you need a new tooth brush. (Most people need one right now.) PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., FLORENCE, MASS., makers of quality hair, hand and tooth brushes.

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)NTINUED FROM PAGE 149

"Fairly." The Negro's quick grin was a
irst of sunshine.
"Well"—Young paused, impassively
oughtful—"I may try it. It's an interesting
ea. That is—if I like your paintings."
Matt watched as Winter arose and zipped
en the picture case.
"This is the only one I have finished," Win-
said, drawing out a canvas on wooden
etchers. Confidently, without bothering to
uge the pale light of the overcast day, he
d the painting before Young.
Well as he knew this work, Matt could not
ist rising to look at it again, to try to see it
rough Young's eyes. That luminous, glow-
quality he knew so well and never ceased
wonder at. The blond girl looking up at
m was radiant, the small smile lighted with
er gaiety, invested with mystery.
"The dress?" Young's voice was dry.
"Dior. This year's collection," Matt said.
"So? Does Mr. Winter usually dress his
dels in Paris?"
Winter grinned, enjoying his moment.
lo, the dress is her own. She has a closet-
."
Young frowned faintly. "You must be aware
t this girl—or some girl—will be carrying
amour-Glow in her hands. Personally, I
an. There will be only one woman, and her
tinction will have to be unmistakable and
ove challenge. I will have no dealings with a
mp, Mr. Winter. Not even a beautiful
mp."
Winter looked at him, and Matt knew that
artist was standing back, letting him ad-
nister the *coup de grâce*.
"She's no tramp, sir. Her name is Alice
llins, and she is a graduate of Barnard.
e's being married this summer to the top of
class at Annapolis—who is a son of the
irman of the board of General Metals.
r family owns a good share of the pineapple
d sugar cane in Hawaii. They've been there,
ighly, from the time of Captain Cook."
Young stood over the painting, his face
crutable. At length he spoke.
"I do not doubt the dossier, Mr. Jones. But
y is a girl of her background posing com-
rcially?"
t was coming now, Matt knew with quick
ad. He heard Winter drawl the words de-
erately: "If you mean why is she posing for
igger, Mr. Young, I'll be happy to tell you.
e poses for me because she knows I can
nt."
Young's expressionless gaze measured the
nting, dark face beyond the desk.
"Those are your words, Mr. Winter. They
not mine. I am curious about this girl. I
not propose to invest several hundred
usand dollars in someone I know nothing
out. But I ask you to believe"—the voice
s passionless—"that I do not have the
htest interest in whether you are a nig-
—your word again—or a Finnish fisher-
n. One thing more: I, too, know you can
nt."
oung picked up the painting and walked
und the desk with it. He handed it to Win-
and made a small dismissing gesture.
"I do not propose to make a decision on
s one painting. I expect to see you both
in, as often as I think necessary as you de-
p a program." He smiled without warmth.
suspect you may be able to give me what I
nt."
Young's interlocking chain of retainers
sed them back from gloved hand to gloved
d until they emerged into daylight.
"Looks as if we made it," Winter said as
y stood at the curb waiting for a taxi.
"You nearly made a mess of it," Matt said
rly. "Can't you ever unload that telephone
e off your shoulder?"
Winter grinned at him. "Yassuh, boss, yas-
. Whatever you say, boss. But he took it,
n't he? Man, he sure took it."
"I'm not so sure he took it," Matt grunted.
looked to me more as if he fielded it and
you looking a little silly."
Winter turned to him, suddenly contrite.
on't be sore, Matt. I know I'm ornery and
metimes I regret it. But I wouldn't cross
, you know that."

"O.K., Lamar," Matt said, letting his resentment boil away. After all, they hadn't lost Young. "How about lunch?"

"Where you want to take me, white man?"

"Want to make it the Plaza? And sit downstairs with the first-class citizens?"

"O.K., if you think you want to take a whack at it. Those folks could be nasty."

"For nasty, I'll put you up against them any day."

The builder had put a lot of money as well as good sense and sound craftsman's heart into Peaceable Lane. When it was nearly ready for occupancy, every Sunday had brought streams of lookers up from the city.

The first house, a white colonial under a slate roof, went to a Manhattan jeweler named David Bronson John Ainslie Outerbridge, an Ivy-suited junior member of a firm venerable in corporation law, took the house across the road and put his family up for membership in the Congregational Church. He was preoccupied by the desirable nearness of Grassy Tor. The Outerbridges were accepted by the club almost as promptly as they were by the church.

The lane was filling up all that summer and fall. The purchasers came from various backgrounds and they did not have much in common beyond a desire to live in the country and the ability to raise a down payment averaging $10,000.

Peter Yale had built a following on the West Coast as a late-night disc jockey. Yale came to live on Peaceable Lane against his will. His working hours were outlandish, and ill adjusted to the commuter schedules. But he yielded to his wife Annabelle, who had visions of gracious country living. As time passed, Yale became less and less inclined to forgive his wife or his misjudgment.

Gordon Draper was the youngest man on the lane. He was able to buy because his father, a successful contractor, produced the down payment.

Then came Dr. Wolff Abram, who was on the staff at Mount Sinai Hospital and well on the way to professional rehabilitation as a neurologist, although his careful English still carried the flavor of Vienna, from which he had contrived to escape in 1938.

Steven Cavanidis bought because he wanted these surroundings for Nicholas and Angela, the children of his first marriage. His new wife Cyd would have preferred to remain in Manhattan within convenient reach of the beauty people, who were already beginning to have trouble preserving the glossy blond good looks which had moved Cavanidis to take her out of the Latin Quarter chorus. Cavanidis, who was indulgent with Cyd as long as what she wanted did not conflict seriously with what he wanted, paid her protest the compliment of an absent-minded grunt before he completed the deal. When he thought of her at all, Steve thought of Cyd as a decorative testimonial to how far and fast he had come since he had been born Stavros Kavanodopolos, the son of a fisherman of Piraeus, the port of Athens.

SolomonWeissman was the oldest man on the lane. The small Wall Street brokerage in which he was a partner had prospered during the war. He owned a passion for growing things, chose the sunniest acre in Peaceable Lane and laid out most of it in beds for hybrid tea roses.

The people who are named here are not real. But this new condensed novel—complete in this issue—deals with a real issue, pressing upon U. S. society and touching every family.

READ

PEACEABLE LANE

BEGINNING ON PAGE 56

Paul Cusack was an investment counselor in the trust department of the Surety National in Manhattan, and he had his sights relentlessly set on a vice presidency. Although neither Paul nor anybody else much liked his thin, spiteful wife, Laura, he agreed with her determination to win acceptance by Grassy Tor's membership committee.

Jerome Kelly and his family moved up from Mount Vernon. He was a young dentist with an office in Rockefeller Center. The three children, Hilary, Eileen and Marie, had made it clear that a five-room apartment was no longer adequate.

Nobody on Peaceable Lane loved its roomy serenity more genuinely than Zachariah Gold and his quiet wife, Beth. The Golds basked in sun, air, the green earth, and even mud when it rained; here was blessed release from a prison of brick, exhaust fumes, the angry strivings of too many people too close together. It had taken the Golds a long, hard road to reach this haven. Even Gold's law degree from Columbia had demanded monumental struggle.

Matt and Ellen Jones were the last two to arrive. With some misgivings he had accepted transfer to New York from a comfortably successful career, first as a salesman, then as manager of the Chicago office of Macmillan Associates. New York was frightening, and Matt asked Grant Macmillan's advice.

"There's a nice little street of new houses only a couple of miles from my place," Macmillan said. "It's even less from my club—and that's something you'll want to think about too. There's only one thing. It isn't restricted. You would have some Jewish neighbors."

"What of it?"

"Some people don't like it. Still, that's good property up there, worth what they're asking and bound to be worth more."

"We'll look at it—maybe next Sunday."

Unexpectedly, Matt found that he liked and was stimulated by his job in New York. When it came to living, he was glad he had chosen Peaceable Lane.

Most of Peaceable Lane's eleven families were fairly young. They had substantial employment in executive, creative or professional pursuits, and each owned a fierce, fond pride in his share of Peaceable Lane. This, more than any other thing, they held in common. Slowly the lane developed into a community. Socially, in the summer, the swimming pool furnished a center of activity. But the lane never did become a clubby place in the sense of many close personal friendships. There were a few cocktail parties, and there was the ceaseless round of children's birthday parties, but that was about all.

If Peaceable Lane did not practice intimacy, it was to learn within five years that it could unite militantly against common danger. They learned of the danger when the New York Thruway Authority announced its intention to convert the old Mount Kisco-Ossining trail into a cross-country parkway link.

The lane raised $1500 among its members, and for nearly a year Zack Gold and John Ainslie Outerbridge fought a delaying action against the power and majesty of the state of New York. They were defeated, but John Ainslie contrived to win a small internal victory. The Thruway Authority modified its plans slightly and, when building the half cloverleaf connecting Peaceable Lane to the parkway, put the access loop in David Bronson's back yard instead of, as originally blueprinted, in Outerbridge's.

For what seemed the thousandth time and may in fact have been the hundredth, Matt was finding himself at issue with his son's unbridled zest for expanding horizons. The issue was joined by Ellen's summons to an exercise of parental authority while driving him home from the 6:02 through the woodsy dusk of the watershed park land.

"Billy was down here today—with Jerry Gold," she said.

"On their bikes? Again?"

"On their bikes, of course," Ellen said. "I don't want to spoil their fun, but you know this road is dangerous ——"

"I'll have a go at him," Matt promised.

For once Bill was matching his own serious demeanor and even gave outward signs of



listening. Looking at him, the close-cut hair, somewhere between Ellen's clean gold and his own mouse brown, fitting his head in a crisp helmet, the wide-set gray eyes, Matt felt the swell of pride and love.

"How many times have I told you to stay away from that woods road?" he said.

The gray eyes were direct. "Lots of times, I guess. I forgot."

"You scared the daylights out of your mother. Do you think that was fair?"

"No-o-o, I guess not. I just forgot."

"And Jerry too. Did he just forget?"

"His mother said his father was going to tan him. Do you want to tan me too?"

The offer was straightforward, an honest attempt to pay for injury inflicted. Matt had trouble with his voice before he could go on. "No, son, I don't intend to tan you, although I'm tempted to take your bike away."

An instant of panic flashed in the gray eyes. "Honest, pop, I am careful. How do we get down to the lake if we can't take our bikes?"

Here was something new. Matt paused to consider. "Any special reason you have to go to the lake?"

The boy's face lighted with the excitement of communicating discovery. "We found an island. It's right near the shore and there's a big old dead tree you can get across to it on. It's our own island, Jerry's and mine; the other kids don't know about it."

Man-to-man reasonableness rushed out of Matt Jones with a roar. He was working up to a yell of outrage when Ellen's call summoned him urgently to the telephone. His mind was far less on Solomon Weissman's voice over the wire than it was on a vivid image: Bill and Jerry Gold catfooting it along a swaying log high above deep and waiting waters.

"Matthew?" Weissman said. The retired broker had a liking for formality in address. "Matthew, if you're not too busy I'd like to have you come over this evening after dinner. We're having a little meeting."

"What about, Sol?" Matt asked.

"You probably know already, and I'd rath not say over the phone. Bring your wife if yo like."

"I'm afraid she'll have to stay here with th kid," Matt said. "But I'll be over."

Weissman's pert, eighteen-year-old daugh ter, Lana, answered Matt's ring. "Come in an join the mourners," she said and Matt, sti preoccupied with the baffling mysteries c childhood, wondered if all kids these day were smart-alecky to their elders.

The room was crowded. Solomon Weis man, cherubic with his brown, smiling face ur der its halo of white hair, surveyed his neigh bors.

"If you don't know why we're here, yo haven't been keeping your ears open," he sai "We thought we might as well get togethe and decide what to do—if we do anything."

"If I may interrupt ——" Outerbridg broke in.

"You go ahead, John Ainslie," Weissma said. "You've been doing the investigating.

The lawyer pursed his small mouth an looked around their circle. "A week ago wha we have heard about Bronson might hav been mere gossip," he said. "However, I hav made certain inquiries, and I am now unde the painful necessity of reporting to you tha he has, indeed, been dealing with a Whit Plains broker who specializes in obtainin properties for Negro clients. The broker is white man."

"A white man? What goes on anyhow? Is h nuts?" The voice, rasping in angry bewilde ment, was Peter Yale's.

"No, quite sane, I should think, Mr. Yal But greedy, yes." Outerbridge primly acknow edged the interruption, then went back to h own theme. "I am informed that the broke has given Bronson an offer from a Negro—an that Bronson is seriously considering it. I ca tell you, as a basic fact, that each of us stand to incur a considerable financial loss if Bronso sells to a Negro. Even the brokers are unab to estimate the loss. The most conservativ placed it at eight to ten thousand dollars."

Lana Weissman's young voice cut into th room's collective concern: "I don't see wh all the fuss. I had Negroes in my Girl Scou and I've got them now at school."

Sol looked up at his daughter with resigna tion. "Shut up, sister," he said, not unkindl "You can talk when you know what you' talking about—or paying your own bills. Th is a question of money—not of Negroes."

"Well, I certainly can't speak for you, M Weissman." Here was Laura Cusack's irrita ing voice. "But as far as I am concerned, it ce tainly is a matter of Negroes."

"But"—the voice was timid, colorless an coming from Estelle Outerbridge. totally u expected—"have we any right to interfe with Mr. Bronson—or to say who may li where?"

Matt caught the quick frown behind Oute bridge's shiny glasses. "I fear we are digres ing. Bronson has not yet sold his propert Should he sell, knowing beforehand that would injure us, we may be able to apply legal remedy."

"What remedy?" Gold's question was pr fessional.

"If deliberate financial injury is demonstr ble, it is also actionable," Outerbridge sai "Say Bronson's action costs you ten thousar dollars. You have a case against him, ha you not?"

Gold frowned and answered slowly, " don't think it would work, John Ainslie. Firs in order to prove damage, you—or one us—would have to sell at a loss. Then would have to prove that Bronson's action n only caused the loss, but was deliberate."

"And you think that would be difficult?"

"Perhaps not. But you'd have to take it to jury and, with the temper of today's times, would take luck for a jury to find for you."

"You may be right. I submit that the thre of suit alone might be serviceable in dissua ing Bronson—that is, if he actually inten to go through with it."

"Well"—now there was a smile on Weis man's face—"I've been wondering wheth we haven't been getting the cart a little ahe

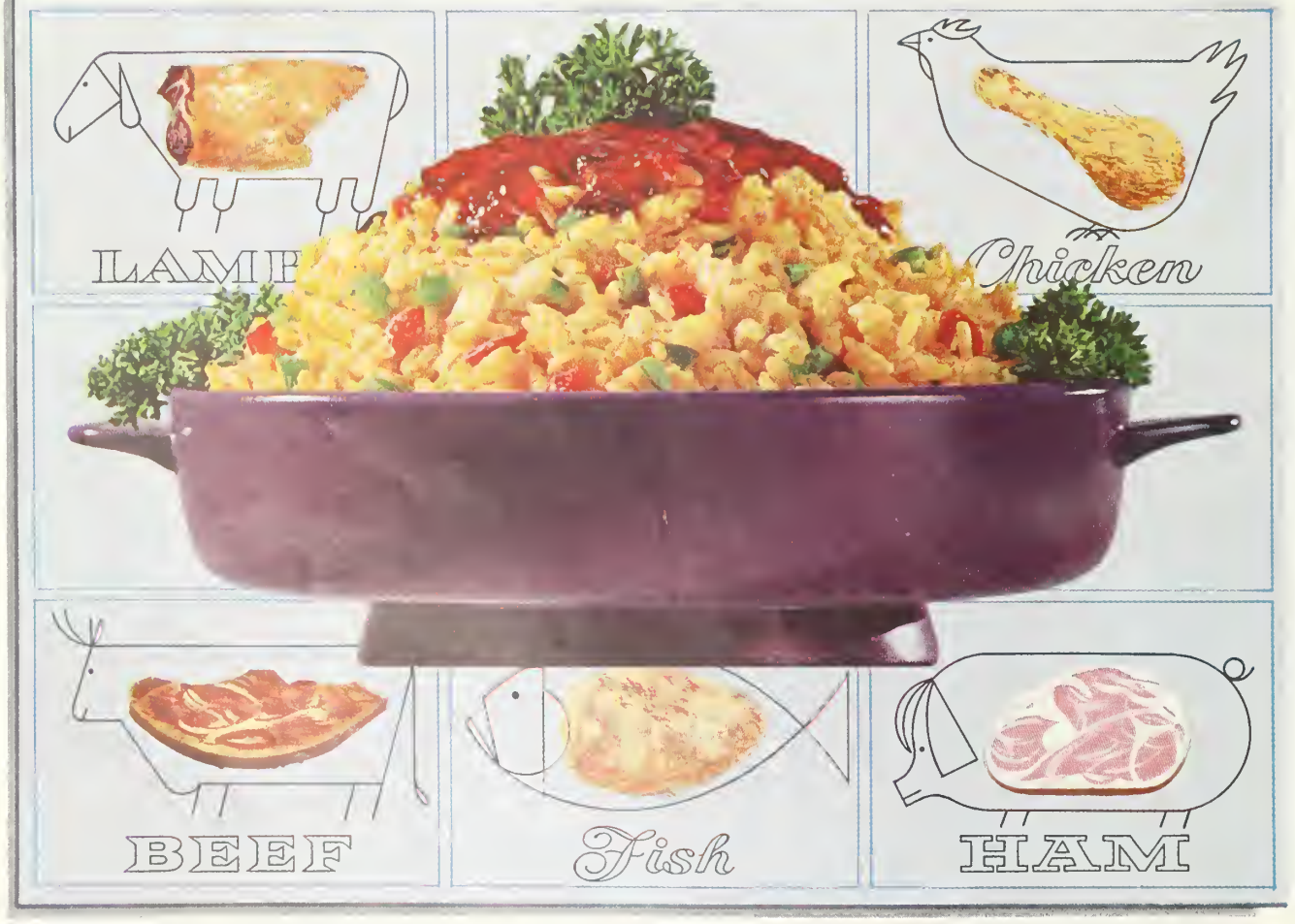
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rse. Before we do anything else, why make sure what Bronson is up to? I nd discussing it with him. All the like to have somebody with me. You nt to name a committee?"

new the room's eyes were going ex- toward Outerbridge, but the voice of avanidis cut in.

Ainslie, how about you skip the I know you're smart. But I also know you irritate Bronson. I'd like er Zack or Matt go with Sol. They're neighbors."

tirred, hesitated. "If you don't mind, not. Do you mind, Matt?"

all right, Matt thought. Still, Steve ously right; Outerbridge was not the he job. "O.K.," he said reluctantly. if I'll be worth much, but if you want, ong."

n Weissman telephoned Matt at his nidmorning. "Matthew? I wanted to that we are going to have a little spell. I went over to Bronson's this His wife said he went out to the nvention in Chicago. Won't be back day."

it gives us time to figure how we're handle it."

He can't very well sell us down the e he's in Chicago."

had scarcely hung up when John Outerbridge was on the line. "I to let you know that I have engaged a n for the pool."

s fine, John Ainslie. Who is he?"

fine young man. Princeton. He has he swimming team there."

can we have him?"

weekend. He will be coming up Fri- , and I have made the usual arrange- him to live in my home. He'll work art time, keeping up the grounds, to his board and room. His name is tten."

Cotten, when Matt met him Saturday proved to be a sleepy-eyed, crew-cut, handsome young giant. He and h an audience of a dozen of the lane's spent the day washing down the

ater had scarcely begun to flow he filter when Bill, Jerry Gold and bram charged through the pool's tall rhododendron, all wearing bath- s and clearly ready for action. Cotten white-toothed grin on them.

o fast, fellows. Do you know how th water is?"

we don't care if it's cold." Bill n imploring look on Matt and he hat here was an appeal to higher au- oing over Cotten's head. Carefully othing and waited for the younger establish his authority—or surren-

The grin was still there, amiable but d I say no swimming for at least two t till the water warms up."

w-w-w!" The wail of protest came hree. It was a wail of acknowledged

s for not butting in, sir," the boy

s all right. They have to know who's att said. On the whole, he thought, emed likable enough, except for that irring him, which, he thought, was essary way of reminding him of his

ad trouble getting to sleep that Satur- . The prospect of the next day's in- with David Bronson preyed on him. was a hard man to talk to under the rcumstances. And the worst of it was t was by no means sure that what did was any of their business.

ound the jeweler watching the first a Yankee-White Sox game.

't suppose I need to explain why e, David," Weissman said.

weler nodded glumly. "Say what t to say. I know you hate my guts."

s not it, Dave," Matt broke in. "No- s your guts. But we've heard certain things and we hope you won't think we're butting in because we'd like to know the truth."

"If it's not butting in, maybe you'll tell me what it is," Bronson said hotly. "But all right, since you seem to think it's your business—I am selling. I've been trying to sell the place for three years."

"I know you have, David," Weissman said. "But who would want it, the way it is? The middle of a noise factory. They all say the same thing. They can't live with that highway in their laps."

"You know we fought it, but you can't lick a thing like that," Weissman said.

"And such a fight that was!" The voice was working up to a screech. "Outerbridge!" The name was a snort of bitter contempt. "Don't think I don't know how he fought!"

There wasn't much they could say to that.

"Three years," Bronson said again. "Three years and not one decent offer."

"Do you mind telling us what you're asking?" Matt said.

"Why should I mind? Thirty-six five."

Matt was astonished and started to protest, but Weissman was quicker. "Why, David, that's four more than you paid for it. How can you ask thirty-six five when you say yourself the parkway is a nuisance?"

"So why shouldn't I ask thirty-six five? You think I haven't put that other four into it? Storm windows, shrubbery, carpets, what else? And agent's commission? At thirty-six five it's still costing me."

"David"—by the tone Matt knew Weissman was going to lay it on the line—"we hear you've had an offer from a Negro buyer—and that you want to take it. I want to know if that's true."

"So what if I have? Whose business is it? I got a right to get my money out."

"Look, David, what if we could help you get it out some other way?" Here we are, ten men with a lot of connections. There's no

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reason why the ten of us can't find you a buyer. Say we get you a buyer—at the best price we can. Maybe the rest of us could make up the difference so you get everything you think it's worth. I don't know about the others, but Matt and I can take it up with them."

"I'm not trying to hurt anybody." Bronson was whining now. "But I got a right to get my money. If you think you can do something, go ahead and try."

"You haven't taken any money from the Negro yet?" Weissman demanded.

"No. Just the offer, that's all."

"Well, then, let's handle this like business. In effect we want an option to get you a buyer. How much time are you willing to give us?" Weissman asked.

"I don't know. A week, two weeks?"

"Well," Weissman said, rising, "we'll see what we can do."

"No!"

In the years he had known Grant Macmillan, Matt had never seen such chopfallen astonishment on that controlled face. He had just told the president of Macmillan Associates and chairman of Grassy Tor's membership committee that Peaceable Lane lay open to a colored invasion.

Macmillan said, "Do you have any idea what this is likely to cost you if it goes through?"

"I've been told, and I admit it sounds pretty scary," Matt said. "On the other hand, I can't really convince myself it'll actually happen."

"What do you mean?"

"We had a talk with him . . . that is"—Matt could not resist using a little needle—"one of my Jewish neighbors and I had a talk with him. We talked him into giving us a couple of weeks to do something."

"Do what?"

"Peddle his house for him—to somebody we're willing to certify as white."

"It's not much time." Macmillan frowned. "There are a couple of real-estate men in the club. Let me talk to them. They ought to be as interested as anybody—more, if anything—in keeping the area from going to pot."

Irritably, all through the day, Matt was aware that the talk with Macmillan was riding him. *There must be something here that's not getting through to me*, he thought. He remembered the almost palpable feeling of tension in Solomon Weissman's living room, the venom in Laura Cusack's face and voice, the measuring look of Steven Cavanidis. Angrily he shook it off. This was all too silly.

Matt and Lamar Winter were standing at the long layout table in Matt's office. Four paintings, in different degrees of completion, stood on the table, propped against the wall.

"She's a lovely dish, isn't she?" Matt mused.

"Nothing's too good for Thurston Young and his perfume works."

Matt walked along the row of paintings, studying them.

"That thing in the negligee is terrific."

"I wonder a little about the one in the tennis outfit. D'you think perfume goes with tennis?"

"Sure. Anyhow, it ought to."

Grant Macmillan came in, unannounced, and shook hands with Winter. "Hello, Lamar," he said. "This the stuff for Young?"

"Part of it," Matt said. "Great, isn't it?"

"H'm-m." Macmillan gazed at the paintings with an abstracted air. Puzzled, Matt watched him and wondered at his lack of animation. "Nice, Lamar," he said. Then abruptly he turned to Matt. "Step into my office for a minute, Matt."

"Sure, we'll be through pretty soon," Matt said.

"No, now. I'm taking a noon plane to Washington and I'll have to be leaving in a few minutes."

"Of course, Grant." Matt's voice revealed a puzzled concern at Macmillan's unaccustomed sharpness of tone. "You'll excuse us, Lamar?" He was vaguely uneasy about walking out on the Negro, knowing very well that the painter was capable of reacting with quick anger to cavalier treatment. Macmillan's interruption had been nearly rude.

"Has your group made any progress on that house deal?" Macmillan asked, wheeling to face Matt as they entered his office.

"Nothing yet. We're supposed to come up with something by the end of this week or the first of next."

"Well"—Macmillan spoke heavily—"I've got some bad news for you. I want you to know it before I get out of town. I told you I'd try to get some action at the club—through Sloane or Kern. It isn't going to work."

"Why not?"

Macmillan's face was coldly angry. "You people in that little interracial village of yours are going to have to face up to something. Unless you can get this Bronson business settled by yourselves, you might as well have smallpox. Nobody'll touch you with a ten-foot pole."

Now Matt himself was growing angry. "Well, it isn't smallpox. It's just a house and it isn't contaminated with anything except Bronson wants to sell it. I'd think Sloane and Kern would be just as anxious as you seem to be that the Negro doesn't get in."

"They are; oh, they are. Just so it's somebody else—not them—who keeps him out." Macmillan was caustic.

"I don't get it."

"Because they're scared. They're afraid of the Urban League and of the N.A.A.C.P. and of their own shadows, for all I know. You're responsible for it."

Matt hid the uprush of anger in a baffled shake of the head. "All right, what do you want us to do? Burn the house?"

"Don't talk like an idiot." Macmillan's usually bland face was drawn and his voice peremptory.

Matt spread his hands in resignation. "The time's not up yet," he said; "but short of shooting Bronson, I confess I don't know what we can do."

"You'd better do something—and fast," Macmillan said coldly.

Winter was still sprawled in the leather chair, smoking and reading a magazine, when Matt returned to his office. The painter looked up with curious, appraising interest.

"What's eating Macmillan?" he asked.

"Nothing much." Matt said shortly. "Personal matter. Sorry I was gone so long." He was trying to force his mind back into the groove of Winter's paintings and the campaign that would center around them.

This is silly, he thought. *If I had any sense I would ask Lamar about it—or tell him about it. If there's something this mess needs, it's a different point of view.* But he smothered the temptation. He was learning caution.

Later, on the train clattering toward Chappaqua, he found his mind prodding at that obscure hesitation to seek from Winter the understanding he could probably find nowhere else. One thing he did know: it wasn't because he was white and Winter was not. There were no taboo subjects between them. They had settled that long ago.

It had not been easily or quickly done. When Matt had first begun to work with the artist seven years ago, it had been difficult. Each had recognized the other's professional quality, but slowly their relationship became more than that. Neither had to say it when at length they had come to regard themselves as a single set of minds to create and hands to execute. They had become friends, and if Winter still guarded himself from others, Matt felt that he no longer guarded himself from him. This, Matt came to believe at length, was a man's friendship, uncomplicated, undemanding. He trusted Lamar Winter, and if Winter still kept some part of himself in reserve Matt was not aware of it.

Lamar Winter had been prowling the tall white studio living room and now he stopped, fists locked behind his back, and stared moodily at the Rouault. It was the first of other painters' paintings that he had admired and bought even when he could not afford them. Now that he could afford them, they still nourished him. Next to his wife, Margo, the paintings gave him a greater sense of pleasure and fulfillment than anything else in his life. Winter was not quite sure how he felt about his son Tod. He loved the boy, of course; but Margo and the paintings were somehow less of a problem. They were beautiful and they bent easily to his will and they were under his protection, his to admire, his to cherish.

The trouble with the boy was that he was too much like the paintings and Margo. Womanish. Yielding. Winter had had to fight for his rights. He knew a dark foreboding that his son would have to fight too. It was not fitting that a boy—a boy of his race—should be gentle and malleable.

Margo Winter, bright and decorative in black toreador pants and a yellow sweater, sat on the zebra-skin divan that lilled all one wall opposite the painting.

"Can't you calm down?" she asked, a frown plucking at her creamy forehead.

"Somebody's fiddling with it. I wa[nt] know who," he said abruptly, not r[ising] from his stance before the painting.

"It has only been a couple of weeks

"Honey, don't be naïve," he grunted [No] something's going wrong. Fox should[n't] him tied up by now."

"Fox?" For a moment she was pu[zzled] "Oh, you mean the broker."

"Yeah." He stared at the painting. "[If] I'll move this. The light's better on the [big] wall."

"Lamar, we don't have to have that [us]e I'll be almost relieved if we don't get it

He began to pace again, to the R[ou]l pause, turn, back across the shaggy wh[ite] toward where she sat behind the ebony [de]sk tail table.

"Why do you think something has[ha]p pened?" she said.

"Bronson," he grunted. "When we w[ere] there he was drooling. But he's been s[ick] ever since—his lawyer's out of town, or [he] to go to Chicago, or he thinks maybe he [can] move after all. Maybe he thinks he can [get] me up for more. If he thinks that, he's [prob]ably right—a little bit more, anyhow. [If] the rest of them have caught on, they [may] putting the blocks to him."

"If you feel that way, what do you [think] they're going to do to us?" She was back[ing] to the unknown, the atavistic terror [of] turning into a forbidden place.

"Forget that. Once we're in, we're in [he]re can't touch us."

"Oh, Lamar, how can you be so sur[e] Re member what's happened other places. [Bul]pickets—they could drive us out."

"Not that bunch, baby." The gri[n] was wolfish. "They won't like it, but they'll [have] take it. They're upper-class white fol[k] and they're stuck with being civilized."

The Jones acre was half mowed in mi[d]- noon when Matt yielded to his son's insi[st] that he come along to the pool and [be] witness to Bill's accomplishments as [an] Olympics material.

"You're getting a pretty good tan," [he] said as, stripped for the pool, he and [Bill] walked along the lane.

"Yup," Bill admitted complac[ently] "More'n you."

"You don't need to get uppity about [it]. If didn't have any worse problems tha[n] fourth grade, I could get out in the sun [all]

The pool was out of sight behind its [scr]een of rhododendron, but they could hear [the] roar of the young. They passed throu[gh] gate to the tune of more yells and [splash]es through the screen of bushes. Matt re[ached] the top of the ladder to the pool deck, [took] time to watch his son race madly acr[oss] deck and leap for the water, one hand pi[nching] his nose and his face contorted in [an] terror. Matt grinned.

Olympics, huh? he thought. *If I ever [can] belly flop in reverse, that was it.* He l[ooked] around and felt his jaw drop in astonis[hment]

There in the sun, far enough from the [wat]er to be safe from the juvenile splashing, [Steve] Cavanidis lay on a red towel. The total [area] the blonde's white bikini suit could no[t] much exceeded the square-inch total [of] dark goggles which shielded her eyes. *[Mm]-m gosh*, he thought, *one wiggle and she'll [fall] out.* He realized that he was staring and, feeli[ng] surge of color to his face, tore his eyes [away]

He dived in and swam the length of th[e pool] Hauling himself out at the far end, he [sat] the coping and watched Mark Cotten try[ing] work some co-ordination into the deter[mined] flailing of Angela Cavanidis. At eight, [wide]-eyed Angela was both fat and awkward [as] the young Princeton giant wore a l[ook] bored but patient despair.

Cotten clasped his hands around A[ngela]'s chubby waist and tossed her up on the c[oping] "That'll do for now, sis," he said. He [dropped] himself up and squatted beside Matt. "[Practically] one ever even learns to dog-paddle, it's [a] miracle," he said.

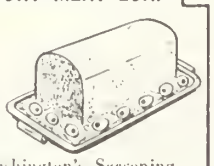
"She's got a build, but it sure isn't th[e] [kind] ma has," Matt said. "How're th[ings] doing?"

CONTINUED ON PAG[E 15]

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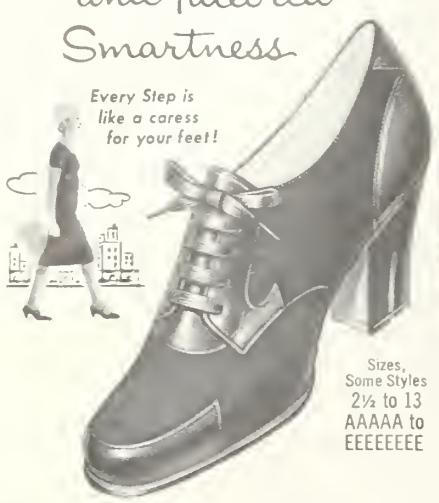
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"SPECIALTIES of the HOUSE"

See Pages 108 . . . 117

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 154

When Cotten did not answer immediately, Matt turned curiously and saw that Cotten's eyes were on Cyd.

"She sure hasn't," Cotten mused.

"Bill learning anything?" Matt asked.

"He's coming along all right. The problem with all of them is keeping their minds on it. They'd rather play."

The same could be said of you, buster, Matt thought. Just then a whoop from the other end of the pool pulled their attention.

"Hey! Pop! Watch me, watch me, pop!"

It was Bill. With a thrust of panic, Matt saw him teetering on the outer edge of the high board. He opened his mouth to yell a warning, but Bill beat him to it, again screaming, "Pop! Hey, pop! Watch!" Bill seized his nose in one hand and went thrashing down, more or less in a sitting position, to disappear in a horrendous splash.

Matt was on his feet as the boy's head came up. "Boy, am I going to tan his fanny!"

He turned abruptly at Cotten's burst of laughter. "He's all right. Don't worry."

"Don't worry! The fool kid could break his neck. Do you let 'em get away with stuff like that?"

The young man eyed him levelly. "Let them get away with it? No, Mr. Jones, I taught them to do it. Maybe that looked a little wild, but it wasn't really. The most dangerous thing that can happen to a kid in the water is lack of confidence—next to overconfidence, that is."

"You don't think that was overconfidence?"

"No, sir. I'm not teaching your boy to be reckless. But I hope I'm teaching him to know how much he can do, and do it without fear."

Cotten's earnestness impressed Matt in spite of himself. "Maybe you're right."

Later, as he was dressing after a shower, Ellen came into their bedroom. "How was it, Tarzan?"

"Pretty good—it gets the barnacles off." He laughed. "Pretty stimulating place, that pool. Cyd was down there taking a sun bath. I could hardly keep my hands off her."

"You'd better keep your hands off her, mister," Ellen said. "And your eyes, too, if you don't mind."

"That's quite a lot to ask of a man."

"Don't think she doesn't know it." Ellen said grimly. "She's out there in that—that fig leaf every day."

"So? What do you suppose she's after—aside from catching a cold on her bare lungs?"

"Trouble, natch!" Ellen's reply was an indignant snort.

You wouldn't need a barometer to measure the pressures building here, Matt thought as he entered Solomon Weissman's living room. They were nearly all there—all the men, anyhow, and most of the women.

Weissman sat back and ran his bright, inquisitive eyes around the circle of his neighbors.

"We've run out of time," he said without preamble. "You all know it. We're here tonight to decide what to do about it."

"That maniac ought to be arrested." Matt wondered why Laura Cusack's voice must always carry that shrill saw edge.

"If you mean David Bronson, as I suppose you do, Mrs. Cusack, I doubt if there is anything in the statutes forbidding the sale of a house," Weissman said mildly. "Each of us, in the last two weeks, was supposed to canvass his contacts, hoping that one of us might find a buyer. I can tell you that I have made no progress. Does anybody have anything to report?"

Paul Cusack cleared his throat. "I thought I might have something going with the broker who sold me my house. First time I talked to him he said he'd be glad to help. But by the time I called him again, he'd gone shifty on me. After that I couldn't reach him—every time I called, his secretary said he was out."

Outerbridge took off his glasses, rubbed them with a handkerchief and restored them primly to his nose. "I believe Mr. Macmillan offered to explore the possibilities at the club. Mr. Jones, would you know what response he got?"

"No different." Matt spoke shortly. "We're untouchable."

There it was—out in the open for all of them to look at, to recognize.

"Anybody else get an offer to sell to a jig?" Peter Yale's voice was brittle. His light eyes, usually mocking, were hard now. "Anybody here ready to run? To pull the plug?"

Gold's sigh was a troubled rumble. "I did, Pete, if you need to know. Or, anyhow, I suspect I did. I got three calls from people who said they were brokers and they'd heard I wanted to sell." He turned his brooding gaze on the broadcaster. "If you're curious, I'm not running."

Cyd Cavanidis stood up. She yawned, and the lifting of her arms raised her breasts provocatively against the red cloth. "You all talk about it a lot." Her throaty voice was bored. "Just talk. I'm going home. G'night all." She moved lazily, out the door into the night. Cavanidis watched her go, an amused glint in those narrow eyes.

"That's my Cyd," he said expressionlessly. "She's against talk."

Outerbridge watched her go with pained disapproval. "A certain amount of talk is necessary," he said. "I do not intend to discuss here the pros and cons of having a Negro in this neighborhood ——"

"If there are any 'pros,' they certainly escape me," Laura Cusack snapped.

John Ainslie was not to be distracted. "I propose to address myself only to the realities. I have checked this with reputable and responsible authorities. A Negro moving in will cost each of us somewhere between one fourth and one third the value of his home. We have one alternative. We can buy the Bronson house ourselves—as a syndicate."

Kelly's sigh was explosive. "What are we going to do with another house? I'm strapped every month now."

"None of us is likely to enjoy this, Dr. Kelly," Outerbridge went on. "In your case the penalty may be imposed more quickly. You have said that the size of your family has already forced you to seek a suitable house elsewhere. Are you prepared for the sacrifice of making a forced sale on a street whose values have been radically altered by the presence of a Negro owner?"

"Don't rub it in," Kelly said. "You know I'm not. Right now we've got a binder down on a house in Connecticut. If it wasn't for that we could stay here. We're crowded. The kids are, but they'd survive—I guess."

"With nigger children?" Now that she had at last got the word out, Laura Cusack found it easier to use the second time. "Jerome Kelly, are you willing to see those little girls of yours playing with niggers?"

Damn that shrill, hysterical nag, Matt thought wearily. *This might be simpler if you didn't have to keep reminding yourself that, whatever you're in, you're in it with Laura Cusack.*

"Let's get down to cases, John Ainslie," Yale broke in. "Are you suggesting that we buy that house, just keep it because no broker will touch it?"

"No, I don't think that is indicated. I have been assured privately that if we buy the house we can expect help in disposing of it."

"Whose help? What kind of help?" Yale's question carried the note of challenge.

It was a quiet little neighborhood. And there are hundreds like it. Slowly—almost imperceptibly at first—began the subterranean stirring leading to the avalanche.

READ

PEACEABLE LANE

BEGINNING ON PAGE 56

"I'm not at liberty to reveal that."

"And how long will that take? Ten y

"We will have to be ready for it t some time, a few months."

"And you think that we ought to put money for a down payment, carry the gage, pay insurance and taxes, and go it for God knows how long—while the stands empty?"

"Frankly, Mr. Yale, I don't think yo much choice."

"I don't either, Peter." Solomon We let his bright, inquisitive look roam th of his guests. "I am for buying the house put up my share of the money. I work thirty-five years to get a nice place for m and me and I do not intend to give u piece of it simply because somebod never laid eyes on has a whim to liv

"I do not think you need to guess wh feelings are." Outerbridge said. "I fav procedure I have recommended."

"Who's next?" Weissman asked.

There was an uneasy stir in the roo Matt, glancing from one to anothe caught by the sight of Estelle Outer staring with bright, frightened eyes husband.

"Mr. Cusack?"

Cusack ran a finger around under h white collar as though it were too tigh buy it," he said. "It's the worst investme ever recommended to anybody"—he s "but I'll go along."

"Dr. Kelly?"

The dentist frowned. "I—I don't There's a lot of money involved here. H body figured it out? How much for eac costs and all?"

"Not precisely," Outerbridge acknow "Roughly two thousand each to close keeping it going until we sell."

"I would feel better if I knew how hundred," Kelly said. "I'll come in, of I know it's necessary. But I wish it w

"That's what we all wish, Jerome," man said. "Mr. Draper?"

"Well"—Draper, Matt thought, looked absurdly youthful—"I don't whether my dad will put up the money. him . . . well, that is, if he will ——"

Pretty Shirley Draper clutched at h "Oh, Gordon," she said, "the children

"He'll put it up. I know he will," said firmly.

Weissman turned toward the broad "Mr. Yale?" There flickered, for a mo those bright, warm eyes a glint of ma pleasure, as mocking as Yale's own.

"This is blackmail ——"

"We all know it's blackmail, Mr. Weissman's voice was expressionless.

"There's one thing more." Yale's lau bitter. "I'm coming in—not because I w but because I'm in a corner where I h But if anybody in this room pulls a cross ——"

"I don't think anybody will. Dr. Ab

The doctor's face was pale, a thin a tured mask. He stood up and began t "I . . . gentlemen . . . forgive me. I do n to make a speech, but I must explain coming with you. I wish I had the cour some other choice, but I do not have look around was imploring, full of pa

"Yes, doctor," Weissman's tone was "Whatever you want to say."

"I do not want to say anything bec because it will sound like special plea come in with you. I join in buying the because I am a Jew. This is ironical, the denial of what a Jew should do. It understandable because I am also a Je has been taught cowardice." He stopp looked at them, and the wretched eyes for understanding.

"Yes, doctor?" Weissman said softly

"I do not want to recite to you the Vienna. You know it anyway. For a Vienna, owning a useful place in societ denly, without reason, finding every h that society raised against me —— I explain—only I could not stand it aga

He fell silent, and the silence around as an oppressive weight upon them al

CONTINUED ON PA



This sheet was washed in blue Cheer*

*If you want your sheets . . . your wash . . . this white, Cheer is for you.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156

saw John Ainslie Outerbridge's tight little mouth open in astonishment. Tiny, mouselike Estelle Outerbridge was on her feet.

"Dr. Abram, you have indicted yourself. With all my heart I grieve for you, but there is something more and something worse. You have indicted us, all of us. You must answer for your soul. I must answer for mine."

"Estelle—Estelle." Outerbridge was frowning, and his voice carried a commanding peremptory edge. "This is not the place ——"

"Don't stop me, John. Please, John." It was a plea, but more than a plea. Her eyes ran swiftly around the circle. "Can't you see what we have almost done? Can we refuse this man—whoever he is—sight unseen, and ever again enter a church without guilt?"

"Estelle!" Outerbridge was on his feet. "Estelle, I want you to go home now."

She looked at him and, with a sob, turned and ran out of the house into the night. Slowly Outerbridge went back to his chair.

Weissman's voice, when it came, was a harsh break in the silence. "Matthew?"

had shaken him, Matt knew. She had shaken them all. And Abram had shaken him before her. And now it was up to him. What was the issue? Whether Dr. Abram had suffered by being a Jew and quailed at the fear of suffering again? Whether Estelle Outerbridge feared to betray her religion, but feared to defy her husband even more? And what did it mean to Matt Jones himself, to Ellen Jones, to Bill Jones? Where was his obligation? To a vague, debatable principle, or to his wife, his son and—to a real extent—the people among whom he lived? He looked at Weissman and spoke.

"I'm in."

"And you, Zachariah?"

The big man had been silent. But now Matt was aware that Zack's big fists were tight and his forearms corded across his knees.

"I never knew"—the words came ponderously—"I would never have believed that a man might have to make a choice of what to betray." He stopped, raised his eyes to Weissman's. "Count me in."

"There wasn't any other answer, Zachariah," Weissman said gently. He turned to face the last man. "Mr. Cavanidis?"

The watchful face was as expressionless as ever and the lean body as relaxed and controlled. "Maybe you should have got to me earlier," Cavanidis said. "Count me out."

"You dirty Greek!" The voice was Yale's, crashing into the shocked silence. Yale was on his feet, moving furiously in on the controlled, watching man.

"Don't try it, sonny. Don't try it." It was softly, clearly spoken, but the voice carried such concentrated malevolence that it brought Yale up short. Cavanidis inspected them all carefully. "I owe you no explanation," he said. "But I'll give you a quick one. I don't like jigs any better than you do." He nodded at Laura Cusack. "But I'm a tall man in a big union. It's a democratic union, which means the officers are elected. About thirty-five per cent of my members are jigs. Good night."

"It's late," Matt said, "but we've got some talking to do. Come in and have a drink."

"I need a drink. About four fingers in a washtub, if you're feeling generous," Zachariah Gold said, turning onto the flagstone walkway to the Jones front door. The big man sounded depressed, and Matt wondered, as he had been wondering ever since the astonishing final act of the meeting in Weissman's living room.

Cavanidis had left, leaving them but nine. "There is one thing more," Weissman had said. "If nine people sign their names as buyers, this deal will look as phony as it is. Somebody here has got to front for all of us." He ran a quick inspection of the room. "We could vote on it. Or we could take a volunteer."

The room was silent and, looking around, Matt realized that this hush was the lethargy of fear. Their faces were withdrawn, reluctant.

"Oh," Matt said, on an impulse that he could not at once define, "I'll take it."

Afterward he thought the impulse had been close to that which had sometimes moved him to evident rashness when he had been an infantry platoon leader. When there was dirty work to be done, it was quicker and in some obscure way more satisfactory to do it yourself than to force it on somebody else.

Gold stood up and spoke, still in that choking reluctance which made him seem to hate his words. "This business needs a lawyer. If it's all right with Matt, I'll go along with him."

Now they were together in the Jones living room, and Matt watched curiously while the big man splashed bourbon into a glass.

"Don't take me for a buttinsky, Zack," Matt said, "but tell me, why did you do it?"

"To be honest, I don't quite know. That is, I know and I don't know. I came along for the same reasons I think you did—because eight or ten thousand bucks is more of a whipping than I can take. The only difference is I'm a long way from sure the reason is good enough. Necessary, yes, but good, no."

"There's a worry closer than that one," Matt said crisply. "They're all in—or say they are ——"

"Except Cavanidis," Gold reminded him.

"Yeah, except Steve. Boy, did you see the way Yale backed down?" He shook his head wonderingly. "Steve's tough, if that's a virtue, and he's practical."

"Well, he's out. Now we got to worry about the ones that are in."

The doorbell chimed, and they both started. "Now what?" Matt said, getting up. "It's after midnight." He switched on the porch light as he opened the door.

"Turn it off," Steve Cavanidis said crisply.

Automatically, with his finger still on the switch, Matt responded to the Greek's imperative tone. "Come in," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm already in." Cavanidis smiled his tight, controlled smile. "You're the front men, aren't you?" He nodded toward Gold, silent and watchful in his chair.

"How did you know?" Matt's tone was sharp.

"Elementary. I waited until your little prayer meeting broke up and called Sol."

"We're having a drink," Matt said. "Can I offer you one—worth roughly two thousand bucks?" It had occurred to him that this man had just cost him a lot of money he couldn't afford.

"No, thanks. I'll just speak my piece and beat it."

"Just as you say. What's on your mind?"

"This." Poker-faced, the Greek reached into his pocket and withdrew a wad of bills. He dropped them on the coffee table. "There's three thousand in that," Cavanidis said. "You can count it if you want."

"What's that for?" Matt asked.

"You're buying a house. It takes money."

"But you've already dealt yourself out."

"That was for the peasants. D'you think I'd be nuts enough to go along with something that every newspaper in the country is likely to have its hands on in a couple of days? Not me. I got to live and I intend to."

"Three thousand bucks is more than one share," Gold put in.

"I doubt it," Cavanidis said. "It may not even be a full share. Don't ever tell anybody where you got it. You ever try to hook that money to me, I'll call you a liar."

Matt picked up the money and tossed it thoughtfully. He turned to Gold. "What do you say, Zack? Do we let a man pay his money but take a free ride every other way?"

The big man stared musingly at the impassive Greek. "Sure, take it. It's money, and money we're going to need." He paused, then nodded toward Cavanidis, his voice as toneless as the Greek's. "Any way you slice this it's a mess. The least we can do is let a man pick his own way to get dirty."

"I told you I didn't want any part of those do-gooders in this business," Lamar Winter said, eying the lanky, long-jawed man sprawled in a swivel chair. The desk, chair, a bank of wooden filing cabinets and a liquor-store calendar comprised the furnishings of the shabby office.

"I didn't call them in." Alexander Fox studied his caller under eyelids lowered far enough to forestall being studied in return.

"They're in," Winter said crisply. "Somebody did."

The broker shrugged. "They deal themselves in sometimes. They watch things like this and decide to move on their own."

"Well, let's deal them out," Winter said. "I don't want anybody messing this up. It's a straight proposition—there's a house for sale and I want to buy it."

Fox considered his client thoughtfully. "It's not simple," he said. "I thought we had him, but he's getting slippery. It could be money."

"All right. Find out how much more."

"What if it isn't money?"

"What else?"

"His neighbors. Those people can make it look pretty rough to Bronson if they find out."

"You never thought they weren't going to find out, did you? I figured that long ago. That's what you're for—to figure a way around it."

"You know, Mr. Winter, you're a tough man," the broker said carefully. "In some ways I'm a tough man, too—as tough as I need to be. You know a man named Frank Barton? Real-estate man?"

"No." Winter hesitated, began to lose patience. "I've got one broker—why would I need another?"

"You'd probably call him a blockbuster." Winter studied the broker narrowly, considering. "So that's it. You want to call in the muscle. Tell me how this Barton would operate."

"Depends. Persuasion, I guess you'd call it."

Winter snorted. "Persuasion is what the N.A.A.C.P. would call it. Reasoning. That's what the Justice."

"I think Barton might do better than that."

"Cut the double talk. How, then? What's his pitch?"

"Well, Fox said, "he might go to see some of those folks first. Jiggle them a little. Talk about the newspaper, the churches, look for weak spots, maybe about the always a weak spot someplace."

"Sounds kind of weird," Winter said. "This kind of thing do any good?"

"Sometimes a lot of good. This man Barton's pretty effective when it comes to hurrying it along."

"Look," Winter said decisively. "I'm not sure I like this. I'll go this far: you can talk to this Barton, get an idea, then let me know what he says."

"Sure, sure, I'll talk to him."

"But there's one thing." Winter's face was hard again. "No muscle stuff. I intend to live there, and I don't intend to move into a shambles. No rough stuff. You get it?"

"Yeah, yeah, I get it," Fox declared.

Jerry Gold and Bill Jones were sitting on the curb with Benjy Abram. They had confided to Benjy the big secret of the island in Wacapo Lake. They were now discussing the feasibility of violating the interdiction placed on the island by the men who held themselves to be boss in the Gold and Jones families.

"Heck," Benjy said, "my dad wouldn't care. What're we waiting for?"

"You say that because your dad doesn't know what you're thinking about," Jerry said out of hard-earned wisdom. "Wait'll you get paddled when he finds out."

"My dad doesn't paddle me."

"Who does, then?"

"My mother," Benjy admitted. "But she's not so tough. Anybody can take her lickings."

"Mostly I get talked to," Bill said. "But I'd just about rather get tanned."

"Here comes the slob," Jerry said suddenly, jerking a warning thumb toward where a figure had appeared, pumping a bicycle.

Paulie Cusack, big-boned and heavy for his thirteen years, the natural enemy of all his juniors on the lane, was aboard the bike. The three watched his approach warily. The bigger boy lazily swung his wheel toward them and dropped one foot to the pavement.

"What're you punks doing?" Paulie asked.

"Nothin'," Bill said evasively. "Sittin'."

Paulie kicked down the stand of his bike and took a place in the row on the curb. He looked up and down the lane cautiously, then took a long cigarette butt from his shirt pocket and lighted it. The three smaller boys watched with fascinated alarm.

"Boy, you're crazy," Bill said. "What'll you do if your ma catches you?"

"She won't," Paulie said with con superiority. "I smoke all the time."

"Broth-er-r!" Jerry said in awe. "Can a puff?"

"You're too little, punk," Paulie sa disdain. "You'd just get sick and tell mother, and she'd squawk to mine."

"I ain't either too little," Jerry said nantly.

"You better look out anyhow," Bill "If old lady Bronson sees you, she'l your ma."

Paulie stared at the Bronson house a the street contemptuously. "Oh, her. She tell, because my mother won't even spe her. Those nigger lovers!"

"Who's nigger lovers?" Benjy asked the highly absorbent interest of being years old.

"The Bronsons are nigger lovers," P said. "They tried to sell their house to gers."

"My dad won't let me say 'nigger,'" said.

"He's crazy," Paulie said disdainfully. gers are niggers, but anyway they're not to move in here. My mother said she'd ge Bronsons put in jail."

"Haw!" Jerry snorted. "You said my crazy, but your mother's the crazy one."

Paulie dropped the half inch of rema cigarette into the gutter and reached out took Jerry by the nape of the neck and with a vicious jerk, pulled the boy's hea ward him, and with the other hand pu upward across Jerry's face from chin to brows, flattening his nose.

"Don't talk about my mother, punk, said.

Bunching his muscles, Jerry tore hi free and jumped to his feet. "You big Someday you'll get yours."

Bill, too, was now on his feet, movin instinctively to form a solid front with Jer

Grinning confidently, Paulie stood up. asked for it, punks," he said easily. He spr and though they tried to duck, he got t both by the neck and, ignoring their fla arms and legs, pushed their faces together rubbed them hard. Jerry's nose, which easily, began to spout.

Suddenly they were flung apart, falling the hard pavement. As they gathered th selves and vision cleared through the te they saw Paulie mounted on his bike, laug back at them as he pedaled away. In b fury Jerry started to pursue, then turned and stared at Bill.

Bill stared back at him, face white, eyes with hate. "Someday we're going to get guy . . . good!" Bill said.

The thing was taking shape, Matt refle as he sat at the desk Tuesday evening, g through the envelope with its sheaf of ch and Bronson's receipt for $3000. There two new checks today—Outerbridge's Dr. Abram's—which Gold had left for He also had left a note.

"Outerbridge wanted a receipt—natura Gold had written. "I gave him one. Th something else: I wouldn't want to say Yale's trying to take a powder on us. But out of town—and left without saying anyt about the money. His wife said he was ca out in a hurry for some network chor Washington—and maybe he was."

Well, thought Matt, if Yale was pullin sneak, there wasn't much they could do a it. They could make it without him. They Cavanidis' money.

Once again Matt was trying to con grips with himself and with the issue. It seemed simple enough, and he had thou he was responding to an exact, calcul necessity: the necessity of measuring $2 against $10,000. Where was it complicat The problem here was not a man, n family. The enemy was disembodied, face shapeless, even colorless—the simple di ence between $10,000 and $2000.

Ellen came down the steps and put opened bottle of beer, frosty with cold, on desk before him. He looked at her and smi pleased, as always, by the clean handsome

CONTINUED ON PAGE

nouncing a fabulous new laundry machine that completely frees you from washday drudgery...

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

of his wife. Youth and freshness seemed to cling to Ellen and, even after fifteen years together, it still made him glad to be with her. She frowned as she looked at the checks.

"How many more?" she asked.

"Three. Draper, Cusack . . . and Yale. Only Zack thinks Yale is trying to get out of it."

"Why would he?"

"I can think of several reasons. The most likely one is simple: money."

"I wouldn't think he would dare. After all, they live here. I wouldn't think he could look the rest of us in the face afterward."

The doorbell rang. Matt started up, but Ellen was already on her feet. "I'll get it," she said. "I wonder who ——"

A moment later her voice, calling his name, brought Matt to his feet, startled by the thin note of urgency and alarm. He found her standing in the hall, one hand on the latch of the screen door. Two men were beyond the door. Matt saw that they were Negroes.

"Yes?" he said, trying to keep the stiffness out of his voice.

"You're Mr. Jones?" the older of the two men asked. He was heavy, almost portly, and probably in his fifties. The smaller man had a thin, curious face, a nervously smiling face with restless eyes behind thick spectacles.

"Who are you?"

"I am Francis Barton, an attorney" the older man said. His voice was dignified. "This is Edward Smith. Here is my card—this is a professional call."

"What can I do for you?" Matt asked guardedly.

"I think you know, Mr. Jones," the big man said. "There is a matter we have come to discuss with you. It concerns the Bronson house. May we come in?"

The thought flashed in Matt's mind that he could refuse them entrance. But instantly he warned himself that barring them would be both churlish and childish. He led them into the living room and indicated chairs.

"If you will state your business, Mr. Barton," he said cautiously.

Unsmiling but seemingly at ease, the Negro studied Matt a moment before replying. "We understand that you represent a syndicate and that you propose to buy the Bronson house."

"Not a syndicate," Matt said flatly. "I am buying it. Mr. Gold, an attorney on this street, represents me."

"So?" The big face was expressionless. "May I ask why you are buying it?"

Resentment tugged at Matt's mind, but he put it down. "I could say that my reasons are private," he said levelly. "I'll say this much: I'm buying it as an investment."

The big man studied him again. "Would it be fair to say that by 'investment' you mean you are hoping to maintain or enhance the value of this house by preventing a colored man from moving into the one next door?"

Anger stirred in Matt, but he checked it. "You said that, not I," he said shortly.

"Yes, I said it. I merely sought to bring the sparring to an end. We will get somewhere only when we begin to speak frankly. I urge you to do so."

"I don't want to be offensive either," Matt said. "But you will forgive me if I say that I fail to see how my intention to buy this house is your business. You spoke of getting somewhere; where, precisely, do you hope to get?"

"I hope to persuade you of the truth of several things. First, that your fears are groundless. A Negro moving into the Bronson house will not, unless it drives you people to panic, reduce the value of your properties. We can prove that, in cases where Negroes have moved into all-white communities and where the whites have not yielded to panic, property values have not gone down. Believe me, the Negro who wishes to buy the Bronson house is not a fool. He would not be stupid enough to invest a good many thousand dollars in something which would immediately become worth many thousand dollars less. Would you like to know who he is?"

For a moment Matt allowed temptation to tug at him. "No, I think not," he said. "Since I'm not likely ever to meet him, I don't think I'm curious about his name."

"That may be another error. Having made the one, you and your neighbors seem bent on compounding it."

"That may be, but I doubt it. If your man is such a substantial citizen, why doesn't he come out here himself instead of, to put it bluntly, hiding behind your skirts?"

"I doubt if he would come here either seeking or expecting neighborhood popularity."

"That's what baffles me. Knowing that he's likely to be disliked, why would he even contemplate moving here?"

"Tell me, why did you move here?"

"Because neither my wife nor I can stand cities. But I don't see where that applies."

"Don't you? Isn't it conceivable that our man, too, might dislike living in a city? Do you imagine that a liking for fresh air, sun, trees, grass and flowers is the exclusive province of souls wrapped in white skin?"

"No-o-o. I didn't say that. But I still can't understand a man who, in order to get those things, is willing to damage his potential neighbors with a heavy financial penalty and accept the penalty of their resentment."

"You won't see, will you? You will not believe that the financial penalty is a figment of superstition. You will not understand that a man might be willing to risk your temporary displeasure in order to claim his fundamental rights as a human being."

"What makes you think my displeasure would be temporary?"

"Because, inevitably, you would begin to get over it once you saw it demonstrated that he was not here to injure you. Maybe this will convince you: I would not pretend that our people are more tolerant, more moral, more sensitive to the rights of other men than you are. One of the compelling reasons why this man wants to move here is to get away from Negroes, from colored slums. This is an attitude we understand and, although we do not condone it, we are willing to help him—even though his intent be selfish."

"Well," Matt said, "it fails to incr enthusiasm for having him next doo wasting each other's time."

"You're just asking for it, white Matt turned to look at the slender you whose voice was raised for the first tim eyed him, feeling the anger rise in him

"I don't like threats," he said. "Mr. I don't think that we have anything say."

The portly man rose, a monument "I had hoped you would be amen reason. Since you have chosen otherw gret it. I must say to you, Mr. Matthe you, too, will regret it."

"It's time to go," Matt said thinly.

On Wednesday, Matt met Paul Cus lunch at Billy the Oysterman's downt ready curious about Cusack's reques had brought him so far from his norm town haunts for lunch, Matt noted tha of unease was showing through the b usual reserve.

"What's on your mind, Paul?" Ma as the drinks were set down.

"That mess out at the lane, nat Cusack said. "A couple of things. One- the money here. But something else I chew over with you: I wonder what we ourselves into."

"Why, what's different?"

"I don't know exactly. But som fooling around with it, and I don't lik

"What do you mean?"

"Laura called me right after I got office. She got a phone call. I couldn much sense out of what she said—s hysterical. But I gathered he called he thing he could think of, the real lo four-letter words."

Matt looked at Cusack with conc remembered the slender young man w malign, shifting eyes behind thick glas

"It could have been a nut. What w about the house—anything?"

"That's the baffling part. Nothing w about the house. I'm going to call the p

Matt sighed. "You can't police the tele-
one lines, Paul. If they call from a pay
one, and they probably do, it'll do a fat lot
good to trace a call."

Cusack slammed one fist down on the table.
ne sure thing, I think we have to go to the
nty or state police and get a full-time pa-
l in the lane until this is finished. If they'll
l a thing like they did on Laura, they'll
obably do anything."

The afternoon became a nightmare for
ceable Lane and the rest of the week grew
rse. The telephones rang repeatedly. Some-
ies, when the receiver was lifted, the line
uld seem dead until the listener became
are of a soft, panting breath, unspeakably
nacing. Sometimes voices came over the
e, gruff or cold, abusive In one house, the
sacks', the telephone shrilled every quarter
ur until Laura ripped the instrument from
wall with the convulsive strength of
steria.

In fear or fury the wives called their hus-
nds. Each train, through the early after-
on, brought more of the men home. Matt
ched Chappaqua on the 4:32, tense with
meless foreboding. Unwilling to wait for
bus, he took a taxi. The house stood serene
d lovely, garlanded in the scarlet of climb-
roses, drowsing in the golden light of early
ening. He hadn't known what to expect, but
had known that he was afraid. The serenity
s deceptive, he knew, when Ellen met him at
door.

"They called you?" he demanded.

"Twice. Matt, it was . . . unbelievable!"

Rage tore at him, corrosive in his helpless-
ss. "What was said?"

"There's no use repeating it. Anyhow, I
uldn't . . . don't want to." It was almost a
il, but she got herself under control.
Matt, do you think there'll be more?"

"I don't know."

It was sometime after midnight Thursday.
first, shocked from sleep into conscious-
ss, Matt did not know what had awakened him. Then he became aware of a hideous, ululating blare of sound and he was out of bed, fumbling for his shoes and trousers. He was aware of Ellen, tense and cold beside him.

"What is it?" she breathed. "Oh, Matt!"

"Go stay with Bill!" he commanded. "No, first I'm going out. Lock the door behind me."

In the hall he grabbed up the old putter he kept behind the door for back-yard practice and then he was out, stepping into a crazy cacophony of noise. It was a moonless, starless night, but now he could make out the bulk of autos passing in front of the house, lightless, moving slowly. Their horns were blaring, and from somewhere among them came an inhuman screech of human voices.

He started across the lawn. The cars, nearly unseen, had turned the circle and were coming back. He ran toward the street, his fists locked on the steel shaft of the putter. The first car came abreast as he swung the club and heard the brittle crash of breaking glass. The car stopped.

Matt felt, rather than clearly saw, its doors swinging open and half-seen figures spilling out. Suddenly he was engulfed in a bewildering, surging wall of human flesh. He reeled under a blow against the side of his head, and the salt taste of blood welled in his mouth. Then the blows came from all sides. He struggled to get free to swing the putter's steel blade. Agony knifed into him. Then he was down in the street and felt himself going under as a heavy foot smashed against his temple.

He was fighting back toward consciousness as the last car passed him and, wallowing to his feet, he had started after it when he felt an arm go around him and take up his sagging weight. "Let 'em go, Matt! Let the filthy thugs go!" It was Gold.

At noon Friday, stiff in every muscle, Matt found the card left behind by Francis Barton and called his Manhattan number. After a brief wait he heard the measured voice courteously asking after his health.

"You probably know my state of health as well as or better than I do," Matt said. "I'm just calling to let you know that I am buying the Bronson house tomorrow and that I do not, from here, see how you can stop me. There's a state patrol car in front of my house, another at Bronson's, and two county radio cars are patrolling the area on twenty-four-hour shifts. That doesn't leave you much but the telephone, does it, Mr. Barton?"

"No, I agree with you, Mr. Jones." The voice was still calm, courteous. "It is possible that we tried to do too much in too little time. I regret your injuries, Mr. Jones, and I wish you a speedy recovery."

With a soft click the line went dead.

Thoughtfully, absently fingering the ring of keys that symbolized possession of No. 1 Peaceable Lane, Matt stood with Zack Gold, watching a moving crew load the last of Bronson's possessions into a van.

"Well, let's go over and give it a look," Matt said as the van grumbled up the ramp toward the parkway cutoff. "Not that we'll be able to do much about it if he decided to kick in the plaster or take a hammer to the furnace. But we might as well look."

"Yes." Gold sighed. "Let's wrap it up."

They found the house bare, wearing an air of desolation.

"It'll need a coat of paint," Gold said appraisingly. "Otherwise they left it in pretty good shape. I don't know whether I'm surprised or not."

"He left quietly enough," Matt acknowledged.

"Yes," Gold said somberly. "But he left his mark on us all the same. The thing I hate having to remember is that he opened up the weakness and meanness in all of us."

"Remember this: it was the other side that fought dirty—not us."

Gold sighed. "I'd like to think that. I don't know, Matt. Maybe I'm wrong; I hope so."

Matt stayed at home Monday and Tuesday. But Wednesday morning he got into his working uniform of gray summer silk and had Ellen drive him to the station. The kiss he planted on Ellen's mouth was lingering, warmer than the usual station leave-taking.

"Call me if anything comes up," he said in a voice carrying the impact of an order.

"I will," she said, smiling at him.

He wouldn't have gone to the city, but the Glamour-Glow work wouldn't wait. This layout session with Lamar Winter had been scheduled for more than a week. Young wasn't a man to be stalled off and, for that matter, neither was Winter.

When his secretary came in to announce Winter's arrival, he rose and was walking toward the door when Winter came in briskly, carrying the flat, heavy picture case. He saw Winter's look change suddenly to one of surprised consternation.

"What hit you, man? Your face looks as if it had gone through a meat grinder."

"I got beat up," Matt said shortly.

He looked at the artist and was suddenly baffled by an expression he had never seen there before. Abruptly, with only a fleeting sense of caution, Matt decided to talk.

"Let's let the paintings go a few minutes. Sit down. I need your advice. If I make you sore, tell me and I'll drop it, but we know each other well enough for you to know I'm leveling with you. It isn't business—it's personal."

He began to tell the lane's decision and ordeal in a flat, unemotional voice. He recited the facts, leaving out nothing. He watched the attentive, impassive face across the desk, seeking to read the effect of his words on this man to whom, as a Negro, he was now appealing for a Negro's special knowledge.

"And that," he finished, "is how I got clobbered. But that's not what's bothering me particularly. I thought you might be able to help me by explaining how a thing like that would come up in the first place. Why would a colored man want to come in there with us—with a bunch of whites?"

Abruptly the painter rose from his chair and strode to the layout table. He lighted a cigarette, inhaled deeply. Matt could sense the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163



BE REALLY REFRESHED... AROUND THE CLOCK!



RECIPE: Take a center slice from a round loaf of dark or white bread. Decorate with ring of devilled ham and egg salad. Mix yellow processed cheese-spread with softened butter and pipe along the edges with a pastry tube. Garnish with cucumber slices, sliced green and ripe olives, cream cheese, a radish. Cut into wedges to serve.





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me?"
," Matt said angrily, "quit picking at it. keep it simple. You say you have the to live where you want—I agree."
y watched silently while their steaks and were served. *I wish this was over,* Matt inking. *There ought to be pleasure in this. 's just something that has to be done, and rd work.*
ow do you think you're going to handle Winter asked. "You know you can't do he open. Man, they'd lynch you."
w there was this to be faced and Matt nized it. "We'll have to sneak it," he said. eing all that the word might mean, hat- e taste and sound of it. He had never felt d, so wrung out. "Do you want it?"
eah," Winter said, "I want it. I'm sorry, I've got to use you. You're a tame white

n was pale and her face wore a look of ed bewilderment. "I'm trying to under- ," she said. "I'm sorry. I just don't under- ."
now," Matt muttered. Remembering his blind groping after truth, he felt the im- ility of communicating it, even to her. don't know him. That makes it harder. e's my friend."
iend?" Her voice was nearly shrill. could a friend do what he did to us or he had done the night you were beaten Was he one of the people in those cars, ng and screeching?"
o. He made a mistake. But he didn't have ing to do with that."

hy didn't he stop them if he's your ?"
e didn't know they'd do it."
hat's what he says. How do you know elling the truth?"
len, I've worked with him for years."
didn't know you worked with a colored You never told me."
urprised him, but it was probably true. act that Lamar Winter was colored had had so little effect on their professional association that it was unlikely he had ever talked about it at home.

Ellen loved Matt and most of the time had confidence in him, but she was no spineless wife to take the incredible on faith merely because he asserted it.

"You know him. So now you say you're not afraid. But I am. You were afraid it would destroy the value of our home. We couldn't afford it. Can we afford it now—or have you just forgotten it?"

"No, I haven't forgotten it, Ellen, you can't put a price on a man. You can't accept him on every other level—work with him, trust him—then shut him out on another."

"But you can put a price on your wife and son," she said bitterly. Instantly she wished the words unspoken, but even in the quick rush of shame for having said them, she knew that here lay the heart of her bewilderment: what came first, a man's family or this wild, quixotic notion?

"No." His voice was cold. "Sometimes you have to take a chance—even with the things you love. I won't kid you—this may not be easy, not at first anyhow. But there's no real danger."

She shook her head. "Matt, I'm not afraid to take my share of something that has to be done if it's right and necessary. But this seems so—so impossible. How about the others? What are you going to do about them?"

"The only thing I can do," he said woodenly. "Cheat them."

"Oh!" She sat frozen, her hands locked so tight in her lap that the knuckles were white. Matt saw her and felt the despair of a man who knows his position is untenable but that it must be defended anyhow.

All right, Matt thought bleakly, *don't try to duck it; this is plain fraud.* Only one thing would make it possible: he had to believe it was essentially right and the only thing that could be done. There were times in the process when he disliked Lamar Winter almost as much as he despised himself.

He learned that betraying those who trusted him presented no problems. For a monument to deception, the mechanics of conveying the deed to No. 1 Peaceable Lane to joint tenancy in the names of Lamar and Margo Winter proved childishly easy.

Gold should have wondered, and Matt had half expected it and tried to prepare himself to deal with the big Jew's doubts. But he accepted Matt's news in seeming calm. Matt knew Gold's distaste for what they had done; he put down Gold's ready acceptance to relief that the unpleasant task could be finished.

He kept the structure of deception to a bare and—he realized—suspicious minimum. A white shill was necessary. Alexander Fox, with the cynical skills he had developed as the county's most successful broker for Negroes, furnished a plausible-appearing professional stand-in who called himself Arthur Lakeland. Matt told Gold that he thought he had a prospect. Matt described him as an advertising man who wanted to escape Long Island. He had met the man briefly, he said, and he had looked all right and seemed to have money. He thought Gold should handle the details, had made an appointment for them to meet.

"Fine, Matt. That's good news," Gold had said. "When and where?"

That weekend Gold brought Lakeland out to look at No. 1 Peaceable Lane. Later Gold found Matt in his back yard.

"He seemed to like it," he reported. "Did you know how deep he was ready to go? Pricewise?"

"I didn't talk money with him," Matt said, telling the literal truth.

"He made an offer," Gold said. "I told him what we—you, rather, as the seller—had in it. He said he could match that."

"You mean we get out free?"

"He said so. You want to take it?"

"Why not?" Matt said, then added prudently, "If he's on the level. What do you think?"

"He's a buyer. He's the right color," the big man said dryly. "I didn't take a binder, but I will if you agree. It'll be getting out quicker and better than we could have hoped."

The ceremony of any real-estate closing in New York holds a nightmare quality for both seller and buyer. They find themselves mere paying spectators at a ritual whose performers are the brokers, the lawyers, the mortgage men, the guarantors of titles. This time Matt found the business of writing and handing checks back and forth and the stylized transfer of documents even more endlessly harrowing than the buying of his own house had been. He ached for it to be finished and was sweating when at last they all stood up and shook hands.

"I suppose you'll be moving in soon?" Gold said to Lakeland as they parted.

"Two, three weeks, I think," Lakeland said lightly. "Some things to settle first."

"Come on, Matt, let's get a drink," Gold said, as they left the mortgage company's office. It was a muggy day, and the blast of air conditioning was a relief as they found a back booth in a bar and ordered beer.

"That's that," Matt said woodenly. "What's next on the agenda?"

"Getting the money back into people's pockets. There are some details besides what we paid for it. New title search, interim insurance, adjustment for taxes and amortization. We had it less than a month and they don't come to much. At a rough guess, the whole deal cost two hundred dollars." He studied Matt coolly. "I suggest you and I split the loss. We can't very well ask the others to take that on."

Matt felt the cold clutch of surprise. He met Gold's gaze steadily, waiting for him to say it.

"Do you know how much time we have before Lamar Winter moves in?" Gold asked quietly. "It might make it a little easier if we have time to get people's money back to them."

"How long have you known?" Matt asked.

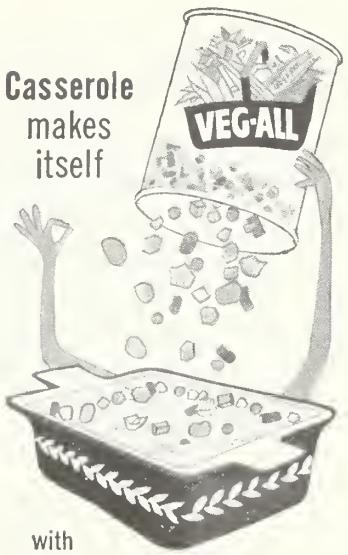
"Almost right away. I guessed at first. After that it was a simple matter of checking. You didn't really think you were going to get away with it, did you?"

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"I'm not sure what I thought. I knew I had to try. And I did get away with it. You could have gummed it up. Why didn't you?"

"That was my first impulse," Gold admitted. "I knew you must have got an awful jar, making that hundred-and-eighty-degree switch—and trying to do it on the sly. I talked it out with Beth, and in the end I left it up to her. But I told her, if Matt is willing to turn crook to do something right that we'd all done wrong, then what would we be doing trying to stop him?"

"She bought that?"

"It scared her, but she bought it."

"So did Ellen," Matt said moodily. "I suspect she thinks I'm crazy."

"There's a good chance we both are," the big man said somberly. "I'm not worried about myself, at least not so much as about Beth and the kids. But there's the street to worry about. If they find out—too soon—they could come apart like a firecracker."

"There's still what scared us first. Property values," Matt said. "I'll admit I'd lost sight of it. What do you think?"

"I can't afford a licking now any more than I could a month ago." Gold said. "But I hope there doesn't have to be a loss. I've had a good look at Winter. He's a quality citizen if any of us are. Maybe we can keep the lid on and the lane will absorb him. At least your boy's bound to raise the tone of the joint. That'll be the only Jaguar on Peaceable Lane."

Peaceable Lane's children and women were suffering an onset of the affliction which kills cats. The painters spent three days in the house at No. 1. Then delivery trucks and plumbers, electricians and carpet layers arrived in waves. They carried in a glittering army of de luxe kitchen and laundry appliances and followed with an enormous roll of carpeting. When the burlap was stripped away on the lawn, the carpet was seen to be luxuriously piled and of a perilously impractical eggshell shade. All this was accomplished without benefit of visible supervision by the new owner, who was, they understood somebody named Lakeland from Long Island.

"She'll go crazy trying to keep that thing clean," Laura Cusack confided when, after observing the carpet during a reconnaissance patrol, she went to the pool and encountered Cyd Cavanidis. Laura disapproved of Cyd but she was the only handy recipient for news.

Laura stayed to watch the furniture carried into the house section by section. Her interest did not abate when it was followed by a grand piano, the gleaming black expanse of the ebony cocktail table, and lamps like Japanese lanterns on wrought-iron stands.

"You wouldn't think Long Island could produce something like that," Laura told Ellen Jones when they met in the supermarket. "Those people must certainly be exotic."

So Peaceable Lane was on stand-by alert when at last the scarlet Jaguar slashed down the ramp into the lane. Laura was on patrol at the moment as the car whirled into the driveway. Lamar Winter jumped out, walked around the car and scooped his wife into his arms and carried her into the house with a flourish.

Half laughing, Margo wiggled and gasped, "Put me down! You're making a spectacle."

Laura was still staring when a black Cadillac limousine slid down the ramp and into the driveway. A chauffeur in gray livery descended and helped a small boy remove a red-and-silver model airplane from the tonneau. The driver saluted amiably as the boy turned toward the house with his treasure.

Laura was nearly home when she had recovered her breath sufficiently to begin to get mad. It was about then that what she had witnessed began to register. By the time Paul reached home the news was widely distributed.

Before dinner Solomon Weissman strolled up the lane. He was making for the Outerbridge home, but hoping to supplement the neighborhood grapevine with some firsthand evidence en route. He got all he needed, for Lamar and Margo Winter were in the front yard with Tod. Winter tossed him a negligent neighborly wave, and because Weissman was a hard man to catch off base, he waved back.

"So it's true, John Ainslie," Weissman said as the lawyer admitted him. "I had my doubts when Paul Cusack telephoned and said the new people were colored. Do you know how this happened?"

"No, I don't," Outerbridge said. "Have you seen Jones or Gold?"

"No. I wanted to make sure first." Weissman shook his head. "It's—it's unbelievable."

"Frankly, I was suspicious when we got our full price. The place simply wasn't worth it."

"Yes?" Weissman looked mildly skeptical. "You didn't say anything, John Ainslie."

"No," Outerbridge admitted. He was frowning. "Do you suppose it's possible somebody got to them, Gold or Jones or both?" He hesitated. "I mean with money?"

"No." Weissman was emphatic. "They could have been duped. They may even have been stupid. But they couldn't have been got with money. I'd swear to it." He sighed. "The question is what do we do now. For the moment I believe our safest course is to do nothing. This street needs calm as it never has before."

"Yes," Outerbridge said thoughtfully. "We'll have to be very careful."

Outwardly there was nothing to reveal that Peaceable Lane had suffered a volcanic shock. Matt Jones was oppressed by the deceptive air of calm, and communicated his unease to Gold.

"We could have been wrong," he said moodily. "Maybe we underrated the place. They're taking it better than we thought they could. Maybe we'd better level with them."

"Come clean and you can head for the hills," Gold said earnestly. "They're still in shock. We have to go on pretending it was an act of God. As long as they believe they were licked by an organization too big to fight, they can accept the idea that it was hopeless. That way they won't like it, but they'll take it and learn to live with it."

"I'm not sure you're right. It might be smarter to let them know how and why Winter got here. That way they'd know he was here to live, not to wreck the place."

"Maybe, later—but right now I'm afraid it would pull the plug. Let's wait awhile."

Out of the paralyzing shock of the first week there came a few sparse but encouraging signs. Estelle Outerbridge came to the door as Ellen was pouring another cup of coffee after Matt left.

"You're just in time. Join me," Ellen said.

"Ellen, I want to say something," Estelle said, busying herself with sugar and cream. "Please don't be hurt. But you must know people are talking and wondering how your husband and Mr. Gold could have been fooled by those people."

Ellen stiffened warily and said nothing.

"Well, I just want you to know—of course I wouldn't dare say this to John Ainslie—I'm so pleased . . . so happy. I really believe it was meant to be. . . . God sometimes saves us from ourselves. I hope your husband understands that and can accept it and be thankful."

Ellen got up and went around the table and took the small creature in her arms. "Thank you, Estelle, thank you very much."

The conviction Dr. Abram expressed to Zack Gold was not much different. "I wish to congratulate you," the doctor said. "Somehow, by good luck or bad management, you have saved us all from a sickening crime. For the first time in many years I feel like a brave man. I must thank you."

Does a man—any man—have a right to buy the house next door? Everyone with a house on Peaceable Lane had to search his heart, and decide.

READ

PEACEABLE LANE

BEGINNING ON PAGE 56

There was that much. It was not en
The lane had been stunned. It had not
knocked out. Slowly, beneath the surfa
most imperceptible at first, began the s
ranean stirrings leading to avalanche.

It was early when Macmillan's sec
asked Matt to come in. Macmillan was
window, looking out at the gray day. Hi
still lay untouched on his desk. Matt s
shadow of agitation and something
anger?—on the blandly self-assured fac

"What's going on down on your st
Macmillan demanded abruptly.

So that was it. "We've got a new neigh
Matt said cautiously. "I suppose you
he's colored."

The look Macmillan bent on him wa
fled and angry. "I thought you had that
tion under control. How did it happen?

Matt shrugged. Lying was getting
"We were taken," he said shortly.

"Taken how?"

"As John Ainslie Outerbridge says
can't fight an organization. They put
ringer on us."

"How about that lawyer of yours? I
he investigate?"

"As much as he could," Matt said
tiously. "It was a neat job."

"Neat!" Macmillan snorted. "Do
realize that's the first break-through i
part of the country? And now they're in
won't stop there." He stared gloomily
wall.

"I don't think it's the beginning of
break-through." Matt said carefully
sounds as though you don't know wh
If you knew you might have less reas
worry."

Macmillan looked up sharply. "Wh
you mean?"

"Lamar Winter."

"What about Winter?'

"Winter's the man who moved in."

"What?"

"Yes. That's why I don't think it's the
of a flood."

"Winter? I don't believe it," Macm
breathed, but staring at Matt and readin
firmation in his face, he rallied. "Didn
know you lived there?"

"He probably did," Matt admitted, g
ing himself against saying too much.

"You take this pretty lightly," Macm
said. "You don't suppose he really think
let him get away with it?"

"There isn't a lot we can do," Matt
Macmillan snapped, "I do not propo
tolerate being double-crossed and ma
monkey of by a man in my own organizat
Matt knew it was reckless, but he didn'
being talked to that way. "Winter is not
organization, Grant," he said. "And
chances are, if you still want Glamour-
you can't have it without having Winter
"Perhaps," Macmillan said. "Just per
I have yet to see an indispensable man.

The next development in the affai
Peaceable Lane was serious. Matt was cl
in on the last swaths of the front lawn or
urday morning when he saw Jerome
come up the lane. Matt shut off the chatt
lawn-mower engine and crossed the fr
mowed greensward to meet the dentist.

"Hi," he called. "What's with you?"

"I wonder if you would help me with s
thing," Kelly said. "Advice—sort of."
looked depressed.

"I'm a lousy source of advice," Matt
"But sure. What's on your mind?"

"You're a member on the hill," Kelly
and then rushed on with it. "If you ca
range it, I would like to meet Mr. Sloa
Mr. Kern—you know, the real-estate m
know they're pretty important."

"I know them," Matt said. "Not so
you could call us buddies. What's on
mind?"

"You know I had my house listed wit
Maccauley agency for months. Only now
don't want to handle it."

"They give any reason?" Matt asked.

Kelly was a deliberate man with a
habit of speech. "Well, there was the

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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Borden's CHEESE BAR — CREAM CHEESE WITH DATES and NUTS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

first. They said they were sorry they hadn't been able to move my place, but with the market slow right now and the taxes so rough here, they hadn't been able to locate a buyer. But they knew I was anxious to sell, so they had decided to release it and they hoped I would do better with some other broker."

"You bought that?" Matt asked.

"Not exactly," Kelly said. "I didn't see why people like Maccauleys would think somebody else could sell a house if they couldn't. So I went to see Maccauley himself. He finally admitted the real reason."

"What was it?" Matt asked automatically. But he knew it already and felt the cold, sick weight of it.

"That," Kelly said. He turned and nodded toward where the slate gables of Winter's house and the raw frame of the new dormer were visible above the shrubbery. "Maccauley did a lot of hemming and hawing. But what it came down to was that, because they are the top and intend to stay there, they won't handle a deal in what he called 'questionable and unstable circumstances.' I suppose what he means is, they're scared."

"The jerk," Matt said. "What do you want to do, Jerry?"

"Whatever's best. That's why I want to talk to somebody about it. We're crowded, but we can manage if we have to. The only thing is, it leaves me in a box. I had already put down earnest money on the place we were dickering for in Connecticut."

"I'll talk to them. See if anything can be done," Matt said.

Stripped to the waist and sweating in the combined heat of the sun and his Saturday chores, Zachariah Gold rested on a bale of peat moss and listened to Matt in somber, thoughtful attention.

"He put down fifteen hundred on the Greenwich deal," Matt said, finishing his report. "What's his chance of getting his deposit back? Legally, I mean."

Gold shook his head. "Not much. That's what a binder's for. Sign of intent to go through with the deal. If he doesn't, the other man is entitled to keep it."

"He can't afford it," Matt said.

"I know."

They looked at each other and each knew what was in the other's mind. Here was another burden, one they hadn't counted on. But it was inevitably their own. Kelly, that inoffensive man, must not be punished for their deeds. And running desperately through each man's mind was his own perennial lack of margin, the relentless, proliferating pressures that made another $750 bulk so huge.

"It'll take a little time to get it up," Gold said. "I'll have to borrow it."

Looking at the heavy, thoughtful face, knowing it bore worry and concern, but no trace of resentment, Matt felt the warmth of his affection for this big man.

"So will I. But how do we handle it? We can't just give it to him."

Suddenly Gold was laughing. "I'll figure a way to handle it."

Winter had abandoned the Harlem studio and had, himself, ridden up the parkways with the truck bringing the easels, canvases, cans of brushes, boxes and bottles of paint and thinners and varnishes—all the disorderly paraphernalia of his craft. Now he felt the stuff had to be moved up from the garage—at once.

"It would make more sense to go fishing," Margo protested, as he staggered up the stairs with the first load. "Don't you know what the radio says? It's going over ninety."

"I want to see what it looks like," he said.

She sighed. "O.K. What goes first?"

"You stick to hausfrauing," he said. "The big stuff is too big for you, and the little stuff Tod can handle. He's big enough to give the old man a hand."

The job was finished in midafternoon. Sweating and content, Winter stood at the big easel on which rested a half-finished portrait of the Glamour-Glow girl. Winter studied the work, trying to decide if this light was different and how much the difference meant.

"Looks good, hey, Tod?" he said.

"She's pretty," the boy agreed soberly. "You want me to call mother?"

"You can if you want," Winter said, "but it's not necessary. One of the things you need to understand about women—and will eventually—is that they don't know much about men's work and care less. They're not geared for it."

"Well, gee," Tod said. Winter laughed and gripped his shoulder.

"I've got a better idea," he said. "Let's give her a surprise and take her swimming."

"Swimming?" The boy's face lighted. He bolted, yelling, "Mother!"

Winter found Margo in the living room. "Where did he go?" Winter said.

"His swimming trunks," Margo said. "He came through here yelling we were going swimming, and then, whoosh, he was gone. Where do you think you're going swimming?"

"The pool, of course. Didn't you know there's a pool on this street? And that we own a hunk of it?"

"You're not going there!"

"Sure. Why not?"

"Lamar, are you crazy?"

He saw the quick lift of terror in her eyes and spoke soothingly. "Honey, we're never going to make it walking soft and babying these folks. There isn't any halfway. Where're our suits?"

So, for the first time, the Winter family crossed the lawn and moved down the lane toward the pool to whose use and enjoyment their deed clearly entitled them. Margo wore a long terry-cloth robe concealing her white suit and the contrasting grace of her slender brown body. Walking between husband and son, each with a towel across his shoulders, she could feel hidden eyes on her. But only two pairs were watching, in fact. One pair belonged to Lana Weissman. Lana, in a new skintight suit which she fervently hoped would make lifeguard Mark Cotten's eyes bug out, strolled up the lane from the opposite direction. The other pair, concealed behind o curtains, belonged to Laura Cusack.

The sound of splashing and juvenile and screeches came to them. The scre police whistle cut piercingly through t roar. Flinching, Margo felt Tod stiffen her, and Winter felt a prickly tighte skin as the whistle shrilled again. A else on Peaceable Lane would have dis the two long blasts and one short as a nary, unalarming code message in the c nity's mother-child signal system. Th sage meant that Paulie Cusack shou home on the double.

Cyd Cavanidis was on the pool deck in languor and little else. Lana We was just behind the Winters. Mark was halfway along the pool, trying ordinate Ruth Gold's kicks and s Ruth was fat like Angela Cavanidis, had a sense of timing and Cotten had h her. The pool was raucous. Jerry Gold Abram, Bill Jones, four of the Kellys, olas Cavanidis and Paul Cusack Jr. the deep end or bounding in and out of

Winter dropped his towel and moun high board. The kids were startled as th dark body knifed down among them in hard dive. But they were too intent o own uproar to be more than mome abashed by the alien presence. After ment's staring silence the noise began Cyd rolled over on her towel and w Winter come up the length of the pool i crawl and spring lightly up to the dec was too lazy to hate anybody, particu man with shoulders and legs like that was too intensely and alertly curious t anybody but Cyd.

Winter moved toward his wife an "Come on, it's great," he said.

Margo shook her head, but managed smile. "Don't rush me." She was still robe and felt an anguished conviction t would never be able to take it off.

Winter turned to the boy. "Come o Last one in's a white baby."



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He saw eagerness and doubt struggling in d's eyes and, in a kind of despair, saw doubt ning. He felt an impatient impulse to ch down and seize the boy and fling him o battle.

Lana Weissman saved him from it. Lana tated nearly everybody on Peaceable Lane, luding her parents. When she was not be- smart-alecky, she cultivated a grating air weariness with all adult opinion. These alities successfully concealed the fact that na was not only pryingly interested in the rld around her but also owned an all-inclu- e fund of sympathy for anything that was t or weak. She had temporarily forgotten rk Cotten and his reaction to her swim t. She slid over and squatted beside Tod.

"Can you swim?" she asked.

Caught off guard, Tod answered, "Sure."

"O.K." Lana grinned. "I'll race you from e to the board and back. Come on." She bbed his hand and before Tod knew it he s in that alien water.

Winter stood staring after them. "Well, I'll damned," he said.

Suddenly the police whistle sounded again— long blasts and a short. It was louder this e, piercingly loud and shrill. Not even ilie's long experience in the arts of con- ient deafness could ignore this one. Star- d and sullen, the boy climbed out on the k and disappeared.

"Wuff! What a stinking day," Matt groaned he stepped off the station platform and nted the sweat-sticky seat of his pants in station wagon beside Ellen.

"Sorry, darling," Ellen said, looking at him pathetically. "You'll feel better after 've had a drink."

First things first," Matt grunted. "I'm go- to have a swim—then a drink."

You have a surprise coming. You can't m—the pool's being drained."

Nuts! I wonder what went wrong."

I don't know. You could ask Bill. He was re most of the afternoon." She paused. "ll said the colored people were there to- —swimming. I'll bet it took some working their nerve—the first time."

They pay their share," Matt grunted. hy not?"

I know," she said. "But, Matt . . . I der . . . could it cause trouble?"

hanged into an old pair of shorts and a e shirt, Matt felt better. He found Bill in back yard in a game of three-cornered h with Jerry Gold and Benjy Abram.

What's this about draining the pool?"

I dunno. Mr. Cotten chased us all out and he had to drain it. Mrs. Cusack came r and they were arguing, and then Mr. ten told us to beat it."

Oh?" Matt said. "Mrs. Cusack, huh?" strode toward the pool, oblivious of the t. He knew now what he would find and he would find it.

otten, in bathing trunks and dangling a g-handled scrub brush across his knees, sitting on the coping watching the water l go down. The pool was half empty.

What for?" Matt demanded.

Mrs. Cusack told me to do it," Cotten gloomily. "I knew there'd be trouble."

There is trouble. Shut off the drain and t filling. Now!"

You're the boss," Cotten said, getting up moving toward the control box. "But I e you'll square me with Mrs. Cusack."

Don't worry about Mrs. Cusack. You've ped a hundred bucks' worth of water and going on her bill."

Matt, you can't talk to my wife that way!" der a strain, Cusack's face was likely to mottled.

All right, I don't want to act tough, and if ave I apologize," Matt said. "But let's e sense. If everybody is going to decide way that pool's run, you can get another irman. I told Cotten to fill it again and I t it understood it's going to stay that way."

Not if those people are going into it ain!" Laura said. "You can just tell them to st out, since you're the chairman."

I'll tell them no such thing," Matt said ly. "They have the same right to that pool ou do. Let's show some sense."

"Now, look here," Cusack said. "You're taking a funny attitude. First you and Gold go to sleep and let this colored man stick it into us. And now anybody'd think you're trying to make him feel right at home."

Matt stared at Cusack. "It's not a bad idea. Meanwhile I want that pool left alone."

"You bet your sweet life it'll be left alone," Laura snuffled through her handkerchief. "Oh, why couldn't those horrible people leave us alone?" As Matt rose, she collapsed on the sofa and began to sob convulsively.

In a general way Matt had expected Peaceable Lane to resist Winter and his family. He had been prepared for suspicion and resentment. He had even considered the possibility of violence. He and Zack had hoped that with time the lane would become reconciled to Winter in peace. But it wouldn't wait. That ugly business of the pool had made it clear. The Winters needed to be humanized. Perhaps the lane could concede them some small but essential measure of the quality if somebody the lane knew accepted them as such. Simply asked them over, as you might any other newcomer. He was unprepared for the resistance he encountered.

"Matt, are you out of your mind?" Ellen said. "Have them here? To dinner?"

"Why not?" he insisted doggedly. "They're people. They are new here. Besides, I know them. It is funny to pretend that they don't exist."

Ellen shook her head. "Matt, we live here too. It's—it's impossible."

"I don't get it," he said. "It doesn't sound like you—simply because they're colored."

That stung. "Oh, Matt," she said helplessly, "you know better. With people already suspicious—prying—insinuating. You don't know how these women are."

"They're just people," he said again. "Somebody has to take a little of the scare out of this street."

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"Matt, why does this man mean so much to you?" she asked. "Do you think he would do this for you—if things were the other way around?"

"Huh?" he said. "That's a goofy question. How could it be the other way around? White Protestants don't need help—not this kind."

"But if it was, do you think he would?"

"I don't know," he said, looking her full in the eyes. "But that's not the question."

In the end, still unwilling and ridden by dark and unshakable foreboding, Ellen consented.

She did not know, although she might have guessed, that Margo Winter came in equal apprehension. But both young women had capacities for grace under pressure, and probably because of them the evening went off fairly well on the surface. Still there was about it an air of unreality.

It began with the front-door chimes. If the Golds—or any other neighbor—had been coming to an outdoor summer dinner, Ellen would have expected them to drift in unannounced, and the man would surely have been as sloppily dressed as Matt. But here, formally waiting on the doorstep, stood this handsome, dark-skinned trio, dressed superbly.

"This is Margo, and I'm Lamar Winter," the man said. "The boy, here, is Tod."

"Please come in." Ellen smiled. "Matt's in the back yard with Bill. Why don't you and Tod go on through?" She nodded toward the open door leading to the terrace. "I'm afraid we live outdoors—until it snows."

"I should have known." Winter smiled. "It's what the magazines call gracious country living. I've painted it often enough."

"You'll find Matt a messier chef than the ones you paint." Ellen laughed.

Winter, showing no sign that his handsome dark silk suit, white button-down shirt and small-figured tie were more than the occasion demanded, turned toward the terrace door. "Out this way?" he asked.

"Through there and keep going," Ellen said. She turned toward Margo and, making a quick appraisal, was not deceived by the simplicity of the yellow linen dress. It was plain; it looked cool; it was undeniably perfect, and Ellen knew that it had cost at least twice the price of the best formal in her own closet.

"What a lovely house," Margo said, taking in the room's air of lived-in quiet and comfort.

"It's shabby," Ellen said dishonestly. "And it's not very orderly. It's probably my fault, but I prefer to blame Clarice."

"Clarice?"

"The maid." For no reason that seemed to make any sense, Ellen was suddenly embarrassed by remembering the color of Clarice's skin. "But she has only one day a week to undo the damage," she said quickly.

Winter found Matt beside the grill, inspecting a two-inch-thick slab of dark, fat-veined meat. An ice bucket and a tray with bottles and glasses were close at hand.

Matt turned to Bill. "How about fetching me the charcoal? This fire needs hotting up. Take Tod along—he can help bring some Cokes. And why not turn on the lights? You could play croquet."

"I'm overdressed," Winter said as the boys left obediently. "All right to shuck my coat?"

"It's about time," Matt grunted. "Better shed the tie too."

"What'll I do with them?"

"Toss them in the living room. I'll make a drink while you're at it. Gin and tonic?"

Matt and Winter knew each other. The women had no such bond to ease their way.

Ellen was relieved when Matt went to prod experimentally at the steak and lifted it, smoking, from the grill. "Come and get it," he said, wearing an infuriating air of self-satisfaction.

It was easier while they ate. But both Ellen and Margo still felt the uneasy sense of talking too much, laughing too quickly.

"Have you seen the school?" Ellen asked—and instantly damned her foolish mouth. With any other woman this would have been a subject of absorbing mutual interest. Why should it be something else with this woman? But she knew it was.

"Yes, it's a lovely school," Margo said. She sensed the peril, too, but was as helpless as Ellen to keep out of quicksand. "Do they have to leave early?"

"It's complicated," Ellen said. "They're on split sessions. The morning is better if you can work it out. It means getting started awfully early, but then they're home early in the afternoon."

"Is there a school bus?"

"Yes, but it's a disgrace. We're at the end of the line. First to be picked up and last to get home." Ellen hesitated. "We do better with car pools."

Margo thought, *I'll have to face it sometime. I can't escape it any more than she can.* "How are the car pools arranged?" she asked.

"We work it out among us," Ellen said. "I'll let you know when I know more."

Something like real ease came with the coffee. The endless evening was ending. Soon there would be privacy and the chance to put aside the mask of pretense.

"It was a lovely dinner," Margo said. She was surprised by the thought that now, unbelievably, Peaceable Lane had granted her that cachet of acceptance, a social obligation. On the heels of the satisfying notion there came a rush of panic at the prospect of fulfilling it.

Francis Barton had infuriated, inspired, intimidated or puzzled many men, but he did not puzzle himself. He remembered nea every step of the path he had trod. The o blind spot he suffered was that in maturity had deliberately chosen to forget the clean h zeal of the young man who had first set fo upon it. The son of a preacher, he had dra on all the respect his father enjoyed in th Michigan community to win acceptance in l school. He had slaved his way through—bo at his books and at the eight-to-midnig lunchroom job that fed him and paid the t tion. He had emerged just in time to colli headlong with the great depression.

He had been on relief. He had been a pu lic defender, partly because his poor shin could bring him no more lucrative clients b mostly because, in that time, it was politica useful for the machine to have a few carefu selected Negroes in the public pay. He h become, in Detroit, a minor relief adminis tor concerned with housing. The job h driven home something he already knew: th of all America's unfortunate citizens in th years the least favored were the Northern u ban Negroes from whom he had sprung.

There was a hot pride in breaking his fi block in Detroit, thereby loosening by a lit the white strictures on the colored ghetto. I broke others thereafter and became skillful and ruthless—at the work.

Somewhere along the road he had not much lost the passion as deliberately aba doned it in favor of ambition. He learned th once a white block was broken, its remainc tended to crumble quickly—especially if fc could be planted in it. And he discovered that knew how to move more quickly and surely th either his beneficiaries or his victims. He w also a patient man, full of experience and cra He had learned to lose skirmishes with gra But he did not like to lose campaigns and s dom did. He regarded Peaceable Lane as lost skirmish. The fact that Lamar Winter h got a house did not satisfy him. His own ra had failed. Peaceable Lane was still a ca paign that Barton intended to win.

He summoned Edward Smith, the slend owl-spectacled man who served as his sco and also commanded his troops in the fie

"I want you to look over Peaceable La again," Barton said. "I think you may find soft spot. There should be one by now."

"You want to finger one?"

"Not yet. Any one of several might serv There is a Dr. Abram. During the war he caped from a German concentration camp Austria. I believe he can be frightened. Y are aware of Peter Yale, the commentat There is the banker, Paul Cusack. His w hates niggers."

Edward Smith's eyes glittered behind th thick spectacles. "Anything you want me to with the pigeon when I decide which one is?"

"I'll let you know when I want him broug in," Barton said.

Smith stood up and moved to the do "You know, Mr. Barton, I'm glad we're goi into this one again. There's one out there w thinks he's tough, that Jones. He's on my li That last night when we went out to jig them a little, Jones came out with a golf clu He was the one did this to me." Smith open his mouth to reveal a gap in the gleaming façade of his upper teeth.

Barton regarded him thoughtfully. "Y will refrain from personal animosities, E ward. This is not your private feud."

They were alone at the breakfast table in t sunny kitchen. Bill had bolted his oran juice, eggs and cereal and was already away some demanding business of nine-year-olds.

Matt said, "What did you think of them

"The Winters?" She had expected the que tion. "She's nice . . . I think. She was nervou But what else could she be? So was I."

"And Lamar?"

"I don't know, Matt. He's pleasa enough—and sure of himself. Maybe tha it—too sure. There's something hard abo him—and cold."

"If you think he's hard, you're right." Ma admitted. "He's a colored man in a wh man's world. He had to be hard to make it

"I know it must be difficult for them," s said somberly. "But, Matt, it's difficult for



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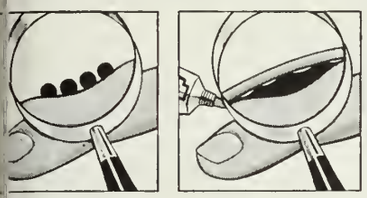
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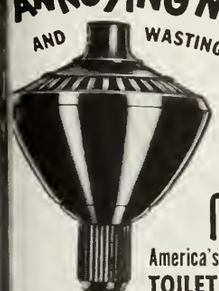
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too. We didn't invent this race business. We just inherited it."

He looked at her with a sudden grin, proud and warm. "You did a lot to disinherit yourself last night. You're quite a woman."

"Honestly, Matt, now that it's over, do you really think it did any good?"

"Someday I think you'll agree that it did," he said. "And you kind of stuck your own foot in it with that car-pool talk. You're really on my side and don't know it."

"Oh," she breathed, remembering, "what can I do about that? Everything's running away with me. It's mad."

It was mad. And it got worse. For the next few days it all belonged to her. It came to her first at the meat counter in the supermarket. Trundling up with her basket, she saw Shirley Draper and Laura Cusack talking to the butcher. Ellen smiled and offered a cool "Hello." There was no answer, but Laura's head turned so quickly that Ellen made the mistake of thinking she had not heard.

In all her life Ellen had not had much practice at being snubbed. She wasn't quite ready for the reality. And so she repeated the greeting when all three met in the aisle between the salad dressings and the canned dog foods. Shirley looked startled and unhappy and even seemed about to speak. But Laura first looked through Ellen and then turned to fix Shirley with an intimidating glare somewhat colder than the frozen codfish cakes.

Ellen's face stiffened. In cold fury, she wheeled her basket with such abrupt and possibly intentional violence that it collided with Laura's and toppled the hamper of Cusack groceries into the aisle. Laura's outraged gasp was enough to cushion Ellen's shock and send her away up the aisle filled with evil glee.

Ellen was not much for committees, but she had agreed to help plan and produce the annual Halloween children's party at Grassy Tor. She had been bidden to a lunch with the committee's seniors, Mrs. Harry Strauss and Mrs. Grant Macmillan. Mrs. Strauss was fat and full of good works. Sybil Macmillan was svelte for fifty, expensively and attractively turned out. Because Sybil was Matt's boss's wife, Ellen tried to like her and so far had managed to conceal the truth that she did not.

Grassy Tor activities were always planned well ahead. Halloween was far away in the bracing autumn, but this was still sultry summer. Ellen parked and went through the castle's mighty oak door and found the two ladies seated at a shaded veranda table.

"I'm late," she said. "I'm sorry. At the last minute Bill ——"

"Forget it, dear," Sybil said sweetly. "I know it's awful having to do all your own work, even in that tiny house." She inspected Ellen lightly but searchingly. "And with all that, you do keep yourself up beautifully. Your hair is lovely—did you do it yourself?"

All right, Ellen thought grimly, *so it's going to be like that, is it?* "I'm lucky. It curls naturally," she said.

"There's the waiter," Mrs. Strauss said quickly. "Don't you want a drink, Ellen? We have ordered."

Ellen shot her a grateful look but watched doubtfully as the waiter placed Martinis before the two older women. "I don't know. It's too warm for gin and me in the same package. I think I'll have a daiquiri."

"I think you're wise, dear," Sybil said. "You'll probably have to drink more gin than you can stand from now on—without doing it here at the club too."

"Huh?" Ellen said inelegantly, completely baffled.

"Your new neighbors," Sybil said sweetly. "Do they drink anything else?"

"Oh!" Ellen's gasp was involuntary.

"New neighbors?" Mrs. Strauss looked perplexed.

Sybil turned to her. "Oh, didn't you know? The new family in Peaceable Lane. Ellen and Matt had them for dinner."

"The colored people!" Mrs. Strauss's round face was thoroughly dumfounded. "Ellen, did you? What was she like?"

It had happened. It hurt. But the numbness was wearing off. Ellen was down but she wasn't out, and cold rage was welling up in her.



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"Like any of us," she said coolly. "She's very pretty. She was at Vassar—daisy chain, you know." She was sure about Vassar, although not quite sure about the daisy chain. "She wore a stunning new Givenchy dress." Turning to Sybil she asked, "Isn't that your Givenchy—that you got year before last?"

Sybil had been stabbed and knew it. "How fascinating," she said. "I hear they have a son—Billy's age. Billy's such a fine youngster." She turned to Mrs. Strauss. "Grant and I are so fond of him. I hope this hasn't embarrassed him—with the other children."

"He doesn't seem to be," Ellen said carefully. "He liked him. I could bring Tod Winter to the Halloween party—as Billy's guest," she said sweetly. "Would you like that?"

It wasn't a victory, but neither was it total defeat. And the duel had been forced on her. But sick regret swept over Ellen that she had let herself be provoked into enlisting Bill. *I'm getting as reckless as Matt*, she thought.

One thing the women on Peaceable Lane were glad to forget for the summer was the car-pool system which transported the lane's young to and from Wacapo Consolidated.

School was only three weeks away. Subconsciously Ellen had been putting it off. There was the Winter problem, and she began cautiously to feel her way toward a solution. She telephoned Cyd Cavanidis. Cyd's stepchildren, Nicholas and Angela, had been part of a job lot including Jerry and Ruth Gold, Paulie Cusack and Bill, the year before.

"Why, honey, I thought you knew," Cyd said. "It's all set up. Laura arranged it."

Ellen caught her breath. "Do you mind telling me what was set up—that is, if you have Laura's permission to say?"

Cyd could smell strife when it raged around her, but she was lazy and did not intend to let herself be drawn into it.

"Somebody must have goofed, honey. Laura just said things needed to be rearranged this year—with the Draper kids starting. She g- gested splitting up into smaller groups—d that's what we did. There'll be Paulie Cus k and the Drapers and our kids in one car. he said she understood the Yales and Kellys re working out something."

"Did she?" said Ellen. "I assume she s- posed of the Gold children too?"

"She didn't say. But I suppose she thou t you and the Golds and . . . that new yo g- ster . . . well, you know."

"I know," Ellen said. "Indeed I do. I right, Cyd, thanks."

Matt was thinking that, no matter w many times you went through it, it was alw s an adventure, that suspenseful moment w n you submitted to another man's judgment he work you had done in pride and believed as good. This time the suspense was multip d by what Thurston Young was and by wha he meant to Macmillan Associates.

The paintings were propped against the w ls of Young's office and the floor was spr d with page proofs, to facilitate Young's ins c tion. He moved deliberately from one pair g to another. His face was unreadable.

The artist sat, smoking, in one of You g's deep chairs. Matt found himself starin at Young's back, trying to read the set of t se slender shoulders under the costly dark cl h.

At last Young left the paintings and c e toward them. "I would like the first of t se to appear in October," he said. "The sec d week. I want the series to build up impac o- ward the Christmas season." He eyed Matt. "Can you schedule space in *Life* that quic ? I doubt if there will be a question with *Va e* or the *New Yorker*, but *Life* may be diffic "

"What kind of space?" Matt asked.

"The inside front cover, if it can be ar n- aged. If you can't, the back cover."

"You know the rates?"

"I am aware of the rates," Young id dryly. "Can you do it?"

"I think so. But that is premium space we will need to guarantee continuity."

"Naturally. But there are twelve. Tw e successive weeks, four-color and cover—i n or back. It is possible that the series will b re larged and continued."

"I guess you like them," Winter said w a contented smile.

"Did you think I might not?" Young as d "They are superb. They are what I inte ed they should be. Will you leave the pain g here overnight? I want to have my peopl e them."

"You going back to the office and sprin h news on Macmillan?" Winter asked as e reached the street.

"He isn't there," Matt said. "He has s n wheel in town from a Chicago account ar h took him out home to soften him up on golf course." Suddenly it hit him. They Young, the next to impossible. They ha made. "Office? That's for peasants." beamed at the artist in delight. "Come on lad, let's howl!"

Two hours later the frame of mind ind ed by Thurston Young, combined with ce il chemical reinforcements, had left Matt o once, immune to the way Winter drove a t Through a rosy glow of contentment he r ed that the Jaguar had left the parkway and a straightening out on the cutoff toward P e able Lane.

"What'd you say?" he yelled above th x hilarating rush of wind around their u heads.

"I said, with Young in your pocket, y n blue-ribbon vice-president material," W e yelled back. "You want an office boy?"

"Never mind that. You've got work," a shouted. "For an office boy I'll get Mi el angelo."

The car swooped over a hill and started h long roll down toward the entrance to P e able Lane.

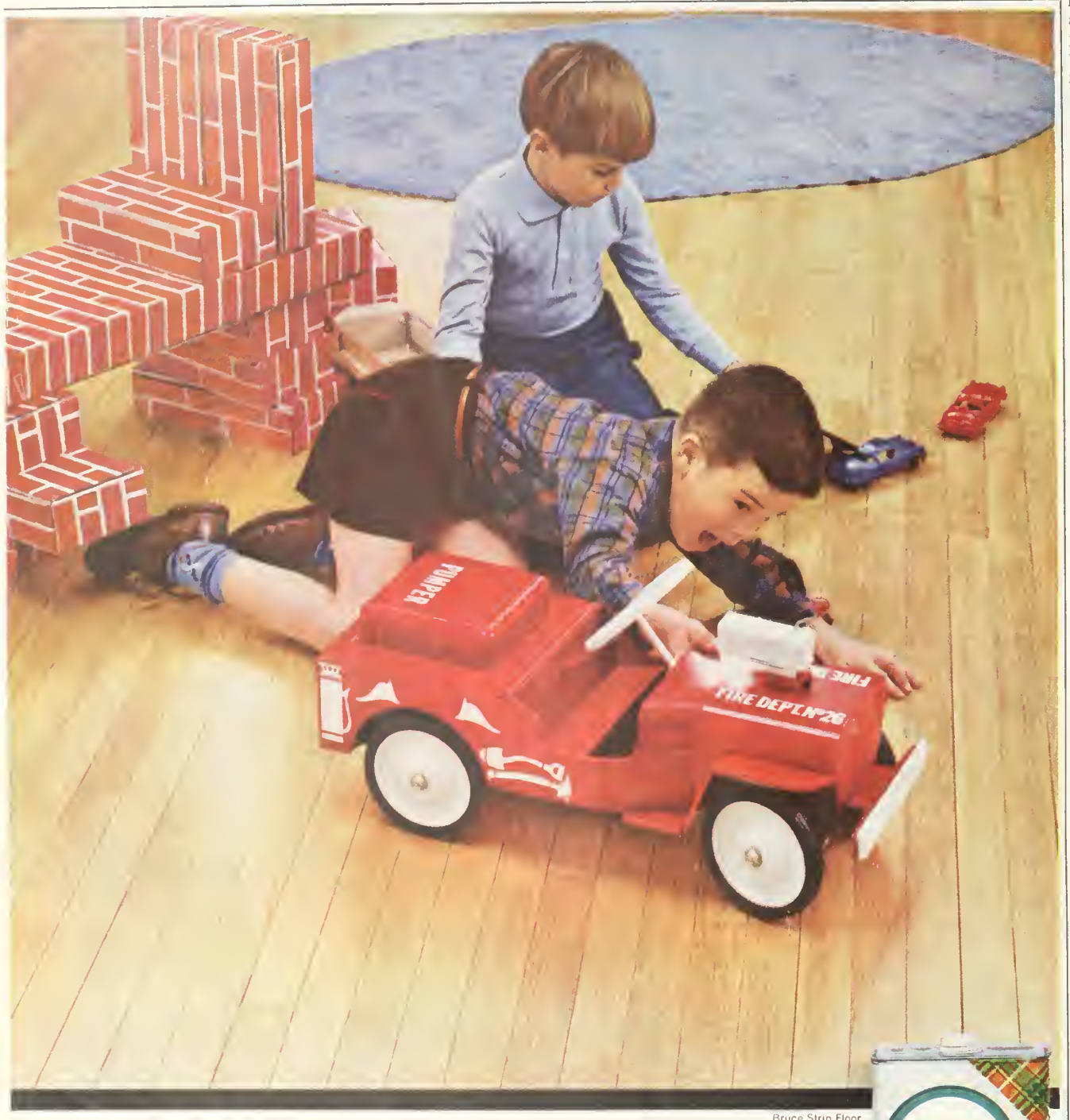
"Whoa up!" Matt yelled.

"What's your trouble?" Winter aske the car slowed.

"It just occurred to me I could stand n other. Let's go up there and have one."

"Up where?" Winter asked.

"Up there to the club," Matt said, w n airily at the castle crowning the hill a v



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them. "I'm a member. So's Macmillan. He might be back in the locker room by now. Let's go hand him Thurston Young—all tied up in ribbons."

Suddenly Winter made the quick, bleak descent from their carefree cloud. He stared at Matt, slit-eyed and cold.

"Are you anywhere near sober?"

"Too close," Matt said happily. "That's what I'm trying to get away from."

Matt was not sober and knew it. He also knew that this was reckless and that probably only the twin glow of triumph and booze could have led him into it. But deep underneath, he knew that it was inevitable. He had gone too far in his championship of Winter to draw any line short of all the way.

When they left the men's bar two hours later, Macmillan had not appeared. It would not have been a good time for it if he had. With the imperturbable aplomb acquired in twenty years behind Grassy Tor's bar, the steward steered them successfully away from the locker-room door and out to the Jaguar.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Jones," he said, closing the car door, "I'll tell Mr. Macmillan to call you." He turned to Winter. "Take it mighty easy down this road, boy. They's a lot of folks coming up at this time of the evening."

Seated at his desk, Francis Barton looked up as Edward Smith came from the anteroom. "I brought him," Smith said. "Are you ready for him now?"

"How is he?" Barton asked.

"Jumpy." Smith let an edge of contempt creep into his smile. "Real jumpy. He ain't sure why he's here."

Barton said, "Let him stew ten minutes, Edward. A little sweat won't hurt him."

Smith turned and let himself through the door. "Mr. Barton will be with you in a few minutes," he said, addressing the slender man sitting forward, elbows on knees.

Peter Yale looked at him and the frown tightened over his eyes. "I don't have all day," he said sharply. "He asked for me—I didn't ask for him."

"It won't be long," Smith said soothingly. He settled himself in another chair and began to thumb through an old *Esquire*.

Yale had been on his feet for two minutes, pacing the narrow room, when a discreet buzzer sounded. Smith arose quickly. "Please, Mr. Yale. Mr. Barton is free now," he said.

Barton wore a smile of disarming warmth as he came forward with hand outstretched. "I know you, Mr. Yale. I seldom miss your broadcast. Let me say that you are doing more for this country than perhaps even you are aware."

A little of Yale's tension melted. "You didn't ask me here to talk about my show," he said.

"No. But your show has something to do with it. Because of your show I know something of the man you are. It has made me feel that I can—and should—confide in you."

"What do you mean?" Yale asked.

"It will take a little time," Barton said, still smiling. "Please sit down." He waited until Yale sank into the leather chair beside the desk and then went back to his own. "You are a man of breadth and awareness. I would not insult you with pretense. Therefore I admit that I have asked you here on a matter that is in my interest. I ask you to believe that it is also in your interest."

"How do you mean?" Yale said.

"Permit me to state it bluntly," Barton said. "You live in Peaceable Lane. Six weeks ago a colored man bought a house on your street. There was a conspiracy to keep him out."

"I didn't have anything to do with it."

Barton smiled at him. "I am aware that you had nothing to do with it, Mr. Yale. Six weeks have passed. I am curious. What is the climate of the street after six weeks?"

"You ought to know—you created it," Yale blurted. "The place is in a panic. What did you expect it to be?"

Barton's expression did not change. "That is why I called you here, Mr. Yale. To tell you that I had nothing to do with the Bronson house being sold. No, you were sold out inside the lane. Your neighbors placed it in the hands of Jones, as you probably know. Jones arranged the sale to Winter—with the connivance of Gold."

"No!" Yale breathed.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Yale, exactly that."

"I don't get it," Yale said.

"You will," Barton said. "And when you do, you will probably also understand that it was not the sort of transaction which meets my approval." Barton sat forward. "Mr. Yale, do you want to sell your house? Make good the loss you have suffered? Perhaps better than merely make it good?"

Bill Jones and Jerry Gold were shooting baskets into the hoop Zack had put up against the back wall of the Gold garage. Since this was a pursuit demanding a man's full attention, it was only by accident that Bill happened to see Tod Winter watching from the hemlocks.

"D'you know that new kid?" Bill panted as Jerry dribbled out from under the basket and circled back toward where he would pivot and give him the ball in a short, hard pass.

"Nope. Why?" Jerry puffed.

"He's over there in the trees, watchin' us."

"Let him watch."

Bill was having one of the flashes of perception which come oftener to children than they do to adults. He hesitated, bouncing the ball against the flat of his hand. "You care if he comes over and shoots a few baskets? He ain't having much fun."

"You'll catch it if your mother hears you saying 'ain't.' I don't care. Tell him to come on over."

Still bouncing the ball, Bill peered toward the hemlocks. "Hey, Tod! Wanta shoot baskets?"

All three were still there an hour later. They could have kept it up until they dropped and might have done so had not Paul Cusack Jr. come around the house. Paul charged in, tipped Bill's shot off the rim of the basket and, blocking the smaller boy aside with hips and elbows, recovered the ball.

"Come on, creep." Bill bawled his indignation. "That's my ball and my turn. If you wanta shoot, get in line."

"Dry up," Paulie said. "It was your turn—now it's mine." He pivoted away and dribbled around the circle, ignoring Tod, who was waiting with hands out to take the ball.

"Come on, Paulie, pass the ball," Jerry yelled. "It's Bill's ball and my house. Come on, pass it!"

"You dry up too," Paulie told him and spun away as Jerry charged in, trying to knock the ball from under his dribbling fingers. Bill tried it and was fended off with such force that he lost his balance and went sprawling.

"You big lunk!" Bill yelled. "Give me my ball. Nobody asked you here. Why don't you go swim or something? Or drown?"

The bigger boy stopped dead, holding the ball. For the first time he seemed to pay attention to the Negro boy.

"The reason I'm not swimming is him," he said, staring at Tod with cold hostility. "My father says I can't go in the pool again until he moves away. What do you think of that?"

"If you ask me," Jerry said, "I think you're a creep. What's he got to do with the pool?"

"He's a nigger. That's what he's got to do with it." Paulie's eyes were malevolent.

Suddenly the three white boys became aware of Tod. His face had gone pale under the dark skin, frozen but for a faint trembling of the chin. It was as though he was driven against his will. But out of the pinched, fear-raddled little face Tod's eyes blazed hatred.

"I am going to kill you," he said. The words came in a thin sobbing gasp. He moved forward as though mesmerized, never taking his eyes from Paulie's face.

"Why, you little nigger punk," Paulie said. But Paulie was startled. It showed as he dropped the ball. He spread his feet and dropped his shoulders and, bunching his muscles, put his hands out, wide apart and half clawed. "Come on, punk. Come and get it." It was intended to be a jeer.

For as long as Bill Jones could remember, the humiliations and injuries inflicted by Paul Cusack Jr. had been followed by vows to get even with him someday. He and Jerry had planned their vengeance more times than they could remember. Suddenly Bill knew that it had to be now.

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"Jerry!" Bill yelled. Moving swiftly, he ran in behind Paulie and dropped to his hands and knees. "Hit him!" he yelled. Jerry, slipping first into Tod's line of advance to cut him off, suddenly flung himself forward, throwing every ounce of his slight, bony weight against Paulie's chest. Paulie was down and then engulfed in a blinding, flailing, desperate tangle of arms, legs, fists. Almost at once, in shock, outrage and sudden fear, Paulie knew he was going to be licked. Almost simultaneously, in sweet exultation too long delayed, both Bill and Jerry knew it too.

And Paulie was theirs for one minute and thirty-seven seconds. At the end of that time the advantage of size and weight heaved him up out of his unbelievable Waterloo. One eye was closed; his face was smeared with his own and Jerry's blood; his exploring tongue would gingerly discover later that he had two loose teeth. Sobbing in great, anguished gasps, Paulie fled.

The thing wrong with knowing where the body was buried, Peter Yale reflected sourly, was that it stuck you with the burden of deciding when and under what circumstances it would be safe or useful to dig it up.

He had left Barton's office, hugging the knowledge with vengeful glee. His first impulse was to use it immediately to cut Jones and Gold down to size. But his natural calculating wariness had reasserted itself in time to keep him from going off half cocked. First things first. And the first thing, naturally, was to ensure his own safety.

Barton had suggested that he use Alexander Fox as his broker. When he made up his mind, he moved cautiously. He took the trouble to call Fox from a pay telephone. When Fox said it would be necessary for him to inspect the house, Yale made sure that he would come at night and only when he could be sure of being alone. He made an opportunity by persuading Annabelle to take the kids to a movie.

All the same, he was jumpy by the time Fox's cream-colored car slid into the driveway, and he let the broker into the house.

"I thought you were coming at eight," he said sharply. "We won't have much time."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Yale," Fox said apologetically. "I had to meet a man and got hung up. But this won't take long, and after that we can go out in the car and talk where it's private." Fox paused. "The man I had to meet was Barton's man, that fella Smith. I think he wants to talk to you."

"Talk to me? What about?" Yale said sharply. "You didn't bring him here?"

"No, of course not," Fox said hastily. "We'll meet him down the road."

"I don't know why Smith should want to see me," Yale said. "And I don't know why you thought you had to see the house either. It's here and Barton knows it's here, and it's his money."

"It won't take long," Fox said. "Just so I get an idea of the layout."

Yale's uneasiness did not abate when they drew up beside a waiting car along the shore of Wacapo Lake and the slender, owl-eyed Smith ducked quickly into Fox's car. Unease drove Yale, more abruptly than he liked, into flinging his concern at Barton's lieutenant.

"Before this deal goes any further," he said, "I want a guaranty it'll stay covered up afterward."

Smith regarded him calmly. "It'll stay covered up," he said.

"I still got to know how you're going to handle this," Yale said stubbornly.

Fox told him carefully, deliberately trying to soothe his fears. "You see," he finished, "it'll all be covered up right from the start. Here you are, home, and take my word, Mr. Yale, there's nothing to worry about."

"No," Yale said sharply. "Take me down a couple of houses. I'll walk back."

Obligingly Fox drove on and stopped along the curb of the Cavanidis lawn. Yale opened the door, winced as the automatic dome light winked on, slid out quickly.

"Good night, Mr. Yale," he heard Fox say softly. "I'll see you middle of next week."

Yale was not to know it for a while, but he was unmasked in the brief seconds the car door was open and the light illuminated both his face and Fox's. It probably would not have materially affected his dismay to know that he was undone by love.

Steve Cavanidis had been away for two weeks on another of his long swings around the country in behalf of the union. During that fortnight, the brevity of Cyd's bathing suits, and her languorously steamy air, had finally won out over the firm young flesh and the coltish overavailability of Lana Weissman.

This was the fourth night on which Lana had kept her lonely vigil over the Cavanidis house. Lana was lurking among the rhododendrons, waiting to see how late it would be before Mark Cotten came out.

She was there when Fox's car drifted to a stop along the curb. For a moment she felt a wild surge of hope that this was Cavanidis, unexpectedly home. Then the door opened, the dome light flicked on, and Lana's staring eyes recognized Yale and saw the man he was with. Instantly Lana recognized Fox; like every other child on Peaceable Lane, she had seen that face more than once in the weeks while David Bronson was negotiating to sell his house. Lana knew how to put two and two together and promptly did so.

Next morning Lana told her father, at the same time wishing in a red passion that providence would grant her as deadly a tool as this to deal with Cyd Cavanidis.

Matt was involved in the deep-August curse of rooting out crab grass. For several seasons he had rotated from one to another chemical preparation, each labeled with a glowing description of its selective death-dealing properties. The trouble was that the stuff always either killed everything or killed nothing. Matt had resigned himself to fight the good fight by hand. This year, after propaganda intended to trap his son into the illusion that work was fun, he had succeeded in acquiring an unpaid assistant—more or less.

This was not an unmitigated triumph. Bill developed a suspicion that he was being had, and with it a tendency to dawdle. "Why do people have to have grass?" he asked.

"I sometimes wonder," Matt grunted. "Gives you kids something to play on. That's one reason."

"When I grow up I'm going to live in the city. Let the squares pull the crab grass."

"How many times have I told you not to use that word 'square'? Anyhow, if you live in the city, where do you think your kids will have to play?"

"I'm not going to have any kids."

"H'm-m-m," Matt said. "What have you got against kids?"

"We-l-l-l." Bill furrowed his brow. "Nothing much, I guess. Only they are a lot of trouble. That new kid, he told us his family went to all the trouble of moving here just for him."

"He did, huh? Did he say why?"

"He said his mother didn't like to have him playing on the street." Bill paused. "Next thing his pop will have him pulling crab grass and he'll wish he was back in the city."

"Somehow I don't think his father is the crab-grass-pulling type," Matt observed. "He's more the hiring type. He'll get somebody else to do it."

"Why don't we do that?"

She was a gentle woman, a beauty. He was brilliant, successful beyond the dreams of most of the men on Peaceable Lane. But they found no welcome on the quiet little street.

READ

PEACEABLE LANE

BEGINNING ON PAGE 56

"I can't afford it."

"I guess then Tod's father has more money than you have?"

"Just between us, I suspect Tod's father has more money than any two people on this street." It occurred to Matt that here, without laying too much stress on it, was an opportunity to take a whack at the mysteries of what went on in his son's mind. "Do you like Tod Winter?" he asked.

"I guess so," Bill said indifferently. "He's pretty good with a basketball."

Matt hesitated, weighing his words. "Son, there's something I've been wondering about."

"About me?"

"Yes, you and Jerry. You two took quite a chance lighting into Paulie Cusack. He's bigger than both of you together. I keep wondering why you decided to take him on. I know you've taken a pushing around from him before."

"I know it. He's a bully," Bill said.

"I wish you'd tell me this," Matt said earnestly. "Did you beat him up because he called Tod Winter a nigger?"

Bill looked at him in astonishment. "Heck, no!" he said. "What do I care what he calls the kid?"

"I thought you said you liked Tod."

"I do, but what's what you call him got to do with it?"

"Well, then," Matt said in bafflement, "why did you beat up Paulie?"

"He had it coming," Bill said reasonably. "Besides, he was paying attention to Tod, and it looked like a good chance to get a head start on him. We'd been waiting for him a long time."

"And that's the only reason you whipped him?"

"Well, no, maybe not," Bill said. "It was kind of scary. The little kid was awful mad. Jerry and me would have looked silly if the little kid had licked Paulie before we did."

"Oh," Matt said.

Peter Yale did not enjoy the process of worrying, but he worried, nevertheless, and resented it. Fox had assured him that the necessities would be taken care of by the middle of the week. His relief was profound when Fox called him at his office and asked him to stop off in White Plains that afternoon.

"This business is shaping up nicely, Mr. Yale. I got a buyer—fella named Greenwood, white as all get out. Even got a white broker to look like he represents him. If you can handle your end, I don't see any reason we can't close a week from Saturday."

Yale said, "I'll handle my end."

"There's just one thing more," Fox said. "Barton thought this might be about the right time to kind of get the word around what happened to the Bronson house."

Yale's eyes narrowed, calculating. "I intend to," he said shortly. "But I'd rather wait until I'm in the clear."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Yale. You're in the clear already," Fox told him. "Barton said he'd give it to you in writing if you're worried. But he would like that word to get out right about now."

Yale was far too acute to miss the threat in Barton's relayed message. "All right," he decided. "I'll see the word gets out. Tonight."

And he did, with nearly as much relish as he had expected. He called on Paul Cusack and explained how Lamar Winter had come to be invited to buy a house on Peaceable Lane.

"I suppose you know the charge you're making is serious," Grant Macmillan said, staring sourly over his drink at Paul Cusack, who sat with him and John Ainslie Outerbridge around a scarred oak table under antlered heads on the walls of the men's bar at Grassy Tor. "You'd better be able to prove it."

"I know it's serious," Cusack said, "and it can be proved. Pete Yale swore it came from a solid source."

"Who's Yale?" Macmillan asked brusquely.

"The man who brought this to me. He lives in the lane."

Macmillan glowered at the man across the table, thinking that he had never liked Cusack. Macmillan was both depressed and angry. It wasn't merely injury coming from a man he had trusted. Almost worse was havi
up to the fact that you had misjudg
He had treated Matt Jones as a son.
at Cusack, disliking him for wha
forced him to see.

"Precisely why are you here with
What do you want out of it?"

Cusack looked surprised, take
"Why, because it concerns you, t
ously. It concerns the club. Believe
we don't take this lightly—not kno
it costs us, what it costs the whole ar

"Don't call me Grant," Macmillan
and turned to Outerbridge. "Wher
fit into this?" he demanded.

"I am not here by choice, Mr. Ma
the lawyer said. "I came with Mr.
first, because he asked me—but sec
hope of dissuading you from any
The situation is bad enough, I believ
further precipitate or ill-judged acti

Macmillan snorted. "It seems to
been enough bad judgment loose ar
to sink the county."

"That is precisely what I have in
Negro is now in the lane. I do not co
connivance of Jones and Gold with
But I have had Winter investiga
oughly. I am convinced that he is n
probably fear, the forerunner of a w
vasion. He is out for himself, and
senses he may actually prove to be
tion against further invasion."

"But we've still got him!" Cus
out, and then turned to Macmillan
both of these men are employees of
can't stay if you tell him to get out."

Macmillan, broodingly silent,
thinking that when a man destro
faith in him he inevitably destroyed
you as well. "I don't own Winter a
own Jones," he said. "And I don't
And I don't like your street or the m
made of it. Good evening, gentleme
ing home."

Lamar Winter told himself it w
curiosity that led him to drive to Wh
to see Alexander Fox. But it wasn't
osity; he had learned long ago that
who best protected himself was likely
man who was best informed.

"I thought there might be someth
on up there where I live," he told t
pleasantly. "Something you mig
about and I ought to."

"What sort of thing, Mr. Wint
asked with a carefully casual air. "S
worryin' you?"

"Not exactly," Winter said. "I
wondering if somebody might be do
thing to somebody else—and if t
what it was likely to cost me."

"Cost you?" Fox's expression w
innocent curiosity. "What sort of th
that be?"

"Oh, like knocking the props out
der what my joint's worth," Wi
"Something like that."

"Well, sir, I would sure be surpris
anything like that. You got someth
on? Anything that makes you thi
thing might be happening?"

"Enough to know I'm curious,
said crisply, aware that the broker
ing. "There's a guy up there, ra
name's Peter Yale—one of my neigh
"I know who he is." Fox nodded.
have to guess any longer; this one
something. The discovery made
comfortable.

"Well, of course it's a broker's d
the best he can for any client," h
righteously. Then, feeling the quick
Winter's alert interest, he added hast
that Yale is, you understand."

"Oh, sure," Winter said.

Fox rallied his faculties and made
to feel his way into this mocking ma
a little.

"But just say, for example, that is
Yale should be thinking about sel
Would that interest you?"

"It might."

"H'm-m-m," Fox said. "Was th
thing you had in mind that you w
to do?"

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"I might want you to shop around a little and see what you hear. You know, just service to a former satisfied customer."

Fox watched as Winter let himself out the door, moving with sure-footed grace. "Whew!" he said, when he was sure the artist was gone.

Grant Macmillan had long ago decided that distasteful necessities were never rendered palatable by delay. He had no intention of shirking this one. What had happened and was continuing to happen on Peaceable Lane affected Macmillan personally; it was a matter of where he lived and how his way of living was affected. He loathed the idea of Grassy Tor and its gracious environs going to pot. But business was involved here also.

This could be costly. The rooting out of error must inevitably jeopardize his firm's new and valued relationship with Thurston Young and Glamour-Glow. Nor would Young feel bound to him if he lost the ability to deliver what Young wanted. Macmillan, no readier to spare himself than another, recognized that what Young wanted was Lamar Winter's talent.

It was testimony to Macmillan's uncompromising belief that, knowing the probable cost, he knew what he would do. It was also characteristic of him that he did not wait for the unpleasant chore to come to him; he went to it.

Nevertheless, he was taken aback on Monday morning when he walked into Matt Jones's office unannounced. He had not expected to find Winter there, but he was. The artist and Matt were at the layout table, studying the engraver's color corrections.

"Hello, Grant," Matt said easily. "I'd have been bringing this stuff in soon, but since you're here ——"

The smiling attentiveness of the younger men surprised Macmillan. "Let them go for now," he said. "I have something else I want to say."

Winter came quickly alert. "If it's private, I'll go," he said, turning toward the door.

"No," Macmillan said. "You'd better stay. You're concerned in this. Winter, what is your understanding of the rights to the Glamour-Glow paintings?"

"Same as always," Winter said quietly. He knew something was coming and was preparing to meet it. "When they're finished and Young accepts them—and I get the money—I release the rights to you as Young's agent. Except, of course, the basic right to forbid misuse or mutilation. Otherwise they'll be in your control. Until then they're mine."

Macmillan's sigh was barely perceptible. "What I have to say has nothing to do with the paintings—although it may affect them. I want it understood I recognize that possibility."

"I don't understand," Matt said in a puzzled tone.

"I think I do," Winter said. "Just in case you want to change your mind, Macmillan, I can tell you your guess is correct. It will affect the paintings."

"Even knowing that it means in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars to you?" Macmillan asked.

"It will mean more than that to you." Winter grinned. "Besides, I'll still have the paintings."

"I was prepared for it. Do you want reasons?"

"Briefly, white man, briefly," Winter told him.

"I'll keep them brief. I believe you presumed on your relationship with this agency and its personnel to move your home next door to him." He nodded toward Matt. "Neither of you are children. Therefore, I assume these were knowing and willful acts. I recognize that I was responsible for permitting the existence of the circumstances that made them possible. That makes me responsible to the area for the damage that has been done to it."

Matt had been listening in fascinated disbelief. He had trouble finding his voice. "You will be getting around to me," he said. "You may as well know that you haven't left me much choice."

Macmillan turned. "I have left you even less choice than you imagine," he told Matt. "Your contract calls for a year's salary in advance if the firm wishes to break it. The check and the necessary papers will be ready when you are."

Except in monosyllables, when she could not avoid it, Margo Winter had not spoken since he had come home with the news. The artist didn't think he was being punished, at least not precisely that, but he did think she was getting more mileage out of silence than the occasion deserved.

"Come off it, honey," he said. "The world hasn't ended."

"Lamar"—she looked up suddenly—"how did Mr. Jones take it?"

"Shook—after the mad wore off a little. Trying to pretend he wasn't—but shook all right." He chuckled.

"Lamar, don't!" The passion in her voice took him by surprise. "Don't joke."

"Why not?" He cocked an eyebrow at her. "Matt just got stuck with a predictable result of holding the unconventional notion that a colored man is a human being. He sticks around me long enough and he'll get used to taking his lumps."

"Lamar, stop it! Don't you have any feeling, any at all?"

"For white men, baby?" He gazed at her coolly. "Let's not kid ourselves just because we live on this charming street among these charming folks. We're still colored. Don't make the mistake of going soft on them—you'll just get kicked in the belly."

"Who got kicked in the belly this time?"

"Matt did," he said coolly. "I told him he would when he first stuck his big soft head into this. So he did."

"And you laugh about it!"

"Now, stop this a minute," Winter snapped. "He got hurt because he got deeper into something he didn't understand than he knew he was getting. But he isn't killed. People have been fired before."

"Only because of you—of us," Margo wailed. "What's going to happen to him now—to his family? Oh, Lamar ——"

Winter grinned again. "Well, he won't starve, if that's what you mean. He's sitting on a year's salary."

"And after that?"

"Something else a long time before that." He smiled at her. "It probably never occurred to you, but your old man happens to be Thurston Young's favorite painter. And Thurston Young has a million bucks' worth of business to do that he can't see his way clear to do without my paintings." The grin, chill before, was now sunny and delighted. "And, it's a funny thing, but old Pappy Winter can't paint a lick without the advice and co-operation of Matthew Rice Jones."

He watched the glow of relief grow on her face—but then doubt darkened it again. "Do you think he'd take it?" she asked. "Wouldn't he think it was charity?"

"It wouldn't be," he said flatly. "Not even Thurston Young would think so. He'd be lucky to get Matt and he's smart enough to know it."

But Lamar Winter was shaken, more deeply than he could have brought himself to admit. He had watched the wrecking of a man's career and had seen the shattering of his pride. Winter was realist enough to acknowledge that Matt had let himself be destroyed for his sake; he was not quite realist enough to see that his own hard code that the colored man owed no quarter to the white had been shattered as well. His cross was here to be borne; he took it up rebelliously, for once not sure of himself.

The fact that Alexander Fox had been mortally certain Lamar Winter would come again failed to render the sight any more enjoyable when he heard his office door open and looked up to see the artist.

"Hello," the broker said with cautious cordiality. "Glad to see you. What can I do for you?"

"Just dropped in to see what you've found out about that matter," Winter said mildly.

"What matter's that, Mr. Winter?"

"You know what matter. Yale," Winter told him.

"Oh, that," Fox said. "Yeah, I remember. I've been pretty busy ——" Fox's voice trailed off apologetically.

"I can see that," Winter said, his tone suddenly crisp. "I told you I think Yale is getting ready to sell out to a colored man. Say he does it." His eyes turned cold and watchful. "What happens next?"

"I guess that would depend on a lot of things."

"What things?"

"Well ——" Fox hesitated. "It would depend on how those people out there would take it. Can't anybody tell about that."

"I can," Winter said. "Except for one, two—maybe three or four at most—they're ready to come unstuck."

Fox had what he thought might be a savage inspiration. "You ever think about making getting out yourself, Mr. Winter? You don't owe anybody there anything and what's the point in getting hurt if you don't have to?" In the pleasure of conviction that he had hit on the right answer, Fox decided to do something he seldom did and tell a customer some of the truth. "If Yale sells to a colored man that street will be a turkey. You could get out ahead."

Lamar Winter had decided to quit playing games. He stood by Fox's desk, staring down at him. His voice was savage.

"Just in case you still have any doubts about what I know, I know Yale is making a deal. I also know who is making it for him." He paused, watching the rush of panic to the broker's eyes. "And I think I'll put a spoke in your wheel, you slippery ——"

Winter turned and walked out.

Francis Barton put the telephone on the cradle. He had made up his mind by the time Edward Smith reached the office. "I had a call from our friend Fox this morning," he said. "Winter let him know that he has found out Yale is selling his house and that Fox is like a broker. He threatened Fox."

"With what?"

"Nothing specific," Barton said. "I don't think he knows himself yet. I want you to change his mind."

"Me? Change his mind? How?" Smith looked owlishly puzzled.

"Listen carefully," the big man said. "If this is done properly, it will work. You will understand if you try to think as Winter must be thinking—feeling, rather. He has been through a difficult summer. He and his family have been under a strain, subjected to tension, insult and injury. On the other hand, he has accepted help from white men, more help than he could have expected. Right now Winter is a bewildered man. He could go either way. What you are going to do will remind him that he is a colored man—inescapably one of us."

"But ——" Smith was still baffled. "But boss—what if this drives him out?"

Barton smiled gently. "I don't think it will, but if it does, I do not greatly care. I intend to turn that street colored and I do not propose to take the chance that Winter might stand in my way."

It was a restless night, muggy and dark, with an intermittent flicker of lightning and thunder muttering in the distance. Matt sat alone in the back yard. There was no bitterness in him, but he knew that he and his had been heavily damaged. Now he was trying to decide whether to allow his son to risk even another hurt.

He got up and started toward the hemlock and Gold's back door. *Zack's in this, too*, he thought. The girls had cooked it up, but he was a long way from sure that it ought to be left that way.

"I've been thinking about it," Gold said a few minutes later. "A couple of times I almost called you to say nothing doing. On the other hand, I hate to see the little guy try to make it on his own."

"It can be rough. There's a thousand kids in that school and a normal percentage are meaner as copperheads," Matt said.

"If they take it into their heads to let him have it, they'd be likely to let our kids have it at the same time."

"When's school start?" Matt asked.

"Right away. Tuesday—day after tomorrow. Have you talked to Winter about it?"

"No," Matt said. "It's too much like hitting below the belt, letting him know I'm worried about Bill in the same car pool with his kid. He's like the rest of us—if you want to kill him, hit him where his kid is."

"No," Gold said. His voice was somber. "Winter's no world-champion humanitarian, but I doubt if he'd think our kids owed it to his kid—or to him—to take a beating. Anyhow, I think he ought to know about it."

"All right. Let's go talk to him."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 179

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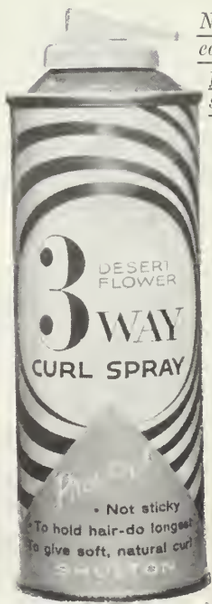
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INUED FROM PAGE 176

oss the street John Ainslie Outerbridge
ome out of his house trying to estimate
er the squall would pass. He hoped the
ould strike; it had been a dry summer.
w the lights of a car approaching. Sud-
he was alert and curious. The car
d along his curb, across the street from
r's. The lights were switched off and
rd a car door close softly, but he was
ous that the engine was still running.

vard Smith was happy. He never felt
than on the edge of or in the midst of

en Smith's train pulled in at White
at ten o'clock he picked up the package
d kept in his lap rather than trust it to
ggage rack. Down on the platform, he
d briskly with the crowd, through the
station. He emerged, saw Fox's car
d in the roundabout.
rry I kept you waiting," he said as he
to the front seat beside the broker.
n used to it," Fox said in resignation.
, as he expected, had seen the broker's
is eyes go to the package. "What's
' Fox asked.
don't know. Something Barton told me
p and give to Winter on the way."
hat's Barton doing giving things to
r? I thought Winter was sore at him."
ow would I know?" Smith said. "Maybe
rying to make friends with him."
turned onto the parkway cutoff, and
were rolling down the long grade and al-
at the ramp leading into Peaceable Lane
e Smith spoke again.
st stop down there across from Winter
'll run in with this. You can wait—I
be more'n a few minutes—and then
go down to Yale's." Smith knew that
r he nor Fox would be going to Yale's
that night, but it was essential to keep
hinking they were.
e car whispered to the curb along the
bridge property. Fox switched out the
and Smith slipped out, carrying the
ge. "Be right back," he said.
oving up the walk, keeping to the grass to
the thud of heels on flagstone, Smith
few drops of rain. He didn't think it
d matter. It would take a real cloudburst
mpen seriously what he was about to do.
eached the house and slipped among the
hes of a blue spruce beside the entrance.
ent and swift, Smith tore the paper wrap-
from the package and unscrewed the cap
e gallon can. The smell of gasoline rose
s nostrils. He began to spill the stuff in
splashes, first on the lower branches of the
e up to shoulder level, then against the
l of the front door.

att Jones and Zachariah Gold had taken
hort cut across the darkened back yards.
way across Winter's yard they shifted
tion, circling toward the front door. They
within twenty yards when lightning shot
s the sky—and they stopped dead. Some-
was moving between the door and the
pruce. Then they smelled gasoline.
e spruce exploded with a soft, sucking
sh and brilliant light. Instantly it was a
r of flame and roiling smoke.
ld yelled, a harsh and wordless roar. His
body lumbered toward the side of the
e where he knew there was a tap and,
ably, a garden hose.
ozen for a moment, Matt saw a hunched,
ing figure pelting along the flagstones to
treet. Without thought he plunged after it.
ross the street an idling motor roared to
lights switched on and the car lunged
d, flinging gravel from its spinning wheels.
Ainslie Outerbridge started as the lights
d up. There was only a flicker of time, but
awyer's eyes went automatically to the
license plate in its illuminated frame. *VV,*
ought, as the car sped into the lane. *VV—*
? Six or eight, the first figure. He couldn't
ure. John Ainslie turned and trotted as
as his legs would carry him toward his
ge, where he kept a five-gallon fire extin-
er.
nith grunted a curse when the car leaped
motion while he was still a hundred feet
short of it. Running, he fumbled inside his jacket for the gun; he did not intend to let Fox get by him when he turned the circle and came back up the lane.

He was in the street now and stopped. But then he heard feet pounding behind and, turning, saw Matt silhouetted against the fire and running toward him. Instantly he decided he was in trouble, but it wasn't worth a shooting—yet. He turned and sprinted toward the underpass.

Gold ran around the house with the spurting hose. Then he stopped. The rain had become a downpour, and Gold was incongruously conscious of how the great drops hissed in the torch of the spruce. Lamar Winter was down on one knee and the flames set up a dancing flicker on the barrel of a gun as he raised it to his shoulder. Gold dropped the hose and dived, hitting the kneeling man with all the force of his more than two hundred pounds. He heard Winter's sodden grunt, and there was a blast in his ears as the gun went off.

Matt could see nothing of the man he pursued. But he could hear the labor of his breath and the thud of his feet, and when he sensed that he was near enough, he went for him in a running dive. His clutching hands closed on cloth and muscle, and they were down together in the blackness. Instinctively Matt rolled to get on top and smashed a fist down into an unseen face. He felt a satisfying crunch of flesh and bone; Edward Smith had lost another tooth. But then Matt felt nothing more as light exploded in his skull; Smith had swung the hard weight of the gun. It was a glancing blow against the side of his head, but Matt's weight collapsed soddenly. Smith staggered erect and ran into the darkness.

Matt had no idea how long he had been out when consciousness and, with it, blinding pain came back to him. Fumbling to his hands and knees, his right hand encountered something smooth and angular and, without thinking, he kept a grip on it as he staggered to his feet. He reeled and nearly fell, but, summoning his will, he walked toward the lighted open door and window of Winter's ground-floor playroom. He reached the door and sagged against the frame, seeing the four people in the room. Margo Winter, clutching a robe around her, stood in the other doorway. Sodden, streaked with mud and soot, John Ainslie Outerbridge stood just inside the door. Winter was slumped in a chair, elbows on knees and head drooping. Gold stood over him with a double-barreled shotgun broken open across one arm.

Gold turned at the sound of Matt's footsteps. "What happened to you?" Gold asked.

Matt raised his left hand and pressed it against the pain that filled his head and, drawing it away, saw the blood. "Fought," he grunted. "He got away. I always lose my fights."

Winter's head came up at the sound of voices. He looked dazed. "Man," he muttered, "you hit like a ton of brick."

"Sorry," Gold said. "I was in a hurry."

"Why?"

Gold jerked his head toward Matt. "One of those people you were gunning for was Matt."

"Matt?" Winter muttered. Slowly, full comprehension grew in his face and, with it, shock and horror.

Gold said somberly, "What you were doing was murder. Listen, Winter, I know you've been through hell. I don't excuse it. But I don't excuse you either. You're not the law."

"No," Winter said. "I know who the law is, all right. White men are the law. They're the law even when they're burning out a nigger."

Gold said in sudden, explosive disgust, "Talk sense! There's also a law to handle the people that tried to burn you out." He turned to Matt. "Who was the guy you tangled with?"

Matt shook his head. "It was dark. I never saw him."

"What's that in your hand?" Gold asked sharply.

"Wh——" Matt started to say, then looked down at the thing he had picked up and forgotten. It was a pair of horn-rimmed spectacle frames. "His, probably," he muttered.

Outerbridge took the broken spectacles and held them up to the light.

"Very nearsighted" he said thoughtfully. "It may be possible to trace them. There's something else. I saw the car start up. I got part of the number. It began with V V and the first number was either six or eight. It was a light-colored car. With fins."

"H'm-m-m," Gold said. "It's something to start on, anyhow." He turned to Matt. "Look, fella, you better hit the sack. You're beat."

There was a queer, fumbling smile on Winter's face as he looked up again. "Yeah," he said slowly, "beat it, Matt—and thank you."

Margo Winter had slept little. She was haggard, and defeated, when she went down to the playroom in the morning and found Winter sitting with the broken spectacles in his hand.

"Lamar, I can't take any more," she said. "Please, let's get out of here."

"Don't lose your nerve, honey," he said gently. "Nothing worse can happen."

"How can you say that?" she said wildly. "They won't stop anywhere."

He got up and drew her into his arms, sensing how fear had shrunk and broken her. "Who do you think 'they' are?" he asked.

"Oh, Lamar. These people. They won't have us! Next time it'll be worse."

He released her and when he spoke his tone was brisk. "Listen, honey, I'm going to check

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something. Right away. When I get back I'll know whether we ought to leave. If you're right, we will. I promise you."

He went to the telephone and dialed, and after two rings recognized Zachariah Gold's voice. "Zack," he said crisply, "this is Lamar Winter. I think I'm going to need a lawyer. Does your pride permit you to work for a nigger?"

"That's a fine question," Gold's voice said sourly. "What's on your mind?"

"I'll be able to tell you in an hour," Winter said. "Can you give me that much time before you leave for the office?"

"All right," Gold said. "But don't stall. I got an appointment in town."

Winter found an open parking space within a block of his destination and walked toward Alexander Fox's office. He found the finny, cream-colored car parked in front of the building. One quick glance gave him the license number—VV6916.

Catfooted, calm, he walked in. Fox sat in his swivel chair with his heels on the desk. But one startled glance galvanized the lanky body and brought his feet crashing to the floor.

Winter grinned wickedly. "Take it easy," he said. "This is a social call—sort of. I want to give a guy something he lost and I thought maybe you could help. Ever see these before?" He reached into his shirt pocket and held out the broken spectacles.

Without actually moving, Fox seemed to recoil. Winter smiled more broadly.

"Take 'em," he said. "They're Eddie Smith's, aren't they?"

Abruptly the artist moved toward the desk. Fox's feet kicked out involuntarily, driving his chair back toward the wall.

Winter said, "You seem kind of tongue-tied. I just want Francis Barton's phone number." He picked up the memo pad on the desk and thumbed through it, grunting with satisfaction when he found what he sought. Picking up the telephone, he flicked a grin at Fox. "Mind if I use your phone?"

Barton answered. Winter knew the voice. "This is Lamar Winter," he said. "I'm calling from Alex Fox's place. We were having a chat. About arson."

"That's curious," Barton's voice said calmly. "It occurred to me that you might be, but I hardly thought this quickly. My congratulations. What can I do for you?"

"It's more a matter of what I'm doing for you," Winter said. "I doubt if Alex here or Eddie Smith—or, for that matter, you, as an accessory—would enjoy a stretch in Sing Sing. I just called to suggest that you get your fingers out of Peaceable Lane—and stay out."

"I was already reconciled to something like that, Mr. Winter," Barton said. This time there was a perceptible pause. "You can't win them all."

"No, I guess you can't," Winter agreed. He glanced at Fox and spoke again. "There is one thing you can do for me, Mr. Barton. Just hang onto the phone and listen a minute." He put the instrument on the desk with the mouthpiece facing the broker. He spoke crisply. "All right, you white yellow —— Stand up."

Fox stared up at him and seemed to shrink even further. Winter reached out a sinewy hand, grasped the broker by the shirt front, and pulled him to his feet. Holding him upright with his left hand, he sent a short, vicious blow to the belly. Fox crashed against the wall and lay gasping.

Winter picked up the telephone. "That was just about what it sounded like," he said pleasantly. "By the way, if Eddie Smith wants his glasses back, I'll have them for him."

An hour later, Zachariah Gold stood in his living room, gazing down in sour contempt at Peter Yale. Yale's thin face was livid. Winter sat aside, relaxed and silent.

"You're here because Winter thought it would be better," Gold said. "How much was your deal with Barton?"

"Forty thousand," Yale said defiantly. "That's what it's worth, and if he thinks he's going to buy it"—he jerked his head toward the artist—"that's what it's going to cost him."

Gold looked inquiringly at Winter and saw him nod slightly. But then he shook his head in angry rejection and turned back to Yale.

"It is not," the lawyer said crisply. "I might be willing to pay it, but I don't intend let him. That was a blockbuster price and all know it. I know what you paid for t place—thirty-four. That was eight years a and it isn't worth that now, but I'll let Win settle for that. No more, no less. You be in office tomorrow afternoon at four with yo papers. Bring a lawyer."

"You're not going to blackmail me," Y said hotly. "I'm not going to be pushed arou by any shyster and his nigger client."

Gold glanced at Winter. "If you want to him, I'm not looking," he said.

Winter grinned and shook his head.

Gold turned back to Yale. "You're alrea pushed," he said. "If you think you're n pushed enough, I can arrange the full tre ment. I don't know whether I could mak conspiracy charge stick, but I promise yo could give it a powerful try. But I don't need A blockbuster deal, that's enough. Where you want me to start? With your wife or w the network?"

Staring up balefully into the brooding, co temptuous face, Yale knew he was beaten.

"Four o'clock. You understand?" Go said.

Lamar Winter thought he ought to f more amazed at himself than he did. Someti later the jolt might hit him. But it had caught up with him yet. Instead he felt tensely alive and sure of himself, taut w singing inner excitement. It was going be a busy day. But something else had to done first. He had to see his son off to his f day in a white school.

Ellen Jones had volunteered as car-p chauffeur. When the Jones station wag with Bill, and Ruth and Jerry Gold, alre aboard, stopped at the foot of the walkw Tod was ready. Margo stood with him at door and she could not resist stooping fo last fierce and fearful hug as the horn too and Tod opened the door.

"Relax, baby," Winter said. "He'll be right." He hoped his voice carried the conv tion he intended that it should.

Then, suddenly, he was impatient to get with the day. He strode across the living ro and took down the Rouault.

"Guess we'll have to put something else h for a while," he said, surveying the bare sp "Might even hang one of my own."

Margo looked at him gravely.

He cradled the painting in its heavy fra and, jutting his chin awkwardly across kissed her. "Hold the door for me," he sa He went to the garage.

She was still standing in the door as backed out in the Jaguar.

"Honey," he called, "I'll be gone all d You'll tend to that, won't you?" He pointe the black, bristling spine of the burned t and the scorched door and heat-cracked gl of the picture window.

"What shall I do?" she said.

"Get the gardener up here. He can put i new tree by tonight. You can look up a w dow man and a painter in the telephone boo He grinned. "Get the highest-priced help y can—I'm going to send the bill to Barton."

He backed into the lane and swung Jaguar. Then he was gone. An hour later left the car in the Waldorf-Astoria garage a juggling the painting, took a taxi to the eleg gallery of a renowned Park Avenue dealer was not yet eleven when, having watched dealer's helpers hang the Rouault, he pocke a check for $20,000.

"I'll hold it for a year," the dealer sa "You can have it back within that time fo thousand more. You could hardly do bet at a bank."

"I know it." Winter grinned. "You're favorite hock shop."

It was a short walk to the Chase Bank Rockefeller Center, and soon the artist left t bank, feeling rich and powerful.

It was still only eleven-thirty. It struck h that this day had the feel of going right. W not clear up the whole shebang whil thin were clicking? He had made an appointme with Thurston Young for later in the wek b on impulse, he went to a telephone boot Things really were going right. Young agre to see him immediately.

hat was it?" Young said, as Winter
talking. "I had only a telegram from
at he had been removed from the ac-
Nothing more. No word from Mac-

impression was that Macmillan
your business was up the flue any-
Winter said. "I own the paintings until
ess you buy them and I accept your
or I sell them somewhere else."
harp face permitted itself a thin smile.
on't seem to doubt your ability to dis-
them."
n't," Winter said. "For ten years no
that I had to sell has gone unsold."

"What does Jones plan to do?" Young asked suddenly.

"He'll have to work with me on this. He planned and organized it. My work stops at the easel. His begins before that and continues after it. For the last five years I have worked almost exclusively with Matt."

"Macmillan is a fool," Young said. The tone was so quiet, the frosty face so impassive that the artist was startled. "Now I want this program to go ahead without any more delay. Will you send Jones to see me about a new contract?"

"I would rather not," Winter said. "I mean I would appreciate it if you sent for him yourself. Getting canned doesn't do much for a man's morale. Matt's is all right now, I think, but a little boost wouldn't hurt."

Young's face, for once, carried a diluted but unmistakable hint of warm amusement. "Of course," he said. "I should have thought of that myself."

Winter's step was jaunty as he reached the street. The big check was crisp in his pocket and the world looked nearly as crisp and satisfactory—and certified—as the check. Matt and he would divide something on the order of $150,000 from the Glamour-Glow campaign. After that, who knew? But, in his present mood, it didn't seem likely it could be anything but good.

The day had begun drenched in warm sunshine. In Manhattan, Lamar Winter was too pleased with the way things were going to notice when clouds rolled in above the city's towers. Far to the north, shortly before noon, a violent squall broke over Wacapo Consolidated. Thunder crashed and reverberated, and lightning lit the modernistic glass-walled classrooms with dazzling glares.

All this was just as well. Playing second fiddle to the storm, Tod Winter had a less eventful day than he or anyone else had really hoped.

He did not, of course, pass entirely unnoticed. To most of Wacapo's thousand, the dark, alien presence was an object of intense curiosity—but not of hate. The staff, from principal to janitor, had been alerted and was on guard. Wacapo's small fry owned a lively sixth sense for adult surveillance: their instinct for it was as sensitive as radar. And so the peace was kept.

It held until three o'clock when the dismissal buzzer sounded and the doors swung open. The driveway suddenly swarmed with shrieking, undersized humanity.

Ellen Jones had dreaded this day. Trying to enforce nonchalance on herself, she waited until a quarter of the hour before getting out the station wagon and driving to the school.

She made it in good time and jockeyed into the melee of cars crawling up the driveway. Most of them were driven by mothers preoccupied by the thought of muddy feet and hopeful of getting up to the paved plaza in time to forestall a wild dash through the mire. Normally Ellen would have felt the same concern; today she merely wanted the four kids inside the car as quickly as possible.

She made the plaza at last and saw them gathered at the curb. She tooted a short summoning blast on the horn and they came tumbling in. The doors slammed. Ellen rolled her window down and turned to watch for oncoming cars as she inched her way into the moving traffic.

She never saw it coming, though Bill did and yelled. A figure had darted out of the crowd, ahead of the car. Trying to watch both ways, Ellen jammed on the brakes to avoid it. She did not see it bend down and scoop up a handful of mud. She did not see it thrown. She took the gooey, gravel-seeded blob full against the side of the face. Through the shocking pain and blindness she heard a jeering, hysterical shriek, "Nigger! Nigger!"

She heard Bill mouthing curses she had not known he knew, heard the rear door slam open, heard him yelling, "Come on, Jerry! Come on!" She struggled out of the car, mopping the mud away on her sleeve. Then she saw Bill plowing into the crowd, head down and elbows flailing; Jerry was just behind him and so was Tod Winter.

She stopped them. Afterward she never knew how. She got them back into the car. It



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was a physical struggle to handle Bill; he was sobbing in rage. Jerry was muttering, pale with anger. The Negro boy subsided into the seat, saying nothing. A high, screeching taunt came from somewhere in the crowd. Stiff of back and face, ignoring the excited, indignant flapping of a teacher, Ellen drove away.

It was six o'clock, and Yale, his lawyer, the representative of the bank which had held his mortgage, and the man from the title-guaranty company were gone. In the quiet office, Winter sat pensively in the leather chair beside Gold's mahogany desk. He was holding the deed which signified that he was now sole owner of No. 10 Peaceable Lane—as well as No. 1.

A slow smile grew on the artist's face. "He was pretty tame, there at the end," he said.

"Yale?" Gold said. "Yes, it was time for him to be tame."

"Then there's this," Winter said. He withdrew a folded paper from his inner breast pocket. "I don't know if it's legal—I wrote it myself. But I guess it might be if you got your girl to witness it."

"What is it?" Gold asked curiously.

"You know already. I don't know what you'd call it—a conveyance maybe. Names Matt manager of the property—with full authority to rent or sell, as he sees fit." He grinned. "No salary either. He'll have to do this for free."

When Gold spoke again, his voice was heavy with a curious, hesitant reluctance. "Listen, Lamar. I know what you've done and I don't have to tell you I'm grateful. Why you did it, I suppose, is really none of my business. But you never struck me as a man who'd put himself on the line to do something like this—save a white community from blowing up. Frankly, I don't get it."

"I don't know that I do, not entirely," Winter said. He fell silent, thoughtfully tapping the deed against the desk. "I'm a colored man," he said at length. "I don't propose to make a lecture on what that means, but one of the things it does mean is that you work uphill. You learn early that people, white people, are going to slap you down. Then, if you're the way I am, you slap back. Maybe after a while you get so you enjoy it."

"I thought you still did," Gold said.

Winter grinned briefly. "I wouldn't be surprised," he said. "When I decided to do this I could hardly stand my own amazement. But let's look it in the eye. I jolted the living hell out of that street and they've jolted me back. I can take it and dish it back as long as they want to keep it up. But the other thing is the kids. You take my kid—he isn't a born gouger or kicker. I used to be scared because he wasn't. Now I'm beginning to wonder. There have been a few things around there that got to me. Things I couldn't understand. You know the day I went down to the pool and Mrs. Cusack raised so much fuss? What you probably don't know is that Tod got into the water that day. That Weissman gal, pretty little kid, got him in before he knew what was happening. Then your kid and Matt's kid treating him like any other kid on the block. I've even seen him playing with one or two others. I keep my eyes open, and I'm around there more than you are." The artist paused. "There's one thing that still baffles me."

"What's that?"

"That fight. The day your kids clobbered Paulie Cusack."

Gold smiled wryly. "He'd had it coming for quite a while."

"I expect he did," Winter said. "The point I'm trying to make is this—I doubt if Peaceable Lane is going to enjoy having me for a neighbor if I live to be a hundred. And I doubt, barring a couple of exceptions, that I'm going to lose much love on Peaceable Lane. But the kids might make it. There's a chance they can solve a problem that our generation is too old and ornery to deal with. That's why I did it."

"You mean that's why you kept Yale's house out of Barton's hands?"

"Yup. I know Barton. He wasn't fixing to turn that street mixed. He was fixing to turn it colored. If he'd got Yale's house, the place would have come apart like a hand grenade—and the kids never would have had a chance to see whether they could work it out."

"I see," Gold said. "Did it bother you any that, to give the kids a chance, you had to take the side of the whites and keep another colored man out of Peaceable Lane?"

"Some," Winter acknowledged somberly, but then he smiled. "You ought to know how it is. You've done some of that yourself." He stood up, dropping the deed on Gold's desk blotter. Then he reached for the other paper, signed it, and dropped it with the deed. "You can handle this stuff better than I can," he said. "Want a ride home?"

"No, thanks," Gold said. "I've got a meeting in town tonight. Anyhow, I still don't fancy the way you drive that red fire wagon."

Twenty minutes later Winter tipped an astonished parking attendant five dollars, tooled the Jaguar up the slope to the street and slipped into the evening traffic toward the west side of Manhattan and the Henry Hudson Parkway.

In spite of the dark, unsightly bruise on his left cheek and the cut in his scalp, souvenirs of Smith's clubbed gun, Matt had gone to the city that morning. Now in the dusk he had come home and was seeing his own scars mirrored in the gravel scratches of flung mud left on the face of his wife. Rage churned up in him.

"Why didn't you let the kids take him?" he asked harshly.

"No, Matt. There has been too much of that," she said stonily.

"I know who it was," Bill said from the doorway. "Kid named Jim Pierce. I'll get him tomorrow."

"No!" Ellen's voice rose, sharp and forbidding. "No, you must not. I forbid it!"

"I'm going to get him," Bill said again.

"I said no!" Ellen was on her feet. "I will not have it. Brawling through that school, trying to whip every child in it. That's what it will be, having to fight every child in school."

"Aw, it won't either," Bill said stubbornly. "It was just Jim. I'm going to get him."

"Billy!" Ellen shouted. "Go to your room. I don't want another word out of you. Now!"

Silently, keeping his head down to hide the shaming tears, the boy turned and went.

Puzzled, feeling slapped and in combat with forces he had never known existed, Bill Jones trudged from the playroom and, so far as his parents knew, went on up to his room. Instead he stopped in the kitchen and stood for a while, undecided. Abruptly he went out the garage door and got his bicycle out onto the driveway. He did not know what he intended to do, but he knew he was not going to his room.

It was almost dark as the bike coasted down the driveway. He was almost upon him before he saw Tod Winter sitting on the curb.

"Where you going?" Tod called.

Bill flipped his heel down on the coaster brake. "I dunno," he said. "Why?"

"Just wondered," Tod said.

"I'm near ready to run away," Bill said.

Tod's voice was suddenly fierce. "I'll tell you one thing—I'm not going back to that school. I don't care what my father says, or my mother either."

"It's all right for you," Bill said. "I'll have to go back. I live here."

"Where do you think I live?"

"You don't live here. You just moved here, that's all."

"I never asked to come here and I won't stay here. If they won't go, I'll go by myself."

"I think you'd better. You shouldn't have come," Bill said in sudden flaring anger.

They would never afterward know why they fought. These two had been on the edge of becoming friends and would have, had the world let them alone. But, there in the street, it all came to focus: the pain, the humiliation, the inexplicable failures of the adult world and the reasonless savagery of the child world. There had been few fights more senseless than this. But they had to do it and they were blind and deaf to everything around them.

But the world was not quite blind or deaf to them. Paulie Cusack was out in the street, giving the Cusack chow his evening walk. He heard the panting, scuffling struggle and hurried toward the noise. His start of surprise was followed by a slow, pleased grin. He moved back a little to stay clear of the melee so that he and the straining chow were standing almost in the middle of the street.

Racing around the blind curves of the Wacapo road, thinking about the day's work, anxious to get home and tell Margo about it, going fast but not worrying or even thinking about the car because his touch at wheel and brake operated with such sure instinct, Winter drove the Jaguar through the underpass tunnel and slashed into Peaceable Lane. He was almost home, a place, he thought now, which might someday become truly home.

Then he saw them. There was the tumbling, thrashing movement of bodies near the curb. Ten feet away stood a boy and a dog. The writhing confusion of the fight was near the curb, and he might have got by it safely but for the other boy. Lamar Winter wrenched the wheel savagely to the right, and the Jaguar, obedient to the end, leaped the curb onto the Outerbridge lawn and hurtled toward the bole of the biggest oak in Peaceable Lane. He did know, whoever they were, that he had missed them.

After they had returned from the funeral in late afternoon, Matt walked across the back yards and found Gold waiting for him on the terrace. "Have they left your house yet?" Gold asked.

"They're with her now," Matt said. "Zack, I hate to put her through this."

"She's stood up under everything so far," Gold grunted. "And this is necessary."

"You've made sure she can afford it?"

Gold grunted again. "Winter must have been one of the most insured guys in Westchester."

"How much was there?"

"When it's all cleaned up, expenses and all, quite a hunk. He paid cash for the Yale house. There's a mortgage rider on one policy that takes care of the other. So she'll own both clear, and the cash will run close to two hundred thousand."

"I knew he made a lot. I didn't know he'd stashed that much away," Matt said. "And there's still more to come in."

"How's that?"

"Thurston Young saw it in the *Times* and called me in. He owns the account Lamar and I were working on when I got fired. He wants me to carry through the campaign, using Winter's paintings. Her share of that will run seventy-five, maybe even eighty thousand."

"Bails you out, too, doesn't it?" Gold asked.

"It sure does," Matt said somberly. Suddenly, feeling the pain of grief and the uselessness of it, he drove his fist savagely against the solid wall of Gold's house. "Why did the crazy fellow have to drive like that?"

"He was a hard-living guy," Gold said. "That way and every way. Come on, let's get over there."

It occurred to Matt as they entered that the scene had not been much different outwardly as then. Mrs. Weissman was bustling about with hospitable anxiety. Sol sat in an easy chair. Steve Cavanidis was silently watchful, nursing nothing, John Ainslie Outerbridge [illegible] erect and faintly disapproving. Was there a difference beneath the surface? If so, [illegible] reached into the depths of Laura Cusack looked at her and wondered whether what he saw on that pinched, acidulous face might be a shadow of confusion, of doubt.

There was one difference. Margo [illegible] drawn but composed, sat on the divan between Ellen and Beth Gold.

Weissman stood up. "Most of you know why we're here," he said. "You don't need a speech from me, but I think you'll want to listen to Zachariah."

Gold, balancing on a dining chair, [illegible] stand. "I won't take much time," he said. "But you should know this: on the day he [illegible] Lamar Winter bought Pete Yale's house [illegible] all know somebody tried to burn his house. [illegible] learned—don't ask me how—that Yale was dealing with a colored blockbuster and that the blockbuster arranged the burning as a deliberate ruse. He wanted to convince Winter that the whites were and always would be enemies.

"The blockbuster intended to drive [illegible] out—all of you—and make this street colored. Winter decided to stop him. He did not [illegible] his decision especially out of sympathy for the people in this room. Winter did not believe it likely that you—we—would ever accept him as an equal. He did believe that his son and our children had at least a chance to find a way to live together in peace—possibly even in friendship." Gold stopped and let his eyes rove the room from one to another. "I and some others, Mr. Weissman and Mr. Outerbridge among them—have asked Mrs. Winter to stay here and give his child and our children the chance he meant them to have."

Weissman stood up again. "Any comment?" He waited calmly, but nobody stirred. "All right, I take it we agree. Anything you want to say, Mrs. Winter?"

Margo's eyes were swollen. She bit her lip, trembling, then got control of herself with an effort. Then she spoke.

"My husband was not a patient man—how often he made me afraid. Coming here was one of the things I feared—especially for my son. But I trusted my husband—I will do what he wanted . . . I will stay—with Tod."

"Thank you," Weissman said. Then he turned to the room. "There's something else you need to know. Winter put the Yale house in the keeping of Matthew. You should ask what he proposes to do with it. Matthew?"

Matt looked around the room, measuring Peaceable Lane's people one by one. He felt again the upsurge of grief a man may feel for a lost friend, and he was impatient to be done and let him rest. His voice was harsh.

"Lamar Winter was a tough man. He did not have much affection for white men and he had even less trust of them. But he was willing to bet on our sons. In the end he bet his life on them. It has been suggested to me that we ought to find out right away what we're made of by deliberately looking for another colored family to take the Yale house. But Winter left the Yale house to my judgment—and I am trying to exercise some. I'm going to keep it empty for a while. Six months from now it may turn out to be better or braver—or more even smarter than Winter suspected—then we ought to be able to figure out a way to demonstrate it."

"It may be risky," John Ainslie Outerbridge said to Steve Cavanidis as they walked toward home. "It may not even work, but I suspect that this summer has showed us all that it is to be tried."

"Yeah, I guess so," Cavanidis said.

"I confess I was a little surprised at your accepting it," Outerbridge went on. "Excuse me for saying it, but it seemed to me that you would always want to make absolutely sure your interests were safe."

Cavanidis gave a short, grunting laugh. "They are. Way last summer I got the union to buy my house—and give me life tenancy in it." He laughed again. "Free too."

NEXT MONTH

"Why did you come here?" asked Belinda. "We don't want you. Why don't you go home?"

There was so much for Nona to face. The whizzing cars, the bad-tempered Mr. Twillit, the unfriendly school children. Her own homesickness. And, worst of all, the frank belligerence of the dreadful Belinda!

A story to read aloud and cherish,

MISS HAPPINESS AND MISS FLOWER

Novella by Rumer Godden

complete in the November *Journal*, to be published in book form by Viking Press.

A GREAT NEW CAKE MIX FROM BETTY CROCKER







Deep and dark and chocolate-fragrant. Meltingly rich, like home-made fudge. This is real old-fashioned devils food cake. Only one mix could make it—our new Country Kitchen Cake Mix. We found the flavor secret by searching hundreds of chocolate cake recipes we've collected in our Betty Crocker Kitchens. Look for new Betty Crocker Country Kitchen Devils Food Cake Mix in its beautiful new package.

"Through all my housework in an hour"

"Friends seem continually amazed at me," says Janice Crabtree, of Grapevine, Texas. "By 8:30 A.M., when my youngest goes to school, my whole house is clean and neat and I am dressed for the day. I am free to play bridge, attend club meetings or stay home and read, listen to Beethoven and just plain loaf."

After you have read this article maybe you will wish to write your reaction to our Readers' Letters Editor.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gould: Do you receive many letters from housewives who are through with all their housework by 8:30 in the morning? It is the most natural thing in the world for me.

I have a large house—five bedrooms, three baths, 2500 square feet in all. I have never had or wanted a maid. And there are five in our family. My husband Billy is certainly the most lovable man I have ever known, but far from the neatest—four years in military school didn't help him a bit. Our two sons, Billy Jr., 13, and Jim, 8, are handsome, brown-eyed live wires who seldom willingly pick up their clothes and toys. My father, Knollis Thompson, also lives with us. So, you see, it is not a small house or a careful family that accounts for my speedy getting the chores over with. It is, rather, a will to keep the house looking as lovely as possible, getting sufficient sleep at night, getting up at 6:30 and maintaining a kind of schedule.

I would welcome a visit from some of your staff. I believe they would find it rather heartening to observe firsthand one housewife who gets through with the chores in order to enjoy a serene setting for reading, loafing, thinking or entertaining.

Sincerely, JANICE CRABTREE

Outside the Crabtrees' handsome pink brick ranch home on the best and newest street in Grapevine, Texas, the hot, dry wind picks up clouds of red dust. To the east across the flat plains the skyscrapers of cosmopolitan Dallas are barely visible; to the west is Fort Worth, where the great Western cattle country begins.

Janice Crabtree sits on a pale aqua satin sofa gazing out her picture window at the street. She is a rounded young woman of thirty-four, with wavy, blue-black hair and very white even teeth. Even at this hour in the morning—it is barely 9 o'clock—she is wearing rouge, powder and lipstick, and her cotton dress is



"It's hard to get to church by nine A.M., but we come pretty close, beds made and the kitchen clean before we go." After church, they often lunch at a nearby cafeteria.

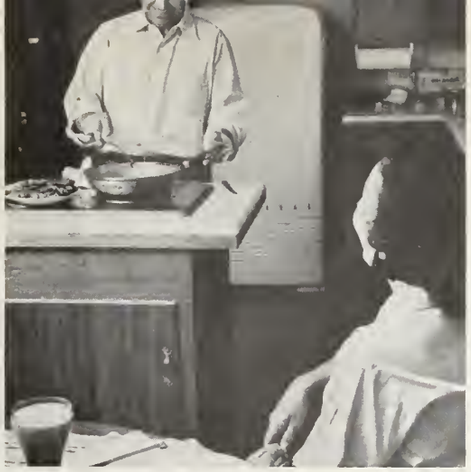


Janice says she's the worst bridge player in her crowd—but plays three days a week.

Saturday is cleaning day—"There are no bridge games, the children don't go to school, and Billy is often out hunting or fishing."



BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN
hotographs By ESTHER BUBLEY



He cooks. "Janice takes spells of trying, but I change her recipes a little—then I'm back in the groove."



"I am grateful for my blessings—wonderful husband, handsome sons, best father in the world, big house"—two TV's, two fireplaces, two cars—"sparkling friends, memories of my mother."



immaculately fresh. The chords of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony crash majestically from the phonograph as she sits serenely enjoying a fourth cup of coffee.

Comments one neighbor, "Often in the early morning when I'm a mess and so's my house, I look out and there's Janice sitting idle by her window. Plenty of times we meet when I drive the children to school at eight thirty. I just slip a coat over my shortie nightgown and wonder what on earth I'll do if I get a flat tire. But Janice"—she sighs—"always looks like a bandbox. Any time you drop into Janice's house it *always* looks neat and tidy, and she's *always* cheerful, pleasant, all dressed up and ready to go."

How does she do it? Janice is careful to explain that her "day" begins the night before when she whips through the place at 9 o'clock, picking up coats and stray shoes and newspapers and carrying out empty cups and glasses to the kitchen. Then she measures out the coffee and water for the electric coffee maker. By 9:30 she's in bed and so is her husband, Billy. (She calls him Billy to distinguish him from her first husband, whose name was also Bill.)

Billy gets up at 6 A.M. and plugs in the coffee maker. At 6:30 Janice joins him for a cup and reads the paper. Billy, who is 5′9″ and weighs a solid 175, diets by sticking to coffee and doughnuts. Janice has coffee and toast, and her two boys (the older protestingly putting toast into the oven) have eggs, toast and milk. Occasionally Janice's fifty-six-year-old father joins them for coffee, then leaves to eat breakfast at a restaurant.

Billy Crabtree, a deep-voiced, homely man with a wide, amiable smile, leaves the house a few minutes before seven for his job as electrical inspector at Chance Vought Aircraft near Dallas. The next hour Janice moves so fast that "someday I'm sure I'll have a coronary," she remarks laughingly. Her husband, who was raised in a large Southern household with many servants, describes his wife admiringly as "greased lightning," and adds, "When Janice gets up, she hits the floor working."

Hurrying about in her pajamas and robe, she makes four beds in quick, stepsaving motions (Billy Jr. makes his own bunk bed) and hangs up night clothes. She wipes three lavatories and straightens the towels. Then she may run a dustcloth over the grand piano or buzz the vacuum over some crumbs.

"My system is to stagger the big jobs," explains this 5′5″ housewife. "I don't try to wash all the Venetian blinds at once, just a few at a time on Saturdays. I change some of the beds during the week. If I start a job, I finish it. If the phone rings, I don't answer until I'm finished with a particular chore. There's no chair by the telephone, either, so I'm not tempted to collapse and start gabbing."

While the two boys are eating their breakfast, Janice fixes a lunch box of jelly sandwiches and banana for little Jim, a poor eater who doesn't like the school-lunchroom food. She rinses the breakfast dishes, sticks them in the dishwasher, and then sweeps the kitchen floor.

Next she starts her bath water, and while it is running she checks the boys' appearance, and may order some grocery staples or drugstore needs by telephone. Sometimes she washes and towel-dries CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

Hooray! It's Aunt Jemima Day!

Even if you got up half an hour early and mad
your own pancakes from scratch, you'd still
be hard-pressed to match Aunt Jemimas fo
taste and tenderness. Why?
The exclusive Aunt Jemima
blend of flours gives you
extra flavor and lightnes.



TRY ALL THREE KINDS
The Original Buckwhet
Buttermilk

Aunt Jemimas and frizzled ham.
"M-m-m—what a wonderful Mom we've got!"

O INUED FROM PAGE 185

er ir before sitting down at a bridge table t 30. Mornings she is having bridge at her ou are the busiest, for then she must get ut he tables, cards, tallies, prepare fresh of and organize lunch.

hen she is not bridge hostess, her deadline or ork is 8:30. "Most mornings I can get ar gh all my housework in one hour," ex- ia; this well-organized mother, "which pa; me a half hour to bathe and dress. The 3 leadline developed rather naturally when he der boy started to school. I had to drive ir very day, so I tried to get through with ll y chores so I could go shopping or visit- g nd return to an inviting house. Clutter sses me."

hen her boys are in school, practically all d e's leisure time is spent playing bridge. He present "bridge kick," as she calls it, ta d a year and a half ago. During the win- er onths she may play as often as four days w k from 9:30 to 3 P.M. During Lent last ye she gave up bridge two days a week. "But to entirely," she laughs—"that would be m ssible." She also devotes two afternoons a nth to a young women's club called the Tu day Study Group.

hice is careful to be home before her sons ar n from school at four o'clock. Billy Jr. is sky boy with a considerable amount of lf-reliance. He barely says hello to his m er before dumping his schoolbooks and g oing his fishing pole or shotgun. To date hi hirteen-year-old has bagged 9 ducks, 50 ki s, 14 quail, and one spectacular afternoon he lled 55 sand bass, weighing at least three po ds each, out of Lake Grapevine.

n, the younger boy, is a bright and charm- in oy of eight. Extremely independent, he is metimes still up at 11 o'clock watching te ision, and he will never willingly stop pl ng to eat. Both boys enjoy many gifts fr their grandfathers—too many, their par- er sometimes feel. S. B. Crabtree, a well-to- do allas businessman, has given them special cl es, money and toys, including a little toy ra g car with a motor which goes 35 mph. R ntly Janice's father, Knollis Thompson, st ed Billy Jr. to $40 worth of model-railroad eq pment. Little Jimmy at once demanded $ for a bicycle. "That Jimmy's a real hard- ho led little kid," remarks his father with ad iration. "He figures out ahead of time ho how to wheedle something out of you."

oth boys are crazy about their father, ac ording to Janice, and want to dress and ta . and act exactly like him. "Billy's a won- de ul father," she says. "Not in the least high- st ng; always patient, never critical."

he boys never tire of hearing how their fa er tackled his first Montana grizzly bear al by himself at eighteen, or how during W ld War II his B-17 managed to return fr n bombing the Ploesti oil fields with 72 fl holes in its wings. Billy, who was crew ch f, won the Air Medal and four oak-leaf cl ters.

nother favorite family story concerns the ti : Billy was driving past the former Dallas a ort one misty, rainy morning when a big co mercial airliner crashed into a hangar. B rescued three passengers, one of whom h ulled out of the fuselage while it was ex- p ling. Nineteen others died in this disaster. "I'd stopped to think, I'd have kept right on d in'," Billy drawls.

ere is seldom a repair bill for the Crab- u s. Billy can fix the TV set, the oven and re igerator, and even dismantle and reas- se ble the entire dishwasher works. He tink- e with the car motors ("I take a car to a m hanic only when I don't have the proper to s to do the job," he says) and keeps his 3 orsepower outboard motor in roaring g d shape. He built his first fourteen-foot r about himself in the garage; sold it three y rs later at a $100 profit.

On weekends Bill's so active he makes me t d just looking at him," says the neighbor a oss the street. "He mows the lawn at a dog- t ; next he's washing the cars or the win- o vs or he's up hammering the roof. He does a the house painting too. He's just as proud o he place as Janice and works just as hard k ping it in tiptop shape."

Billy is also the family cook. When he gets home from the aircraft plant at 4:30, he show- ers and changes and then checks the refriger- ator. He enjoys deciding what the family will eat that night and running uptown to the meat store in his little Opel station wagon.

During hunting season, he plucks and cooks the ducks, doves or quail he shoots, and fries venison steaks. He fixes delicious chicken dipped in batter and deep-fried. He also likes to sauté veal cutlets. "Billy does so much frying that I wipe down the kitchen Venetian blinds with cleaning fluid once a month," says Janice, who nevertheless thoroughly enjoys his cook- ing.

Sometimes on Saturdays Billy will fix a pot roast, and when the Episcopal priest came to dinner one Sunday he baked a whole ham studded with cloves and pineapple and had baked beans, relishes and stuffed eggs. Janice fixed the potato salad.

In the summertime, meal getting is cut to an absolute minimum, for as soon as Billy gets home from work the whole family heads for the lake five minutes away. Until dark, they speed up and down the fourteen-mile lake and eat hamburgers at a drive-in stand without even getting out of the boat.

Janice considers herself a dud at cooking, although her friends claim that her bridge luncheons are getting tastier all the time. "If a recipe has just three ingredients, I can cope," she feels. For the bridge group she usually fixes a casserole of noodles, mushroom soup and tuna served with a salad of mandarin oranges, sour cream and coconut, and a dessert of angel-food cake with whipped cream and crushed pineapple. Coffee is served all during bridge and again with lunch. Recently Janice has experimented with an entree of frozen shrimp, tomato soup and rice, since "This year we've all been tuna'd to death."

About a year ago, she decided that it was her responsibility to fix the family meal at night, especially since Billy was putting in a lot of overtime. "At first Billy was touched and delighted. Then when he'd get home and find one of my meals already cooking in the oven, his face would fall. Finally I decided that he actually enjoys fixing food. Also, after a solid month of casseroles every night, the boys were clamoring for dad's cooking."

Saturday morning is Janice's big house-cleaning day. Up at her usual early hour, she changes beds, counts laundry and wet-mops the kitchen linoleum and the front foyer of red tile, the only rooms which are not carpeted wall to wall. (She doesn't wax them be- cause her father once took a bad fall on a waxed kitchen floor.) Then she gives the three bathrooms a good scrubbing and vacuums carefully.

The pale gray paint in her L-shaped living room and dining room is five years old, but still in perfect condition. The boys seldom set foot in the two front rooms, and the pale peach and yellow and aqua damask upholstery looks spotless after eight years' wear. The boys could traipse in and out through the back kitchen, the back TV den (the room most used by the family) and their back bedrooms. Her father's bedroom is off the living room on the opposite side of the house from the family's sleeping quarters, so that he can slip in and out the back door without disturbing anyone.

Janice had planned to have the two boys sleep in the same big back bedroom with twin beds, but Billy Jr. soon moved into the tiny utility room off the kitchen. This was supposed to be the laundry room, but Janice has never bought any laundry equipment. There is barely room for Billy Jr.'s narrow bunk beds and bureau, but it's close to the refrigerator and back door and suits him fine. He has even converted the ironing board which folds into the wall into a rack for his guns.

"Janice doesn't even *own* a clothesline," remarks a friend. She does a small amount of hand laundering in the bathroom; everything else goes out. The Crabtree laundry bill runs between $12 and $15 a month, but Janice jus- tifies the expense this way: "If we bought an automatic washer, then we'd need a dryer, since the wind blows so hard here it tears the clothes on the line. When you figure the cost of two machines and paying for repair parts and depreciation and soap and water, it's considerable. Then, too, many of my friends do the wash themselves and then pay some woman to iron it. I really think we come out just as cheaply in the end. At least I've per- suaded my husband this is the case!"

Janice does no special spring or fall house cleaning, tackles closets and bureaus "when- ever I can't stand them any longer." Saturdays she empties and washes the refrigerator and once a month defrosts it. She has cleaned her wall oven only twice in five years—"the black grease from the broiler defeats me."

Her friends sometimes wonder why she picks Saturday for her major house cleaning. "There's nothing else to do," she explains. "No bridge games. It's a long day for me." Her sportsman husband may be off hunting with his father in Arkansas or North Dakota, or he may be at nearby Lake Grapevine in a heated duck blind he constructed with a group of friends. Billy Jr. is usually busy with Boy Scouts or hunting or fishing. Jimmy sprawls in front of TV until his mother starts vacuum- ing the back den, then he runs off to a friend's house.

Saturday night Janice and Bill go either to dinner and a show or to a party. These parties are usually co-operative affairs where the guests bring spaghetti and salad and end the evening playing bridge or poker. Since Janice's father spends most evenings in his own bedroom they have no need to hire a baby sitter. Janice spreads a couple of peanut- butter sandwiches for the boys, pours a couple of glasses of milk, and she's off for a gay eve- ning. Once a year this popular young couple hold open house for 60 to 70 friends—their one big party of the year.

"We all enjoy Janice's parties," says a friend. "She's a very tactful and cheerful person—in fact, I've never heard her or Billy say a mean word about anyone. And she has a wonderful sense of humor—if some mishap occurs, she just laughs and immediately puts everyone at ease."

Sunday mornings the whole family gets to the St. Lawrence Episcopal Church by 9 A.M. Janice's beds are made and the kitchen clean before they go. The young Episcopal priest, just out of seminary, has found the Crabtrees a wonderful help. The new mission is very small, with only twelve or fourteen families who attend church regularly. Billy not only helped hammer on the church roof, but has served as vestryman and warden for six years. Janice takes her turn cleaning and dusting the church building. During Lent the priest held twenty- five services a week. Concerned that he might find himself alone in the church, Janice at- tended as often as she could during the six weeks, sometimes twice a day.

After church on Sundays, the Crabtrees usually eat at a local cafeteria "where we can eat well for a total of $4." Then from May through September they hitch up the boat trailer and head for the lake. Billy keeps his mahogany-hulled sixteen-foot runabout in his garage year round while Janice's 1956 car sits outside taking a weather beating. Lake Grape- vine, a very large artificial lake, has made Central Texans "boat happy," according to Billy. On weekends the road from Dallas is clogged with cars hauling boats; there are even oceangoing yachts and cabin cruisers on the lake. Central Texans approach water sports with the same happy abandon as they do flying or driving. Since Lake Grapevine was created six years ago, there have been twenty- six drownings. Nonswimmers happily water- ski, and one of the great sports on the lake is driving a boat in closer and closer circles until it turns over.

Janice, who has never learned to swim, makes her sons put on their life jackets even before leaving the house. And she won't let them water-ski at any time. "I'm probably overprotective," she admits.

Monday is Janice's day to collapse. "Even if we don't do anything special on Sundays, it's a tiring day for me," she says, "with doors slamming and people coming in and out. Monday's the day I really enjoy, when I revel in the serene quietness of my home. I even hate for the phone to ring and interrupt my solitude on Mondays. I love my home," she says. "I take pleasure in everything about it and wouldn't change a single thing even if we were millionaires."

One reason Janice is so proud of her home is that she spent seven years planning it—she drew plans to scale, so impressing an architect that he asked if she wanted to work for him. It is a spacious, handsome place which looks like a lot more than the $24,000 it cost to build. Another reason her home means so much to her is that almost all her furniture be- longed to either her mother or Billy's mother and she plans to keep each piece "until it literally falls apart."

Even as a small girl Janice was highly par- ticular about her things. "I used to line up my dolls and other toys around the room, and when my little cousins came to play and dis- arranged them, I was livid. When I was older, they used to rummage through my closet and bureau drawers and this, too, infuriated me." Janice realizes that as an only child she had little experience in give-and-take. "My par- ents gave me anything I asked for. I was grown up before I realized that my father wasn't wealthy."

Her parents were very proud of her grades, for she was an honor student all through high school. She organized her work so well and concentrated so hard in study periods that she never took a book home. Fun-loving and pretty, she was extremely popular with boys. "When I was sixteen I had a date with some boy every night all summer long," she recalls, "and often late-dated too." She was also a drum majorette at the big Dallas high school she attended. "During football games we froze, but the fun came later when we went on-dates wearing our white uniforms and ev- eryone pointed us out. A heady experience."

HOW THE CRABTREES SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Income: Bill Crabtree made $7258 with overtime. He and Janice also receive $1200 a year from rental property. Total: $8458. Monthly income: $704.83.

Food (some fish and game almost all year round)	$120.00	Car expenses (includes $50.00 payment for Opel)	90.00
Clothing (grandfathers give them "special" things)	30.00	Household cleaning supplies	3.00
House payment, tax	135.00	Laundry, dry cleaning, shoe repair	20.00
Fuel, light, water	35.00	Children's school expenses (Jim's school lunch, Bill's milk)	7.00
Telephone	8.00	Club dues (P.T.A., women's clubs)	1.00
Insurance (G.I., $7.70; car, $17.30; property in La., $7.00; hosp., $8)	40.00	Magazines, newspapers	1.00
Medical, dental	12.50	Vacation fund	20.00
Recreation (includes eating out once a week at cafeteria)	40.00	Savings fund (retirement and bonds)	20.00
Church	15.00	Income taxes	70.80
Furniture and appliances (not paying on any furniture)	10.00	Upkeep on rental property	18.00
		Miscellaneous	5.53
		Total	$704.83

Janice quit school after one year of junior college at Hockaday in Dallas and got a civil-service position with the Army Corps of Engineers. "A wonderful job," she says, "dealing with lots of young officer engineers." Then a high-school beau, Bill Adin, who had been her steady when she was fifteen, came home on leave wearing his Army Air Corps wings. Janice had been his best girl for four years and he wanted to get married right away. "I was so proud of him. . . . He looked so wonderful in his uniform. . . . I hated to let him down"—these are the reasons Janice gives today for marrying at eighteen in the face of her mother's disapproval.

The newlyweds moved into a single room near his air base in Alabama and were "very happy" for three months. Then Bill Adin was transferred to Laredo, Texas, and Janice moved back with her parents until he found suitable quarters. "Bill knew how much nice, clean surroundings meant to me . . . he wrote that all he could find were horrible holes." He came to Dallas to spend Christmas with her and they planned a weekend together in February. When the weekend arrived, a telegram came for Janice. It told her that her husband had been killed in a crash of his P-40 fighter in Laredo that morning.

For several days Janice couldn't take in the news. When she finally realized that her husband of six months was gone, she couldn't eat or sleep and lost fifteen pounds. Because staying at home gave her too much time to grieve, she went back to work and was briefly distracted by the honor of being named War Bond Belle of the Civil Service Commission.

After three months of widowhood—"I began to date again, but nothing was the same, nothing seemed any fun"—a school friend from Hockaday suggested a double date with her first cousin, Tech. Sgt. Bill Crabtree, who had just completed fifty bombing missions overseas. When Janice came out the door in a pink-and-black peasant dress with a scoop neck, Bill Crabtree thought to himself, "That's the one." He liked her size, her looks and her personality. On her part, Janice was attracted by his deep voice and quiet good manners. "I've always gone for the solid-citizen type," she says. "No wolves! I knew at once that Bill was a natural gentleman."

In the next few weeks she took many days off from work. With Billy, she drove out to his father's 400-acre registered-Hereford ranch near Grapevine. "After living all my life in Dallas, I thought Grapevine was such a quaint little country town," recalls Janice. She met Billy's father, S.B. Crabtree, a Dallas businessman and a nationally known sportsman with one of the finest kennels of field-trial dogs in America.

Billy proposed to Janice almost at once. At first she said they would have to wait a year. But the war gave a sense of urgency to everything, and after she had known him seven weeks they decided to elope. Ironically enough, Billy was also stationed at Laredo. This time she moved right down with him and they lived in a single rented room.

Billy had attended Kemper Military School in Missouri four years and worked two years for his father. He then enlisted as an air cadet, and when he was mustered out in 1945 it was decided that he would run his father's cattle ranch. Mr. Crabtree Sr., who divided his time between Dallas and his Montana hunting lodge, fixed up a house on the place for the newlyweds.

"I was just twenty years old and one month pregnant," Janice recalls, "when I began my first bouts with cooking." It didn't help that she suffered severely from morning sickness. Most days she stayed in bed while her vital mother, who was then only thirty-eight, came out three or four days a week from Dallas and did the cleaning, mending and food ordering. After she had left and Janice got out of bed to cook supper, Billy would first offer to grill a steak, and then fry the potatoes, until pretty soon he had taken over the cooking.

Billy Jr. was born in November, 1946. Billy stayed by his wife's side all night in the labor room. "I had no sedation during eight hours of hard labor, but I'm proud to say I never cried out once. I despise women who do," recalls Janice. When she regained consciousness after the delivery, her husband was bending over her and grinning ear to ear. "We have a little boy," he said, "and his ears stick out just like mine."

The new parents moved back with Janice's mother. Before long, Janice's parents bought a large four-bedroom house with two baths so that the two families could live together permanently. "Mother was beautiful, sweet, kind, gentle and sentimental," says Janice and adds, "with a will of iron. However, the arrangements gave us great freedom. All we paid for was our food, and mother did all the cooking and cared for the baby. Every night Billy and I went out to dinner and a show." Billy was still on his father's payroll and drove the forty miles daily back and forth to the ranch near Grapevine.

When little Billy was almost two, Janice realized that he loved his nanna more than anyone. "I guess Billy and I had just been a couple of irresponsible kids. Suddenly I yearned for a home of our own." Accordingly, they at once moved out to the Grapevine ranch. "Mother was simply crushed."

For a while little Billy missed his grandmother sorely. Gradually, however, he became accustomed to life on the farm. "He was a nice little boy who never demanded company," said Janice. "Like Jimmy—I could give him a handful of pine cones and he'd be happy for hours." She has never read stories to either of her sons, nor bought them children's records, which she considers "awful." The only records played on the family phonograph are her Beethoven symphonies.

When Janice had been married about four years, a series of tragedies struck. The first was the death of her lovely, vital mother at the age of forty-two from Bright's Disease. She died on Thanksgiving Day, which has since made this holiday a poignant one for Janice. Janice was with her mother during her last seventy-two hours when she lay in a deep coma. "This was the lowest point in my life," Janice says, her eyes filling with tears. "It was ever so much worse than losing my first husband."

Then Billy's younger half brother, of whom he was very fond, died in a bizarre accident when an overheated soft-drink bottle exploded, severing his jugular vein. "We had gone to Alexandria, Louisiana, for George's wedding," explains Janice, "and six weeks later we returned for his funeral." Two months later Billy's fifty-two-year-old mother died of a heart attack, brought on by her grief over her son's death.

"Until my mother died I couldn't do anything—not even make a bed properly—because I relied on her so much," explains Janice. "When I lost her ten years ago, I grew up suddenly because I had to. I plunged into housework and literally 'put my house in order.' It gave me the boost I needed and so I've continued. Also, I began going to church for the first time in five years. I was a Baptist then."

For several years Janice was too depressed to think of having another child, so that there is almost a six-year gap between her two sons. During her second pregnancy she again suffered from prolonged nausea. To divert herself she began drawing up house plans. "I must have drawn thousands," she says; "it kept me happy for years." She also began saving for a house. She and Billy inherited properties from their mothers which bring in a rental income of $1200 yearly; Janice began setting this aside. In only a few years they had paid $1900 for their corner lot on East Worth Avenue, Grapevine's most beautiful street, and had $6000 in savings.

> A hundred times every day I remind myself that my inner and outer life depend on the labors of other men, living and dead, and that I must exert myself in order to give in the same measure as I have received and am still receiving.
>
> ALBERT EINSTEIN
> THE WORLD AS I SEE IT

Janice's father, a self-employed accountant and tax consultant, who had been living alone, contributed $3000 (the contractor's estimate) for his bedroom, bath and garage space. Then with a $15,000 mortgage, they built their present house. At about the same time Billy gave up ranching, which was giving him ulcers, and got a job in an aircraft plant.

Having an in-law under the same roof has been no problem for the Crabtrees. "Billy and dad have never exchanged a cross word," says Janice. "In fact, daddy often tells me what a wonderful guy Bill is and how lucky I am to have him." Mr. Thompson eats most meals in Dallas, where he works, and is frequently away on weekends.

Last year Billy earned $7258 with overtime, and the additional $1200 from rents boosted the family income to $8458. They have never lived on a budget, but consider carefully major purchases. The only thing they are currently buying on time is Billy's Opel, which costs them $50 a month. The two grandfathers give them special clothes. Their usual tion in Montana at the Crabtree h lodge near Yellowstone costs them on transportation back and forth. Billy's pays for the hunting and fishing license over the years has given Billy $8000 wo guns. He has also taken out policies co young Billy's and Jim's college educa Billy is his only child and the boys his grandsons.

"Sometimes I feel I'm too passive, to tent," remarks Janice, fondly regardin wristband of large family diamonds she even when the watch itself is being rep She enjoys sitting on the carved sofa was a favorite possession of her mother gazing at her mother's Duncan Phyfe table. In the shelves over the fireplace living room are heavy pieces of antiq glass which belonged to Billy's mother. J hardly dares breathe when she washes in the kitchen sink. Her favorite family session is her four-poster spool bed w pink taffeta canopy. Since Billy snores sleeps alone—her pretty pink-and-blue room adjoins Billy's with an accordion between. "I feel just like Queen Eliz sleeping in that bed," she says happily. It from Spain some two hundred years ag was shipped from New Orleans up the M sippi to the old Louisiana homestead of B mother. Janice recently spent $80 having finished, after being assured that this wou no way diminish its value as an antique sleeps in another family heirloom.

"About the only furniture we've bough a coffee table and breakfast set," says J proudly.

Billy shares his wife's strong family fee After spending his boyhood shuttling bet divorced parents, and in the bleak milie military school, he has "a horror of divo says Janice. Comments a close family fri "It would not be putting it too strongly t that Bill adores Janice and the boys. He ways worrying about her doing too mu she catches cold so easily—and he wor too, about her having so much time on hands."

Only one cloud dims the horizon. Billy, used to pilot his father's private twin-eng Beechcraft and who nowadays often flies a doctor friend in his Cub, wants to ge pilot's license. Janice, who considers pri planes terribly risky, is adamant that shouldn't. "Flyin's the only thing we about," says Billy.

"I'm so grateful for my blessings," she s "Wonderful husband, handsome sons dispositions to match, best father in the w big comfortable house and a sparkling c of friends. I'm thankful for my good h and faith in God and such material po sions as two cars, two TV's and two places."

She looks about her soft and femin looking living room where not a speck of shows anywhere: "Perhaps some of my will help some poor struggling housewife has resigned herself to living in almost petual squalor," she adds.

HOW I WANT TO BRING UP MY DAUGHTER

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Harry's a lot more pliable. His sister has a will of iron. It might be better, when they grow up, if it were the other way round. But, because of their family background, they stood to inherit a fair share of determination.

Among ancient Irish pioneers who battled from island to island to build their homeland, it was customary to give new territory to the first man who "set hand" on it. The tale is told of one of my forebears who saw that his boat was losing the race to shore, so he cut off a hand and tossed it on the beach, thereby clinching his claim. Kathryn is a worthy addition to the Crosby clan. She's a woman of determination.

Kathryn wasn't at all surprised by the kind of gifts that people gave Mary Frances—pinafores, ruffled pants, lockets, pendants among them—but they were all so diminutive and feminine they increased my bewilderment at first. Right off the bat I had to start overcoming the effect of many years in which anything female was a "doll," typical show-business talk. I guess you could say it boiled down to getting used to little dolls that say "mamma" instead of big ones that say "daddy." It's going to take some effort to get onto all the gimmicks—the tearums, eatums and wettums—but I'm looking forward to it.

Princess, as we call her, likes me to sing to her. I suppose I'll eventually be teaching her songs like *Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ra*, and maybe a dance step or two. Mostly, though, I'll handle her as if she really is a doll, because I've heard that little girls break easily.

The nursery's on the ground floor and a fair hike from the stairway, which, naturally, is out of bounds. But it won't be long before we'll have to post an extra guard because Princess really believes in investigating things. And she has Harry to provide an example. He adores her, but her reaction to him wavers between tolerance and total disregard.

But the baby's a great one for playing quietly by herself. When my mother, Catherine, puts a blanket on the floor of her bedroom, it becomes a favorite spot, and the two spend hours together. I don't think I've ever seen a more appealing sight. It's a tossup as to whether grandma or Mary Frances enjoys these sessions more.

It's always been my belief that girls are easier to raise than boys. I may get some argument on this point, but my observation is that little boys are apt to be more stubborn as they grow up, and little girls more likely to bow to reason at an early age. I've always been pleased to hear it said that one of my sons took after his mother. And I've wanted someone to take one look at my daughter and declare, "She's a dead ringer for Bing." Of course close resemblance to her old man could prove to be a handicap for Princess. (Some of my friends are sure of this, but they're probably just jea of my good looks.)

At the present time, Kathryn figures M Frances looks most like my mother. She appear to belong on the Harrigan family with her wide, blue eyes, reddish-blond and real Irish face. When she's in her bath, reminds me of one of those soap ads. She get enough of it, and doesn't even mind ing her hair washed. My wife claims th because the baby's hair bears a close res blance to mine. She doesn't have very mu so it's more like washing her head.

Naturally, I've been a bit reticent about vestigating all the ins and outs of little raising. So far, the major problem seems t what to do when she cries. It scares me, e cially when I can't discover the cause of tears. I used to think I could call on othe thers for advice, but found that none of t really knows what to do when a daughter c

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Hunt's Heavenly Peaches – Hunt...for the best

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All parents make mistakes bringing up their kids. I've made my share. I feel fortunate that none of my goofs with Gary, Phil, Dennis or Lin—although they loomed large at the time—couldn't be corrected in the course of time, and that none had any permanently adverse effect.

It's no soft touch to try to get sons to toe the line, but I can't think of anything more difficult for a father than disciplining his daughter. It's a good thing she's likely to need less. Boys eventually get too big to be licked, but girls get beyond that a lot sooner. It doesn't take many years before you don't even think of putting your daughter over your knee.

The solution to this problem probably lies in psychology. With Mary Frances, I'll be in favor of early-to-bed edicts and cuts in her allowance, when necessary, but seriously doubt my ability to apply such measures. A woman never knows what she can do till she cries. From what I've seen of our little girl so far, I'm sure the sight of her with eyes aflow will always make her father pretty meek.

Neither of our kids is being raised by the book. We both love to pick them up. And we believe they should be picked up and held whenever the need arises, as well as many times when there is no apparent need. There's nothing like a lot of affection to make them feel secure.

I didn't make the mistake of spoiling my older sons. If anything, I bent over in the opposite direction. Though I realize the risk of spoiling a girl is all the greater in my case, I still want Mary Frances to have as much fun out of life as she can, while she's still young enough to enjoy it fully. I try to spend as much time as possible with her and little Harry. I think that's one of the most important contributions a father can make.

If Princess is anything like me, she'll get much of her pleasure just from reliving the big moments of her past. I want her to be able to look back on many a happy occasion shared with her doting dad. Even though I'd probably give it a lot of thought before I plunged, I wouldn't be against shooting a bundle on something like a coming-out party for her.

I've never been against things like that, as long as parents could afford them, because of their importance to the main participant. Debuts are like honeymoons. A girl may look ahead to hers for only a few years, but she'll look back on it forever.

Yes, I want my daughter to have fun, to grab her full share of happiness. I've discovered that being really happy calls for doing things that absorb your full attention, apart from the things you *have* to do. So I'm going to see that our youngsters get started on hobbies at an early age, just as I did with their big brothers, and just as my father did with me.

Dad introduced me to the joy of fishing before I was out of grammar school. Kathryn claims it's no longer a hobby with me, but an occupation. I do know that I get more fun out of fishing—especially sending a dry fly in search of a hungry trout—than from anything else. I've been teaching my wife to cast, and I hope she'll get the kind of thrill I get from hooking a big one.

Besides encouraging the seven Crosby kids to take part in outdoor activity, my father saw to it that we were exposed to music almost as soon as we could hear. One of his early extravagances was a phonograph, and he later went into hock to get us a piano. The first record I can remember hearing was *The Merry Widow Waltz*, when I was four. Later, in my teens, I went through a spell of imitating Al Jolson—whom I first met when I was a flunky at Spokane's Auditorium Theater—and I think my father had every record Al had made at the time.

Hobbywise, I want my daughter to take up things that really interest her, interest that will last long after the urge to pick up a few pennies has passed. There are some parents, I know, who don't think it's a good idea for girls to be too athletically inclined, but I want Mary Frances to be skilled in several sports—tennis and swimming, at least, maybe even softball—because they're great character builders as well as body builders. Her mother's gone in for athletic activity all her life, and I can't see that it's done her anything but good.

We're also going to make sure Mary Frances pays a lot of attention to religion, and gets really interested in it too. It's something that should be important in her life from beginning to end. Since Kathryn and I are Roman Catholics, she'll be instructed in that faith. But whatever the religion, I feel that a firm foundation is the big thing. You have to get a good grounding if it's to become a faith you can carry with you and count on all your life.

I've always believed I've been lucky, but my mother points out that I wouldn't have accomplished much without the power of prayer. Long ago she told me I'd never get anywhere in this world—or the next—without it. I know prayer can be a potent force, and I've made it a practice to seldom pass a chapel without going in for a few minutes to bend a pious knee.

I want my daughter to grow up with her religion, as I did. Church means a great deal to both my wife and me, and we want it to mean a great deal to our children. I've had some wonderful times, for which I've given thanks. But I've been even more grateful for my strong religious belief at other times, times that weren't so wonderful. What would seem like a king-size problem without faith can be cut down to regular size with it.

As she grows older, I want my daughter to accept me as an adviser. I hope she'll turn to me when things get too tough for her in a world that gives boys better breaks than girls. I want to be able to understand her so well that I'll know she won't object to an occasional fatherly nudge in the right direction.

To me, one of the most tragic spectacles of life is a young person drifting aimlessly through school and into adulthood, lulled by a false sense of security, believing that being well heeled will guarantee being happy. Unless you know where you're heading, you don't stand much chance of ever really enjoying the trip.

However, I don't feel that the goals should be inflexible, that there shouldn't be a switch to something else if certain factors favor the change. In my own case, before I became a full-time singer, I studied law for a year and even clerked in a lawyer's office in my spare time. As for Mary Frances, all I'll try to do with her is to find out where her inclinations lie and encourage her to choose a vocation in which she can follow them.

First and foremost, I want her to get a good education. I'd like her to go through grade school chalking up A's and B's, and then go on to complete a college course. College is important to progress in most professions these days, but it's always been important to progress as a person. The varied contacts help develop tolerance and understanding, providing a better viewpoint in regard to both yourself and others.

If our daughter's much like her mother or me, she'll keep in touch with many of her school chums all through life. I value the friendship of some of my former schoolmates more than that of most other people I know, simply because I've known them longer and have learned how much they can be relied upon.

I wanted very much for each of my four boys to get a degree, yet none of them did. I realize now, had I been less insistent, I'd probably have got better results. I want my daughter to get her degree, but only if she also wants to get it.

I used to dream of the day the boys would be running the Nevada ranch I owned. All four spent several summers working on the ranch. I've since seen that I made the mistake of overestimating their enthusiasm for ranch life. My own enthusiasm was what killed theirs. By overdoing the sagebrush bit, I made them lose interest in it altogether. Then I decided to sell the ranch.

So they followed in my footsteps, after all. They're now doing what *they* want to do. You're lucky if you can make a living at something you like.

Kathryn and I are convinced that our kids must be allowed to carve out their own careers. She thinks our boy has the makings of either an actor or a politician, because of the ham in his make-up. No doubt he's inherited some from both sides of the house. However, he could well be the one to wind up as the boss of our new ranch in Northern California. If I keep quiet about it.

I want Mary Frances to take part in a lot of extracurricular activities while she's in school. This will help her handle civic duties on h own, later on, in pursuit of such things charitable works and other doings of wo ens' organizations. When she's grown u much of her happiness will come from ha ing interests apart from her vocation or h work as a homemaker.

Along the way, I hope she'll develop a go degree of intestinal fortitude, and always ha the courage of her own convictions. My wif like me when it comes to sizing people u Neither of us has much patience with the who don't defend their beliefs, whether or n we agree with them.

Naturally, no matter what else she prepar for, the time will eventually come for Ma Frances to consider either a religious life marriage as her next move. The choice will up to her; but if she doesn't make the dr most certainly I want her to make the othe The way I see it, the life of a bachelor femal no matter how interesting, will always be u fulfilled.

We keep having waves of teenage marriag from time to time, but I hope we won't be the midst of one when my daughter's in h teens. My grandmother, Katie, married at si teen. But things were different in those day Hers was a world of slow travel and slow com munication. Childhood friends were usual friends for life, and a great many people live and died in or near the place where they wer born. Today's world, with its jet-powere planes and high-powered automobiles, is happy hunting ground for both sexes. Sinc people live longer and don't get old as soon a they used to, young people have more tim and a broader field in which to choose the mates. So teenage marriages don't make muc sense to me.

But I know she'll have to learn the trut about many things herself, even though he fond father would like nothing better than t spare her some of the hard knocks that wi add to her knowledge.

When I was a teenager, I had my share o problems, but life was a lot less complicated i the '20's. I was mainly concerned with schoo sports, music and singing. My biggest hurdl was hooking onto a job that would allow me t more than just get by, that would make it pos sible for me to put a little money in the bank

I was fortunate to have a father who didn' believe in worrying about the future. I inher ited dad's relaxed, casual approach to life an tried to follow his example by living in th present and making the best of things, no mat ter what happened.

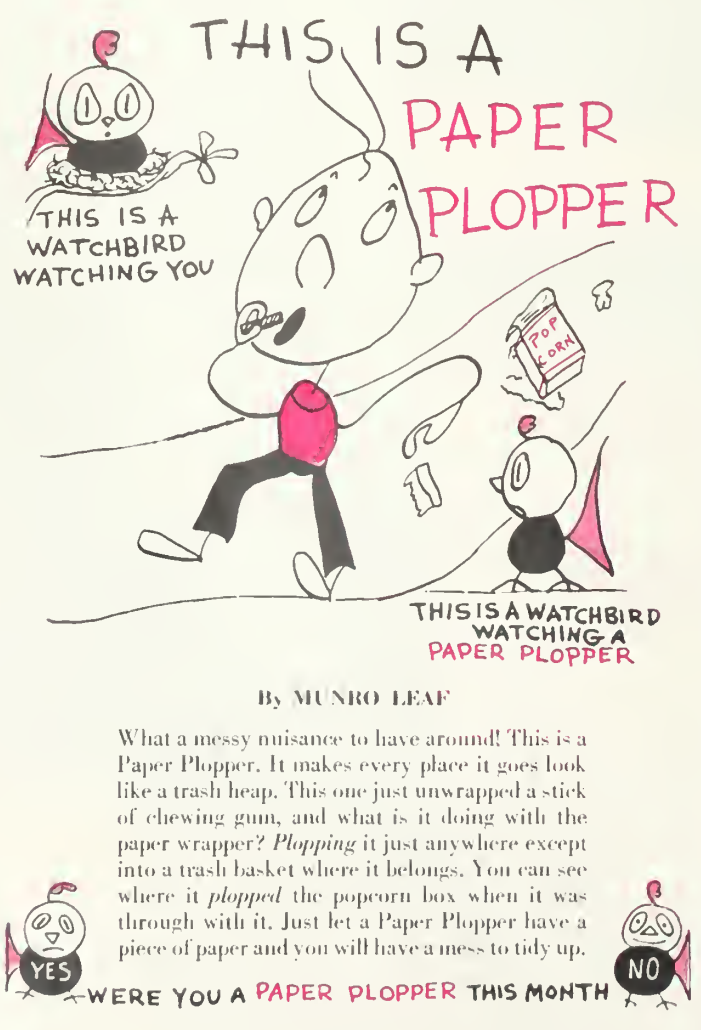
My older boys ran into more trouble than did, and there are probably even more prob lems ahead for Princess and Tex. The situa tion facing me as a father is a little more com plex than the average. When you're in the pub lic eye, raising your children presents specia problems. Children of show-business person alities aren't paid extra attention by the solid well-grounded kids they meet, but they also run into bubbleheads who persist in making a big thing out of the fact that one or both o their parents are prominent. The parents have to work to counteract the effect of the old goo that is ladled out, and keep their kids on an even keel.

I'm going to try hard to encourage my two younger ones to come to me whenever any thing's bothering them. I want to be sure they know my ear is always available to them, and whenever they show signs of closing their own to me, I'll endeavor to ease up on the pressure.

I want Mary Frances to wait until she's well into her twenties before she marries. In fact, I'd prefer that she didn't even start steady dating until she's through college, which was my own way. Kids who start going steady while they're still in junior high are only asking for trouble and, one way or another, many of them get it.

Admittedly, I'll probably want to hang onto my daughter as long as I can. But I'll also be prepared for when she may want another man to hang onto her. Though I'll want her to count on either Kathryn or myself for help with most of her problems, I'll let her mother cue her on what to look for in a husband.

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Big-appetite sandwich: Kraft DeLuxe Slices, mayonnaise, mustard, teamed with ham and pickles

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KRAFT AMERICAN • OLD ENGLISH Brand • SWISS • BRICK

PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190

When it comes to picking and choosing a mate in a country where the divorce rate is as high as ours, I think the main thing is to find someone whose whole approach to marriage will guarantee that the union will be well glued and be insurance against its ever falling apart

As for the lad she decides to marry, I'll follow the same course of action as I have with the marriages of my sons. I'll keep out of it. Except for checking into the backgrounds of her boy friends, which is more or less a father's right, even if he risks classification as a fuddy-duddy.

I'll be interested mainly in what a boy represents as an individual. It may not be the most important thing, but it's one of the most important. He'll probably pass my inspection as long as he shapes up as a good citizen and a good provider.

Long before this problem comes up, I think Mary Frances will know the right solution to it. I plan to keep telling her about the right principles, and that sort of thing, and I'll hope she digests my father-daughter dissertations. Hope is about all a father can have in a case of this kind.

Twenty years of his teaching can be blown sky-high in twenty seconds if some good-looking, smooth-talking Lothario zeros in on his daughter. If a girl happens to tumble head over heels for a fellow who leaves a lot to be desired, her parents can only pray for her deliverance. I'm only guessing, but I believe it might be worked out simply by combining the ideal with the fact. My pet theory is that you could break up a thing like this by going along with it, instead of resisting. By removing all obstacles—and maybe slipping a little grease onto the slide—I think the daughter's view of the whole affair would soon dim. In my book, nothing makes young people want to do something more than having older people run it down.

I gave this idea a lot of thought when I was making my latest movie, *High Time*. I play a well-to-do widower with grown-up children, who goes to college to get the education he missed on the way up. He gets involved with rock 'n' roll, initiations and so forth with teenagers, and has his eyes opened by the younger generation. He also has a daughter, so I figure the film was a sort of dress rehearsal for my future with Mary Frances.

It isn't likely that my daughter will be lacking in determination. Once she's set her sights on something, she'll probably go after it, the way her mother does.

Kathryn and I first met at Paramount, when she visited the studio as a reporter representing her home-town paper in Texas. At the time, I couldn't help appreciating her almost grim resolve to get a good story out of the Old Groaner, even though both she and her editor were aware that I wasn't the easiest interviewee she could have encountered in Hollywood. Her earnestness and straightforward manner made me equally determined that she should not depart without all she needed to complete the assignment.

Later, I was much impressed by the way she made a name for herself as an actress, working her way up slowly and surely, and always standing on her own two feet. If our daughter tackles life the same way, I'll be more than satisfied—whether or not anyone ever remarks on her resemblance to me.

A couple of years ago, Kathryn's interest began to turn from acting to nursing. She studied anatomy, chemistry, psychology and other such subjects at Los Angeles City College, then enrolled for a nursing course. Among other things, she put in a stint as a "scrubber" in surgery. She's now doing lab work and attending nursing classes at Immaculate Heart College.

"A nurse learns discipline and how to [illegible] service with her hands," is the way she explains her enthusiasm for this work. "This is very satisfying feeling. I think it will be a help in my domestic life."

I'm in complete agreement. There's nothing like having someone with know-how around when Princess picks up a case of the sniffles, Tex bangs a knee. Or, for that matter, when I happen to hit a sour note in the bathroom and cut myself while shaving. And, of course, there can be times when it's much more important than that.

Crosby Sunday Afternoons—gathering the clan at our abode—have brought the Holmby Hills house back to life. There's nothing wrong with having money, but to me it's a lot more important to have a happy home with my wife and young 'uns. And to have the rest of my family with me.

I give Kathryn an occasional cooking [illegible] but she doesn't really need any. She cooks up a storm on weekends, usually preparing the main dish for Sunday dinner. My boys' wives bring the vegetables, salad and dessert. The women have great gabfests, dealing mostly with infants, recipes and diets. The little ones—I have three grandchildren now—have a ball together; they're all still in the initial sociability stage. We need only one thing to complete the picture. Gary's going to have to surrender his bachelor status to give it the finishing touch.

The menfolk talk a lot of show business that's sort of second nature—but also cover baseball and football. We usually get a game going before the day is over. On weekdays Kathryn and I spend a lot of time reading, watching TV, fooling around with the kids or just visiting. We both like to have friends over for tea or dinner.

My father was a great lover of his home. His last words were, "I'm going home." I've never believed marriage to be a trap, that having a family and establishing a home meant loss. I was likely to fly out the window. I won't argue that you don't have to work at it, but I believe you stand a lot less chance of losing love if you preserve the closeness of a family relationship. Security comes from belonging and *knowing* you belong. More than anything else, that's what I want for my daughter.

E[illegible]

How New Wonder Drug Face Cream Restores Young Look to Skin

A Report by Helena Rubinstein

What makes young skin so firm, resilient, smooth? It is rich in the two vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. These are the very hormones that have helped shape every inch of every woman from Venus to you and me—the same hormones contained in my new Ultra Feminine® Face Cream.

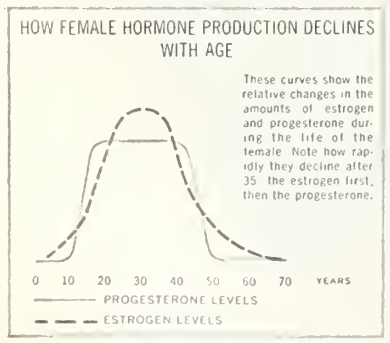


HELENA RUBINSTEIN
First Lady of Beauty Science

Why does a maturing woman need a supplement of these hormones? As she gets older, her body does not produce estrogen and progesterone as lavishly as before (see chart below). We see the difference in the skin—the dryness, the age lines.

Almost every one of us, in an attempt to turn the tide, has tried many of the oils and moisture ingredients that are on sale everywhere. No surface additive of moisture, no man-made lubricant can duplicate the results of nature's own precious estrogen and progesterone.

Throughout my life, I have sought to recapture the female hormone benefits of young skin for the mature skin. Out of my exciting research with the celebrated Dr. Joseph Kapp of Vienna, some thirty years ago, came the first estrogenic hormone face cream. It won *half* the battle against aging skin.



In recent years I have again been involved in a vast and exciting hormone research project, this time aided by doctors, research scientists, hospitals, universities, clinics all over the United States. The result is my Ultra Feminine Face Cream, the first face cream to contain *both* vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone.

Medical tests show that Ultra Feminine actually *reverses* two aging processes of the skin! Now you can look young again!

With renewed estrogen, the cells deep within the skin layers can hold maximum moisture once again. These cells, plumped out once more, support the surface firmly. Lines smooth out. Wrinkles due to dryness are reduced. Young skin tone is restored. With the help of progesterone the oil glands are reactivated to produce at a younger rate again. The skin is soft, dewy, protected. The whole expression of the face looks more youthful!

Ultra Feminine actually replenishes physiological substances within the skin. It comes to you with the highest recommendation, for it meets the same rigid testing as drugs in a doctor's prescription.

Because skin cannot store up hormones, I urge you to give your skin its daily hormone quota: use Ultra Feminine every night. Within one month, your skin will look—and act—young again, and continued use will maintain these results—at a cost of pennies a day—$3.50 for a 30-day supply, $5.50 for 60 days.

You will be fascinated to find out how the female hormones determine your womanliness—how they put lustre in the hair, softness in the voice. Write to me for my free booklet, "The Hormones That Make You Every Inch a Woman" which includes a special section of Vital Statistics of American Womanhood. Address your request to Helena Rubinstein, Department B, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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Advertisement

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

At the age of two, if you would have a child relish any food, from tuna to truffle, just say, "When you're old enough, perhaps four or five, you may have some."

Some advice from the neighborhood's great-grandfather to his male heir: "Before choosing a wife, try to get a peek at her early in the morning, late at night and when she comes in wet from a storm."

A boy writes his first letter home from school: "Dear mom and dad, I'm very well off here except for one thing—money. Your loving son."

To realize how overweighted heredity is, compared with environment, one only has to observe that apple trees keep right on bearing apples, peach trees peaches and that even without protection against pest and blight good fruit often results—or, given the best care, doesn't.

One new mother seems not to be making much headway in getting her husband to take over the baby's two-o'clock bottle; he stumbles around muttering, "Where am I?" until finally she has to put him back to bed.

There's no bond of sympathy deeper nor path of communication freer than that which flows between two mothers, each of whom has lost a child.

At the end of "one of those days" for the cleaning woman, she finally declared, "I'm just going to have to put my head together."

Recently we wrote that in the dictionary of life, as well as in the dictionary of words, "education" and "love" come before "marriage"; and a reader has pointed out that all three come before "sex."

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

When a girl is born, one of two things is always said: "Perhaps next time they'll have a boy"; or, "Isn't it nice they already have a boy?"

A good rule for talking is one used in measuring flour: sift first.

It is better for a parent to maintain a foolish "Yes" and a selfish "No" rather than to shake a child's faith in the fixity of a promise; but it is better still to take time to consider every implication and complication before making *any* promise.



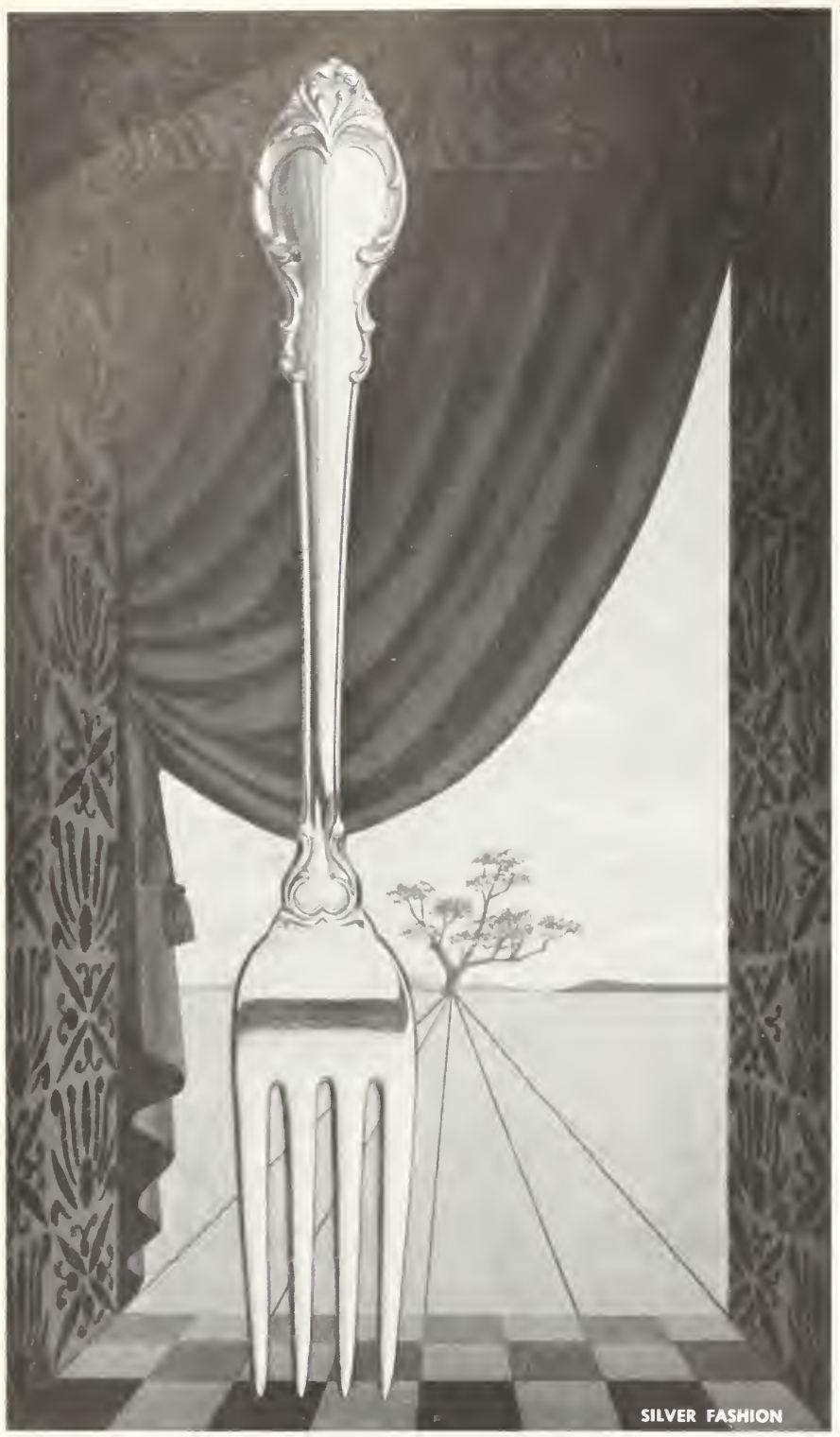
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DEEPSILVER — silverplate by The International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

*Formerly Holmes & Edwards DeepSilver



BECAUSE WOMEN CARE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

On the contrary, Nina hopes it's quite evident that she shares her husband's enthusiasm—almost devotion—for politics.

For sixteen of their seventeen years of marriage the energetic but quiet-spoken Mrs. Lord has been an ardent district committeewoman for the Democratic Party. She has served as a delegate to two Democratic national conventions and from time to time has lobbied effectively for issues of concern to the state.

Although the Lords' postal address is Princeton, they live in suburban Lawrence Township, where Nina is assigned to District 4. It is the largest voting district in Mercer County.

Whether or not she gave it much serious thought before her marriage to Thorn Lord, Nina is now convinced that everyone should take an active interest in politics. "Look at your tax dollar," she says, as if rebutting an argument. "The Government is the biggest corporation in the country. People buy General Motors stock and they watch it like a clock. They ought to be just as interested in their share of the Government."

Thorn Lord states his case as clearly and a bit more concisely: "The Government has spent more since 1950 than it has in its entire previous history." That, he thinks, is reason enough why people should know what's going on in politics. Thorn, recognized as a rebuilder of the Democratic Party in New Jersey, was a key figure in a group of Democrats who reorganized the party on a twenty-one-county basis after the Hague administration had come to an end.

He succeeded his law partner, Richard J. Hughes, as county chairman of Mercer County, inheriting a well-knit organization which he has strengthened to such a degree that every elective office in the county has been captured by his party since. The margin of voter superiority makes opposition all but impossible.

Thorn was nicknamed "The Lord" when he took over the chairmanship of a county that until then had been a Republican reserve. The name is not inappropriate. He is tall and gaunt, almost Lincolnesque in appearance. He has heavy eyebrows, a wide smile and hands so big that he was once advised against taking a typing course. A friend describes his sartorial habits as "disreputable." Anyone who has seen him in the well-traveled raincoat and fedora that are his trademark will understand why.

Politics is an everyday consuming interest of Thorn Lord, and has been since he started his professional career. For the past ten years or so he has gathered around him a group of associates who share his concern for political science and relish being members of "The Lord's Zoo." The name, their own invention, applies to ten regulars at the luncheon table, and perhaps an equal number of honorary members.

Nina Lord has undoubtedly been equally fascinated. Maybe her initial interest was inspired by an effort to put marriage on a sharing basis. But today her participation is real and down-to-earth.

"I love people and politics is people," she explains in simple terms. "It's our whole life now. We have practically no social calendar except for political meetings, and they account for most of our entertaining. We don't play games and we're not much interested in material things. Twice a year we go to a dinner dance in Princeton." After a thoughtful pause she adds, "You know, I often used to wonder what I'd do with myself when the children were grown. It has all worked out perfectly."

Nina doesn't mean to give the impression that she and Thorn have many quiet evenings to sit by the fireside. More often the fireside is crowded with energetic Democratic Party workers who have been summoned to a planning session or pep talk. And occasionally there are meetings called by Lord as chairman of the Planning Board of Lawrence Township, a job he has held for the past twelve years.

In recent months special meetings have scheduled to discuss a proposed highway will slice through the area, affecting property owners. Prior to this, Law Township was engaged in a tax fight strain the state from reassessing farm according to its high real-estate lot valu

During these and other sessions which been held with increasing frequency in election months, Nina is a warm and tho ful hostess, as well as a lively participan is not the acquiescent helpmate who bo her husband's judgment—at least n politics.

The Lords' house, located on quiet ince Line Road, just ten minutes by car Princeton, is ideally comfortable for sessions that often convene there. It is a room solidly American dwelling that has to its original style for more than 200 y The property sprawls over twenty acr woods and wildness, although the house is in friendly proximity to the blacktop Aged shade trees and rich growths of sl bery provide a sanctuary for a colorful va of birds. The Lords have installed a back feeder further to entice them.

Inside, the house is a cozy conglomer of bright slip covers, traditional furniture early-American pieces that are used an just admired. The atmosphere is informal family photographs, geraniums in clay and a stubborn corner of wallpaper won't adhere above the fireplace.

Oftentimes the sofa's sunny warm claimed by two waggy black dogs tha Lords affectionately call "spoodles." says they are lovable mistakes, and desc their heritage as part spaniel, part poodle complacent one has been part of the fa for ten years. The other, a recent acquisi is a bundle of black puppy whose mar dissolve when the door chimes ring.

Nina Lord, in spite of her gentle va advocates "system." She knows that wit an organized approach she would not be to accomplish as much as she does each Certainly her endeavors bear no relatio her stature. She is small and slim, with hair, patrician features and eyes the colo blue Wedgwood. Yet she would not look of place on a golf course, and in fact was a member of a Massachusetts state golf t

"I like to think of myself as being fifty," says. "It's not that I hate to admit how am, but age is a quality of mind. I've kn people who were old at twenty-two. Re too much emphasis is put on age today people have become fearful of growing

Nina's account of her daily housekee routine sounds as quick and efficient as a readying a baseball diamond. She gets u 6 A.M. and regardless of the weather take dogs out for a leisurely walk. In those awa ing hours she reads and watches educati courses on television.

If dinner is to be eaten at home, she part prepares the menu, which often as not inc a hearty stew. Cooking has been a pro during the past months of campaigning w schedules have been subject to last-mi revision. Nina has come to depend on d that will warm and stretch. Her stand-b chicken. She has also learned to keep a su of hamburger in the refrigerator, as well a assortment of cheese and full jars of coo and crackers. There is always coffee on range.

Another campaign concession has be note pad at the bottom of the stairs for jo family messages. Nina, an early riser, goes to bed early when possible. Thorn, says, is a night person who is fully awak midnight.

The only domestic help in the Lord ho hold is a woman who comes each Wedne to clean and iron. Washing is done on Mon or Tuesday. Nina says that although doesn't always have advance warning people are coming, her husband is though enough to call a caterer when he invite large crowd. But if refreshments are li Nina usually prepares them herself and pends on the dishwasher for cleanup aid.

Housekeeping is only a part of her day. is also a successful businesswoman. Week at 9:30 A.M. she is working at her spec

on fashionable Palmer Square in Prince-
It is called The Clothes Line, Inc., and
tarted twenty-two years ago when Nina
wo friends each put in $500 to incorpo-
Their idea was to feature reasonably priced
stylish junior-size clothes that were not
available in Princeton.

na, now sole owner, is concentrating her
s on the Princeton shop, having once
ated a boys' clothing store and thriving
ches in Trenton and Cape Cod.

e present store is actually two connecting
s. One, opened fifteen years ago, is de-
l to children's apparel which Nina de-
es as "the Tiffany of baby things." It is
blue and gay with the tunes of a music
that once belonged to Nina's grand-
er. Merchandise, much of it with a deli-
handmade look, is stacked on open
es, carrying out the owner's theory that
mers like to touch and examine things
e purchasing.

e adjoining women's shop sells casual
sport clothes that have a good-taste flair.
is the shop's best advertisement. She
s classic clothes and shows a preference
lue that becomingly accentuates her silver
She has that enviable knack of looking
ell groomed in a tweed skirt and sweater
e does in a designer suit. When furs are
rm, Nina is likely to capture attention
a handsomely tailored cloth coat of rich
.

r workday office is a bright corner of the
stockroom. Three times a year she goes to
York on seasonal buying trips, and busi-
as-usual is conducted by four trusted
en employees. ("You're not a very good
esswoman if you have to be on hand all
me," she says.) The enterprise is her own,

> A man with a new idea is a crank until the idea succeeds.
>
> MARK TWAIN

she insists that Thorn would no sooner
fere than he would tolerate her meddling
s law practice.

it both were delighted this past summer
their sixteen-year-old daughter, also
ed Nina, decided she would like to work
e shop. A pretty blonde, she is a student
amous Madeira School in Greenway,
inia.

te Mrs. Lord has checked in at the shop,
usually swings her car homeward to pre-
breakfast for Thorn, who has made a
t of sleeping late after long evenings of
paigning. They discuss plans for the day
then she heads back to the store before
ing her mother, Mrs. Loring Underwood,
unch at the Nassau Inn, across the street.
. Underwood suspects that her daughter's
hant for politics may well derive from a
t-great-grandfather who was once mayor
lewark.

the days when comparatively few women
ht college degrees, Nina received a finish-
school education at the select Winsor
ol in Boston. At the age of nineteen, she
me the bride of David H. McAlpin. The
riage ended in divorce ten years later.
y have two daughters, Mrs. Kenneth
e Brownell, of Greenwich, Connecticut,
Mrs. Robert Hauslohner, of Philadelphia,
a son, David H. McAlpin, Jr., a Presby-
n minister serving as copastor at a Negro
ch in Princeton. Nina requires little or no
ouragement to produce snapshots of her
grandchildren under five years of age.

figure skater in her girlhood, Nina, in her
ited fashion, organized the Princeton Ice
ting Club and is now an honorary member.
was once featured soloist in a Sonja Henie
show at Madison Square Garden, and at
time thought nothing of skating four
rs a day to keep in condition.

thletic activities have always been a
essary part of her life. She sails during the
mer months at Chatham, Massachusetts,
re she lives in the old family home, and
s tennis whenever she can find an oppo-
t to match her energy. During the warmer
ths in Princeton she often takes a half
hour from the shop and goes over to the university courts to hit tennis balls against a backboard.

Nina, a convert to Christian Science, tries to live religion day by day. She says she is constantly striving to improve her relations with people, but anyone who knows her will grant that she is only deepening channels of compassion and understanding that were already adequate. Thorn is an Episcopalian who attends church regularly.

Nina's civic accomplishments show that she believes an individual must assume responsibilities in a community. She has been a tireless worker for the betterment of Princeton, a picturesque borough of more than 25,000 that circles Princeton University.

During the depth of the depression, when malnutrition often lowered the academic standing of otherwise normally bright children, Nina and two friends joined forces to correct the situation. The three young matrons called at local restaurants and business establishments to collect leftover food and donations of cooking utensils. Then they pushed up the sleeves of their sweaters and started cooking hot lunches daily for 300 youngsters. The project continued for five years until the state lunch program was initiated in New Jersey public schools.

Several years later, when Dr. Robert Garber, of the state Neuro-Psychiatric Institute at Skillman, New Jersey, needed help in raising funds, he called on Mrs. Lord. He explained that although state funds provided for maintenance and operation of the institution, the money didn't buy extras that are vital to patient morale.

Once again Nina phoned a few friends and formed the nucleus of a volunteer group to conduct fund-raising activities. The women have been able to build a swimming pool, stock the library, and supply television sets for sitting rooms. Much of the work has been accomplished by the collection of discarded nylon stockings, profitably sold for reprocessing.

For two or three years Nina was a forceful lobbyist, pressuring legislators to pass school bills and other measures that New Jerseyites considered worth while. She helped to defeat a bond issue to construct a reservoir that most Princeton residents opposed as inadequate.

When Nina filed a petition as a committeewoman sixteen years ago, there were only ten registered Democrats in her area. The district which she shares with a committeeman now has 666 registered voters, about 300 of whom vote Democratic.

Nina's job is to keep the voters informed about candidates and issues, make sure that they are properly registered, and encourage them to vote. A good committee worker, she says, works at it all year and doesn't just appear as a stranger at the door a week before elections.

Before each April primary, Nina limits her visits to Democrats, since New Jersey voters can't cross over. But she tries to call on all registered voters well in advance of the general election. As a committeewoman, she becomes a friend of the family, advising on absentee ballots for members who are away or in military service, and making arrangements for moving cards or reregistrations.

On election day, Nina starts work when the polls open at 7 A.M. and ends her day (which is often the beginning of the next) at county headquarters in Trenton to await the tabulation. Periodically during the day she phones voters who haven't appeared, to offer them a ride or her baby-sitting services.

Mrs. Harry Loveless, now Lawrence Township clerk and the only woman elected to public office in the township, recalls the election day when she was housebound caring for her infant twins. "I know they're precious and I'll take good care of them," said Nina, shooing the anxious young mother out the door.

Although there's no compensation for all the effort expended, Nina feels overpaid in opportunities to meet people and sound out their reactions to current problems and attitudes. And of course before the last primary she had twice as much reason to get out the vote. As introduction to voters, she often stood at their doorsteps and held up a sample

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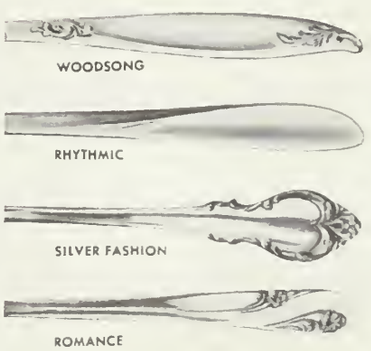
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ballot, explaining: "My husband's running for the Senate. He's at the top. I'm running for committeewoman. Way down here at the bottom."

New Jersey Democrats, confident of their strong party ticket, know that Thorn Lord is enough of a political realist to have calculated quite carefully his chance of success. His disadvantage is in not being as well known to the average voter as is Sen. Clifford P. Case, the Republican incumbent. Many voters, particularly those who use New Jersey only as a suburban home, feel that the choice makes little difference since both candidates are liberals, both have union labor support.

Lord has campaigned vigorously during the past months, speaking at dinners and shaking hands with voters in the twenty-one counties. He has gradually gained assurance and many new friends. The nightly campaign grind is not entirely new to Lord, who worked just as diligently for many years in getting voters registered. He was often assisted by his son, Thorn P. Lord, twenty-one, who is now serving in Army Security on Okinawa.

A courthouse correspondent once described Lord by saying: "As he gangles around, looking vaguely like Abe Lincoln but, unlike Lincoln, seldom saying three words in a row, nobody knows what goes on in Lord's mind. That may be the secret of his success."

Lord was highly regarded by his party, with backers booming his name in an effort to make him better known to the public, and his candidacy was announced without opposition. Robert Morris, on the Republican primary ticket, greeted Lord by saying he was happy the Democrats "selected a candidate w well respected and who is a gentleman."

Nina's affluent social background and ticipation in political affairs have bee cellent preparation for her possible role wife of a U.S. Senator. As an official ho she has had considerable practice at " ven," the governor's residence in Princ Nina and Helen Meyner are long-time fri so she occasionally assists or substitutes New Jersey's first lady is away.

In discussing the role of women in po Nina appears to be talking about some that concerns her deeply. "I don't think w should be segregated from men in p when they share their homes and their fu Why shouldn't women help to shape p After all, they have experience in trainin and educating children and in managing hou budgets. Most of them do more buyin handle more of the money men earn a men," she says with conviction.

But she knows that the closed doo policy-making sessions aren't going to open to women until more of them kno the door and show some interest. She d the fact that women, who are naturally sitive to atmospheres and situations, take more of an active interest.

With her genuine warmth and politi people attitude, Nina's interest is never t ened. Other women might wilt under a s barrage of banquet oratory. Not Nina. he has a formula that doesn't fail. "If I get sitting at the head table, then I go ou talk to some of the people," she says vote-winning smile.



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NEXT MONTH

A Thanksgiving Bounty of Memorable Writing

Featuring works by three distinguished authors: Isak Dinesen, whose "Farah" evokes a torchlit era in the Africa of thirty years ago and plays a subtle light over the master-slave relationship; Victoria Lincoln, who tells in "Love is a Crooked Thing" the story of a boy who did not fit in with the crowd—and of a girl who discovered her place beside him; Rumer Godden, whose delicately embroidered "Miss Happiness and Miss Flower" is the quintessence of every delightful wish.

What Makes Johnny So Spoiled?

The rudest, most destructive child in your neighborhood is easy to understand when he comes from a boorish family. But many adults who are polite themselves beam proudly and, it would seem, blindly at the obnoxious behavior of their offspring. What's the explanation? Why has overpermissiveness become such a common American pattern? World-famous Dr. Benjamin Spock offers his usual expert advice for parents.

The Cancer Nobody Talks About

It causes more deaths in the United States today than any other cancer. Yet it can be detected when there is still a good chance for cure—*if* we overcome our squeamishness and learn the danger signals. Gladys Denny Shultz tells why sigmoidoscopy should be included in the regular checkups of all women and men over forty.

He's 26, She's 38—How Did it Happen?

How can she be so foolish at *her* age? Much has been written about older men losing their hearts to young girls, but the problem of the mature woman and the boy is just as poignant. When the woman has a devoted, hard-working husband and two teenaged children, the chances for heartbreak are split five ways. Dr. Clifford Adams discusses an increasingly frequent phenomenon in "Making Marriage Work."

There's More to a Turkey Than Gobble

It's for you to decide whether or not to reveal your roast's tantalizing secret, but expect to be asked for it! Our bird is stuffed with flavorsome smoked oysters in a blend of ham and herbs that is irresistible. There are a cheese-and-chicken *pâté* aspic, too; savory hot onion canapés; an unusual cranberry relish; and a luxurious holiday macaroon pie to "bake" ahead of time. Traditional dishes, treated in a way that makes the past exciting.

Also, Pat Boone on teenage habits; "Can This Marriage Be Saved?"; beauty and fashion news of the season; an entertainment feature on two kinds of dinners you will want to give, one "dress up" and one "dress down," and much, much more in the November *Journal*.

Printed in U.A.

LADIES' HOME

JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

NOVEMBER 1960 • 35¢



PATRICIA NIXON – **OUR THANKSGIVING** – JACQUELINE KENNEDY

HOW I SLIM DOWN: **Ginger Rogers, Mitzi Gaynor, Robert Taylor**

WONDERFUL STORIES: ISAK DINESEN, RUMER GODDEN, VICTORIA LINCOLN

WHERE ARE ALL THE MEN? **Asks A GIRL who wants to GET MARRIED**

DANGEROUS FRIENDSHIP: A MARRIED WOMAN AND A YOUNGER MAN—DR. ADAMS

DO BIG CITY SCHOOLS CORRUPT SOME CHILDREN, FAIL TO

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Ladies' Home JOURNAL

November 1960

VOL. LXXVII NO. 11

Journalities



Neal Stuart

NEAL STUART's exciting *Fire! Fire!* (*How America Lives*, page 128) recounts the experiences of the Frank Perrons, of Connecticut, a couple with reason for loving their neighbors. The writer, a *Journal* associate editor, met them when their new house was being built. "But after Judy and Frank told me their separate minute-by-minute versions of that terrible night," she says, "I smelled smoke for days." A hot typewriter, perhaps.



Victoria Lincoln

Speaking of herself: "VICTORIA LINCOLN is fifty-five, and until this year she didn't like to climb mountains. She lives two intensive days in every twenty-four hours, rising long before dawn and taking a wholehearted nap after lunch. She loves clothes and hates shopping. She dislikes TV sponsors and *avant-garde* magazines for the same reason: they underestimate the intelligence of the American public. Her husband gave her the plot for *Love Is a Crooked Thing*." (Page 50.)



Don Ornitz

From Los Angeles, photographer DON ORNITZ reports: "Although I've been doing it for years, photographing the actual people for *Can This Marriage Be Saved?* (page 37) remains a very touchy assignment. I still feel my way carefully when asking people to re-enact situations that upset their marriage. My wife of seventeen happy and fruitful years—two daughters, eight and eleven—takes a doleful view of my 'counseling' efforts. After 'saving a marriage,' I always act as if I were the put-upon husband."

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Cover Photograph by Joseph Di Pietro

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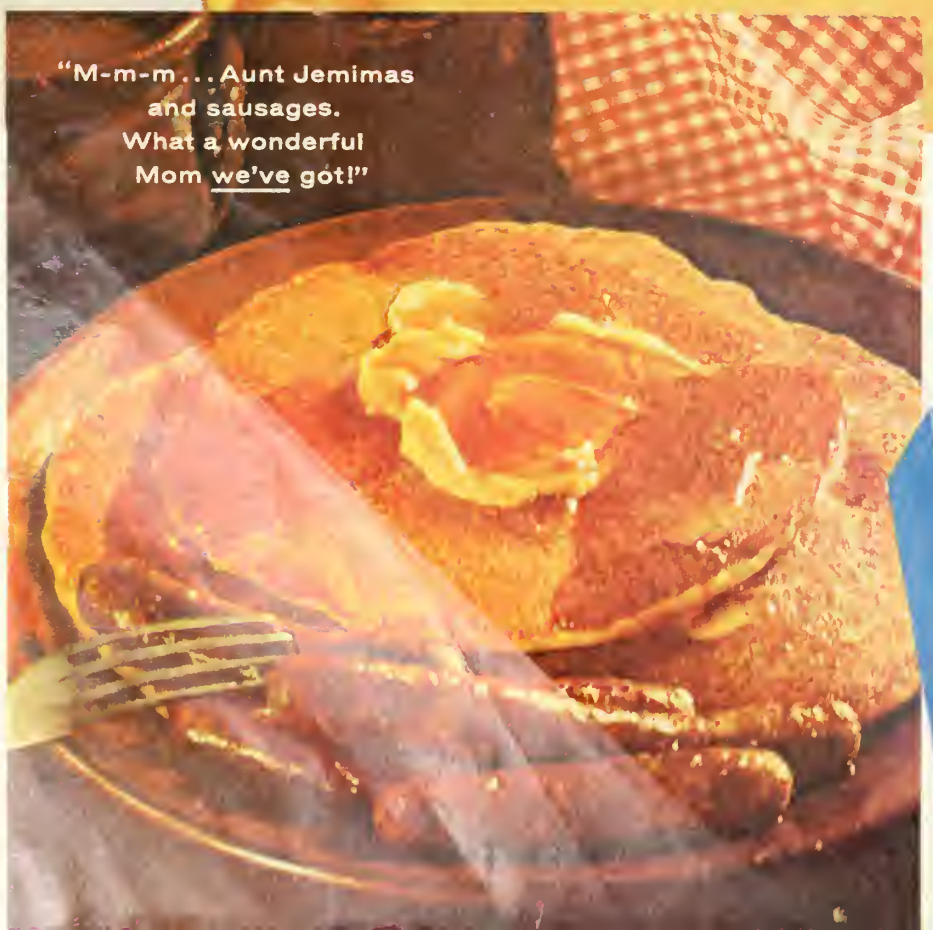
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WISS

Take your choice of two precise, decorative cuts to finish a seam. New exclusive Wiss Skalloping Shears, 7½", $7.50; 9", $8.50. Wiss Pinking Shears, 5½" to 10½", $4.95-$11.95. New Left-Hand Pinking Shears, 7½", $7.95. J. Wiss & Sons Co., Newark 7, N. J.

Hooray! It's Aunt Jemima Day!





Even if you tried a different mix every morning -- you still couldn't get pancakes that stack up t these for taste and tenderness. The secret? Aunt Jemima's exclusive blend of flours fo extra flavor and lightness. By the way, which is Aunt Jemima day at your house'



TRY ALL THREE KINDS

The Original Buckwhet

Buttermilk



LETTERS
OUR READERS WRITE US

MAGAZINE CHILDREN BELIEVE IN?

NEW YORK

Dear Journal: How can I maintain discipline when your covers invite anarchy?

Yesterday it rained all morning. Promptly after lunch my four- and seven-year-olds made a dash for the nearest muddy gutter. Later, as I removed dripping socks and squishing sneakers, I scolded them roundly. My youngest showed me the brand-new September *Journal*. "Look, mom, no boots!" What could I say? *Reproachfully,*
Scarsdale JOAN MCLEAN

COLORADO

Dear Editors: At last! A *Journal* cover with no big faces, faces, faces!

Well, I guess you did have flowers once or twice. Now promise me you'll never have a *face* again. *Sincerely,*
Denver MARY P. CHESTER

• *Where would Helen of Troy have been without a face? Mona Lisa? We could go on and on! ED.*

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

KANSAS

Gentlemen: Your heart-rending "I Reared a Criminal" (August) has meant so much to me that I feel an obligation to thank you for publishing it.

It is my privilege, in connection with my work as Protestant chaplain at the Kansas State Penitentiary, to speak before numerous civic and church groups. I have already quoted from the article and have urged—with every ounce of strength I have—that parents thoroughly read how easy it is for any of us to make the same mistake. *Sincerely yours,*
Lansing CHAPLAIN JAMES E. E. POST
Kansas State Penitentiary

OHIO

Gentlemen: You may be certain that "I Reared a Criminal" will be required reading for many of the parents of children appearing in our Juvenile Court. Surely this article personalizes the tremendous price we are paying and will continue to pay for our present emphasis on Dependency rather than Responsibility. *Sincerely,*
Ashland JUDGE MILDRED L. MYERS
Probate and Juvenile Courts

JAPAN

HOUSES, HOUSES, EVERYWHERE

Gentlemen: The construction and outlook of the Big-Little House (June *Journal*) has overwhelmingly attracted my interest. As I am eager to get its accurate blueprint, please inform me if it is possible for you to forward it.

Looking forward to your favorable reply in the earliest convenience, I remain, yours faithfully,
Tokyo SHINICHI ISHIBASHI

• *In 1900, Journal was the first magazine (other than architectural trade publications) to print floor plans for houses. No one knows the exact number which have been built, but we're delighted at the thought of Mr. Ishibashi happily hammering away on his house in Tokyo. ED.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT MONROE'S FURNITURE

Dear Sirs: In "Looking Over the President's Shoulder" (August), Alonzo Fields states: "Mrs. Hoover made a search and found the original Monroe furniture and had it brought to the White House."

This is not true. Mrs. Hoover's great contribution was in *locating* furniture and other articles which reposed in the James Monroe Law Office Museum in Fredericksburg, Virginia. She made a trip to the museum and asked permission to have some pieces—including the Louis XVI desk—copied for the White House. This was gladly given and a cabinetmaker made really fine copies, all at Mrs. Hoover's expense.

The *originals* of the Monroe furniture remain in Fredericksburg. *Sincerely,*
LAURENCE GOUVERNEUR HOES
President
The James Monroe Memorial Foundation

TEXAS

WHAT'S NEEDED IS LOVE

Dear L.H.J.: My husband has had two strokes. He speaks with difficulty and most of what he manages to enunciate is quite childish and repetitious. This obviously embarrasses our old friends. They telephone, they send cards and flowers. But they do not come.

To be in others' "thoughts" is not enough. Surely compassion could overcome embarrassment.

I am so alone with my troubled days. *Name Withheld*

ALABAMA

WHY WE'LL HAVE NO FEET IN 2000 A.D.

Dear Journal: Will you please tell me why so many people today seem incapable of getting from one place to another without an automobile? My father walked five miles to his red schoolhouse; thirty years later I rode my bike, roller skated, or just plain walked two miles to mine. Today my nieces have to be chauffeured eight blocks to school, four blocks to a neighborhood birthday party. Frankly, I am ashamed of them! *Sincerely,*
Mobile LESLIE SEMMES

CALIFORNIA

WHO SAYS WOMAN IS THE BOSS?

Dear Editors: I, as the wife of a man who wears the pants at home and overalls to work, have been increasingly puzzled and annoyed by hundreds of articles stating that women are wearing the pants in the American family. Woman, they say, is the boss. Yet this is true of no family I know. Then why does everyone say so? Suddenly I see it. The question is: *Who* keeps telling us this? The answer: The upper class!

I do not mean to imply that "upper class" people are superior to the rest of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



To the 8 women in 9 who do their own housework:



Your hands deserve this super-lotion that works after others wash away

Back when almost everybody had help around the house, all you needed from a hand lotion was a pleasant scent and a soothing sensation. Nowadays you need a super-lotion that works as hard as you do. And that's precisely what you can expect from Revlon Medicated 'Silicare.'

'Silicare' does more than cosmetic lotions do. 'Silicare' *sinks in* . . . then *seals in!* That's why it: 1. Banishes dry rough red skin . . . 2. Helps heal cuts, chafes and scratches . . . 3. Protects with an invisible silicone "glove."

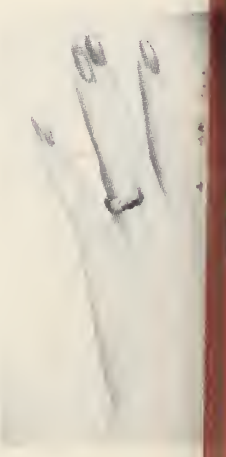
And 'Silicare' keeps working after other lotions wash away. You've seen how harsh detergents cut through grease. They wash away ordinary lotions fast. But 'Silicare's' sealed-in protection lasts through as many as five ordinary hand washings.

'Silicare' costs slightly more than other lotions. But when your hands are at stake, the difference in protection is more than worth the difference in cost. And 'Silicare' lasts longer because it protects longer than ordinary lotions.

Choose 'Silicare' lotion or cream. Use it regularly for one week. You'll see there really is a difference among hand lotions.

Physicians: Write for clinical data. Revlon Pharmacal Division, 666 5th Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

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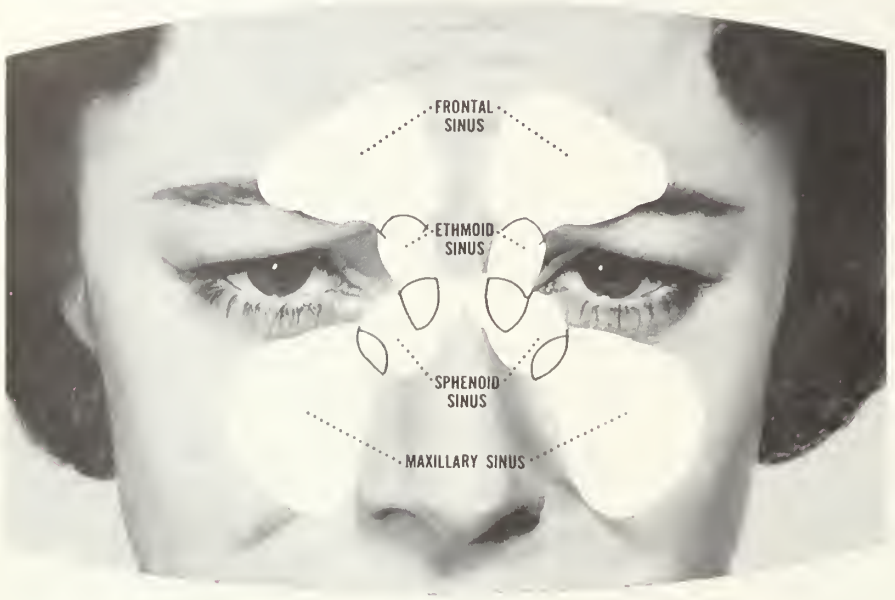


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Revolutionary 3-layer tablet to relieve

COLDS MISERIES, SINUS CONGESTION *and its* PAINFUL PRESSURE



HELPS DRAIN ALL SINUS CAVITIES
EVEN DEEP IN HEAD (*critical areas of colds infection*)

DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets, working through the bloodstream, bring dramatic relief from colds miseries, pollen allergies and from sinus congestion with its tenderness, pressure and pain. DRISTAN, amazing medical achievement, contains: (1) The scientific *decongestant* most prescribed by doctors. In minutes—it reaches all congested areas—even deep in the head . . . quickly shrinks swollen nasal-sinus membranes . . . promotes drainage . . . restores free breathing. (2) An exclusive *anti-allergent* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds plus a highly effective combination of pain relievers. DRISTAN reduces fever better than aspirin and promptly relieves body aches due to colds. (3) *Vitamin C* to help build up body resistance to colds infection. For quick relief, get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Note: DRISTAN is being widely imitated. But the fact is . . . the exclusive DRISTAN Tablet formula *cannot* be duplicated. Accept no substitutes!



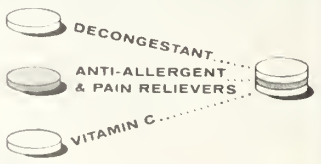
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

us. But because of their various professions, they *are* the ones who inform us. And because of what they do, and because of their high incomes, they live a completely different life from that of the "average" American. I have no doubt that what they are saying is true—for the upper class. But the great mass of population is the lower and middle classes: together we make up America. When the upper-class commentators say "the American woman," they speak for all of us. But they don't know us.

Here in America we do not have a classless society. True, it is fluid. The poor boy can move from the lowest class to the highest by effort, education or lucky accident. But the ditch digger does not dine with the college president. Everyone knows that. (Neither does the electrician, nor the toolmaker, nor any other middle-class worker.) Thus, the people who make statements about the average American do not know any workingmen or their wives. They have never been to their homes. They know nothing of them.

I am one of the great middle class. And among all my friends, the man is the true head of the house. He knows it and so does everyone else. Of course the woman can get her way in many things by using feminine wiles, but this is only more proof that man rules. Because she *has* to use wiles to get her way. In my class, the wife never makes decisions without consulting her husband or, more often, asking his permission. She never makes major purchases, or social engagements for them as a couple, without asking him. She is home when he comes home from work, and *she* serves him. True, she does not act subservient, nor does she feel inferior. The husband and wife discuss and share, but it is *he* who is deferred to, who makes the final decision. Everyone will agree that the workingman makes up the bulk of America's population. Can you imagine a comedy in which a man in overalls comes home to a wife who starts bossing him around?

All these articles about woman domination show concern about this trend in American life. They say children won't know their own roles in life if father wears an apron and mother bosses. And I agree. Fathers should be manly; mothers should be womanly. And that doesn't mean that father has to be a tyrant or mother brainless. In more and more lower- and middle-class homes, parents are becoming more informed; our understanding of a richer family life is broadening. But in these same homes the traditional roles of the sexes are unchanged.

Women in the well-off upper class with leisure and maids *may* boss their men. (I don't know them, but I guess what they say is true.) But if men are still boss in the great majority of families, then we should know it. For if they keep telling us, through every communication medium, that our country is becoming a matriarchy, then in time we will become one. A lie repeated often enough will be believed as truth. Let's explode this myth for all time. *Sincerely,*

Culver City CAROL JACOBY

CANADA

AND STILL SHE WRITES DEAR EDITORS?

Dear Editors: I was seven years old when I received the first of many rejection slips from you. Fifty years, plus children, dogs, cats and a hundred-year-old farm in the Caledon hills, and I am still trying to break into the *Ladies' Home Journal.* *Sincerely,*

Toronto, Ontario KATHLEEN BLACKBURN

• *You're made it, right here. But no one will be happier than* Journal *editors if next time it's with a poem or short story.* ED.

IOWA

IT'S THOSE FIRST DRINKS WHICH DO IT

Dear Sirs: Aren't we mollycoddling
coholics today when we encourage the
to think of alcoholism as a disease (whi
they couldn't help getting) when th
really lack moral fiber to resist temp
tion? Alcoholism doesn't suddenly
velop overnight, in a week or month, l
is the result of continuous self-ind
gence and lack of will power. *Sincer*
Ames MRS. P.

PENNSYLVANIA

ONE PER CENT FOR BEAUTY

Dear Editors: The new Carl Sandbu
Junior High School and its mural
among the brightest ornaments of it
Levittown, Pennsylvania, communi
As far as is known, very few scho
anywhere have anything like it.

The gaily colored mural, a mosaic
all-weather glass, bands the entire fi
foot length of the wall, and its them



FREDERICK GEASLAND & EDWARD SMITH, ART
PAUL D'ENTREMONT, ARCHIT

the development of man's knowle
The cost: well under one per cent of
entire cost of the school.

As this one school board has prov
new public buildings don't *have* to l
like factories. *Sincer*
Levittown L.

ILLINOIS

HELP FOR THE AGED

Dear Miss Thompson: On behalf of
American Medical Association, I cong
ulate you on the sensitive and thou
provoking "Who Are the Aged?" (J
Journal). I have read many words on t
subject, but yours certainly rank am
the most memorable and stimulating

Our Washington office has distribu
copies of the article to every Uni
States senator and the article has b
read into the *Congressional Record.*

Sincerely yo
Chicago F. J. L. BLASINGAME,
Executive Vice Presi
American Medical Associa

NEW JERSEY

TRAINING PERIODS FOR NEW NATIONS?

Dear Editors: Colonialism has bec
such a bad word that one by one
European nations have been giving
their controls over Asian and Afri
nations and setting them "free." The
sult is often a bloody explosion w
endangers the peace of the world.

Wouldn't it be better if the peopl
these new countries, who do not h
enough trained people to run a gov
ment peacefully and efficiently, w
through a period of tutelage? I would
to see the United Nations take over
new nation for about ten years, betw
the withdrawal of the colonial power
the granting of complete independe
Sincerely yo
Princeton ERNESTINE P. HE

)ne of the most exciting women in the world: Condesa de Quintanilla



ONDESA DE QUINTANILLA—a busy business executive, ıe also helps manage her husband's large cattle ranch—ıd their three lively sons! "I often feel tired but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize—to ease away tension lines. "Pond's cleanses so thoroughly—keeps my skin soft and smooth."

SHE'S BUSY . . . YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL . . . SHE USES POND'S

OW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN BOTH CREAM AND NEW FLOWING FORM

ow—for you who love lotions—Pond's Flowing Cold ream, a wonderful new form of Pond's Cold Cream! his exclusive new flowing cleanser is creamy-rich as ily true cold cream can be . . . never strips your skin e thin drying liquids. Pond's, in cream or flowing form, beautifies as it cleanses. Moisturizes to soften and smooth . . . "plumps up" skin cells so tired lines fade, tension vanishes. Use Pond's to beauty-cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day. With Pond's you need never be too busy to be beautiful!



Now more than ever

Kotex is comfort

New Kotex napkins have a softer, more gentle covering.

The napkin ends are pleated to assure smoother fit.

And, the Kimlon center provides a special inner fabric

to protect you comfortably, completely.



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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
BRUCE GOULD
BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD
EDITORS

BY LEON HARTL, FROM THE BARTHOLET COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY



STILL LIFE ON A TABLE. This is the second of Leon Hartl's softly colored oil compositions to appear in the Journal. The artist's "Basket of Flowers," reproduced on this page last February, was enthusiastically acelaimed.

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Dorothy Shuler
Natalie Schram
Julie Ditchy
Lee Pettee

"NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

In the parsonage homes in which I was reared all festivals were celebrated with a full view to their inner meaning and significance, and, in a sense, all of them were "thanksgiving days." At Christmas we were thankful that Jesus had been born to bring light to all mankind; at each birthday we were thankful that the "birthday child" existed; on July 4th we were thankful for our beautiful, free country. And on Thanksgiving Day we were thankful for far more than an unusually good dinner and a holiday.

There was a certain ritual connected with every festivity—the ritual that made it a festival—and I have been recalling my earliest Thanksgivings.

From the moment we woke up we were singing, because we were a singing family. Mostly we sang hymns, because those and ballads and rounds were all the music we knew. We might have sung the old German hymn (arranged from Beethoven):

We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea . . .

or the early seventeenth-century hymn;

Praise to God; immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days.

or:

For all the blessings of the year,
For all the friends we hold so dear,
For peace on earth, both far and near,
We thank Thee, Lord.

We sang while we were tidying up the rooms and setting the banquet table. And then, always before the meal came on, we gathered around the piano and sang one of father's special favorites:

Now thank we all our God,
With hearts and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom His world rejoices—

which is far older than the Pilgrim Fathers!

Now we gathered at table. Ours was never, alas, a family reunion, for our relatives were in England, Chicago, Pittsburgh and Ohio, none in Western New York, where we lived.

But we were never alone. Always someone or several were celebrating with us, and always because they would otherwise be alone—a widowed father or mother whose children were grown up and far away, or very likely some queer roving individual to whom few doors were open.

The table at the parsonage would look perfectly beautiful, laid with the best white damask tablecloth, set with the Haviland china that was used on only special occasions, and with the little silver plate we had polished to mirror brightness.

The dinner was then, so many years ago, about the same as that served all over the country today: stuffed turkey (usually, then, with a chestnut dressing, for chestnuts could be had for picking them up), giblet gravy,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13



Joy saves your hands for nicer things than dishwashing

You can rate an orchid for your soft, pretty hands if you wash your dishes with Joy every day. It's different from other liquids. Joy has a mildness you can *see* on your hands—leaves them smooth and lovely as an orchid petal. That's because Joy is as mild as a bubble bath. You try it. See how Joy helps keep your hands nice, for all the nice things they have to do.



Mild as a bubble bath to your hands



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JOY HAS A MILDNESS YOU CAN SEE ON YOUR HANDS

...INUED FROM PAGE 11

...ed potatoes, yellow turnips, boiled ...s, pickled beets, carrots—something of ...e root vegetables grown in our garden ...tored in the cellar—coleslaw, a variety of ...made pickles, cranberry sauce (made of ... cranberries—not that jellylike sub... of today), hot rolls (or corn bread) and ...kin and mince pies.

... had a lot of people to be thankful to for ... meal as well as to God. To the farmer, ...n produce but short on cash, who had ...ubtedly brought us the turkey as a con...ion to the minister's salary; to father, ...had grown and stored the vegetables and ...umpkins; to Auntie Lizzie, who had ... and canned the mincemeat and cooked ...inner. We always, of course, said grace ... meals. But always, on Thanksgiving, ... said a special little prayer of his own of ...ude. And then, on the occasion I espe... remember, he told us about the first ...ksgiving. It went something like this:

..."Where did this celebration begin?"

...who was the oldest, knew the answer ...at: "The Pilgrims celebrated their first ...st in Plymouth, Massachusetts, in No...er, 1621." (Actually, the month is not ...n.)

...t, my father would say, slicing the turkey ...deftly, have you thought what those Pil... went through before they celebrated?

..."u must know, first, *why* they left Eng... first for Holland, and then for an un...n wilderness. They were a religious sect ...l Puritans because they wanted to purify ...urch and society. The Protestant revolu... had disappointed them. The English ...h had cut itself loose from Rome but ... a compromise and the Church of Eng... was like the Roman Catholic except that ...uld not accept the authority of the Pope. ...did not satisfy the Puritans, who were a ... within the Church of England. They ...d a religion, a church and a way of living ... on the Bible—as they themselves inter...d it; to do away with bishops, deans and ...t parish priests; to abolish all set pray-ers and to establish a society in which people might come somewhere near being able to live by New Testament principles.

They were harried rather than persecuted. Their congregations were broken up and finally one such, having first gone to Holland, returned to England and under a grant from the Virginia Company, a colonizing enterprise, and supported by a group of British merchants, set out for the New World. About 120 of them booked passage in two ships, the *Speedwell* and the *Mayflower*. These were small sailing vessels, and hardly had they started when the *Speedwell* was recognized as unseaworthy and had to discharge its passengers. The *Mayflower* could not take them all, but did take some 100 or 102. Not all these were Puritans. Some were hardy adventurers who eventually cast in their lots with the others. It was just a small sailing vessel, about 180 tons, dreadfully overloaded and insufficiently stocked with supplies. They set sail from Plymouth, England, in September and it was November before they stepped ashore on the coast of what is now called New England, in Provincetown on Cape Cod. Some must have perished under way; at any rate, only 40 signed the compact in Provincetown, setting up a community government bound by the will of the majority, and elected first a governor named Carver, I think, who soon died and was succeeded by Governor Bradford. A party of them went exploring for a permanent settlement place and decided on a spot they named Plymouth, after the port from which they had sailed. The others followed.

Winter, now, was well under way, and they had come from a mild climate into a very severe one. They were not at all fitted for such a venture. They were peasants, city workers and small tradesmen. The country was forested with primeval trees, and their first concern was to build themselves rude shelters. They soon exhausted their supplies. There were fish in the sea and wild game in the woods and they must have lived on those. But half of them perished that winter from hunger and cold.

Now, then, the spring came and the survivors planted their first crop—of corn, for bread. They must have got the seed from the Indians, for the grain was not known in England. But as the seed began to come up, a drought set in, and the summer was as hot and dry as the winter had been damp and freezing.

If the crop failed, they were lost. So they gathered together and prayed for rain—and I'm sure every one of them was praying all the time, whatever he was doing. And rain came, the corn grew tall, the ears were fat, and when these were dried and husked they ground the grain into meal between stones. And then they celebrated their thanks to God for their survival, in the first Thanksgiving dinner.

And what did they have to eat? (We looked around our groaning board and imagined the first Thanksgiving to be like ours.) They had corn bread—just corn meal mixed with salt and water and baked on hot stones. And they had roasted wild turkey. That's all. And they were more thankful for that than we are for all this bounty, because they had faced death from hunger sustained only by their confidence in having a mission from God.

I was later to learn much more about the Pilgrim Fathers than this story told me, and learn, too, that it was only basically accurate. My father had never read Bradford's own journal and his reports to Sir Edwin Sandys, who had sponsored their voyage. Had he done so, he could have been more eloquent. Bradford described New England as this little band saw it:

> For summer being done, all things stand upon them with a weather-beaten face; and the whole countrie, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage hue. If they looked behind them, there was the mighty ocean which they had passed, and was now as a maine barr and golfe to separate them from all the civill parts of the world. . . . What could now sustaine them but the spirite of God and his grace? May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: "Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voyce, and looked on their adversitie.

ELEVENTH-MONTH WONDER

By ALMA ROBERTS GIORDAN

I would find new and different
words for this fall,
For it is a splendid thing, ancient
yet never
Before known upon the earth—
though the broom grass tall
Sways in an amber pattern of
past endeavor . . .

Though the elm leaves clatter to
ground in a hailstone shower.
Behold, O my heart, the jays at
the feeding station—
From thence to the birdbath, as
always, yet clean as that hour
The lead morning-glory burst in
its August elation.

And the young maple, see: it has
grown a yard by all tests.
Now its leaves are gone and the
stretch of its neck is observed.
Look on the wonder of heretofore-
hidden nests:
The hammock of oriole—slap-dash
that robins curved.

There is no fresh phrase? All
things in Nature shout
Of the glorious old-new drama
never played out.

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⅔ cup soft shortening
1⅔ cups sugar
3 eggs (½ to ⅔ cup)
2¼ cups sifted Softasilk Cake Flour
⅔ cup cocoa
¼ tsp. baking powder
1¼ tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1⅓ cups water
1 tsp. vanilla

Heat oven to 350°. Grease and flour 2 layer pans, 9 x 1½". Cream shortening, sugar, eggs together until fluffy (beat 5 minutes high speed on mixer or by hand). Sift flour, cocoa, baking powder, soda and salt together. Mix in alternately with water and vanilla. (Use low speed on mixer.) Bake about 35 min. Cool. Split each layer crosswise into two layers. Frost with Betty Crocker Fluffy White Frosting Mix (if you like lots of frosting, use two packages). Pour Fudge Sundae Sauce over frosting: combine 6-oz. pkg. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 2 tbsp. light corn syrup, 3 tbsp. cream, 1 tbsp. butter in saucepan. Stir over low heat until smooth and creamy. (If sauce becomes too thick to dribble over cake, add one or two teaspoons cream; stir until creamy again.)



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Let them therefore praise the Lord, because he is good, and his mercies endure for ever."

But it is true that half of them died that first winter, although the corn-bread story was apparently fictional. Thanksgiving 1621 celebrated not only the harvest for which they had prayed and "a great store of wild Turkies, of which they took many, besides venison," but also the arrival of the British ship *Fortune* with provisions. It is more than likely that the colonists were, for once, extravagant.

Even thereafter, for several years the colony ran neck and neck with famine. But "they ardently believed, greatly dared and firmly endured." Governor Bradford concluded his annals:

> Thus out of small beginnings greater things have been produced by his hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone unto many, yea, in some sorte, to our whole nation.

But nothing I heard or learned later made such a lasting impression on my mind as the accompaniment to the parsonage feast, and the friendly catechism that followed it. Did God alone save them? No, their faith in God and in their mission, their courage, endurance, industry and mutual aid had to be put at the service of God. Even God, I gathered, couldn't help people who wouldn't help themselves and one another. They survived because they had character and their values became those of a nation and of wave on wave of pioneers.

They set up the first self-governing political democracy on this continent, which was to become the pattern for the nation. They established the Congregational Church whose spires (some of the loveliest in New England) were to dot the nation from coast to coast, a self-governing church without a hierarchy of bishops and elders, but never *the* church, because the Puritans had suffered for religious liberty. Their spiritual descendants opened the first free public schools anywhere in the world, and 200 years later took the lead for the abolition of slavery.

They could enjoy liberty because they restrained it, and life because they nurtured it.

Of course I did not *think* all this as a child, but I felt it, intuited it.

There was another part of the Thanksgiving ritual. Each of us told for what we were thankful. I cannot, of course, remember our testimonies, but I do remember for what, in general, we were thankful.

I was certainly thankful for being alive, with that intense, exuberant, receptive aliveness of every healthy, observant child.

I was thankful that I could go to school. For father, too, had been a sort of pilgrim although he came from England in ten days in a big steamship and never wrestled with more of a wilderness than the weeds his predecessor may have left in the parsonage garden. But my father, brought up as a poor and puny relation in an uncle's rich house, had had no more than an elementary education along with his cousins in a little private school kept by a retired Anglican rector. He had gone to work in his uncle's offices at fourteen, and afterward for another firm whose owner was distantly related, and always had studied by himself at night. Brought up in the established church, he had been "converted" at eighteen, "when all the values of my life changed forever," and had studied at night for the Wesleyan (Methodist) ministry. Ordained in England, he had come to America, where brothers and sisters had preceded him, because there was a call for ministers here, and because he was determined that his children should be born and grow up in a country free of hereditary castes and classes, where education was open to all.

He did not come here to seek riches and he neither wanted nor found them. We could not be thankful for "prosperity," for our life, though decent, was extremely frugal. He, too, was a Puritan, at heart if not in denomination.

I was thankful to those early Americans who had risked and lost their lives to battle a wilderness and turn it into a countryside, villages, towns and cities comely and fair. I knew that I was one of their heirs and I hoped I would not waste or befoul that inher[itance] *wanted* to be good.

I was not good, of course. I was [ill] obstinate, adventurous and ambitiou[s] In [my] life I have done many things I should [not] done, and left undone many that I sho[uld] done. But heaven knows *what* I mig[ht] done if I had not learned (along with [the] key and the Christmas tree) that I ow[e] to God, and to men and women who l[ived] preceded me, than I could ever repay [and] that I was born in debt, not to the secu[rity] but to life itself, that a sponge is an [in]vi[ous] brate animal, and that gratitude is t[he] compensating of feelings and the ingr[ate] meanest of men.

As Shakespeare says in *Twelfth Nig[ht]*:

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunk[enness]
Or any taint of vice.

Today the wilderness has gone, and [with] America's physical frontiers. Life has [ceased] for *all* Americans more easy, comfort[able] materially secure than it was even [in] Thanksgiving days of my own childhood.

Yet, if the challenges to life and liberty [are] not the same as those that the Plymouth [Pil]onists faced, they are not less but greater, [and] we experience the paradox that we live [in] and the same time, in an age of plenty [and] anxiety.

It is fashionable to think that because [the] world has so changed, because man [has]

diabetes week
NOVEMBER 13 to 19
be alert!...
be tested!
be sure!...

fected the fission of the atom and is se[arching] quer space, the virtues of the Puritans [are] fashioned and outdated.

This seems to me profoundly untr[ue]. [It] still true in an immensely magnified [way] the survival of a nation, a people and [civ]ization depends on its character; that if [free] liberty can no longer be preserved [by] destroying war, they also cannot be p[reserved] without sacrifice and the power to [do] that evil must be resisted; that pain is [part] of life; that to live for the fulfillment [of] mediate pleasures is never really to live; [that] that enduring wealth is the creation [of] trious minds and hands, and that if [the] of centuries is consumed in a single ge[ner]ation or two a great inheritance is dissipated; [that] free and voluntary co-operation is the [way] good society; that nobody and no na[tion] bravely face and overcome danger [without] sense of purpose beyond his own [life] embracing the wisdom and experience [of] past and extending, modifying and [apply] them to the future.

If the foundations, that you and [I] laid, are of the indestructible stone of [cardinal] virtues, those who would erect upon [them] gimcrack house and civilization will [soon] blown away in the first storm and Plym[outh] Rock will be a memorial to a light that [failed].

Meanwhile, let us, like the parsonage [children] give thanks for simple things: for the [pump]pie, full of sugar and spice, which I ha[ve] seen anywhere except in America, and [which] think also came to us from the Puritans.

I am grateful, as I write this, for [a] gcously beautiful day.

One generation passeth away, and [another] generation cometh: but the earth abi[deth] ever. The sun also ariseth. (Ecclesiaste[s] [1:4,]

I shall now go out and admire the [rising] sun.

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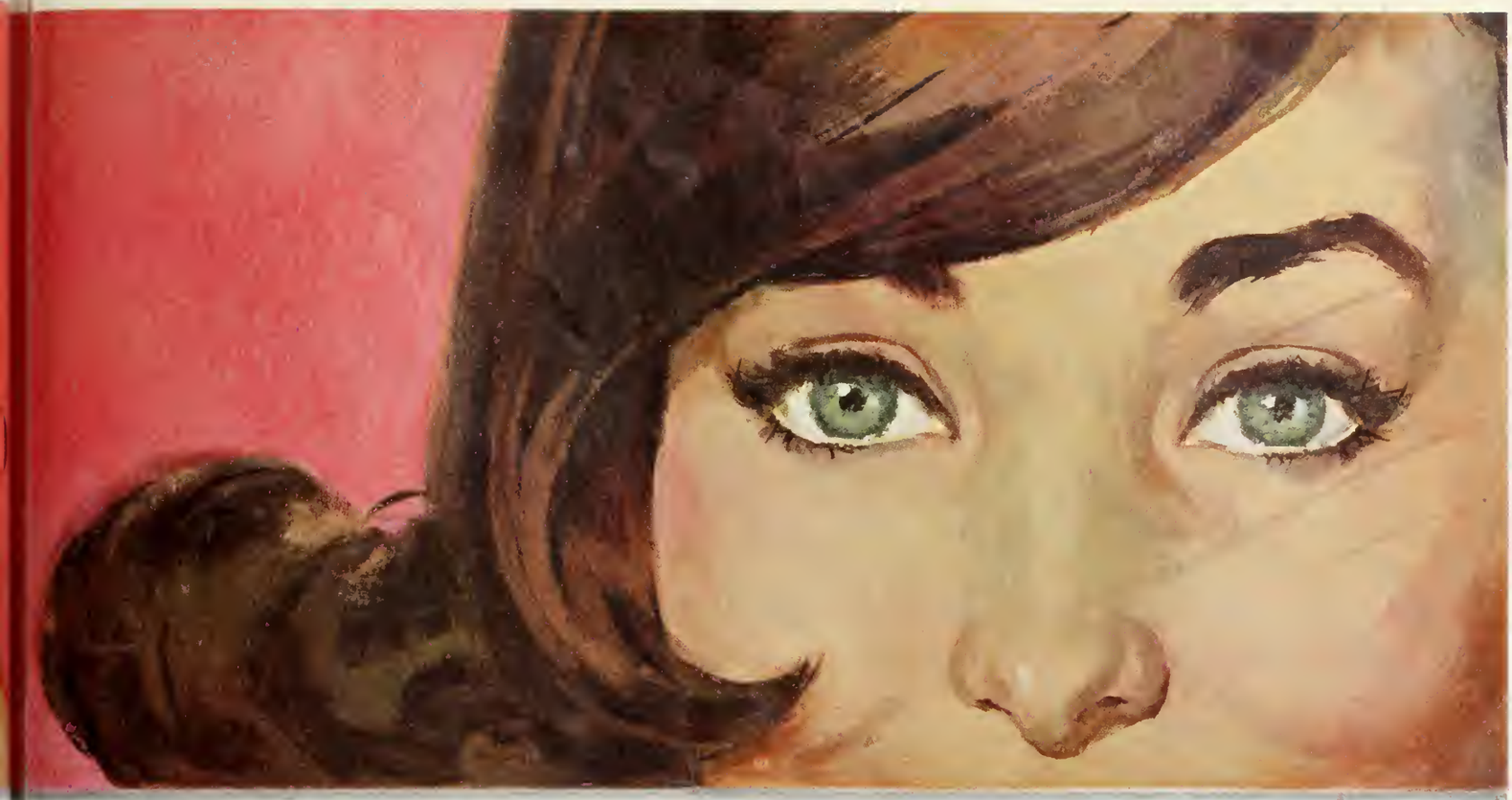
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TEEN TIME IS HABIT FORMING



LEE BALTERMAN

PAT BOONE TALKS TO TEENAGERS

"What's Wrong With a Little Experimenting?" "I'm sixteen," the letter o my desk, signed "Caroline." begins, "and I don't see why I'm not old enough to try smoking, o to have wine with my dinner, or beer on a date. How do adults expect us to learn if we never ge any experience? What's wrong with a little experimenting anyhow?"

Well, now, Caroline, you sure can ask some good questions. Yessiree, you can ask som *dillies!* Anybody care to answer 'em for me? Looks as if I'm stuck with the job. Well, first of all let me throw this at ya:

Willie saw some dynamite,
Couldn't understand it quite;
Curiosity never pays:
It rained Willie seven days.

Now, Miss C., there's nothing wrong with "a little experimenting." And I never knew sensible adult, be it parent, teacher or minister, who expected a teenager to "learn without ex perience." As a normal, healthy young person, you're bound to put your finger in the "wet paint" once in a while—just to see if it's really wet. *But*—to avoid a Willie-type catastrophe during th process of gaining your youthful experience, I'd recommend adhering to three simple rules

Rule One: Remember Little Willie. *Recognize dynamite and stand clear.*

Alcohol is "too hot to handle"—as a "little experiment." It's not a safe teen-time experience The wise impersonal elders who make our laws have set twenty-one as the earliest possible ag when you'll be mature enough to fool around with alcohol. It's like sex—one experimental mis take, when dealing with something of this potency, can have consequences as devastating, an even as final, as what happened to Willie!

As for experimenting with narcotics—marijuana and all that stuff—the same impersonal wis men have labeled them too dangerous to be experimented with at any time or any age!

Rule Two: Inexperience Should Listen to Experience. For safety first i experiments, it's a good thing to listen with an open mind to some of us who've walked tha way before. If I got burned, I may be able to save you some blisters.

The idea isn't that folks are so mean they want to cheat you of pleasure—but that they lik you well enough to expose their own failures to save you pain. Get it? For every teenager there' a feast of new goodies spread out to be tasted and tested. But the ones who'll come through with out a touch of ptomaine are the ones who listen to the voice of experience say, "If I were you I'd leave that dish alone."

Now, I didn't personally get blistered by alcohol. I tried it once or twice, but didn't ge burned—I was saved from it by witnessing the pain of friends. When I was a junior in high schoo I decided, along with some buddies, that it would be manly to try the "little experiment" wit beer. An older buddy bought it and the first session, since we were CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

DI PIETR



Giving thanks to God and sharing with others are two "habits" that come straight from the heart

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TINUED FROM PAGE 18

etty scared, turned out to be a very "small
" But the second time we had more con-
ce—and more beer.
lieve the bloodshot eye of experience!
t happened to one of my brightest buddies,
lentally tiptilted by "one too many,"
ldn't happen to a sweet sixteener like
line, nor a junior teener, male variety—
as I was then. No kiddin', the alcohol
ed to *melt* his personality and appear-
! Like a TV screen that'd blown a tube,
ent out of focus, starting with his eyes,
his voice, then his legs—until I actually
ght I was watching Dr. Jekyll turn into
Hyde.
scared me.
ter, another guy I knew "graduated"
small beer to a mild experiment with gin.
ded and devilish, he thought he was
ng the Indianapolis speedway right in the
le of town. And this mixture of one car,
drink too many and one teenager *spelled*
for three.
en after the law gave me the green light,
cided that I didn't want to risk being
er the influence" of anything potent

POST CARD *PAR AVION*

By ELEANOR BROOKS

"Buon giorno," "Bon jour,"
"Guten Tag" and "Good day"
Are the greetings my tour
Has taught me to say,

And on mainland and island
The responses are dear,
But my heart's in the "Hi!"
land—
My heart is not here.

gh to rob me of what little reason the
od Lord gave me. I have a hard enough
m managing me when I know what I'm
oi!
Now, honestly speaking, how do you do
it you?

Three:
periments Are Habit-Forming

V hear a lot today about what is "habit-
ming" and what is "nonhabit-forming."
fically, this may all have a secret mean-
ng but in my own experience, any act or
ought pattern becomes a habit, if *repeated*
ften enough. One dictionary definition of
abit is "a regular and fixed mode of action,
whether physical or mental; also the condi-
or which causes a tendency to continue
uch a mode . . ." All during the teen years
ou weaving a web of habits—both good
nd bad—by the experiences you choose and
he experiments you repeat. And in the end
hey govern a lot of your future life.
A giant intellect on this topic—Dos-
evski—said, "It seems, in fact, as though the
ecret half of a man's life is made up of
othing but the habits he has accumulated
ur; the first half."
Well, he should know—but both Shirley
nd are finding this partially true right here
t the end of the first *quarter:* Shirley bound
o a good habit, me to a real loser!
All we developed both these habits—
nintentionally—in our teens.

Permanent Habits
and How to Get That Way:

My bride is the neatest woman I know. In
act she's so neat that it's something of a joke.
ve in friends' homes she's always uncon-
ously straightening up for 'em, emptying
shtrays, picking up glasses, talking sociably
ll the time and totally unaware that she's
oing it.

Now me, I like this—because even though I'm not superneat myself, I function better in a tidy atmosphere. I think most guys do, and I know that when we'd been married a little over a year, when we lived in two rooms in Denton, Texas, with a small baby and no closets, I regarded Shirley's ability to "keep a neat house" as a real talent.

I also believed it was a "talent" she'd been born with. Not so. Four years later, when we were living in New Jersey, I discovered it was a "habit" she had cultivated!

One of our neighbors, the mother of two teenagers, was crying on Shirley's shoulder. "Our house looks like Tobacco Road," she wailed. "Those kids of mine are hopeless. They were born to live in a pigpen. I've done everything I can think of." And she had too.

With the girl, aged thirteen, and very fond of clothes, she had arrived at the unique punishment of dropping all stray garments out the upstairs window—winter or summer! With the boy, aged fourteen, and a hi-fi addict, she put all records and loose paraphernalia in the trash and all extraneous garbage like banana peels, candy wrappers, wet swim trunks in the middle of his bed. But the kids still didn't quite seem to catch on!

"Don't pick up anything—even to toss it out," advised my wife. "And don't give up hope."

"But what are their *own* homes going to look like?" the frantic mother cried.

"Just like mine," said my shining homekeeper.

And then the truth came out. As a young teenager my Shirley's room was a sight, she admitted. She never knew where her clothes were—usually they were wadded on the floor of her closet. Her schoolbooks were a lost cause—literally! And her mother was always after her—but always cleaning away the mess to get *to* her. Then one day her entire family just put the lid on! Nobody picked up—and nobody came near her room. And right then li'l' Shirl began the long pull of "breaking a bad habit"—the habit of sloppiness—and by repeated efforts grooved a new habit pattern by which she became very organized and efficient. And that's the way she is today, friend!

After convincing our neighbor that her job was to ignore completely any slovenly mess, Mrs. B. had a talk with the two terrible teenagers and proved to them that the "habits they were forming then" might bind them for a lifetime. Well, surprisingly, they began to make the effort to exchange their current "regular fixed mode of action" for a better one.

And don't think I didn't help. I did. I confessed myself as the "bad" example—not of habitual Slobitis, but as "the ever-late Pat Boone," the-boy-who-couldn't-be-on-time-grown-into-the-man-who-hasn't-caught-up-with-himself-yet.

Oh, this hurts!

I developed the habit of being late in high school—by the simple process of starting off late. From there I seemed to get later and later until I simply couldn't seem to be on time.

My parents and teachers used to say, "It doesn't matter so much now when you're late for class—but later in business and family and social contacts it can create serious situations." I agreed. It made a lotta sense. The trouble was, I thought being late was a habit you could stop right now if you put your mind to it—so I've tried to put my mind to it for *ten years*. But I didn't start in time.

Out in Texas it was a catastrophe—it caught up with me earlier than any of us thought. Arlene Francis brought her *Home* show to Fort Worth—she wanted local talent, a trio to sing Western songs. Two fellows who had sung together formed a group and asked me to be the third man. It was not only a network TV show, but it was worth $75. *To me*—just my share! It sounded like Fort Knox! Shirley was expecting.

Well, the day of the show we were supposed to meet at 9 o'clock at Fort Worth. So I overslept. I woke up at 9 and started late—got there at 9:45—the show was at 11—they had had to get somebody else. I stood around the Western Hills Hotel with a sick look on my face, hoping somebody would need me for something or they'd make it a quartet. Nobody needed me and they were quite happy

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with the trio—so besides losing $75 I got all shook up, had to pay for the gas and had to tell Shirley. I'll never forget that morning.

Some wit remarked that "The easiest way to break a habit is to drop it." Well, I agree. But I'd like to add "drop it *in time*." If you're developing a personal habit that you don't like—or that you think may be costly to you later on—don't wait! Drop it—like right now!

That's the advice of a guy who got "hooked" on a tiresome personal habit—and is still trying to shake it. Because I can tell you from personal experience that habits are pretty easy to "drop" before you've got a good hold on 'em (or they've got a good hold on *you*).

It takes a lot of physical stamina to "learn to smoke"—ask anyone who first experimented with a cigar—and most of the people who finally mastered it wish they hadn't. (Ask any smoker if he'd do it again!) Most teenagers swear as an experiment—and if they don't put a lot of mental effort into it or hear it constantly, it fizzles out. With *enough* effort it can develop into a lifelong and revolting habit—so why try?

I tried my hand at smoking. I even tried smoking the long thin pods that hang on catalpa trees in the fall. Mamma caught me at this and marched me into the kitchen with a whole bunch of the "beans" and made me chain-smoke 'em till I was sick. They never tasted the same after that.

By the time I was in my late teens, I had learned that smoking (at least the inhaling type) is definitely unhealthful. I was on the school teams, wanted to be in the best of shape; and besides, I'd kinda like to stick around this old world as long as I can. I don't want to develop any habits that are likely to shave off even a *week* of my time!

Swearing just never appealed to me. When my buddies first started trying it, it just seemed so obvious that they were trying to appear older and braver than they were that it made me laugh. As it began to come more natural to 'em, to become part of their personalities, I think they slipped a little in my estimate of them as people—and as friends. It's not that I thought I was any better than they were; it's just that swearing, "cussing," and particularly taking God's name in vain, has always seemed a crude, unnecessary and embarrassing habit.

The very *best* way to eliminate bad habits and develop the kind you (and others) want to live with is to choose the ones you know are desirable and experiment with them. And avoid even a passing flirtation with the ones you don't want.

I guess everybody wants to be *honest* and *truthful* and doesn't want to *lie*, *cheat*, *steal*, and so on. And Thomas Jefferson had an excellent suggestion on this: "He who permits himself to tell a lie once finds it easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he lies without attending to it."

The real trick in habit-forming is to think before you act—remember:

Sow a Thought, and you reap an Act;
Sow an Act, and you reap a Habit;
Sow a Habit, and you reap a Character;
Sow a Character, and you reap a Destiny.

The Habit of a Merry Heart:

Now, I said I thought the great Dostoevski was "partially" right when he said man's later life "is made up of *nothing but* the habits he has accumulated during the first half."

The two words where I hold out on the great author are "nothing but." I don't think life can *ever* become *nothing but* an accumulation of "regular fixed modes of action" (making us first cousins to Univac); nor can we be "ruled by habits," good or bad—unless we sink into a real rut.

And who wants to rot in a rut—even a "good" ermine-lined one?

In the book of Proverbs, in the Bible, we read: "He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

So far we've chatted about habits as "modes of thought and action." But I think the habit of a "merry heart" is a state of awareness. It can be an habitual *mood*. But it takes some personal developin'. Who wants to be the guy with a million habitual virtues who's still so disagreeable even his own *shadow* wo him company?

I've known a lot of folks who have t of the cheerful heart. And without e they've all mastered three great arts·

First, the art of appreciation.

It's pretty wonderful to carry the gratitude in your heart not only on giving Day but the other 364 days in as well. It oughta make your heart bub just to count your blessings and remem all the good things in your life aren there" or didn't "just happen."

Daily grace at the table has been a in reminding us of this as a family, the table is too big or we're too far a hold hands. All six of us. Then, with Boone chorus, we say, "Our hands w our heads we bow. For food and dri we thank Thee now." If we're too far a say, "Our hands we *fold*, our heads w Then, to keep us from getting into a ru the words are automatic and without the two older girls take turns say evening prayer. As soon as they're old we like to get away from just memorize A simple expression from the heart much better than a set prayer.

Our civilization owes more to Hebrew prophets than we can press. Spurred by the evils of th times, they exercised a freedom the expression of moral intuiti and fitted out the character Jehovah with the results of th thoughts. They constitute one the few groups of men who cisively altered history in any timate sense. Most spectacu upheavals merely replace one of individuals by another analog set; so that history is mostly barren change of names. But Hebrew prophets really produ a decisive qualitative change a what is still more rare, a chan for the better.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEH

Now, side by side with gratitude cheerful heart is *the need to share.*

A friend of mine, George Unger private charity. George is a jeweler stocks Braille watches. He gives away thousand a year—many to societies blind. But he also has a lot of errar like me and Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis Belafonte—always on the lookout f people who don't have Braille wa usually have a couple around and you the habit of watching for people these to. And being the "eyes" on the for George's blind folk has helped m aware of the joy of sharing.

But the third and most importar that the merry heart must feed on, it s me, is prayer. Prayer can be a simpl of saying, "Thank you," or asking a for a friend, or just an awareness of you go through the day. The importa to remember is that *God doesn't lurk in waiting for you just to drop by at bedt* keep that merry heart going, you've g habitually aware of His presence. You habitually trust His will for you, and i ately carry your troubles and prob Him and drop them at His feet.

Our minds are turned at this time to the Pilgrim Fathers. They got the from this statement somebody mad them: "They knew they were Pilgrim they committed themselves to God solved to proceed." And because they still join in feasting and giving each year on Thanksgiving Day. shouldn't be a one-day deal with us—i with them!

To have the "continual feast" a "merry heart" we should resolve to what they did: habitually commit o to God—in prayer, in gratitude, in sh and become Pilgrim Sons of the Fathers.

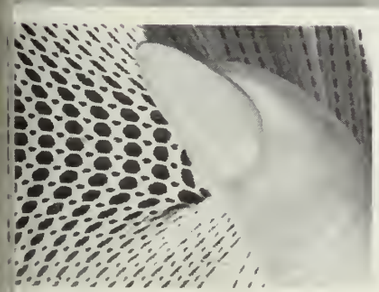
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DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS



ARE AMERICAN PARENTS OVER PERMISSIVE?

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M. D.

"My aim is to help the parents who are wasting valuable pati[ence] and energy in excessive deference to their children's whims and m[ood] and minor misbehavior."

A woman I know who runs a children's clothes shop recently told me about a situation which comes up fairly often in her business. A mother will bring in a three- or four-year-old boy who needs new blue jeans. She looks at the style that is available and approves of it. Then she proceeds to ask her son, with some hesitancy, "Charlie, don't you think you need some new blue jeans?" If he chooses to say no, she has to set to work to persuade him that he really does. If and when he agrees that he needs them, she asks him, "Do you like these?" If he says he doesn't, she has to try to convince him that he does, or that he's got to accept them because this is the only kind there is. My friend the shopkeeper didn't think this was a sensible approach. It bothered her. She quickly explained that she was all in favor of letting a child have a choice when a real choice was appropriate—if, for instance, two styles or colors of shirts were available, both of which seemed attractive and practical to the mother. She also added that of course an older child, who desperately wants to dress just like his friends, should be given more choice. I agreed with her on all scores.

In the first place, a mother has enough to do carrying out all the essentials of child care and housekeeping without having to spend hours a day in unnecessary argument. Even if there were all the time in the world, it's bewildering to a small child to present him with a lot of choices which serve no useful purpose. Certainly it rubs him the wrong way to encourage him to make choices if half of them then have to be denied him. But I don't think that a mother who leaves many decisions to a small child is mainly doing so because she really believes that this is educational. On the surface it's an absent-minded habit she has fallen into. But behind the habit in many cases is a mother's vague fear that she may im[pose] her will on him too strongly. If questi[oned] she might say that she doesn't want to sq[uelch] his individuality or that she doesn't w[ant to] make him resent her authority. I think, [with] hesitancy in guiding children, this [and] deference to their wishes, as one asp[ect] what is commonly referred to as overp[ermi]siveness. It often goes along with the ten[dency] to let children be somewhat rude an[d] obedient to parents, or whiny, or contin[ually] quarrelsome with each other, or careless [of] property, or very noisy, excitable an[d] gressive in their play.

Overpermissiveness seems to be *much* [more] moner in America nowadays than in any [other] country. Of course no one claims that a[ll] children show these traits. One obs[erver] might put the figure at 10 per cent, anoth[er] 25 per cent, another still at 50 per cent. [It de]pends on where you want to draw the l[ine]. I regularly receive letters from sensible-s[ound]ing grandmothers who are distressed b[y the] rudeness and wildness of their grandchil[dren] and by the failure of the young paren[ts to] make any effort to exert control. I have t[alked] with dozens of professional people from [other] countries, who were visiting the United S[tates] for the first time, who have had trouble co[ncea]ling their surprise and irritation at the beh[avior] of certain children they have seen here.

I should quickly add that though all th[ese] itors I've talked with have seen at least [some] badly spoiled American boys and girls [the] more tolerant foreigners have been fre[quently] charmed by the middle range of our chil[dren]. They've admired their friendliness and t[heir] fulness toward adults, their spontanei[ty in] making interesting conversation. The vi[sitors] contrast this behavior favorably with the [more] subdued, less CONTINUED ON PAG

Will he grow to dislike his mother if she's strict about mealtime manners? That depends on how she disciplines him. But he will be miserable if she lets him go on churning up commotions in the household.



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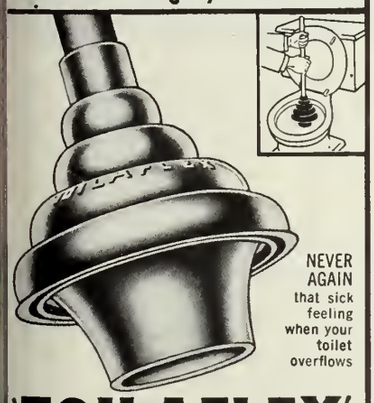
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

approachable manner of many children brought up conventionally in certain European countries, where adults are treated with a certain awe. "Proper" American upbringing in the nineteenth century, when children were to be seen but not heard, had some of this flavor.

I myself am all for a considerable degree of friendliness between the generations. It makes for the lack of stuffiness which I like in Americans. I suspect that it plays a part in the spontaneity with which they tackle any new situation.

The fact that friendliness toward adults does not necessarily lead to the slightest disrespect toward them was shown in the descriptions of Russian children which I quoted last month. The American observers made the particular point that almost all the Russian children they saw were noticeably friendly and trusting with adults and yet they were also remarkably well mannered toward them.

If you agree with me that permissiveness is carried too far by some parents, we should try to analyze where it comes from. During the Victorian period the tendency in America was toward traditionalism and strictness in many respects. Parents and teachers and employers were inclined to be authoritarian. Manners were proper. There were general prudishness and repression in regard to sex. It was widely believed that the child was a barbarian to start with and could be civilized only by continual pressure. When children turned out badly it was because they had not been disciplined enough or were just unappreciative. This philosophy encouraged those parents with stern personalities to bear down on their children. But I strongly suspect that a majority of parents of that time, the ones who were basically friendly and trusting, who had no harshness in their make-up, did not apply the Victorian severity very deeply in the care of their children, though they may have conformed to its style on the surface.

It is magnificent to grow old, if one keeps young.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Then in the twentieth century the reaction began to set in, gradually at first but with increasing momentum. Many different sociological factors were at work. Among them were the growing respect for science and its tendency, for a while, to lessen the authority of religion, the "emancipation" of women, the increasing acceptance of divorce, the spread of education, the acceleration of productivity and prosperity, the shift of the population from farms to cities and the tendency of young adults to move away from home towns and relatives for better jobs, the disillusioning effect of two world wars. Such changes as these tended to weaken traditions generally and to put people in a mood to accept new ideas. Young parents no longer were as much influenced by relatives, but made their own decisions about raising their children.

At the same time there came a flood of new concepts about child development, from researches in education, psychology, psychiatry and pediatrics: Children raised in loving families want to learn, want to conform, want to grow up. If the relationships are good they don't have to be forced to eat, forced to learn to use the toilet. Interest in sex to a limited degree is normal and wholesome. A certain amount of jealousy between brothers and sisters, a certain amount of resentment against parents are inevitable. Excessive hostility between children and parents may be harmful. Severe repression of hostility or sexuality may lead to neurosis or distortion of personality.

These ideas were startling and unsettling at first. But why did they unsettle some parents much more than others? There were a number of factors, but I think two were particularly important. The parents with a lot of inner security took these new pronouncements in their stride. In a sense they had known these things

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29



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ADVANCED APPLIANCES DESIGNED WITH YOU IN MIND

TINUED FROM PAGE 27

itively all along. They were not made un- or guilty by them. So they brought up children with the same old-fashioned bination of affection and firm leadership which they themselves had been brought But other parents, particularly those who been raised with more than average cross- or severity, had grown up with insufficient idence in themselves, a bit too much irri- lity in their make-up, a lingering resent- t against some of their own parents' atti- s. When they heard some of the new ries—that children's behavior problems often be traced to incorrect handling, that ssive parental severity may be harmful— worried in advance, consciously or un- ciously, that they might take out some of own cross feelings on their children and e them dislike them. So they leaned over ward to avoid antagonizing them.

f course the main trouble when parents oo hard to be tolerant and patient is that ren miss the guidance they need, and they sense the underlying impatience in their nts. So they are apt to provoke their par- with worse and worse behavior in order rce them to assume control—and to get air cleared.

here is a second factor I'd like to mention ch can also lead to overpermissiveness. I thinking of certain parents who them- es are unusually considerate of the feelings other people, yet have children who are wn in the neighborhood for their rudeness, andingness, minor destructiveness. These



s in children are not too surprising when parents have similar attitudes. They are l to understand when the parents are e the opposite. What particularly irritates neighbors with such a family is that the te parent will sometimes be looking right is child with a proud, beaming expression ne very moment when he is being obnox- s, as if the parent didn't see the behavior ll. Such parents often quote theories about importance of self-expression and individ- ty, the unwholesome effects of repression. en such cases get completely out of hand are referred to a child-guidance clinic, it n turns out that the parents were so perly brought up that they never dared speak or even think aggressively. When come to have a child of their own they onsciously enjoy letting him express the oliteness, selfishness and aggressiveness ch they had to suppress so completely in nselves. This blinds them to the fact that behavior is offensive to others and dis- ing to the child. In fact, they manage to ress pride in their own progressiveness and ts good results.

've been talking as if all parents could be ded into a few neat types. Actually there many patterns and none of them is simple. ne parents, as you know (the ones without t or submissiveness), can be remarkably ntrolling without spoiling their children ll. Other parents (the ones without much shness or irritability) can be stricter than rage without cramping the style of their dren or making them resentful. None of as a parent follows one pattern. Each of has a mixture of feelings and attitudes ut discipline, and we react to one child in way, to another somewhat differently.

My fear in discussing overpermissiveness is t a few readers may get the idea that I'm ing, "Stop indulging your children; get gh with them," as if there were only the alternatives. Perhaps I can clarify the nt that neither is necessary by mentioning w situations in early childhood about which there has been a lot of controversy in this century, and at least three different attitudes.

Until the mid-1940's it was usually taught by doctors that, to avoid spoiling and indigestion, it was necessary to be absolutely rigid about the amounts and timing of a baby's feedings, even if this made him miserable. When this theory was discarded, some parents jumped to the conclusion that regularity itself was the bad thing (rather than the too hasty enforcement of regularity), and boasted of how long it took their babies to get on any kind of schedule. The sensible approach, I think, is to make allowances for the baby's unstable digestion the first few days or weeks of life and then to guide him toward a regularity which will be helpful to him and his parents.

Up until twenty years ago it was often recommended that a baby be trained to the toilet at an early age, with vigorous methods if necessary. When this was shown to be harmful in certain cases, some parents came to the anxious assumption that it was dangerous to make the slightest mention of the toilet or any move toward training, whatever the child's age, and that the only safe system was to wait indefinitely for the child to get the idea entirely by himself. (I think I helped to intimidate these parents by stressing too heavily the risks of severe training, in the earlier edition of my book.) Comfortable parents have almost always succeeded by tactfully watching for the child's readiness and by regularly encouraging him to be grown up in the use of the potty or toilet.

For many years parents were told exactly how many hours a baby of a certain age should sleep and were warned against picking him up during the hours assigned for rest, for fear of spoiling him. Then when the emphasis was placed on individual differences and the need for security, a few overconscientious mothers became fearful of letting their babies cry for a minute. Some of them eventually found themselves pacing the floor with thoroughly tyrannical infants until ten or eleven o'clock every night. Parents blessed with self-assurance realize that sleep needs and patterns vary somewhat in different children, but they generally have no difficulty setting sensible bedtimes and teaching their children to conform to them.

When parents are overbearing or irritable, they can make any chore seem unpleasant and unfair. On the other hand, those who are afraid of imposing on their children or of becoming disliked by them may ask no help from them at all, and this contributes to a selfish, demanding attitude. Mothers and fathers who have no inner doubts about their children's affection and who think of cooperativeness as an essential part of preparation for life don't hesitate to ask for appropriate assistance from their children. Yet they can do it, most of the time, in a manner which makes the children proud of their contribution.

My aim in discussing overpermissiveness is not to try to solve the serious problems of the parents who have a great deal of trouble exerting any kind of discipline. They need the help of a child-guidance clinic or family social agency in getting at the deeper causes and solution. My aim is only to be helpful to the larger number of parents who are not concerned about any particular difficulty but who nevertheless are wasting valuable patience and energy every day in an excessive deference to their children's whims and moods and minor misbehavior. It's no favor to a child to let him get tangled up in a succession of decisions that are not really his, or to let him go on nagging his mother or churning up commotions in the household.

I'm hoping to make it clear that a mild, unthinking overpermissiveness is a uniquely American phenomenon—an American style—of the twentieth century; and that it is partly due to the fact that many parents who are not completely self-assured have taken too guiltily the newer concepts of child development. I am hoping that if I can show them that this was a mistake—in more than one sense—they will be able to throw off their hesitancy, to the benefit of themselves as well as their children.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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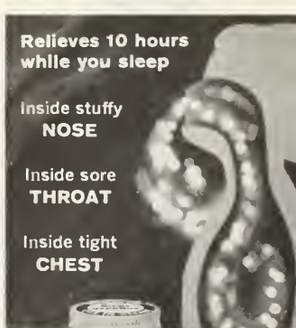
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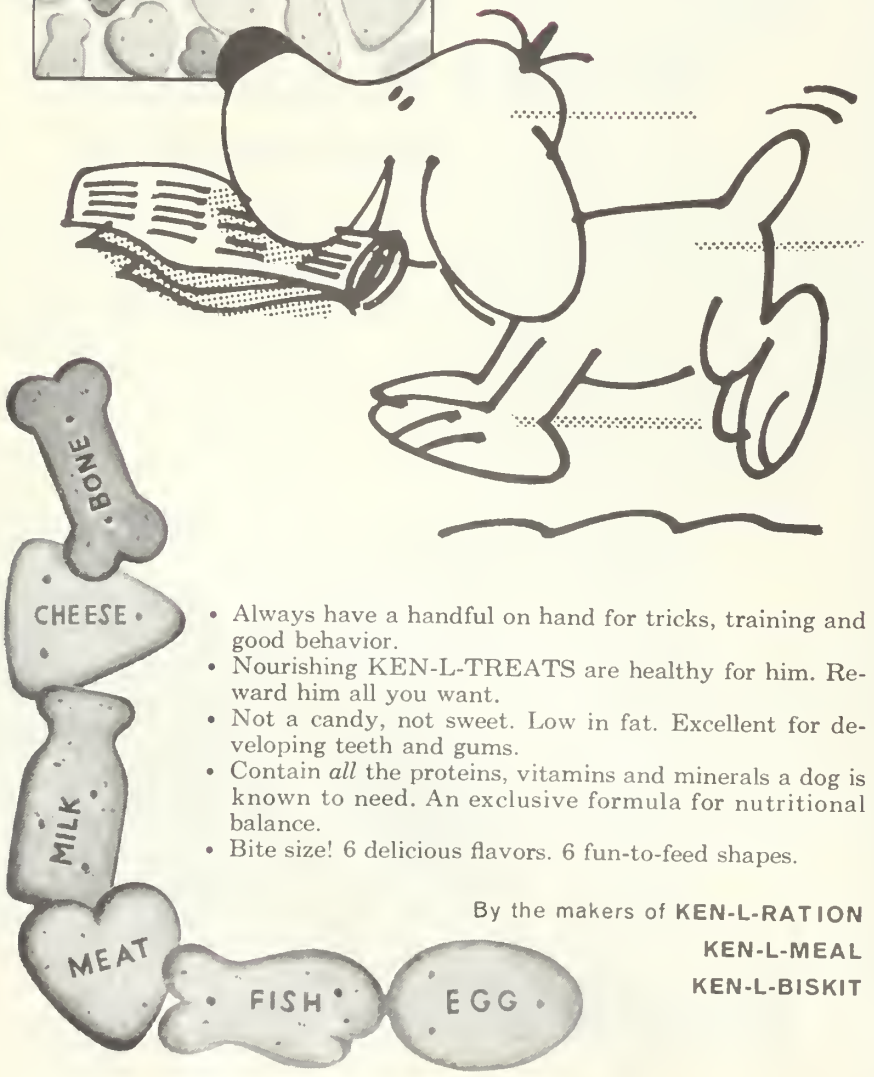
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There are many questions which wom would like to ask a trusted physician. B there is not always the opportunity. I this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Doct Schauffler will discuss some of the proble which have been sent to him by reade The situations are all real, but all t names which are used are fictitio

TELL ME, DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"Dr. Williams said Phyllis's troubles were all in her mind. But Phyllis doesn't complain unless something is wrong. Don't lots of girls have some pain with beginning menstruation?"



ABBOT M

"Your mother said over the phone that you have been having so rather bad pains and aches, Phyllis." The doctor had seated thirte year-old Phyllis Maxwell in the consultation chair, allowing her pleasa efficient-looking mother to find a seat across the room. Now the doc purposely spoke to the girl first.

"Yes, I have," Phyllis answered. "They seem to come at about e same time every month and last for maybe two or three days. They've been getting worse each time they come and this time they were especia bad. I can still feel them—it hurts right here." Phyllis's hand indicated r lower abdomen. "It makes me feel sort of sick."

Phyllis spoke with a friendly confidence that pleased the doctor. He d seen many early-teenage girls with complaints similar to Phyllis's. Of n they seemed to stand in the mother's shadow. If asked a question, t y would look timidly to mother to answer it. He preferred Phyllis's attitu

"How long has this been going on?"

"For several months. At the start it was just little crampy pains, d p down, rather like a bad stomach-ache. But the pain has been staying long It's sore there right now. It hurts when I cough."

The doctor said to Mrs. Maxwell, "You told me over the phone th Phyllis has not yet begun to menstruate. Has there been any staining or any discharge noticeable on her clothing?"

"No. Naturally, the first thing that occurred to me was that Phy might be getting ready for menstruation. Her breasts are definitely lar and are tender, especially around the time when she has the pains. he hair pattern of puberty appeared quite some time ago. However, th e hasn't been any sign at all of a flow. Her older sister, Marjorie, be n menstruating when she was twelve."

"And how about you, Mrs. Maxwell?"

"I started earlier still. I hadn't even had my twelfth birthday. I ne had any particular trouble with it; neither did Marjorie. Why do you a Doctor?"

"There seems to be a slight hereditary element in these things. To sometimes a mother's mistaken ideas about menstruation, passed alon to a daughter, make it more distressing for the girl than it needs to be.

"However, I don't believe that is the case here. The fact that you d your older daughter, Mrs. Maxwell, had already been menstruating some time when you were Phyllis's age, with no difficulties, would indi e that there is a different condition in her case. Also, Phyllis strikes me a sensible girl, who can distinguish between reality and imaginings. nd may I say I believe she has a sensible mother? You have no idea how hp ful it is to be able to get information about a young girl's troubles from he girl herself. That is one reason why I feel we must find out what is cau g Phyllis's pains."

Mother and daughter exchanged glances, then Phyllis said spiritedly. "That isn't the way Dr. Williams talked—he's our family doctor. He didn't ask us any questions at all. He just said pains with beginning m struation were all in a girl's mind.

CONTINUED ON PAG

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PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

"THEY'RE SOMETHING TO READ . . ."

By JOHN WHITE, age 11

When I first heard about book fairs, I didn't know there was such a thing. I like books—they're something to read. But I never think of going to a bookstore to buy books. A bookstore is out of the way. I don't really buy many books, anyway. If there's a book fair around, that's about the only time I do buy books. Book fairs should last longer. At my school they usually last about two days, but you have to come at special times. There are always more books in the library, but you don't buy books at a library.

Usually the book I'm reading is the book I like. I am reading Gulliver's Travels. *I can't remember all the books I've read. I usually read a book and like it, then I get another book I read and like—sometimes I don't like it. I don't really keep the authors in mind except famous authors—Mark Twain, for instance. I like Tom Sawyer. I don't know many famous authors. I just read books—I don't know if the authors are famous or not.*

I don't think the world would be very good if it didn't have any books. If there were no books, you would really need a lot of teachers—and they don't like to teach so much, if you ask me.

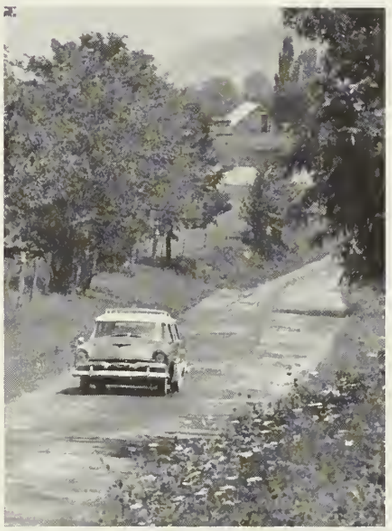
Many thousands of children's book fairs will be held during National Children's Book Week beginning November 13. Some will be held in public buildings such as the Museum of Natural History in Chicago and the U.S. Department of Commerce auditorium in Washington, D.C. But the great majority of children's fairs are sponsored by local Parent-Teacher organizations, in co-operation with school and public libraries and bookshops in the community, and are held in lobbies, gymnasiums or other large rooms in public-school buildings. Books may be purchased at the fairs, but the principal objective of a P.T.A. book fair is to stimulate interest in reading. Raising funds is of secondary importance.

To many parents, guiding their children to good books is no less important than guiding them in the choice of friends. Bad comics and even pornography on the newsstands threaten the good reading habits of many of today's children, and it is little wonder that some parents are at a loss to know what books to select. Those living in localities where there is no public-library service may find most helpful a Children's Book Council folder, "Aids to Choosing Books for Your Children." The address: The Children's Book Council, Inc., 175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y. The price of each folder is five cents.—Ed.



Library volunteers Margaret Allen and Ruth Baker, with librarian Joyce Williams (center), prepare for bookmobile run.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WERNER WOLFF



Volunteer service, including regular bookmobile tours, gives county 100% library coverage.



"My, how they read in Rockoak!" Space in grocery/post office is furnished by owner, Mrs. A. C. Poland (r).

LIBRARY ON A SHOESTRING

. . . IN HARDY COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA

"A love of books, a love of people, and a profound wish to bring them together." That's a nutshell description of the volunteer spirit that sparks operation of the Hardy County Public Library in Moorefield, West Virginia.

Last year unpaid workers circulated more than 15,000 books among the county's 9271 residents, served three branch libraries, and operated a bookmobile which brought monthly supplies of books to six county schools and eight deposit stations. They did it all on a total budget of under $2000—"less than the price of a new car."

With no access to Federal or state funds, 585-square-mile Hardy County has 100-per-cent library coverage—an achievement made even more impressive by contrast with the situation in a neighboring county, one of the nine West Virginia counties that have *no* library service for their residents.

How do they do it? Mrs. C. B. Allen, who worked as librarian for years, smiles. "For money," she tells you, "we substitute all the free help we can get, community good will, ingenuity, publicity and determination. Our bootstrap bookmobile service is a good example."

Mrs. Edward Baker has handled the bookmobile operation for five years. Monday afternoon she and Margaret Allen select books for each deposit station and load them in the bookmobile—a thirdhand station wagon. Early Tuesday morning they set out, up over Branch Mountain to little white Asbury Church, high on the wind-swept ridge. They gather up last month's books from the back pew, leave a new supply. Then down the steep curving ridge road from whose edge the mountain drops sheer to the gorge below. They covered that in winter when snowdrifts were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

Announcing a fabulous new laundry machine tha completely frees you from washday drudgery...

the all-new PHILCO *HI-SPEED* DUOMATIC Bendix combination washer-dryer!

Washes better than a washer . . . outfeatures any dryer . . . outperforms every other combination!

Completes average family wash loads in just 58 minutes . . . can be used as a washer alone, as a dryer alone or as a combination!

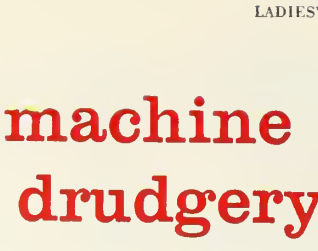
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Outfeatures any dryer. Fully automatic drying, no guessing about time, no checking for dryness, and no more sprinkling either. Exclusive Moisture Measure lets you "dial the dryness" — damp-dry, fold-dry . . . any dryness *you* want. Drying is safe for all fabrics and the *fastest ever!*

Outperforms any pair, any other combination. *Washes and dries* the average family load (two sheets included!!) in just 58 minutes! See a demonstration soon!



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THE CANCER NOBODY TALKS ABOUT

LADYS DENNY SHULTZ

As some cancer death rates drop, those for rectal and colonic cancer e . . simply because "no one wants to talk about it," simply because the d ary person doesn't know its symptoms, doesn't seek examination for —d by the time he must acknowledge his suffering, the chance to e a cure has slipped by.

t uses more deaths in the United States today than any other cancer, attacking both s es in almost equal numbers. In 1958, the latest year for which mortality figures are n le, it claimed 37,767 victims; nearly 6000 more than highly publicized lung can- . 1960, its death toll in this country will probably have been in the neighborhood 3 000. In 1961, it is estimated that around 34,000 women and 35,000 men will ju e it. Of the 69,000 men and women in whom it may be expected to appear during e ar, around 20,000 will be saved—because the cancer will be detected early. The re 49,000 presumably will die in the way countless thousands have died before them.

Yet cancer of the colon and rectum to date has had little said about it, as a sep- te ancer entity. The public has not been fully alerted to its danger signals, as it has en those of the other important cancers. Few doctors employ all the techniques for co ering it in early stages, even in a "thorough" physical examination.

It made its first big headlines when it forced a great statesman to lay aside his k nd undergo one operation, then another. For a time the entire Western world n pon word from the late Secretary of State Dulles's hospital room. Yet the disease m hich he suffered escaped entirely the exhaustive discussion and elucidation in e ss that followed President Eisenhower's coronary and ileitis attacks.

Investigation by the *Ladies' Home Journal* following Secretary Dulles's second ne attack revealed that sigmoidoscopy—the technique best calculated to detect ac of the colon and rectum in early stages—was still not a part of the routine ex- in ions our Government furnishes free to members of Congress, as part of its pg n for guarding the health and fitness of these important public servants. At ne writing there was not even a comparable program for Cabinet members and ne important Government officials. To date, sigmoidoscopy has not been a part of e ysical examination which the American Medical Association offers its doctor en rs at its annual meeting.

How has it happened that, in this highly cancer-conscious era, cancer of the lo nd rectum has been slighted in the vigorous campaigns waged to catch cancers in ne ody sites in time for cure? It leads the list of cancer death dealers, in fact, largely ca e the campaigns against other cancers have been so effective. Each year, for in- an the death rate from cancer of the female reproductive organs drops below what it d en the year before. Informed and alerted, more women have been going to their rt s at the first signs of these cancers; and for routine examinations designed to fer- t o cancer in the reproductive organs before there are symptoms.

But there has been hesitancy about speaking of cancer of the colon and rectum. os ly persons don't even want to think about it. By the time cancer in this site has lle tself forcibly to the attention of its victims, in the great majority of cases the op- rt ity to effect a cure has slipped by.

In past decades, there was some excuse to shrink from the very thought of cancer th olon and rectum, to talk about it only in whispers if it appeared in one's own cir- e, in one's self.

Until not a great many years ago, a malignancy in this area was almost invariably tal ancer of the colon can be one of the most secret of all the "invisible" cancers— os idden deeply within the body. It is one of the few cancers that can proceed the far before it produces symptoms. It can be harbored for a considerable period be- ne ere is any outward indication of its presence. Hence in previous decades cancer gh in the colon was seldom discovered until it had become inoperable..

Cancer of the rectum, on the other hand, is not hard to find, if it is searched r t its early symptoms are not alarming; and they are of a nature one doesn't dis ily discuss. Moreover, the early attempts of surgeons to deal with it were far om eassuring. The mortality rate in the first CONTINUED ON PAGE 149

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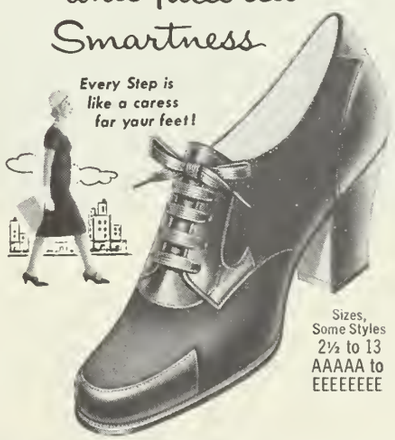
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SHEER GENIUS... All you can see is the beautiful difference

MAX FACTOR



Many marriages fail because each partner has a different idea of the role the other should play. If a girl looks back on her childhood with pleasure, and regards her father as an ideal, she unconsciously expects her husband to behave as her father did. "That's what a good husband is like!" she thinks. But her husband was brought up in a very different home, to play a very different role. On the other hand, he has a picture of the ideal wife, his dream girl, and attempts to fit his bride into that picture. If she does not fit (and of course she can't—she wasn't born that way), he thinks, "This is not the girl I married. She has changed!" This process of disillusion is a very important contributor to marital unhappiness in the innumerable homes that are founded on the romantic illusion. Fay and Ira built their marriage on that treacherous foundation. One of the difficulties in such a case is that the persons themselves find it so hard to recognize and accept the facts. They need the help of a disinterested counselor, as given in this case at the American Institute of Family Relations by Keith N. Rholl.

PAUL POPENOE, SC.D., *President*

CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

SHE: *"When Ira comes home, he marches straight past me into the bedroom to change his clothes, doesn't even say hello unless I say hello first."*

HE: *"Fay is a chatterbox. Every afternoon she drowns me in torrents of conversation. She talks, talks, talks at me."*



DON ORNITZ

"When I go to bed after an evening of study, she pretends to be asleep. Many nights I've walked the floor hoping she would say something sweet to me, wishing that she would open her eyes and give me a welcoming smile."

Fay tells her side: "Last night Ira asked for a divorce," said pretty twenty-one-year-old Fay in a rueful and bewildered voice. "It was an average evening with us—no outbursts, no quarrel, no particular unpleasantness. I was getting ready for bed and Ira was settled with his books—he carries part-time college courses—when suddenly he gave me a peculiar, examining look.

"He then got up and kissed me lifelessly on the cheek. I was wearing my prettiest nightgown, but he seemed bored and indifferent. I wondered why on earth he bothered to get out of his chair. So I pulled away and asked if he felt sorry for me. Did he think he was doing me a favor? Without hesitation he answered, 'Yes.' He then said he didn't love me, that we had never loved each other, that we should face the facts and separate.

"Not long ago on an equally average evening Ira said he loved me very much, that our marriage was the best thing that ever happened to him. However, last night wasn't the first time in our fourteen months together that he has talked divorce. Last December he left me for two weeks—to this day I don't understand why—but on Christmas he called and begged to come back and I let him. I still love Ira, or I guess I do. But his changeableness shakes me. I don't want to live with a man who kisses me from a sense of obligation or out of pity. It's too hard on my self-respect.

"My parents, who have been awfully good to us, are puzzled and annoyed with Ira. His mother is also annoyed. Very much so. This morning she telephoned me at my office and blessed out Ira for half an hour. I didn't particularly welcome my mother-in-law as an ally, but I couldn't very well hang up on her. She denounced Ira for everything under the sun, including the way he whips into and out of jobs. She said he was as unreliable as his father.

"Ira has baffled me since we first met in the college coffeeshop nearly three years ago. I was trying to light a cigarette—my lighter was out of fuel—and Ira and a classmate were at the next table. Classmate Ed leaned over with a match and introduced himself and we kidded back and forth. I hardly noticed Ira, who sat silent; in fact, I made a date with Ed for Saturday night.

"On Saturday Ed called for me at home—I wasn't living on campus—and, to my surprise, Ira walked up the steps right behind him. Ira spent the evening with us. The same thing happened the following week. Ed took me to the movies and Ira went too. For six weeks every time Ed and I had a date Ira showed up and tagged along. I couldn't understand the communal evenings; it seemed kooky to me. Finally I told Ed not to call any more.

"Next day Ira made his first independent visit to our house and explained the mystery. Ed, it developed, was a well-known campus wolf, a married man who had no business dating single girls. Ira had been protecting me at great inconvenience to himself. He had spent hours watching our house from across the street; this made him Johnny-on-the-spot whenever Ed appeared. Ira told me he had fallen in love with me at first sight, but had been too shy to say so.

"I thought the whole thing was awfully romantic. My parents thought Ira could have shown more common sense, but they both liked him. I guess my mother liked him less than my father. She had secret hopes I would marry one of the young executives in my grandfather's wholesale-grocery business, but I'm an only child and have always been encouraged to be independent and to choose my own friends. There were no real objections when Ira and I announced our engagement.

"I do recall that mother was worried about his moodiness even then. His mother, who is quite a talker and likes to discuss and analyze her children's temperaments, probably stirred her up.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"There are many times when it is practically impossible to tell what Ira is thinking or what he might do. Yet seemingly he expects me to read his mind. One night he intended to study for an exam, which he hadn't mentioned, and I suggested a movie I was anxious to see. Instead of explaining, he took me to the movie; then for days he burned inside and hardly spoke while I wondered what on earth was wrong. Another time, shortly after we became engaged, he got furious because I didn't urge him to quit a part-time job that was unusually well paid, a job all the other students envied. I pointed out we needed the money if we were to buy our furniture and our silver—I had already picked my pattern—and he flared up and said I was insensitive and materialistic and cared nothing for him. With that, he banged out of the house. It was three days before we saw each other again.

"My parents thought we should postpone our marriage until Ira was graduated—his mother agreed with them—and I suppose Ira wouldn't have minded waiting. But nearly all my girl friends were married and I saw no point in such a long delay. We were married in June at the end of his sophomore year. My parents splurged on a big wedding, six bridesmaids, a reception for 100, and gave us a check for our honeymoon. Grandfather gave us $500 to put on the down payment for a house. It seemed Ira and I had everything a couple could possibly desire.

The more one judges, the less one loves.
BALZAC

"Our honeymoon was fine, or so I believed. I wasn't afraid of the sex part, and Ira was sweet and gentle. He treated me like a princess. But then on the last day, as I was packing our bags, he dropped a remark that made me think he thought I thought he wasn't a good lover. I thought the exact opposite, as I tried to make clear. But he kept on saying he knew he hadn't satisfied me or my reaction would have been more warm and feminine.

"After our marriage Ira shifted to a part-time college course—he is a math major—in order to work full time. He signed up for summer school and found a job as a statistician, a good job with a future. I dropped college—I don't consider myself a brain—and went to work to help with our installment payments. Between us, we were making nearly $700 a month. Naturally, I assumed we would buy a house right away. We did buy our furniture. I selected Swedish modern, the style he seemed to prefer. We didn't buy our house. Without saying very much, Ira got across the idea that we should reserve my grandfather's gift for an emergency.

"It seems almost illegal to me to be married and pay rent. Mother went into her own home as a bride, and so did my grandmother. For Ira's sake I swallowed my disappointment and we moved into an apartment. We started a regular savings program to buy our house, with each of us depositing a set sum every Saturday. After three Saturdays Ira quit his job and though he soon located another he didn't resume the deposits. I doubled the amount I was putting in the bank. I tried everything to build up his interest in homeownership. I got mother to talk to him. Grandfather dropped a few strong hints. His mother spoke to him.

"Every Sunday for weeks, as we drove to my folks for dinner, we went house hunting. We were shown many bargains, but we saw nothing at any price that appealed to Ira. He wasn't satisfied with our apartment either. He complained it was too cramped and that our beautiful new furniture was too bulky. He said he had no decent place to study.

"The next thing I knew he quit summer school. My people were appalled and his

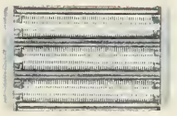


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mother was beside herself. She had me on the office phone until my boss complained. In a competitive field like statistics, if Ira is to get ahead, a degree in math is darn near a must. Yet he declared he didn't feel he was accomplishing anything by staying in college. In September, after all of us talked ourselves hoarse, he enrolled again, but at that point announced he would major in philosophy. Luckily his college counselor convinced him to stick to math, but by then everybody in both families was limp from the suspense.

"By then, too, I'd had a liberal education in Ira's moods. His spirits go up and down like an elevator, with emphasis on the down. Even when Ira is normal he isn't madly gay. At the rare parties we attend he lurks in the darkest corner. He refuses to dance with me, although dancing is one of my very few talents. When I was seventeen I halfway expected to take up professional dancing, but then I developed a dreadful case of acne, and had to give up the idea.

"Occasionally I can persuade Ira to double-date with another couple, but no matter how I beg he won't take me to a restaurant meal or to a drive-in with just the two of us. Ira used to be crazy about my folks. But now he balks at even Sunday dinner with them. I must say he doesn't play favorites. I can hardly drag him to see his own mother.

"In the afternoons, when he comes home from work, I'm already back from my job and happy to see him. I am bubbling with news of my day and eager to hear his news. Ira marches straight past me to the bedroom; he doesn't even say hello unless I say hello first. I have to be quick in following or he shuts the door on me. In the bedroom he gets out of the clothes he's worn at work, brushes and hangs them up. Next he takes a shower and shaves. When I speak to him, he just grunts. After he puts on the old clothes he wears in the apartment he potters around picking out his shirt, necktie, underwear, socks for next day, and laying them in their special places.

"He won't allow me to touch his bureau drawers or put away his laundry. He is fantastically tidy, which is hard to understand since he wasn't raised that way. My mother-in-law held a job while she brought up four boys and is quite a sloppy housekeeper.

"Every two or three months—the last time was in October—one of Ira's depressions hits him. Until it lifts the poor guy is in agony, though he won't admit it. I always go to bed before he tackles his books—my job is hard and I need lots of sleep—but one time last summer during a particularly bad siege of his I suddenly woke in the middle of the night. Ira lay slumped across the bottom of the bed, his head buried in his arms, and I am quite sure he was crying. That's what woke me. I wanted to get up and put my arms around him, but I was afraid to take a chance on offending his pride. I did ask if I could help him and asked him what was wrong. He said, 'Nothing.' The chill and curtness of his voice taught me my lesson. Ever since that night if I hear Ira pacing around our bedroom or see him huddled on the bed outside the blankets, I keep my mouth shut and pretend I'm asleep.

"In his depressions Ira is beyond my reach, beyond my help. He becomes dissatisfied with himself, with his job of the moment, with his future prospects, with his good sharp brain. He becomes dissatisfied with me: with the way I laugh, the way I talk, with our sexual relationship—particularly the last. Instead of growing better, as it is supposed to do, our relationship has grown worse.

"For some reason Ira has decided I don't respond to him as a truly loving wife should respond. He is disappointed because as yet I haven't experienced the climax that some women experience. The fact that I am perfectly content is of no comfort to him. Sometimes he blames himself; other times he blames me. I've worried so much about it all that I've become unsure and self-conscious and even less responsive than I was in the beginning.

"I have pride myself. I used to be affectionate by nature. Days pass when Ira and I live as platonically as brother and sister, and I no longer care. Our unsatisfactory sex life may be our most important problem, as Ira believes. But I try not to think about it. At this stage, I am more disturbed by his depressions than by anything else. His depressions terrify me and everybody in my family—for a good reason. Ira's mother has told us all about his father. He was a brilliant advertising man, but after a series of nervous breakdowns he lost his mind and died in a sanitarium some years ago.

"My people are terribly concerned about my future. They say it might be wise for Ira and me to break up now before things get more involved and children come along. Maybe they are right. But even though Ira has asked for a divorce and I may find him gone when I return to our apartment, I'd hate to leave him in the lurch. I think he needs me. I know I'll never meet another man for whom I care as much."

IRA TELLS HIS SIDE:

"Fay never should have married me," said twenty-two-year-old Ira unhappily. "She would make some man a fine wife. She is beautiful, she is intelligent, she is a good cook and an adequate housekeeper by ordinary standards. I'm to blame for nearly all our troubles.

"Fay will be less hurt in the long run, as I'm sure her family will agree, if we take the plunge and get a divorce now. She is bound to forget me quickly. I'm rotten husband material. Fay likes gaiety, parties. I don't. It's a real ordeal for me to dance with her. She is expert, but she doesn't follow well; being pushed around a dance floor by a dame isn't my idea of fun.

"If we double-date with another couple, she and the other girl are usually willing to sit back while the other man and I choose the restaurant, the movie, the type of entertainment. But let Fay and me step out on our own and she takes full charge. She has me roller skating when I'd rather listen to a concert, eating chop suey when my teeth are set for a steak, and I don't enjoy it. I wouldn't object to an occasional party if I could observe from the side lines. But Fay drags me in the limelight.

The most wasted day—on which we have not laughed. CHAMFORT

"Peace and quiet count a great deal with me, possibly because I had so little peace and quiet as a boy. Fay is a chatterbox. Every afternoon she drowns me in torrents of conversation. While I am trying to shower and change my clothes and let down from the daily grind, while I yearn for privacy, she talks, talks, talks at me.

"I know I'm a regular old maid about my clothes and my fondness for tidy bureau drawers. Everybody tells me so—my mother, my in-laws, and of course Fay. I grew up in the midst of chaos. My bed was changed once a month on the average; my three brothers were constantly messing up my stuff. But in the Army I learned the pleasure of neatness and order. Fay borrows and loses my handkerchiefs—I once saw her use a clean handkerchief for a dust mop—and the other day I saw her smile to herself when I rubbed a little shoe polish on a leather belt. She looked as lofty and scornful as my mother used to look when I asked her for a freshly laundered shirt to wear at a special school event.

"Most of my Army buddies groused about Army spit and polish, but not me. In fact, I remember pretending I was accustomed to such living, that I'd been brought up by a strict mother who put me through a daily inspection on the crease in my pants, my haircut, the way I kept my room. Actually my mother never noticed whether I looked clean or dirty. She wasn't that interested.

"I sold the other guys in my outfit a bill of goods on my entire family. It amused me to pretend my mother and father were ordinary normal people, fond of each other and proud of their kids. So far as I can recall, my mother never complimented my brothers or me on anything. Her disapproval, her method of showing it, was even tougher to take. She just stopped speaking to me for a few hours or a few days, depending on my crime, and often she refused to tell me why I was punished. One time she praised the cello playing of a neighbor boy; I promptly joined the school orchestra, saved the profits of my newspaper route for months and bought a secondhand cello. My music teacher said my playing was superior, but I won no kudos from either of my parents.

"After my father's crack-up mother went to work in a department store to support the family, and I suppose she deserves credit. However, I've always believed she was largely responsible for father's troubles, that she drove him nuts with her bossiness, her criticisms and contempt. She kept at him until he started his own advertising agency, although he was constitutionally too erratic to operate a business. He went bankrupt and she never forgave him.

"When he tried to go back to working for other agencies again, she put a hex on him by screaming reproaches and predictions of failure. He yelled back at her and one night he knocked her down. I guess neither of them thought of us kids upstairs in bed, shaking with nerves and fear. I hold no particular brief for my father—I hate for anybody to say I resemble him—but I do know he got a raw deal from mother.

"During my two years in the Army I had no hardships—the war was long over—but I was often homesick in a peculiar way. I was homesick for the home I never had. Many a night I lay on my bunk in Germany picturing the home and life I wanted in the future. Brick and mortar and plaster, Swedish furniture, materialistic things were no part of my picture. In the main, I thought about the woman I wanted to marry and live with and love.

"Believe it or not, I dreamed of Fay at least two years before I met her. Asleep or awake I would see in fantasy a tall slim girl with red hair, large gentle eyes and a warm sweet smile. Physically Fay is exactly the girl I dreamed about, but there the resemblance ends.

"Fay is like her mother and she's quite a bit like my mother. One day when I was only seven or eight years old I asked mother why she had married father if she didn't love him, and she said, 'He was a loaf of bread, a roof over my head.' Her cold words left a deep imprint on me. I made up my mind no woman would ever marry me for that reason.

"Fay isn't as mercenary and grasping as my mother, by any means, but she *is* materialistic. She sets a higher value on possessions than she sets on me. Before we were even married she had me tangled up in paying installments on a set of sterling silver. Because of that silver she tried to persuade me to stick to a job with an employer I despised. He fired my best friend in such an insulting manner I felt obliged to quit in protest. An intuitive girl would have sensed and sympathized with my feelings, but Fay isn't intuitive. Indeed, she was so dense and so stubborn that she and I almost split up right then. But how could I stand out against her and a hundred engraved wedding invitations ready to be put in the mail?

"As soon as we were married I discovered she was more interested in owning real estate than in my peace of mind. She pressured me in every way she could think of to buy a house. I don't want to be tied down by property until I decide where I want to locate, what kind of work I want. Fay and my in-laws and my mother blandly assume I'll continue to be a statistician, and perhaps I will, but I have a sneaking desire to decide my own future.

"I want to be free to think about teaching, or saleswork, or, for that matter, manual labor. I don't want to be tied to regular bank deposits, regular payments on installment loans. I have no interest in making a good impression on an employer I dislike. Last December I heard I wasn't receiving a Christmas bonus from the company I was then working for. I quit the job. When Fay took sides against me and defended the company's stingy policy, I couldn't stand it. I walked out on her. On Christmas Eve I found myself eating in a greasy spoon all alone.

"I telephoned Fay. She cried on the phone. But she wouldn't take me back until her mother and all the rest of the kinfolk O.K.'d our reconciliation. That rubbed a lot of the

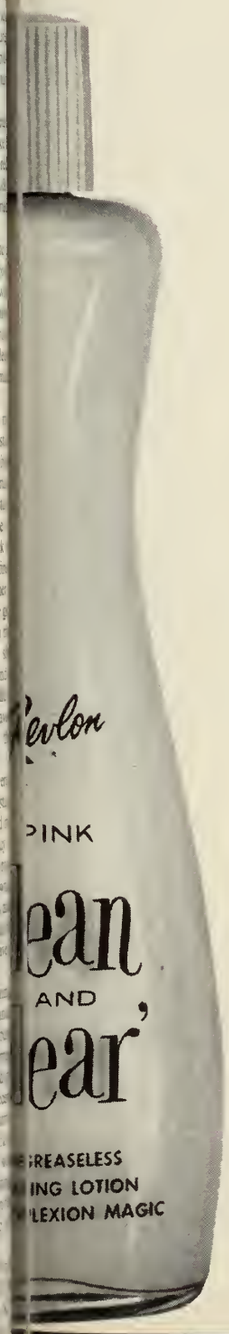
CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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5. Does sun seem to help your skin? YES ☐ NO ☐
6. Would your skin dry up without a night cream? YES ☐ NO ☐
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

shine off our first Christmas for me. Sundays now, if Fay gets her way, we visit her family. The whole gang, even her grandfather, collect around a table and, like Army brass, outline a plan of life for me. I just won't take it. I quit one job I might have otherwise kept just because I got tired of hearing all the reasons I was lucky to have it.

"My depressions are something I'd prefer to keep to myself. It's certainly no help to have my in-laws hold a state meeting every time I'm feeling low, hash over my sad case and then advise Fay to trot home to cheer me up. I know when she's consulted them because of all the phony sunshine. I know when she's talked things over with my mother because then she worries that I may be in the process of cracking up the same way my father did. At that point I *am* sunk.

"Fay and I look for quite different things in marriage. She expected marriage to bring her security—a house, furniture, children, standing in the community. Perhaps later on I'll want those things, too, but at the moment they seem nonessential to me. The security I expected to find in marriage was love itself.

"I expected to find understanding and moral support in marriage, real love. There is nothing solid between Fay and me. She isn't woman enough to make me feel like a man. I've proved I'm not man enough to make her feel like a woman. Our love-making is so frustrating that I've almost abandoned it. Although Fay is acquiescent and affectionate in a passive sort of way, she has never been genuinely moved. Not once.

"Our sexual relationship satisfies her, she says, but that's hard to believe. The moment we finish dinner in the evening she suggests we go out somewhere or else reminds me I should study, and then she flies to bed to avoid my company. When I go in later she pretends to be asleep. Many nights I've walked the floor hoping she would say something sweet to me, wishing she would open her eyes and give me a welcoming smile.

"If our sexual relationship could be put on a better basis, if I could just once feel that Fay had deep feeling for me, I'm sure our other problems would seem small. But that situation has become so bad from my point of view that this morning I moved out of our apartment to spare myself further humiliation."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS:

"Fay and Ira started out with a storybook picture of marriage and unrealistic hopes. Ira, who had received too little attention from his mother, wanted an exaggerated amount of attention and understanding from his wife. Few young women could have met his expectations. Fay married an insecure, restless young man, obviously reluctant to assume responsibility. Yet she wanted him to settle down at once and provide her with the stable background of her girlhood.

"Our first accomplishment in counseling was to end their brief separation. When Ira was convinced that with expert aid their sexual relationship could be improved, he returned to their apartment. Fay was sent to a well-known gynecologist who sometimes assists the American Institute of Family Relations in working out sexual problems. She was advised of ways she could be more co-operative in demonstrating her affection for Ira. In the meanwhile Ira, who was more inexperienced than he fancied, learned through consultation how to improve his love-making. A few weeks later he triumphantly reported that for the first time in their marriage he and Fay had shared an experience wholly satisfying to them both. Her report was the same; she said she had previously been ignorant of what sex could mean, the joy to be found in total surrender. Both declared they were ideally happy, that their differences had vanished, and they terminated the counseling.

"It is sometimes said that an unsatisfactory sexual relationship can make an otherwise good marriage ninety per cent a failure. On the other hand, contradictory as it sounds, a satisfactory sexual relationship probably counts only ten per cent in making marriage a success. Within three months Fay and Ira, now physically well adjusted, discovered their other problems were still unresolved. They resumed the counseling.

"This time Fay and I went to bat and analyzed her unrealistic expectations, explored her personality difficulties and Ira's personality difficulties. She had perceived Ira's insecurity very clearly while remaining unaware of her own. Fay was a very pretty girl whose self-confidence had been badly jolted in her teens. A severe case of acne, from which she had slowly but completely recovered, carried emotional side effects from which she had not recovered. She had been left doubtful of her ability to attract the opposite sex and to win a husband. This fearfulness may explain why she pushed Ira into an earlier marriage than he was prepared for and almost certainly explains her bossiness. To cloak her fears, Fay modeled her personality on the pattern laid out by her brisk, efficient mother.

"Actually, as Fay admitted when she thought the matter through, she wanted to own a home less than her mother wanted it for her. She admitted the injustice and futility of attempting to hold Ira to the conventional standards of her kinfolk. For his sake and for her own sake, she agreed to limit visits to her parents to twice a month. She needed the opportunity to develop her own adult personality unhampered by the influence of her mother.

"Fay's excessive talkativeness, also borrowed from her mother, served as a shield for her insecurity and nervousness but barred her from any real understanding of Ira. It was foolish of her to ask Ira if he kissed her out of pity; such questions invariably evoke an unwelcome answer. Fay tried to talk less and become more feeling and sensitive.

"Gradually, as she developed sensitivity and awareness, she learned to approach Ira on a feeling level. When he came home depressed from work or college, she bit back idle chatter and questions and allowed him an interval of quiet and privacy to relax. Instead of barging in on him while he shaved and showered, she picked up a magazine or busied herself in the kitchen. To her pleased surprise, Ira frequently began to join her there.

"Ira's reserve and remoteness, his dour silences of course had aggravated Fay's insecurity and increased her loquaciousness, if only to fill the vacuum in the apartment. It wasn't fair of him to make a guessing game of his feelings and plans, to subject her to selfish prolonged fits of the sulks. Grateful for Fay's concessions, he tried to talk more and tell her what he was thinking and feeling.

"Ira's insecurity was based on the haunting fear that he would have a marriage like his father's marriage and suffer his father's fate. Consequently when Fay told him truthfully that she had laid aside any immediate ambition to buy a house he was reassured on two scores. She proved to him that she was pulling away from her mother's influence and away from *his* mother's evaluation of his father as 'a roof over her head.'

"Any casual remark drawing a comparison between Ira and his father stirred up his most profound fears, cut cruelly. Fay dropped all such remarks. At her request, her family did the same. She broke off her close association with her mother-in-law and stopped urging visits there.

"Actually, according to medical author the mental ailment that Ira's father suffer not inheritable. Except for Ira's periodic pressions, from all I could gather, there only a slight similarity in the personaliti the two men. Indeed, as Ira suddenly rea in the course of a consultation, his perso was quite a bit like that of his mother. His of punishing Fay when she failed to rea mind or sense his feelings—the hours of silence, the refusal to tell her what wrong—was identical with the punishmer mother had inflicted on him in his boyh This piece of self-knowledge greatly sho Ira, who had no desire to resemble his m but was very effective in prodding him t swer Fay's questions and volunteer info tion.

"When he told her he needed to study f examination, she no longer suggested an dinner movie. When he told her she w clined to lead on the dance floor—as are girls who have done solo dancing—she le to follow. They now enjoy dancing with other.

Their social life and their life at together were both vastly improved b winning combination of Fay's heigh awareness and his increased ability to out. After she stopped dragging him into groups and began to let him pick his own versational gambits, they went to more ties. When he told her he preferred to the restaurant or theater, she gladly gave that privilege.

"When he came into the bedroom l night, she stopped pretending to be a She responded to her intuitive feeling th needed her.

"As they mastered the art of marital munication Fay and Ira learned to share of their pleasures, most worries. As w evitable, Ira's depressions (which still periodically) remain pretty much his in ual problem. About the only help Fa give is to repress overcheerful attem rally his spirits; instead she offers the sol silent sympathy. If Ira anticipates the on a period of black gloom, which he often he warns her to steer clear of him. He out the siege alone until his spirits rise a accountably as they sank. He hopes h pressions will decrease as he grows older

"I haven't seen Fay and Ira for the pas years, but occasionally I hear from the telephone or mail. Some of their pro were solved by the maturity acquired in four years. Ira has now finished colleg has now held a good job for eighteen m likes the job and his employers. Wh called me the other day he spoke pr about his future prospects with the org tion.

"Perhaps it is no coincidence that h Fay are now the parents of a year-old dau She has quit working. They are still r their old apartment, although it is crowd three. As soon as they locate a place kitchen that suits Fay and a big back yar suits the little girl, Ira told me, they int buy a home."

Editors' Note: This case history was compil condensed from actual records by
DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

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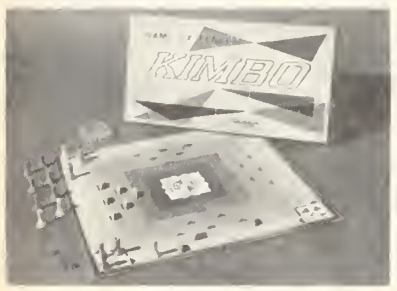
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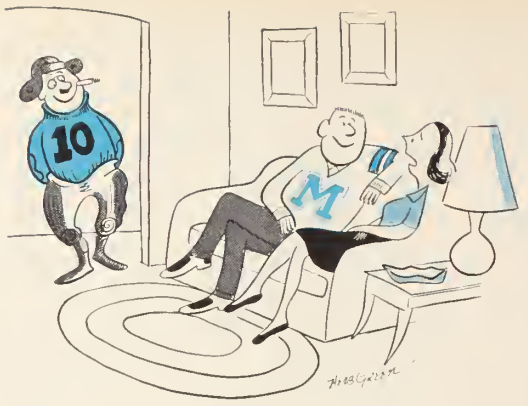
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THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER



"OH—NO!"

A wife shouldn't beat her husband at *both* golf and tennis. If she does, maybe they'd better take up chess or horseshoes.

Our town's champ cynic got scorched when he told his wife he'd go duck hunting on election day. Now he agrees to vote either way she coaxes him to.

Broad daylight, counsels a brave-new-world matron, that's the time for newlyweds to chat candidly about sex problems. "And don't ever think," she cautions, "that you're the only ones who have 'em."

"When I get really mad at Peter," confides Betty Comfort, trying on the football sweater a campus beau gave her, "I remind myself he's the same chosen guy I couldn't have lived without."

Even if your alma mater loses, at every football game you can run into old beaux of your wife who haven't weathered the slings and arrows any better than you.

You might whisper to your teenangel that teenage shyness is an ailment of childhood, like measles, but easier to cure: a few phone calls and a few dates and you recover.

When sudden visitors drop in and catch you barefoot and wearing shorts, you may get mildly provoked. But in the long run it's more fun than not if they drop in, even without a phone call.

Once we've got Son-in-Law Day established, I'll ask the new President (whoever he is) to proclaim also a Daughter-in-Law Day. But I think son-in-law should come first; nobody ever makes fun of a daughter-in-law.

I've discovered another clue to a first-rate restaurant: If it's really good it offers on its menu an excellent mixed grill; and I *don't* mean a bit of liver, a bit of sausage, a lamb chop and a slice of grilled tomato.

I scored a tiny triumph over my Dream Girl when our state's Beauty Queen (a great favorite of mine) graduated *summa cum laude* this year. "You knew all the time," I admonished my wife, "that I adored her for her brains."

Women are true devotees of literature: When a famous Pulitzer Prize novelist visits our town, they have black silk stockings on hand to wear for him, because he shyly reveals how much he admires a pretty leg in black.

Our most extravagant matron is indignant at her husband's criticism that she buys too many clothes she seldom wears. "If a girl phones me from the store and tells me a new dress reminded her of me," she protests, "it'd be rude of me not to buy it!"

Our town's most erudite banker yielded to pressure and public opinion and bought a Rolls-Royce. He keeps it in an immaculate white-plastered garage unmarred by anything but two enormous pots of flowers. (We're trying to raise a fund to buy it for our governor.)

"When my wife is utterly unreasonable," reflects Peter Comfort, tidying up his Dog House—what he calls his bomb shelter—"I remind myself she's the same flawless girl I took away from nine other men."

My wife is still gleeful because, of 200 high-school and prep-school editors I talked to recently, more than 180 were girls.

I've snapped pictures of our redhead's six-year-old Patrick atop every cannon on the state-capitol grounds. He tried to climb inside the muzzles, but found each of them filled with tourist trash.

By election day, I've no doubt, Jack Kennedy will seem the image of Thomas Jefferson and Dick Nixon will be a reasonable facsimile of Abe Lincoln. Remember how wonderful they made Coolidge seem eventually?

"What with all that brave-new-world machinery in a modern house," argues one of our richer eggheads at the bridge table, "it takes two wives to run a complex establishment. If a man can afford two he ought to have two!"

Our young collegian has invented a new diet dish for us two: cold jellied consommé topped with cottage cheese and 25 cents' worth of red U.S.A. caviar. Not bad, but not as good as ham and eggs with cottage-fried potatoes.

At our luncheon table of stubborn thinkers, several are baffled to find themselves forced to choose between Nixon and Kennedy. "Like being told to choose between two men from outer space!" says our ranking deep thinker.

A youngish widow here, still pretty and quite solvent, asks how to solve her loneliness. "Fill up your icebox! Get a different hairdo! Repaint your front door blond! You might lure me over!" advises our No. 1 semibachelor.

A solemn thought bothered me as I sat on a front lawn after dusk, watching color slides of rural Ethiopia shown by a missionary (an ex-fighter pilot) on a holiday: With 10,000 more pairs like him and his Polly, Africa might not have needed those U.N. troops.

My wife twits me about my expensive trips to two All-Star baseball games and two Rose Bowl football. "Were they so fascinating?" she asks. Under pressure, I confess I'd rather see the Davis Cup tennis matches or the National Open golf.

My dad made a sportsman out of me: He taught me to swim with water wings made of two corked jugs roped together, and to play tennis with old tin skillets. (He never let us kids notice we were poor.)

. . . When grandson Pat at six dives suddenly to impress a tiny five-year-old blond,
. . . And my daughter-in-law transforms an old kitchen table and chairs into brave-new-world gaiety,
. . . Or our youngest plunges into American Lit as if it were a banana split,
. . . And our son graciously accepts our four-year-old station wagon as if it were a limousine,
. . . Or Harlan III, debonair at three, wades breezily into the Atlantic Ocean's surf,
. . . And I watch my Dream Girl fly away in a shiny airplane that soars too fast,
It dawns on me that the chains of marriage are stronger than iron and softer than foam rubber.

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The wife involved with a younger man

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.

Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

My husband likes pets, I don't. Who decides?

If you are not allergic, accept his pets if he will assume the major responsibility for their care.

ASK YOURSELF:

Am I Career-Minded?

With more and more people of both sexes attending college, the world of work has increasing fascination for those young women who are not sure that marriage alone will be sufficient challenge to their interests and abilities. The questions below may help you think through whether a career or marriage should be your present objective. Answer "Yes" or "No."

Have you:

1. *Attended college, or had special training?*
2. *Prepared yourself for a specific vocation?*
3. *Worked for three years or longer?*
4. *Earned as much as $300 a month?*
5. *Often wished you were a man?*
6. *Ever wanted a business of your own?*
7. *Felt that men take advantage of women?*

Do You:

8. *Prefer practical to frilly clothes?*
9. *Work as easily with women as with men?*
10. *Regard yourself as dominant or self-sufficient?*
11. *Take little interest in church activities?*
12. *Dislike housework, especially cooking or sewing?*
13. *Believe men have easier lives than women?*
14. *Feel women should defer marriage to age 25?*

If you answered 10 or more of these questions "Yes," you are more career-minded than the average single woman. But with 10 or more "No" answers, marriage should bring you more satisfaction and happiness than any job could ever offer.

HE'S 26, SHE'S 38 AND OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER

"I've read a lot about older men becoming infatuated with young girls, but nothing about older wives becoming involved with younger men. Yet I know of three cases right in my own group, all of them women who have good husbands, nice homes and lovely children. My own sister, Letty, who is thirty-eight and ought to know better, seems to be wrapped up in Al, a budding lawyer who is single and only twenty-six. Letty has two teenage children, a devoted, hard-working husband who gives her just about anything she wants. Warren isn't a glamorous charmer, but everybody likes him and he and Letty have always got along well. I don't really think Letty and Al are having an out-and-out affair, and I'm sure she doesn't want to give up her marriage. But these infatuations get out of hand, and if Warren ever finds out, there'll be trouble. Why do some sensible, high-principled women act this way? Is it because they're neurotic, because they have too much free time or does something of the sort happen to most older women?"

Many community situations and activities—fund-raising projects, the country club, the theater group—bring married people together in an atmosphere of informal companionship. Very often, because younger wives are tied down by small children, and older husbands are engrossed in business, it is young men and wives nearing middle age who are thrown together.

Single or married, the young male is seldom romantically attracted to a woman ten or more years his senior. But if she is dissatisfied in her marriage or is aggressive, she may unintentionally become infatuated with the younger man. If he finds her appealing or is exploitive, their casual association may get out of hand. The result may be unfortunate or even disastrous, particularly for the wife. She is more vulnerable than he, since her feelings are more likely to involve guilt and at least the illusion of love.

The mature male sometimes becomes involved with a much younger woman because he is consciously or unconsciously seeking reassurance that his sexual prowess is undiminished. Typically, the mature woman does not experience any comparable specifically sexual fear. Nevertheless, since in this country we tend to equate feminine attractiveness with youth, she does want to feel that she is still young in appearance and charm. For this reason, she finds piquant satisfaction in the admiration of a younger man.

In addition, particular circumstances, attitudes or personality traits may heighten a mature woman's susceptibility to the attentions of a younger man.

She may be bored. When the youngest child enters school, and as the older ones grow increasingly self-sufficient, a mother often finds that the demands on her time and attention abruptly diminish, and that she suddenly has too much of the leisure she has longed for. Unless she has made purposeful plans to keep herself occupied, she is likely to become restless and dissatisfied, and worse still, to feel useless. In this state of mind, she may welcome a romantic diversion that a few years earlier would have seemed absurd.

She may feel neglected. Unfortunately, her family's routine demands on her may slacken at the very time when her husband's work load is the heaviest. If he is absorbed in his business to the point of having little leisure time for her, or little mental energy to consider her emotional needs, her feeling of aimlessness may be intensified. The attentions of a young man may be welcome simply because they restore her self-confidence and bolster her faltering ego. Her husband and children may no longer need her, but at least this young man finds her attractive and desirable.

Sentimental observances and attentions are generally more important to women than to men. Husbands could do much to relieve their wives' wistfulness, their feeling that romance is over for them, if they would occasionally bring flowers or make some other small gesture of spontaneous affection. The younger, single man is more likely to remember such pleasantries than the contented—and perhaps complacent—mature married man.

The sex relationship between husband and wife may be less satisfactory to her than to him. This may unconsciously predispose her to accept the attentions of another man.

Pleasant companionship with a person of the opposite sex can be inviting and rewarding at any age. A wife might shy away from the attentions of a man her own age because she would realize that continued association with him would be suspect, or even dangerous. But she might be disarmed if the man were considerably younger than she, because it would not occur to her that she could fall in love with him or that anyone would view the relationship suspiciously.

Every wife, young or old, should be friendly and enjoy social contacts with people her own age and younger, including men. But any dissatisfaction within herself should warn her that she must avoid temptations. Even if she is secure and well adjusted in marriage, she should be on the alert lest she be caught by the powerful appeal of youth.

"WHY IS MY HUSBAND IMPERTINENT TO MY MOTHER?"

"I'm much in love with Dick, but he treats my mother shabbily, especially when my father is away on business trips. Dick is so domineering, sure of himself, and too highhanded, as though he were head of my parents' house.

"Dick and I were married in June, but the trouble really started when we became engaged at Christmas. Mother and I wrote the announcement for the papers. Dick didn't like it so rewrote it to suit himself. Mother had a right to be annoyed, but she didn't protest. That weekend he had all three meals with us on Sunday. At breakfast his eggs didn't suit him, so he went into the kitchen and cooked more for himself. He behaved himself at lunch, except to tell me he liked his coffee stronger, but at dinner he said he didn't see why a roast should be cooked until the flavor was gone. Since my mother had prepared the meal, I don't see why she didn't lose her temper. At Easter when we went home to make wedding plans, he practically spoiled the visit with personal questions and downright impertinent comments on matters which were not his affair. You would have thought his parents were paying for the wedding. I can't understand it, since he comes from a good family.

"He has never thanked my mother for her hospitality, and his attitude hasn't changed a bit since the wedding. He isn't mean or vicious, but his airy disregard of my mother's opinions, his blunt statements of his own, and his way of acting as though he is always right and everybody else wrong gets me down. I'm afraid my mother will blow up one of these days, and I couldn't blame her, but I want to head it off if possible. I love them both and don't want to have bad feeling with either."

It's hard to believe that Virginia isn't overstating the case, but since brides in love are more apt to make excuses for their husbands' faults than to exaggerate, we have to assume that she has described the situation accurately. If so, she has a difficult problem on her hands, the more trying because it is largely unnecessary. With a little tact, understanding, and simple courtesy on her husband's part, the situation would rapidly right itself. As it is, Virginia must find some way of maintaining her affectionate relationship with her mother, without provoking her husband into still less acceptable behavior.

Probably the first step is to talk matters over with her mother, who seems to be a tolerant and well-controlled person. Without making feeble excuses for Dick's behavior, Virginia should apologize for him, and assure her mother of her confidence that he will improve in the future. In the next few months she should arrange casual and informal gatherings between her parents and her husband, under circumstances that will enable them to become better acquainted with a minimum of strain. But she should not force too frequent or too close association; to do so is asking too much of her mother, and is risking further rousing Dick's aggressiveness and putting him on the defensive.

For there is no doubt that his behavior is somehow rooted in a defensive attitude. His rudeness, his arrogance, his attempts to dominate and dictate, all suggest some inner insecurity. He may be uncertain of Virginia's love, and be unconsciously trying to assert his claims on her by being possessive and masterful.

The reasons for his actions are undoubtedly subtle, complex, and quite possibly have their origins in his childhood. But whatever their nature, it is Virginia who will have to bear their consequences. She hopes that matters will improve with time. If they do not, Virginia herself will find her husband's behavior increasingly hard to bear. Then she will need her mother's love and support even more than now. For her own sake, as well as for the sake of harmony between her husband and her mother, Virginia must find a way to keep the peace until her husband grows up.

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1 package dry onion-soup mix
1¼ cups water
2 8-oz. cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 lb. ground beef
½ teasp. garlic salt
½ teasp. thyme ¼ teasp. pepper
1 tablesp. chopped parsley

In deep, thick saucepan, bring to a boil quickly onion-soup mix, water and 1½ cans Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Mix ground beef, seasonings, parsley and remaining Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Shape into 16 meat balls and place them in sauce. Simmer gently, uncovered, for 25 minutes, turning occasionally. Serve over hot noodles, spaghetti or rice. Makes about 4 servings.

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journal about town

what we do...
where we go...
whom we meet


ABBOT MILLS

Camera-whiz Di Pietro: nor rain, nor sleet, nor hail . . .

50 years ago in the Journal

You could buy dolls with real hair eyebrows and eyelashes in November, 1910, when Woodrow Wilson, recently president of Princeton, was elected governor of New Jersey. Cotton prints for house dresses cost six cents a yard, and ice a cent a pound. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was leaping from balconies on Broadway, and* Down by the Old Mill Stream *was first sung.

In November, 1910, the *Journal* was a twice-monthly magazine celebrating its twenty-eighth birthday with a circulation of 1,500,000 (largest of all standard magazines). The two November issues showed 300 Christmas presents to make and ten pages of the latest Paris fashions, including the new fur stoles, ten and twelve feet long, of sable, ermine and chinchilla.

Scolds the fashion editor: "The woman willing to cover unclean underwear with a new gown will be equally untruthful in other details of her life."

Hair Styles Without False Puffs or Rats was a feature in this issue, and The Ideal Kitchen: "A refrigerator ought always to be of hardwood—either oak or maple. The door should open only from the top, to prevent cold air from rushing out, but side-opening doors are convenient and popular."

Asks Uncertain: "Which is better: for a man to tuck the corner of his napkin under his chin or between buttons of his vest?"

Correct Speaking and Writing: "The word 'chauffeur' is so new that it is found only in the latest dictionaries. A woman who drives an automobile is not called a chauffeur but a chauffeuse, pronounced showfuzz."

"Cutting down the butcher's bill: A good housekeeper makes two excellent dishes for a family of five out of a knuckle of veal for which she pays thirty cents."

"A cloth wrapper for parcels of unbleached muslin is better than paper when the package is to go a long distance," advises Fiji Islander.

Asks Harry: "When a boy joins a girl in the street and she is carrying a lot of bundles, what should he do?" Reply: "Offer to carry them for her."

Journal photographer Joe Di Pietro, *an expert on people, has photographed* everyone: *Untouchables in India* . . . How America Lives . . . *royalty. Joe makes people* relax *so they photograph "natural." ("I try to get acquainted before I even take out my camera.") Result: lifelike photographs without tricks or phony props. He's quick as a flash; his actual shooting time for our cover of Jacqueline Kennedy was 15 minutes; Patricia Nixon, 25 minutes. Example of the way Joe works: "I always carry an autograph book for my daughter, so I have a lot of signatures. When I asked the Vice President to sign it, he looked puzzled. There wasn't an empty page in the book. He finally signed on the inside cover! It was a good laugh."*

Wilhela Cushman recalls the Nixons and Kennedys too. She first photographed the entire Kennedy family in 1938, when Jack's father was ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Then Jacqueline Kennedy in 1957. "She has a lovely shyness, and a piquant, delightful voice," says Wilhela (pronounced Willa). In 1953, '56 she did fashion stories on the Nixons. "Mr. N. was meticulously well groomed," she remembers. "I'm sure even the soles of his shoes were polished." At the time the Nixons lived in a small house "with such shallow closets Pat had to hang her long evening dresses in the attic." No problem today, though (walk-in closets).

Did you know that the average human gives off heat equal to that of a 100-watt bulb? And that women have almost twice as much protection against cold as men, require higher temperatures before they perspire? Most comfortable range: 73°–77°; relative humidity, 25–60 per cent. (Arguments are more apt to flourish above 80°, so cool off.)


PICTORIAL PARADE

The *real* Danny Kaye . . . and our Peter Briggs.

Judging by present dress sizes, archaeologists of the future may think we were a race of midgets! When *Nora O'Leary* visited June Allyson at a fitting recently, June confided she wears a petite size 5 (some manufacturers now make *3!*). Nora tells us the smallest pattern size thirty years ago was 14. Statistics show that American women are getting taller and *bigger*. "Despite statistics," says Nora, "we still want to remain 'the *little* woman.'"


PICTORIAL PARADE

Theater's Russell . . . Journal's Page.


UPI

Pat Nixon (left) . . . with "understudy" Kelly.

Have you ever been mistaken for a celebrity, as have many of our staff? JOURNAL editors, we found, have "look-alikes." *Joe Di Pietro* has been taken for Adlai Stevenson; *Biffie Page* for Rosalind Russell; *Peter Briggs* for Danny Kaye; *Ruth Packard*, Helen Hayes; *Janet Boe*, Joan Caulfield. Secretary *Kay Kelly* is constantly asked if she's Pat Nixon. "The other day someone said, 'Hi, Pat. Haven't seen you since Washington.' Then he did a double-take, realized his mistake, and apologized!" (In the photos here we've substituted our editors' faces under their "look-alike's" hair and hat.) *Dawn Norman* says people think they've seen her before, but can't remember where or when. "I'm not even mistaken for *me!* Very discouraging."





No girl in the bunch would have fallen in love with Tony on purpose—especially not Beth, who remembered what it was like to be unwanted.

By VICTORIA LINCOLN

I shall never know what made me turn my head that morning in math class and see Tony as if I were seeing him for the first time. I saw his face, lifted in the shaft of light that fell through the window, saw his dark blue eyes, his mouth, his hands: *I saw him.*

I was in love, and I was sixteen, and nothing could have been more grossly, cruelly inconvenient.

"That dope," I whispered. "That drip."

But it was no use.

It was in September of 1922. I had not been popular with boys before that year. But I had spent the summer visiting my Cousin Peg at the lake, and it changed everything. Peg was a vamp, and her friends just assumed that any cousin of hers would be jazzy and cute. I rolled my stockings down like hers, and ratted my hair out like hers in big cootie garages, and copied the way she talked; and waited to be found out.

But I wasn't found out. I was Beth Collins, a popular girl. And the miracle lasted. I came home saying that South Alton was neat, that the boys there were whizzes, very snaky, but I was glad to be back with my own bunch. And at once my own bunch became real.

Any bunch would have satisfied me, but this was the best. It was Dick's and Daisy's bunch, and their approval was the absolute criterion of success. Looking back, I wonder why. Daisy was overbearing, and Dick,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

***This was** the meeting Beth had planned in her dreams. But it was turning into a nightmare.*

If you were granted one wish, what would it be? Beauty? Love? A golden voice?

By KATE McNAIR ILLUSTRATED BY GRETA ELGAARD

HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE For a long time I've wanted to tell someone what happened to me last winter, on a perfectly ordinary day of wet boots across the floor and peanut-butter sandwiches for lunch.

I have friends I talk to. We discuss the children's teachers and what to have for dinner, and other people's peculiarities. But this particular thing I can't tell them about. If I tried, they'd think I was out of my mind and offer to keep the three children while I went to the city for a change of scene.

I don't need a psychiatrist's couch; I just need a listener. But women are not above suspicion of being a little odd when they haven't had a day off in weeks. Say what you will about the hard life our grandmothers lived, today's mother has an awful lot to do. Grandfather didn't expect grandmother to be a glamour girl all the time she was doing her work either. Even on Sunday she just slicked her hair back and put on a clean dress.

I do not look high-style and leisurely, as though I spent most of my time at the country club. My family love me, so when I ask them if I look all right, they say yes every time.

I'm not very bright either. I always figured that I.Q. test they gave me when I entered college was graded by a no-expert type. I got in and I got through, but that is about it.

This particular day was cold and snowy and bright. The living room looked pretty and I felt happy. I had served a peanut-butter-sandwich lunch, but I had also concocted an elaborate parfait for the children that got an enthusiastic reception and yesterday's leftover fruit into their stomachs.

I was polishing the brass andirons and humming a little because I love those andirons. We found them in an antique shop in New England and the cherubs on the posts do something for my soul. When I polish them I always think about the man who made them and how proud he must have been, all those years ago.

Somebody behind me said, "Light that fire. I'm cold."

Obediently I picked up the lighter and lit the kindling under the log. Then I did a double take. No one was behind me. You see already how unreasonable it sounds.

"Over here," said the voice, and it seemed to come from the hassock there by the fire.

There she sat. I didn't just dream her up because I had inner tensions. She was about six inches tall and she sat on the very edge of the hassock, swinging legs that were beautifully covered with sheer hose and feet shod in high-heeled blue pumps. She had a compact in her hand and she was powdering the smallest nose you ever saw.

"You've never seen anything like me before," she said complacently. "Move over here closer and sit down on the floor. I can't crane my head up to talk to the top of a great big woman like you. Sit down."

I sat down. What else? I felt like a giant. One smack from my heavy paw would have sent her off her perch and into the fireplace. Not that I had any inclination to touch her. I was completely awed, and speechless. I thought about Alice in Wonderland and an old comic strip called The Teenie Weenies.

"I'm real," she said, and she reached over and gave me a poke with the tip of a tiny red umbrella.

I felt the touch. She laughed then and suddenly looked so sweet and cute that I had to be friendly even if this did turn out to be a high-powered dream.

"I'll bet you haven't thought about fairies since you were in the third grade." She smiled as she drew out the smallest lipstick you can imagine and used it as a pointer to emphasize her remarks, before she worked on her lips. "It is quite probable, even, that you don't believe in fairies. If that is true, we will have difficulty getting through to each other."

"Fairies surely don't wear blue wool suits and a hat that is the most beautiful shape I ever saw," I ventured.

She looked pleased and patted her hat in a way women have. "Designed by a darling Frenchman, a real artist in cloth. Then he found this perfectly wonderful leather man who made the shoes and bag. Isn't the work exquisite? Look at the gloves too."

"How in the world?" I asked.

"Oh, he does them in full scale and then I reduce them in size," she said. When I looked blank, she explained: "It's a little like the way you people enlarge or reduce pictures. You don't lose any detail or take anything away, do you?"

Bill's business is taking wonderful pictures of people and things and I know all about enlargements and reductions. So I began to feel on more solid ground.

"I always thought fairies wore gauzy wings and pastel cobwebs," I said.

"You are an expert on what fairies wear, I suppose," she snapped sarcastically.

She pulled off her trig little hat and laid it down beside her. My Ann would have loved it for a doll. She ran her fingers through her hair—it was slightly curly and quite short—the sort of hairdo I would give anything to achieve instead of the "casual" effect I get with mine.

I looked away from her. I stared at the dusteloth I had so recently wielded in this room. My container of brass polish was still there and the beautiful little cherubs were still metal, still cold, still unmoving. Surely if I were off my rocker they would have come to life, as many times as I had cleaned their little faces and polished up their wings. I looked back at her and she seemed relaxed and sweet again. She had found a flaw in a fingernail and was working away with her file. Such a file!

"Look, toots," she said, pointing it at me to emphasize her point, "you are the most fabulously lucky woman in the world."

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"Big deal," she said. "You make a wish and I make it come


POLI
Greta Elgaard

OUR THANKSGIVING –



Patricia Nixon tells their Thanksgiving plans for this year and the traditional ways the Nixons celebrate.*

Thanksgiving is a special day with us, a family day when we take time out to review the blessings that have come not only to us but to the millions of other American families.

On Thanksgiving morning we have family prayers. This is a tradition, Dick tells us, that goes back for generations in his family.

First we give thanks for our form of government, conceived by men of many faiths, all placing their trust in God. We are thankful for the freedom these men of deep conviction placed in our basic charter—freedom to worship, speak or write as we please, for families to live and work and plan together, and freedom to share in and pursue the happiness of our loved ones.

Dick and I have been in Iron Curtain countries where people do not have these freedoms that seem so natural to us and which we sometimes take for granted. While we give thanks for our own blessings we also pray that one day they will come to people all over the world.

Thanksgiving is a simple celebration at our house, built around our daughters, Tricia and Julie, and we have tried to give the day a special meaning for them.

The girls like to hear about the first Thanksgiving when the Pilgrim Fathers feasted and offered thanks to God following their first harvest, and it always impresses them that these devout colonists invited their Indian friends. We review the Thanksgiving proclamations by the Continental Congress during the Revolution, and, of course, President Lincoln's proclamation of a national Thanksgiving Day in 1863.

Tricia and Julie like to help with preparations for Thanksgiving dinner. They make the place cards, nut cups and candy baskets and help arrange the table. Place cards may have a verse and a drawing, and some have been quite amusing. Julie made one two years ago that had a sketch of a gobbler tangled in a maze, with a jingle: "Try to find the turkey."

Tricia often decorates the nut cups and candy baskets with drawings and cutouts of Pilgrims and turkeys. The girls are not artists, but they are handy and imaginative and we encourage this. I like doing things like that myself. When I was their age we couldn't afford special decorations in our home, and I learned to make many pretty and useful items.

The girls make all their holiday and birthday cards, and even the fancy wrappings for gifts to their pets.

For our Thanksgiving centerpiece I use a china horn of plenty which Tricia and Julie fill with a fruit arrangement of oranges, apples, grapes, bananas; perhaps several juicy pears. I think a good dinner should be a visual treat too.

We don't dress up much for our family dinners. This Thanksgiving the girls perhaps will wear their little dark cotton dresses—not fussy but neat and nice. I like to wear a shirtwaist dress of some pretty fabric and color. This year I have one in turquoise-blue silk. I like all colors, but the green blues are my favorites.

Our Thanksgiving menus are simple; no preliminary courses. The silver tray to my tea set is just the right size for serving the rather small, plump turkey we like, so I use it. Tricia and Julie always have a lot of fun watching the turkey, roasted to a rich brown, being brought in. Quite a transformation from the cold, pale bird they helped me shop for at the market. We have sage-and-celery dressing and cranberry sauce with the turkey. The girls always want fruit salad, so we often serve that. The vegetables usually are peas in butter sauce, and whipped mashed potatoes.

Our dinner begins with saying grace, at which we all take turns. The last few years the girls have offered theirs in the form of reverent little verses they have written. Last year Julie's began:

On Thanksgiving Day
We gather to pray.
We give Thee thanks and praise.
Please bless us all our days!

After grace is said Dick carves the turkey. He is quite good at it, too, after all his years of experience. He doesn't have to be told which part each one of us prefers. Julie and I are the drumstick people, and Julie wants the thigh with hers. Dick and Tricia like the white meat.

For dessert we have both mince and pumpkin pie. The girls like pumpkin, and about twice a year—at Thanksgiving and Christmas—I get hungry for mince pie. Dick is fond of both pumpkin and mince and he takes a small piece of each.

Checkers, our dog, and the cats, Nicky, Puff and Donna, enjoy holidays, too, because the girls feed them titbits all day long. Donna will come in for extra attention this Thanksgiving because she has just added six little kittens to our household.

After dinner we traditionally have a songfest with Dick at the piano. Sometimes Tricia and Julie present a little play which carries out the Thanksgiving theme.

Another of the day's activities is a telephone call t "Nana," Dick's mother in California, if she can't be wit us. The whole family shares in this long-distance visi

Dick and I have been far away on a few Thanksgivin days. Those years the family dinner had to be postponed but always on our return, however late, we have had Thanksgiving celebration with the girls.

We were in Burma in 1953, where we gave a Thanks giving dinner with turkey and all the trimmings for th president of Burma and government officials. They love it and we were happy to bring them this bit of America Wherever we go we like to take examples of our tradi tions. For the Burma dinner we took the turkey and th cranberries right along with us.

Year before last we were in London on Thanksgivin Day, and again we gave a typical American dinner, thi time for Queen Elizabeth, at the American embassy. The queen seemed to enjoy the dinner as much as we did an stayed with us until after midnight.

My loneliest Thanksgiving was in 1944 when my hus band was with the Navy in the Pacific. I was working i San Francisco. Overseas mail was often delayed durin the war and I had not received any word from Dick fo weeks. Several of the girls at the office invited me to thei family dinners, but somehow I didn't feel like bein around people that day. I stayed home in my one-roon apartment and fixed a sandwich and a cup of coffee on m one gas burner. I really did not want even that. Late in th afternoon, just to get out in the air, I took a ride on th cable car and then came home and wrote Dick a letter. I was a long day.

This year we expect to be home on Thanksgiving fo our usual happy day and family dinner. The girls and I will be thankful for the high honor that has come to Dick. We will be thankful that here in our country the Amer ican dream can still come true, that regardless of growin up in humble circumstances one can still aspire to th highest office of his country. May that never change!

Next year? I always live for the present. But wherever we are, or in whatever capacity Dick is serving, I would earnestly hope to keep our Thanksgiving the same special day it always has been for us, a day on which we give thanks not only for the blessings we have as a family, but also for the freedoms that bless all Americans. Added to this will be our prayers for peace and freedom throughout the world.

***As told to Hazel Markel**

WHAT IT MEANS TO US

Te Richard M. Nixons spend as many holidays as they can with daughters Tricia (ally Patricia, after her mother) and Julie at home in Washington, D. C.

Democratic candidate John F. Kennedy, three-year-old daughter Caroline and wife Jacqueline join eighteen Kennedy relatives in a family Thanksgiving.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Jacqueline Kennedy tells how all the Kennedys celebrate Thanksgiving as a family.*

Jack and I think Thanksgiving is for your parents, Christmas for your own children," Jacqueline Kennedy said. As they have since they were children, the Kennedy family, as many as can, come home for Thanksgiving to Hyannis Port, Massachusetts, to the big frame house Jack's father built in the 20's. "I don't know when or how we'll get there this year," she continued, "but I'm sure we'll be there if we possibly can."

Their own four-bedroom cottage is a stone's throw from the bay, its sweeping back lawn connecting with the senior Kennedys' garden and also with brother Bob's.

As well as Jack and Jacqueline, Bob and his wife, Jean Kennedy Smith and her husband and Edward "Teddy" Kennedy and his wife are expected. The three other daughters are too far away to make the trip.

Jean and Teddy and their families will stay at the senior Kennedys' ten-bedroom, sprawling house. The broad veranda faces the Sound, a flag flies in the front yard, the basement contains a small motion-picture theater, the back yard a baseball and football field for children. It is casual, comfortable and luxurious all at once.

On Thursday, the 24th of November, the mahogany table in the ivory-and-gold dining room will be set for the ten adults. Jack's daughter Caroline, Bob's seven children, Jean's two and Teddy's one eat at Bob's house.

"We eat at one that day," Jacqueline said. "In ancient sweaters and skirts and heavy walking shoes. And though we're all adults, we're not formal—we sit where we please." However, no one usurps Mr. Kennedy's chair at the head of the table or Mrs. Kennedy's opposite. Four straight silver candlesticks frame the centerpiece of gourds, fruit, autumn leaves and a baby pumpkin. Linen is heavy white damask. The service is Victorian sterling. China is Lenox, ivory edged with gold, bought by Mrs. Kennedy when Mr. Kennedy was ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Beside each sparkling crystal water goblet stands a crystal tumbler for the milk the Kennedy men drink in vast quantities.

There are no drinks first, no champagne, no wines and no ash trays at the table. The senior Kennedys neither drink nor smoke. Their children like an occasional cocktail, cigarette or cigar, but they keep Thanksgiving dinner their parents' way.

As they come in, the first course is awaiting them at their places. If the day is cold, it is hot clam broth; if warm, chilled tomato juice.

There is a moment of bowed heads while Mr. Kennedy says the customary Catholic Thanksgiving grace: "Bless us O Lord and these Thy gifts which we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Then, as they drink their clam broth or tomato juice the parlormaid circles the table with the big, butter-browned turkey, garnished with parsley, riding on a silver platter. She stops now and again so all may see it and then takes it out. After removing the used plates, replacing them with dinner plates, she brings back its twin, pre-carved in the kitchen, and passes it. "They all like the same thing—the white meat," Mrs. Ziptha Anderson, the Kennedys' cook for twenty-one years, explains. "So we have two twenty-two-pound birds each year."

After the turkey is served, gravy follows bread stuffing, homemade cranberry sauce, mashed sweet potatoes with marshmallow topping, creamed onions, buttered string beans. Side dishes of celery and raw, crisped carrots are placed on the table, corn muffins are available on request and there are mugs of cider on a tray on the sideboard.

Mr. Kennedy leads the conversation, peppering his sons with questions, mostly about politics, and arguing cheerfully when he disagrees. "It is fascinating talk," Jacqueline commented. "Always full of fresh news. Although we eight all live in Washington we have our own friends and don't see each other often. And Mother and Father Kennedy are away during the summer on the Riviera."

After the main course, come apple pie, pumpkin pie, vanilla or chocolate ice cream, chocolate or butterscotch sauce. Jack likes both kinds of ice cream with plenty of chocolate sauce; Jacqueline likes pumpkin pie—it was added to the menu six years ago after she said that it was *her* favorite Thanksgiving dessert. Coffee is served in large cups, at the table, but soon the family begins to drift away. The women gather on the sun porch. The men move toward the television room where the shades are drawn and the fire blazing, and tune in on a football game until three-thirty or four, when the children begin to stroll in.

"Father Kennedy can't go on watching the game when they arrive. He takes such an interest in each one of them," Jacqueline says. "So often now we go for a walk along the beach or start to play games."

Some days it has been calm enough to take out the old, battered sailboat that once was Jack's, and give the bigger children a ride. Sometimes little Bob organizes a game of baseball that includes anyone who wants to play, with grandfather umpiring, coaching, cheerleading and, from time to time, fielding. Once the older Kennedys played touch football after dinner, but those days have passed.

It has been an early day for all, but no one shows it. "We are a sturdy lot," Jacqueline says. Caroline has roused her that morning, and by nine she has cooked Jack his favorite holiday breakfast: bacon, eggs, waffles with Vermont maple syrup. The others have gone to early Mass, but the Jack Kennedys prefer this day to go at ten or eleven in leisurely fashion. Because they take their main meals at the big house, they bring no servants with them on Thanksgiving visits. This year they may hire a girl to baby-sit and wash up during their short stay.

"Every year it is a little different," Jacqueline says. "But somehow, always wonderfully the same."

About five in the afternoon, the children are fed at the big house on cold turkey, salad, leftover ice cream and pie. Mrs. Anderson has gone home by now, but she has left behind her a buffet in the pantry. When Caroline has eaten, her parents coax her home to bed.

"She always tells Jack a story when he puts her to bed; then he tells her one. But I still have to read to her, it's part of her ritual. Right now she likes the same book, over and over: *Madeleine*. She gets indignant when I try anything else or forget one word of it."

After she is asleep and the sitter in charge, they walk back to the big house. "We squash awful old rain hats on our heads if it's raining." It is now about eight.

Jacqueline is expecting her second baby soon. "I suppose the doctor might tell me that there must be no traveling, but I can't believe he will keep us away from the place Jack and I both love most to come back to."

The big family eats supper that night sitting around the fire in the library or the living room, still arguing, discussing. At eleven they tune in the news and then, unless something surprising has happened to start them talking again, they get ready to go. Jack bends to kiss his mother and his father rises and follows them to the door.

There will, of course, be changes if Sen. Jack Kennedy becomes President-elect. There will be Secret Service men accompanying him and his wife—even on Thanksgiving Day some sight-seers will be poking through Hyannis Port. It is possible, although not probable, that his family may treat him differently if he is their elected leader. But neither Jack nor his wife can imagine the changes now, no matter how hard they are striving for them. This is their traditional Thanksgiving Day, the day they hope to keep a warmly private, family day.

***As told to Joan Younger**

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson



Mrs. Johnson likes beige both summer and winter. It will go with almost any other color and is especially pretty with her bright red coat from last season.

She depends on this black-and-white jacket dress constantly—especially when she has had to travel. "A wide skirt for getting on and off planes."



LEOMBRUNO-BODI



This long white satin gown was bought at one of Mrs. Johnson's favorite post-Christmas sales. "My long red satin dress was a sale dress too."

Fashion is not only new clothes

"I like clothes I can depend on. They should be few in number, easy to care for, and take well to lots of travel. I don't like clothes that must be 'babied.'" Mrs. Lyndon Johnson follows this philosophy when choosing her clothes and defeats the usual problem of "what to wear" with pre-season planning. Early in the fall she sets aside one day "which sometimes runs into a day and a half" and decides exactly what she needs to add to her wardrobe. Then, "The last week in December I always attend the sales and round out my wardrobe with perhaps two more costumes when ordinarily I would feel I should buy only one."

For this fall, Mrs. Johnson added a beige jersey dress and a black silk jacket dress "so easy to change around. I can wear the costume to a luncheon and through the day, take off the jacket for evening wear." She counted on the following already in her wardrobe: two suits—black and charcoal-gray wool; a lightweight jacket dress in black-and-white plaid; beige silk daytime dress; three short costumes for evening—green silk jacket dress, white chiffon and a black crepe dress; two long gowns—a white satin and a red satin; a red wool coat and a small white fur piece for an evening cover-up.

The contrast and balance between black and bright color are typical of Mrs. Johnson's wardrobe choices. "Black is almost inescapable, it's so dependable." But her real love, and what has turned out to be just as "dependable," is color. At the convention, she depended on a bright red silk suit and a yellow one for daytime, two colors of which she is especially fond. In the winter season one of her CONTINUED ON PAGE 162

Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge

Mrs. Lodge added this vibrant pink wool suit to her wardrobe last year. "I like to accessorize it with black." The large inexpensive fur hat was new this fall.





One of her favorite evening dresses, a sea-green silk; Mrs. Lodge likes to add a pink or a white stole. "I always add flowers to the neckline."



The black-and-white tweed suit is one of Mrs. Lodge's favorites and is four years old. "I usually wear a white scarf or blouse, add a red flower."

i's the way you wear the ones you have.

By BET HART

"Just because a costume is several years old, it doesn't mean it's out of style. A good classic will go on for years." And Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge feels this way about many dresses now in her wardrobe. Because of them she could say, "I really don't need anything more this fall," even though she knew it would be a busy one.

Mrs. Lodge already had three suits ranging from one to four years old: a black-and-white tweed, a black wool, and a bright pink wool. These with three basic dresses in beige jersey, black jersey and gray flannel she counted on for daytime wear. For evening, Mrs. Lodge had a black crepe and a patterned silk as well as two long gowns: a white silk jersey and a pale green silk. In coats she had a red wool bought four years ago, a black fur and a short fake fur jacket that "I wear with everything day and evening."

Mrs. Lodge did succumb to one new suit: a taupe knit that would be good for her constant traveling. This costume and most of her others are moderately priced clothes she has bought in the stores. "In this country there are so many good-looking clothes to choose from that are well made and not expensive." To fill out her wardrobe, Mrs. Lodge does have a costume made from time to time. One of her most loved is a short dress for evenings made from fabric given to her by a friend. "It was a length of lovely black Indian silk with a woven design." She had it made into the simplest of sheaths and has depended upon it so often "I am afraid it will be completely worn out too soon."

Mrs. Lodge is tall—5′ 10″—and slim. She favors narrow skirts for her well-loved casual clothes and for dressy CONTINUED ON PAGE 162





Operation Terror

SYNOPSIS • *FBI agent John Ripley now knows the identity of the killer who has threatened Kelly Sherwood, attractive twenty-six-year-old bank teller, and her sister Toby, seventeen. He is Red Dillon, convicted rapist and wanted murderer.*

Dillon is a suspect in the recent murder of his sister, call girl Nancy Ashton, who was about to give information to the FBI. One of his runners has also killed Popcorn, the derelict informer co-operating with the authorities. The FBI's only real lead is a Japanese-American, Sheri Kimura, who admits that Dillon has paid hospital bills for her crippled son, Joey, six. A toy tiger that Dillon gave the boy is being traced.

Disguised as a woman, Dillon accosts Kelly in the rest room of a restaurant and instructs her to put $100,000 of the bank's money in her purse at closing time Friday. Only Mr. Burkhardt, bank manager, knows of the plan. Kelly has been warned against telling Pete Morrow, the man in the escrow department whom she dates.

Ripley, with the devoted assistance of Peg, FBI receptionist, is keeping close reins on the bizarre case.

After school Friday, Toby and her high-school beau, Jack, are at the Hangout, where she receives a telephone call. It is the killer telling Toby that her sister has been shot accidentally. "Somebody's got to get her to a hospital," he says, and gives her the location of his car.

By THE GORDONS

CONCLUSION • Stunned, Toby clung a moment to the receiver, gripping it hard, because she must hold on to something. The man continued quickly:

"You come by yourself. If you bring the cops here, she's going to get it right away. You hang up, walk out the back door, turn right and head down the street until you come to Cedros. I'm telling you again, if any cops follow you, or your boy friend or anyone, you won't be seeing your sister alive again. Just remember I'm watching you, everything you do in there. If you dial a number or say a word to anybody—anybody at all—I'm giving it to your sister right through the heart with a shotgun, or don't you know what happens when a shotgun hits you?"

He hung up abruptly.

Where her mind had been there were only bombed-out walls and rubble. Sis was dying somewhere. . . .

She burst out the door, hitting it with her body. Heads turned, and the waitress called for her not to tear the place down. Frantically she glanced around for Jack, saw the two Cokes on the table, and then saw Jack briefly up front with three other students . . . barely caught a glimpse of him before two tall fellows coming her way screened her off.

If you say anything to anyone . . . to anyone ——

She swung about so suddenly she collided with the fry cook, going out the back door. He swore at her CONTINUED ON PAGE 85

Kelly was alone in the long, murky tunnel. Midway through, steps tapped behind her. She sent a glance backward over her shoulder.

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The complete book is soon to be published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.

LET'S MAKE IT SAFE TO SEND OUR CHILDREN TO BIG CITY SCHOOLS

By Ruth Anne Carew

Bad conditions exist in many of our big city schools because the public does not know about them. Many city school administrators seek the easy way of concealing their problems from the public. Read this article by an experienced teacher and resolve to take action!

Each time little Renata comes up to my desk to have her work checked she strokes my cheek, fixes her liquid black eyes on me and murmurs, "I love you—you're gorgeous!" A strange attitude for a nine-year-old to have toward her teacher? Not if you knew Renata. For that child hungers for love to a degree that has to be seen to be believed.

Renata's skin is a honey brown, her black eyes big and sparkling. Her mother, a white woman, is currently married to a white man with whom she has had two white children. Where does Renata fit into this picture? She doesn't. Renata, literally the black sheep, is the product of an earlier liaison, according to her mother. Renata doesn't bear the same surname as her sisters and knows their father is not hers. Since she was very curious to know who her real father was, her mother, a rather harsh and insensitive person, once handed her a picture of a Mexica Indian. "There," she said. "That's your father."

Since her marriage and the birth of her later children, Renata's mother woul like nothing so much as to get rid of Renata. She forces her to do the heavies household work. For the slightest disobedience she cruelly threatens to "send he away." This threat colors Renata's whole life.

Because of her dark skin she neither is nor feels accepted by her immedia family. As a matter of fact, she senses quite correctly that the whole block is pointin a finger at her, the colored child in a white family. She is also, of course, not accepte by the white children in school. Yet, because of her "Indian" blood, she openl snubs the three Negro girls in the class, who regularly beat her up after schoo

Belonging nowhere, Renata has two avenues of escape. She regales us with tal boastful tales of her life among the Indians. She recounts, with a wealth of vivi detail, stories of a trip she had made by donkey across the desert from Mexico t California. Her father, an expert jewelry maker who also served as tourist guid made many trips up and down the Grand Canyon by donkey. On one of these trip the animal fell. She had tears in her eyes as she relived her father's death. He true Indian name, we were informed, was "Little Firefly." Even I partially believed her until her mother told me that Renata had never met her father and had never been out of the state. The story was one she had read.

"As class size increases th teacher spends more tim controlling and less in teach ing." ***—District Principa***

Renata's other method of escape is through dancing. I was delighted to let h dance at our talent show because she so obviously needed approval. Her dan turned out to be somewhat orgiastic, if such a thing can be imagined of a nin year-old. Her mother paid me a prompt call after the dance. On no account, and n matter how much Renata pleaded, was I ever to allow Renata to dance again. Sh was using dancing, I was told, for exhibitionistic purposes, to attract sexual a gression. The mother was quite certain that Renata was sexually precocious.

Recently, following the sound of her giggles, she had tracked her down to th dark boiler room with the furnace man. Another time it was the electrician. Eve at her seat in school Renata, I began to notice, frequently raises her skirts an rolls her eyes suggestively. The boy she invariably attracts is Dan, whom you w meet in a few minutes. Dan, after several minutes of teasing, beats her. Yet th following week she is at it again.

Renata's future looks bleak. Yet I know that if she could have at least one co structive relationship with an adult who loves her she could still be saved. I ach to give her some of this love. But with 38 other children in the room, how can

Lately it seems I rarely pick up a newspaper or magazine that doesn't mentio either the teacher shortage or an impending teachers' strike. For this reason thought parents might like to know why I, after nine years of teaching, felt com pelled to leave a big-city school system.

The answer is Renata. Dozens of Renatas. Hundreds of them. Classes of children, many with severe emotional disturbances, each child requiring all m love, all my undivided attention, all of them tearing me apart.

Renata is just one fairly typical pupil in one of my typical fourth grades. Wou you like to meet another? There is Mark, sitting in the back row. He is that sort lopsided boy with the blond, shaggy hair falling into his eyes. His head is held one side and he walks with a unique, springy shuffle, never lifting his feet from t ground. His shoulders are hunched forward; his long arms hang to his knees.

Mark almost never speaks, so it is very difficult to discover what is botheri him. His most disturbing symptom is that he invariably holds small hard objects his mouth. These may be paper clips, thumbtacks or other articles. Since a coup of the boys are likely to punch anyone at any time without warning, I live constant dread that Mark will be punched one day and swallow his thumbtac

In desperation, I finally found a solution. Here is a scene from my former classroom:

ME: I'd like to hang up that poster. Does anyone have any thumbtacks? Mark, do you?

MARK: (*Nods.*)

ME (*brightly*): Wonderful. Will you give them to me?

MARK: (*Shakes his head.*)

ME: But Mark, I need them. (*With bright idea.*) Will you sell them to me? I'll give you a penny for each tack.

MARK: (*Reluctantly takes one tack out of his mouth.*)

ME: Fine. Here's another penny. Give me another tack.

MARK: (*Slowly takes a second one out.*)

ME (*estimating how many more he can possibly have*): Now I need two more. Here are the two pennies.

MARK: (*Takes out only one.*)

ME: Oh, is that all you have? (*It seems to me he still has something in his mouth.*)

MARK: (*Shakes his head.*)

ME: Oh, I see. You want more money for the last one. Here are two pennies.

MARK: (*Takes out the last thumbtack.*)

ME: Now open up your mouth. (*I am finally satisfied he has no more.*)

When I gave Mark an Unsatisfactory in "Getting along with other children," an illogical mark since he had never taken yet to any of them, it provoked a super tantrum that lasted over an hour. "I do so get along with other children!" he sobbed, brushing all his books from his desk in a desperate gesture.

"I asked one of my graduate students if he believed in the criminality of some of the emotionally disturbed children. He told me a friend of his had a boy in one of his classes who drew a switchblade knife on him. The juvenile court placed the boy under treatment—whatever that may mean. The boy then entered a city school and in a short time shot two instructors. One of them, the athletic coach, was killed."

From the report of a special reader

Kelly is another illegitimate child whose mother never accepted him. She eventually married, had other children who treated Kelly as a stepchild. However, Kelly is very different from Renata. Where she openly seeks love, Kelly hates the whole world. What Kelly wants desperately is a substitute for mother love, which in his case is my personal undivided classroom attention. I have to ask questions to which Kelly knows the answers, and I have to ask them of Kelly. If I ever try to ask a question of another child, Kelly quickly reminds me of my first duty by banging on his desk with a ruler at ten-second intervals. If, on the other hand, Kelly is first asked a question and misses, woe to the pupil who answers correctly. Kelly, a big boy for his age, makes short shrift of him after school.

No amount of attention and praise suffices. Once when I was giving out stars for good behavior, Kelly, having banged on his desk, did not get one. In a vindictive rage he tore up the notebooks and spattered paint on the desks of the four children who did. (He sneaked back into the school at 3:15 to do this.) In addition, he threw a rock that broke the lunchroom window.

As a sociometric device, I once asked my class to complete the following sentence: "If I could do anything I wanted I would ——" This is how Patricia completed it: "If I could do anything I wanted, I'd kill myself." This girl was by far my most brilliant pupil (she had an I.Q. of 140 and read on an eighth-grade level.) I looked more deeply into her history and uncovered a sad and poignant story.

Patricia's father is Catholic, her mother Jewish. Patricia, nine, has a brother fifteen and a sister of seventeen. When her mother married, she agreed to raise the children in the Catholic faith. As a result, the older brother and sister are



PAUL WING

"Dan stands just as close to me as he can at the board. 'I dare yah to try and make me,' he says. 'I dare yah to hit me.'"

Catholic. However, when Pat was seven the father deserted the family. Now able to follow her own inclinations, the mother determined to turn Pat into a Jewess. Thus, after attending church for the first seven years of her life, and immediately after her confirmation, Pat was suddenly given a Jewish star and sent to classes at a Hebrew school and synagogue.

In addition to the usual conflicts and divided loyalties in any broken home, Pat faces other problems. Her brother and sister scoff at her "Jewishness" and call her "Dirty Jew." Should she conform to their religion to be accepted by them? Or should she conform to her mother's religion? But then hadn't her mother also betrayed her faith? Does she love her mother or hate her? What of her father? What kind of friends should she make? What is she?

Pat's aggression shows itself in sophisticated ways. She writes poison-pen epigrams about her classmates, or draws devastating caricatures of them. Early in the year CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

Miss Happiness & Miss Flower



By RUMER GODDEN

© 1960 by Rumer Godden
Miss Happiness and Miss Flower
is soon to be published in book form
by Viking Press

The Journal's complete novella

They were two little Japanese dolls, only about five inches hig Their faces and hands were made of white plaster, their bodies of rag, whi meant they could bow most beautifully—and Japanese people bow a gre deal. Their eyes were slits of black glass and they had delicate plaster nos and red painted mouths. Their hair was real, black and straight and cut a fringe. They were exactly alike except that Miss Flower was a little t taller and thinner, Miss Happiness's cheeks were fatter and her red mou was painted in a smile.

They wore thin silk kimonos—a kimono is like a dressing gow with wide-cut sleeves—and they each had a wide sash high up under h arms and folded over into a heavy pad at the back.

Miss Happiness had a red kimono patterned with chrysanthemum Miss Flower's was blue with a pattern of cherry blossom; both their sash were pink and on their feet they had painted white socks and painted sanda with a V-shaped strap across the toes.

They were not new; Miss Flower had a chip out of one ear, h pretty kimono was torn, and the paint had come off one of Miss Happiness shoes. I do not know where they had been all their lives, but when th story begins they had been wrapped in cotton wool and tissue paper, packe in a wooden box tied with red and white strings, wrapped again in brow paper, labeled and stamped and sent all the way from San Francisco i America to England. I do not think they had been asked if they wanted t come—dolls are not asked.

"Where are we now?" asked Miss Flower. "Is it *another* country?

"I think it is," said Miss Happiness.

"It's strange and cold. I can feel it through the box," said Mi Flower, and she cried, "No one will understand us or know what we wan Oh, no one will ever understand us again!" but Miss Happiness was mo hopeful and more brave.

"I think they will," she said.

"How will they?"

"Because there will be some little girl who is clever and kind."

"Will there be?" asked Miss Flower longingly.

"Yes."

"Why will there be?"

"Because there always has been," said Miss Happiness.

All the same, Miss Flower gave a doll shiver, which means she fe as if she shivered though it could not be seen. Miss Flower was alway frightened; perhaps the child who made the chip in her ear had bee rough. "I wish we had not come," said Miss Flower.

Miss Happiness sighed and said, "We were not asked."

Children are not asked either. No one had asked Nona Fell if sh wanted to be sent from India to live with her uncle and aunt in Englan Everyone had told her she would like it, but, "I don't like it at all," said Non

"Nona is a good name for her," said her youngest cousin, Belind "All she does is to say 'No, no, no' all the time."

With her dark hair and eyes, her thinness, and her skin that wa pale and yellow from living so long in the heat, Nona looked a strange among her pink-checked, fair-haired cousins. There were three of them

Anne, who was fourteen, slim and tall; Tom who was eleven, wit freckles; and Belinda, who was a rough, tough little girl of seven.

Nona was eight. Her mother had died when she was a baby and sh had been brought up by an old ayah—an ayah is an Indian nurse—on h father's tea garden, Coimbatore in Southern India. It had been hot i Coimbatore, the sun had shone almost every day; there had been brigh flowers and fruit, kind brown people and lots of animals. Here it was winte and Nona was always cold. Her cousins laughed at her clothes; it was n wonder, for they had been chosen by old Ayah, who had no idea wha English children wore in England, and Nona had a stiff red velvet dres white socks, black strap shoes and silver bangles. They laughed at the wa she spoke English—which was no wonder, either, for she talked in



PAINTING BY GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS

singsong voice like Ayah. She did not like the food; living in a hot country does not make one hungry and she had not seen porridge, or puddings, or sausages, or buns before, and "No thank you," said Nona. She said "No thank you," too, when anyone asked her to go out, for she had never seen so many buses and cars, vans and bicycles; they went so fast it made her dizzy. She said "No thank you" when her cousins asked her to play; there had been no other English boys and girls in Coimbatore and she had never ridden a bicycle, or roller skated, or played table tennis or rounders, or hide-and-seek, or even card games like snap or beggar-my-neighbor. All she did was to sit and read in a corner or stand by the window and shiver. "And cry," said Belinda. "Crybaby. Cry."

"Belinda, be kind," said Nona's aunt, who was Belinda's mother. Nona called her Mother too. "Be kind. We must all help her to settle down."

"I don't want her to settle down," said Belinda.

All through Christmas Nona was unhappy and when Christmas was over it was no better. She stood by the window and ran her bangles up and down her wrist, up and down and round and round. They were thin and of Indian silver; she had had them since she was almost a baby and to feel them made her seem closer to Coimbatore.

"Come to the park, Nona. We're going to skate."

"No thank you."

"I'm going to the shops, Nona. Come along."

"No thank you."

"Have some of this nice hot toast."

"No thank you."

At last Mother spoke to her seriously. "You really must try to be happier, Nona. You're not the only small person to come from far away."

"I'm the only one here," said Nona.

The house was a magic house. Love built it and left no room for loneliness.

At that moment the bell pinged and the postman's rat-tat sounded at the door and, "You go," said Mother to Nona.

When Nona opened the front door the postman gave her a brown paper parcel. It had American stamps, it felt like a box and was very light. I wonder if you can guess what it was.

Nona took the parcel and brought it to Mother. Written on it was "The Misses Fell."

"It's for Anne and Belinda," said Nona.

"It might be for you as well," said Mother. "You are a Miss Fell."

"Am I?" asked Nona in surprise.

"Don't you know your own name, stupid?" asked Belinda.

Nona shook her head. Ayah used to call her Little Missy, but no one in Coimbatore had called her Miss Fell.

"It's from Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson," said Mother, looking at the writing. "It must be a late Christmas present."

"A late Christmas present! A late Christmas present!" shouted Belinda and she shouted for Anne to come.

"Undo it, Nona," said Tom.

"Why should Nona ——" began Belinda.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Once you start being brave you have to go on, thought Nona.

"Immortal simplicity" is always good fashion, says—

GIVENCHY



From Givenchy's world-famous Boutique in Paris, Wilhela Cushman has chosen for Journal readers these simple wearable clothes whose adaptations will be available in the U.S.A. Here in his own word is Hubert de Givenchy's fashion philosophy

"My *boutique* customers all have one thing i common: a sort of self-assurance and a fee ing of security which has nothing to do with fam or fortune, rather with an inner conviction whic transcends 'seasonal' fashions. From the *boutiqu* they expect to have a kind of immortal simplicity a pureness of line and silhouette, almost witho fashion whatsoever.

"Some of them depend on their natural beaut to set off their clothes (this is especially true American women with their fine figures, wonde ful natural complexions and beautiful hair) others count on their own jewels, or fabulou 'fake' jewelry, and gay hats to add 'dash' or 'zip But all of them are unhesitant in their selectio and very true to their own particular type.

"Some of the customers are the richest wome in the world, while others, especially the youn ones, might save money for months to make carefully planned purchase of a basic wool-jerse dress. It is this latter customer for whom I hav

The seasonless ¾ coat in neutral gray, a matching skirt, white jersey overblouse, white kidskin hat.

Beautiful featherweight sleeveless red wool with a wra around belt — dress-up, dress-down, day-to-night fashio



PHOTOGRAPHS BY KUBLIN



l-around, year-around gray
jacket dress with gold buttons,
merican classic.

At home anywhere in the world: damask ankle-length hostess dress.



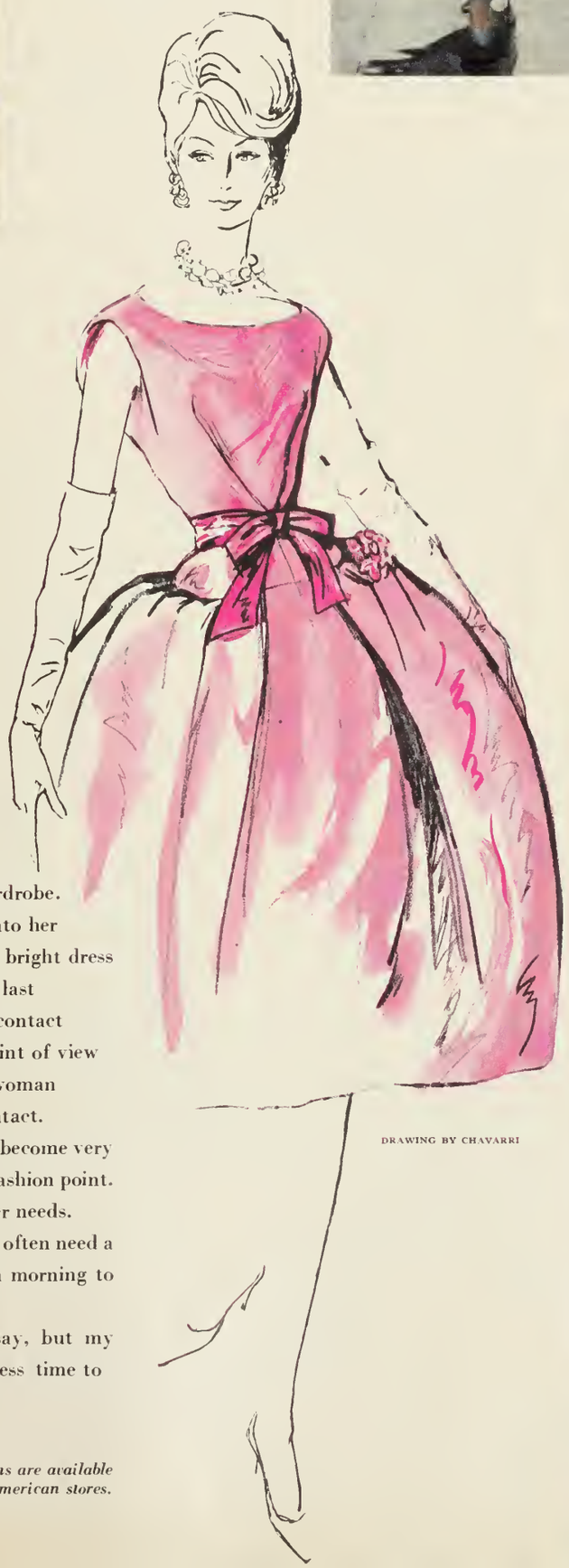
Paris pink, party pink—
short dance dress of silk faille
with a ribbon waistline.





Five-o'clock black—a two-piece silk ribbon knit with satin half belt. *Right:* Ponyskin jacket over daytime jersey.

Two-piece beige jersey with a hand-knit waistline—city-wise, travel-wise. Matching beret to wear half a dozen ways.



DRAWING BY CHAVARRI

reatest admiration. I am
's surprised at her restraint
ow carefully she plans her wardrobe.
customer takes her *veñdeuse* into her
lence, explains she is buying a bright dress
company the coat she bought last
n. I enjoy tremendously this contact
our habitual clients. Their point of view
beral education as to how a woman
s, and a *couturier* needs this contact.
cause of this, my *boutique* has become very
' in concept. I try to make no fashion point.
k of my customer, her life, her needs.
any of my *boutique* customers often need a
n which will take them from morning to
without ostentation.
suppose it sounds silly to say, but my
ue customers perhaps give less time to
n, but a lot more thought."

These Givenchy Boutique fashions are available in American versions in American stores.



Christmas Boutique

Here is a potpourri of ideas designed to stimulate your imagination for Christmas giving. This year you will find fur fabrics galore that lend themselves to the most amusing gifts. And they are surprisingly easy to sew. A leopard jacket lined in a bright color is very chic. A zebra print skirt, Vogue Design No. 9925, can be a warm cozy conversation piece. Think how gay a fur collar for a cashmere sweater would be, or a hat, Vogue Design No. 5094, in a pastel fur fabric. Bags are effective and easy to make. Either cover a frame or make a soft pouch. Pillows covered in fake fur are nice for the fireside — three different sizes in the same fur fabric would be a fun idea. Delight your family and friends by giving something you have made yourself. The girl's jacket is Vogue Design No. 5150. Her skirt, No. 9786. Wear with a black sweater.



Ticking is a durable, inexpensive (79 cents per yard, comes in six color combinations) fabric that has a style of its own. It lends itself to fashion as well as decorating, and there are all sorts of ways of using it for Christmas presents. We think one of the most amusing ideas is to use it as a background for brilliant felt or fabric appliqués (for a skirt, a wall hanging or a pillow). Trimmed with black braid, it lends itself just as well to an "at home" jacket lined in a bright red or to a wastebasket or a book cover. Place mats appliquéd with Christmas trees are very easy to make and one yard will make four . . . fringed cocktail napkins are even easier and you can make six from just a quarter of a yard. The girl's black jersey culottes and matching top are Vogue Design No. 5123. Her jacket, Design No. 5150.

By NORA O'LEARY
Pattern Editor

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



views and further information about ticking ideas, turn to page 93.

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Christmas Boutique for Children

Every Christmas list has its share of children's names. An evening of your sewing time would take care of several last-minute ideas. For a little girl, a cloth doll with yarn hair, a saucy rosebud pussy cat, a Christmas nightgown and one for her doll, gay appliquéd aprons, or a snug little hood in fur cloth or felt. For a little boy, a cuddly Humpty Dumpty, a cozy pair of pajamas or a giant-sized fur-cloth ball that serves as a pillow. Most are Vogue patterns, and for back views, and further information about those that are not, turn to page 108. By NORA O'LEARY *Pattern Editor*

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LEOMBRUNO-BODI

HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING!

Holiday Separates

Last month we introduced Martha Wolford as our Barbara Journal. For her first fall investment she chose a black-and-white wool jacket dress. Martha already had a black winter coat which she planned to wear another fall-and-winter season. With these two good basics in her wardrobe, she wanted to add glamour for holiday parties and entertaining at home. The solution she found in separates: and by making them all, she had an unlimited number of pretty looks without spending too many fashion $'s at all. Barbara J., fashionwise, always gets the most out of everything, and her two extra dividends now are: her new wool skirt to double for office wear . . . her sweater and shirt, perfect to duplicate for Christmas giving. By BET HART



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Martha chose one quick-in-the-making skirt pattern and made it twice. This version for a dressed-up look is in heavy white faille and has two deep inverted pleats front and back. The top is black jersey and has a low scooped back. Martha accessorizes with bright pink. Skirt is Vogue's "Very Easy to Make" Design No. 9925 and costs $5.80 to make. Blouse is Vogue Design No. 9810* and is $4.60 to make.*

*For other views, sizes and prices, see page 120.



Another evening, not so formal, Martha wears the skirt with a trimmed sweater. This one, shortened to a pretty jacket length, has narrow white braid and frogs. Braid. 15 cents a yard; frogs, 59 cents each.





Same skirt pattern, different version with soft gathers at the waistline. This time Martha chose mauve wool and added more color with her turquoise cardigan with a wide collar. Sweater to make is Journal Design No. 2916†. Martha might splurge once and make it in mohair. $13.00; make it again in wool, $8.00. Skirt costs her $7.80.

†Order from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa., 25 cents. Penna. residents add 4% Penna. sales tax.



A still brighter addition, Vogue's "Easy to Make" shirt, Design No. 9485 in bright pink cotton and rayon. Martha can wear it with this skirt or her white one. Price to make, $2.75.*

Martha wears the sweater buttoned, the neckline closed. To add more glamour, she might use a gold or jeweled pin to accent pretty collar detail.

Celebrity Slim-down

Slender, shapely feminine figures—firm, muscular masculine physiques; they don't just "come naturally." By the nature of their profession, glamorous stars of stage and screen often find it necessary to work harder than most people to perfect their measurements and maintain their best weights. Here are six celebrities who tell how they stay young and attractive as the children come along and the years roll by!

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor

"*I dieted and lost 35 pounds in three months.*" says dancer-actress Mitzi Gaynor. "and the first thing I noticed when I got down to my present 115 pounds was that I have *eyes!* At 150 I was a fat-face. My hips measured 40", my clothes were dowdy, my outlook dismal. An actress, say nothing of a *dancer*, who weighs 150 pounds is not much of a beauty bargain.

"I started gaining weight at a time when I was out of work and bored. But of course the more I ate the less chance I had of having anyone wave a glamorous movie contract in front of me. It



Mitzi after diet: bust, 37"; waist, 21"; hips, 36".

was a vicious circle which I never started to unwind and straighten out until one July day when I was looking longingly at some fashion pictures of slinky bathing suits. 'How I wish I could wear one of those.' I sighed wistfully in the presence of my husband, Jack Bean, who was then my fiancé. 'Lose some weight and you will.' he suggested hopefully. In that instant the thought thundered through my head that I was not only a bulgy disappointment to myself but to my family and fiancé as well. I started dieting that very day and by September (still swimming weather in California) I was wearing my pretty bathing suit with Jack beaming as proudly as I.

"My diet, which consisted of 850 calories a day, was supplemented with prescribed amounts of vitamins and minerals, and heartily approved by my weight-minded doctor. The first week I thought I'd die of hunger, but from then on was easy and I never once went off the diet."

Here is one of Mitzi's typical diet days: *Brea fast:* ½ grapefruit *or* 4 ounces orange juice; soft-cooked eggs; coffee, black, with a sug substitute. *Lunch:* ½ small broiled chicken



Jane Powell, slender as ever, after her three childr

2 small lamb chops *or* broiled chopped steak steak); fresh green or yellow vegetable; ½ h lettuce with diet dressing: low-fat milk; t plain. Dinner provided the same selections lunch, with the exception that Mitzi allow herself a dessert—usually a small portion dietetic applesauce or fruit. When she ate restaurants and meat portions were larger th those she allowed herself at home, practi Mitzi had the waiter wrap up half her porti which she took with her to eat the next day.

"I'll never forget going to my studio for first time after having reduced," Mitzi says. wore a knit suit—the fat girl's dream fashion and I had had my hair cut and more fashiona styled. My fingernails were a pretty length (I them as a fatty) and on them I wore a smash pink polish. I was a sensation, if you will forg me for saying so! People who had known me years didn't recognize me. Movie parts w quickly forthcoming.

"Nowadays I maintain my weight by eat *small* portions of just about anything I want. my present 115 pounds, I am not only a happ but a *better* person. Being able to forget mys I find that I am more vitally interested in work, my family and my friends. The bigg thrill, of course, is knowing of the pride wh my husband has in me and my accomplishmen

ave to diet to stay slim," says movie star Jane vell, "and the easiest way for me to do it is lan ahead, and budget my calories." As a lt, Jane maintains her 21" waistline and l weight (she's tiny) of 100 pounds. "I'm 5'1¼" tall," adds Jane, who in private life Irs. Pat Nerney, mother of the three children ured with her on opposite page. "If I go over pounds I look like a chipmunk."

ne's stay-slender system is to limit herself 000 calories a day during the week so that can, if she wants, splurge on weekends. If knows she is going to a party on a Friday, instance, she cuts down on preceding at- e meals in order to enjoy, but not subse- ntly lament, eating whatever goodies her ess offers. "I don't believe dieting needs to torturous," Jane says, "and I prove it to elf by always having one dessert a day." It be fruit, stewed or fresh, gelatin or a simple



Theodore Bikel lost 30 pounds the hard way—dieting!

ard, but if it *is* something rich—"chocolate is my weakness"—then she delights in ng a small portion. "Just a sliver of some- g wonderful satisfies my sweet tooth."

typical day's menu for this successful figure her consists of: *Breakfast:* fruit or juice, hot ttered protein toast, tea with lemon. *Lunch:* ge cheese with fruit (canned dietetic). hopped-steak patties with tossed salad and calorie dressing, nonfat milk and plain toasted kers. Dinners at home are varied family-type ers, "sometimes exotic" because Jane loves ok and try unusual recipes. "But even these 't fattening for me," she explains, "because I simply limit myself to small portions so that my day's calorie count won't exceed 1000."

Jane's prettily proportioned figure (bust, 33"; waist, 21"; hips, 34") is kept firm with daily exercises. "I'd have to be sick not to exercise each morning," she says. Stretches, pulls, bends, rolls, kicks are all included. She does them for 15 minutes at a time to the tune of radio music which, she says, "makes exercising more pleasant as well as more rhythmical and beneficial."

For the overweight man in the house who takes a dim view of dieting, we present the following interview. With it, you may find reason to continue to indulge your belief—but not your appetite.

"What was the most amusing incident connected with your diet to lose 30 pounds?" we asked Theodore Bikel, who plays opposite Mary Martin in the Broadway musical, *The Sound of Music.*

"There is nothing amusing about dieting," the 6'1½"-tall Mr. Bikel answered glumly.

"How did you have the will power to stick to a mere 1000 calories a day for 40 days?"



Postnatal exercises keep Ursula Thiess Taylor lovely.

"It wasn't all will power," he assured us, "it was with the specific help of an appetite deterrent prescribed by my doctor."

"Now that you have reduced from 230 pounds to 200 pounds, how do you *feel?*" we persisted, determined to get something upbeat on diet from this handsome leading man.

"The same as I did when I weighed 230," he replied, "only hungrier."

"What did you eat during your diet?"

"Mostly broiled meats, vegetables and fruit for lunch and dinner, with fruit juice, eggs, skim milk and plain coffee for breakfast."

"Did you ever cheat?"

"Sometimes, but only to increase portions of the diet foods, not to indulge in forbidden foods such as breads, fats, sweets and so on."

"What is your biggest reward for dieting?"



"Keep physically active" says Ginger Rogers.

"I can buy ready-made clothes. Before, I had to have them made to order, which was expensive and time-consuming."

"How do you maintain your reduced weight?"

"After one spends weeks living on less, the old fat-making foods are not as tempting as they used to be."

"Did you exercise during your diet?"

"I'd rather stop eating altogether than do exercises ——"

We hastily interrupted with, "What reaction have your family and friends had about your new appearance?"

"Some think I look better now," he told us. As our diet-hearted spirits soared he added, "But others think I looked better before."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

GRAPH OF THEODORE BIKEL BY ROGER PRIGENT.
H PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD.



rah's ancestors had been,
y likely, hunters and robbers
he Highlands,
l possibly pirates on the Red Sea.

By ISAK DINESEN

In turn-of-the-century Africa,
European settlers
believed a house without a Somali was
like a house without a lamp.

FARAH

A master storyteller
pays tribute
to her trusted servant.

YRIGHT © 1960 BY ISAK DINESEN
STORY WILL APPEAR IN THE NEW COLLECTION
SAK DINESEN STORIES, "SHADOWS ON THE GRASS,"
TO BE PUBLISHED BY RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

As here, after twenty-five years, I again take up episodes of my life in Africa, one figure, straight, candid and very fine to look at, stands as doorkeeper to all of them: my Somali servant, Farah Aden.

Farah came to meet me in Aden in 1913, before the First World War. For almost eighteen years he ran my house, my stables and safaris. I talked to him about my worries as about my successes, and he knew of all that I did or thought. Farah, by the time I had had to give up the farm and was leaving Africa, saw me off in Mombasa. And as I watched his dark, immovable figure on the quay growing smaller and at last disappear, I felt as if I were losing a part of myself, as if I were having my right hand cut off, and from now on would never again ride a horse or shoot with a rifle, nor be able to write otherwise than with my left hand. Neither have I since then ridden or shot.

In order to form and make up a unity, in particular a creative unity, the individual components must needs be of different nature; they should even be in a sense contrasts. Man and woman become one, a physically and spiritually creative unity, by virtue of their dissimilarity. A hook and an eye are a unity, a fastening; but with two hooks you can do nothing. A right-hand glove with its contrast the left-hand glove makes up a whole, a pair of gloves; but two right-hand gloves you throw away. A number of perfectly similar objects do not make up a whole—a couple of cigarettes may just as well be three or nine. A quartet is a unity because it is made up of dissimilar instruments. An orchestra is a unity, and may be perfect as such, but twenty double basses striking up the same tune are chaos.

Within the literature of the ages one particular unity, made up of essentially different parts, makes its appearance: that of master and servant. We have met the two in rhyme, blank verse and prose, and in the varying costumes of the centuries. Here wanders the prophet Elisha with his servant Gehazi—between whom one would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Television critic John Crosby believes that television programs will improve only when the producers stop aiming "at the lowest instincts of the greatest numbers."



DAVID PLOWDEN

What you can do to

by John Crosby Network television has steadily got worse and will steadily go downhill like radio. What should be done about it?

Television is a great natural resource, belonging to all the people—potentially a vivid form of travel, a medium of information, an opportunity for wide, deep, artistic communication. Its potentials for human expression and development are so great that it *cannot* be allowed to become merely a source of profit for a few.

Five years ago was television's golden age. Network television then boasted eleven hour-long live dramatic programs a week. These were producing TV plays of such quality they were being made into hit Broadway plays.

Pat Weaver, then president of the National Broadcasting Company, could boast: "We are not like the movies—merchants of dreams, salesmen of escape. We primarily deal with reality. We are communicators, like newspaper and radio at its best." The other day I talked to a bitter Pat Weaver, who now heads the international division of an advertising agency, about the present state of TV. "Television," he remarked sadly, "has gone from about a dozen forms to just two—news shows and the Hollywood stories. The blame lies on the management of N.B.C., C.B.S. and A.B.C. Management doesn't give the people what they deserve. I don't see any hope for the system as it is."

The system, as it is, is commercial television, paid for and largely dictated by its advertising sponsors. To understand just how that operates, let me illustrate by something that happened in the golden year of 1955. One of the hit TV dramas of that year was Gore Vidal's *Visit to a Small Planet*, which has since been made into a successful Broadway play and a motion picture.

"*Visit to a Small Planet* was the most successful of my television plays," wrote Vidal. "I had great trouble getting this play accepted by a network. The producers of three shows were willing to do it, but only *Philco Playhouse* was able to get its sponsor to agree to the production.

"It is my dream that one day advertisers will buy only time on the air as they buy space in magazines; that they will exercise no more control over the programing of a network than at present they do over a magazine's editorial policy." That should mean, and usually does mean, no control at all.

Vidal voices the dream of many men, including me. Television today is a popularity contest that isn't very popular. It is almost impossible to find any individual or group, apart from paid propagandists, who likes television. Everybody watches, but who admires it? Try to find a cab driver with a decent opinion of it! Theoretically, television is run to suit the people. Actually, it is run to suit the sponsors. Now there are many sincere, capable, even idealistic men in advertising, but many have fought against intelligence, taste, innovation in television. Why did advertisers, any advertisers, embrace crooked quiz shows, back shoddy Westerns?

The best answer I ever heard to this came from Walter Lippmann, who said to me once, "Those people's motives are all wrong." "Those people" are the advertising industry and their aim is not to amuse or instruct or inform you; it is to sell soap and that aim gets in the way of everything else.

I recall an anecdote told me by the late Robert E. Sherwood, the playwright. He was chatting with one of the most powerful advertising men in New York about the appearance of the late Oscar Hammerstein on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

"It was a good show," said the adman. "That's the trouble—it was too good."

Sherwood, a perfectionist who had won four Pulitzer prizes, was taken aback. "How," he asked, "can a show be too good?"

"For our purposes a show can be too good," said the adman. "The audience got so wrapped up in Hammerstein's life and Hammerstein's songs that when the commercial came along the people were in no mood to pay attention to it."

That statement sums up clearly why the advertising industry should not be permitted to dictate program content. The advertising message should not come first. The drama, the jokes, the performer, the production should not come second.

If newspapers were operated the same way as television, the advertising agency would pick out not simply the newspaper it wanted its message in, but the particular feature it wanted to sponsor. Naturally, it would want a popular feature. Well, if reader surveys are to be trusted, the most popular feature in the newspaper today is the comic strip.

Soon the comics might start forcing right out of the paper the more thoughtful columnists—the Walter Lippmanns, the James Restons, the Marquis Childses, the Roscoe Drummonds, the Arthur Krocks.

The television comics are the Westerns, the quizzes, the adventure strips, the situation comedies. These TV comics have forced off the air serious drama like *Philco Playhouse*, or *Matinee Theater;* travelogues like *Wide Wide World;* news documentaries like *See It Now;* experi-

Television is a great natural resource belonging to all the people—a medium of information, an opportunity for wide, deep, artistic communication. Its potentials for human development are so great it cannot be merely a source of profit for a few. What is it doing for the minds and hearts and dignity and honor of our entire nation?

make poor TV better

mental programs like *Omnibus*; educational shows like *The Search* and *Adventure*; history shows like *You Are There*; good musical programs like the *Firestone Hour*—all gone.

TV's roof fell in when the quiz and payola scandals erupted. "Television," wrote Walter Lippmann, "has been caught perpetrating a fraud which is so gigantic that it calls into question the foundations of the industry. . . . There has been an enormous conspiracy to deceive the public in order to sell profitable advertising to the sponsors. It involves not merely this individual or that, but the industry as a whole."

I think television's ills are deeply embedded in the present system of commercial sponsorship. The cure: drastic but thoroughly workable revisions in the system. First, I think sponsorship, per se, should be outlawed as it is in Britain, where advertisers insert advertisements on television as they do in magazines and are forbidden by law from trying to exert any influence on program content. Second, having dumped program responsibility completely into the laps of the networks, the networks should be genuinely accountable to the public through a Program Advisory Board, of the Federal Communications Commission, which would be empowered to insist on balanced programing and prevent from ever arising such monstrosities as the schedule one network offers. Third, I think this country is rich enough to afford its own B.B.C., designed genuinely to inform and educate, to uplift our tastes, rather than to debase them.

Let's take these things up in order. Four years ago Britain, which had never had commercial radio, embarked with great success on commercial television. The British law, which keeps the hands of both agency and sponsor (the very word is unknown in England) out of programing, was adopted only after long study of our experience in both commercial radio and commercial television. The British decided that the sponsor did far more harm than good and banned him from program control altogether.

In Britain, the advertising dollar is spread over the whole schedule and helps support cultural features as well as the quizzes and vaudeville. Sidney Bernstein, chairman of the board of Granada Ltd., which is the closest British equivalent to our own C.B.S., wrote me about how the system is working.

"Very well indeed. Certainly my early fears were ill founded. Do the advertisers truly keep their hands off program content? Advertisers do not, directly or indirectly, have their hands anywhere near program content. Can a television network without undue strain provide programs without help from the agencies? Yes, yes, yes. We've had our fourth anniversary and we've had no help from the agencies. Would we have it any other way? No!"

British commercial television makes more sense than ours because it is planned by one editorial board and is free of the constant pressure of sponsors. The British have—as we once had—lots of live adult drama, much more live coverage of special events, much more sports, plenty of discussion and many services telling the people how to grow roses or how to keep house. British TV also, I'm afraid, has its share of quizzes, American Westerns and poor vaudeville. Our system has more opulence because we have more money. Their system has the better balance between the important and the trivial. With our money and their system, television could genuinely explore heights now forbidden by the incessant pressure to appeal to the lowest instincts of the most people all the time.

At the annual meeting of the National Association of Advertisers, in Hot Springs, Virginia, last winter, I invited the advertisers to get out of programing altogether. They reacted as if stung by bees. One said, "Our top executives are vitally interested in seeing that nothing in bad taste gets on a program we sponsor and I am on hand at the network to see that necessary changes are made before the show goes on the air."

Thank God the same system doesn't operate in the newspaper business. I would hate the thought of an adman sitting at my desk, going over my copy, deleting what he considered in bad taste. For one thing, I consider my taste much better than his. For another, the thought of a sponsor's looking over my prose would be so inhibiting it would seriously affect my style, my thinking, my output.

This happens all the time in television. Producers, writers, directors, performers—including the top stars—have ad-agency men and sponsors breathing down their necks in a way that wouldn't be tolerated in the newspaper or magazine business, and shouldn't be tolerated in television. The agency's role is to modify, to soften, to render inoffensive. The ad agency strives to make everything as mild as it claims the cigarettes are.

That leads to my second point: accountability to the public. Television works so hard appealing to everyone that it doesn't appeal very much to anyone.

The Oren Harris committee has recommended a bill licensing networks as stations are now licensed. It ought CONTINUED ON PAGE 135



PAUL WING

where are all the men?

Are fifteen air cadets more promising than three accountants? Which would *you* choose—seven eighths of a lawyer or two and two thirds geologists?

We are speaking, of course, of marriage prospects. Statistics reassure that there are still almost 2,000,000 more American bachelors between the ages of 20 and 40 than there are girls to marry them. But bachelors have a way of congregating in certain areas, which makes it difficult for all of them to find wives. *We know where these places are!*

Cambridge, Massachusetts: *Single men make up over 40 per cent of the population of the Boston area. Many are students at Harvard, M.I.T. and other nearby schools.*

New York, New York: *More bachelors live in Manhattan than anywhere else in the world. Of course many single women come to the city too.*

Washington, D.C.: *Like New York in that it abounds in young men—and in unattached career girls.*

Norfolk, Virginia: *The naval base in Norfolk boards many sailors. A large number of them marry their home-town sweethearts, but the local marriage rate is still very cheering.*

Columbus, Georgia: *Local belles are lovely, but outnumbered, for this is the site of Fort Benning and of Lawson Air Force Base.*

Tampa, Florida: *Here we find the spring training ground of several major-league baseball clubs—a fact that should prove interesting to the sports-minded.*

Findlay, Ohio: *Industries moving into this small city have brought prosperity. To accommodate the influx of new residents, Findlay is on a building boom, and wedding bells start ringing before the paint is dry.*

Champaign, Illinois: *Bridal magazines sell extremely well in Champaign, though this may only indicate that Illinois spinsters—like many other girls—lead an active dream life.*

Denver, Colorado: *Superb trout fishing here in a dizzying mile-high atmosphere, suitable location for the United States Air Force Academy.*

Tulsa, Oklahoma: *Tulsa has the highest proportion of technicians and scientists, per capita, in the United States. Fast-booming, it has been called a "young man's" town.*

Albuquerque, New Mexico: *The average age of men in this city is five years younger than that of the male population as a whole. Kirtland Air Force Base is partly accountable for this.*

San Diego, California: *Home of the nation's second-largest increase in marriages; the license bureau of San Diego has had to double its staff.*

Sacramento, California: *Men go where the jobs are, and they're both plentiful here. The last four years have produced a 25 per cent increase in Sacramento's marriage rate.*

New Hampshire: *The most marrying state in New England. When New Hampshire men do talk, they say the loveliest things!*

North Dakota: *Plenty of unmarried men here; but the country is rough, with a stern lack of urban softness, and the men appear to like it that way. A career girl venturing into the badlands would probably be asked to settle down right there.*

Utah: *A fine state. In the 20–24 age group, bachelors outnumber spinsters two to one.*

Texas: *Twenty-five Air Force bases star this state. It's a big place.* **Fort Worth** *claims the world's wealthiest bachelors.* **El Paso** *leads the nation in marriage increases—71 per cent in the last four years, as compared with the national average of 1½ per cent. Mexican marriage laws may have something to do with this. In* **Lubbock,** *the average age of single men is 25 (nationally it's 30).* **Amarillo** *and* **Odessa** *have recently zoomed in population. In* **Austin,** *home of the University of Texas, 34 per cent of the men are unplighted.*

Tacoma, Washington: *With Mount Rainier in its back yard and Puget Sound at its doorstep, Tacoma attracts rugged men. A whopping 36.5 per cent of them are single and, most probably, athletic; for skiing, hunting and fishing are favored pastimes.*

Alaska: *Thirty thousand more men than women brave the el[e]ments here, most of them of pioneer caliber. The averag[e] Alaskan is young (27), independent, but grateful for the help mnte so necessary to a frontier way of life. Though only 87 o[f] of every 1000 girls in the nation at large marry each year, i[n] Alaska the rate jumps to 204.*

Hawaii: *Our newest state has 50,000 surplus men. So far th[e] marriage rate is low, in spite of the lush climate and lullin[g] scenery.*

Does a girl really better her chance for marriag[e] by transplanting herself to a place where men ar[e] more plentiful? Perhaps. Marriage counselor[s] point out that new surroundings demand adjust[-] ment; it takes time to develop social contacts in [a] strange city. A girl might be better off on hom[e] ground, where she knows what's expected of he[r] and what to expect of the men she meets and date[s]. A city miss might find little in common with [a] county of country boys, regardless of ratios. Possi[-] bly Susie Q. Jones, employed at a girls' scho[ol] where the men are outnumbered ten to one, migh[t] prefer her one-tenth chance at Sam Smith, wh[o] teaches philosophy there, to a whole corralful [of] Wyoming ranch hands.

At any rate, if prospects appear too discouragin[g] at home, single girls might very well investigat[e] United States Government installations abroa[d]. A recent count of armed-forces personnel station[ed] overseas showed that eligible men outnumbere[d] women 13 to 1.

But when all is said and done, what does a gi[rl] want with 13 bachelors—or 13,000,000, for tha[t] matter? It takes only one of them to get marrie[d]

Delicious with Turkey

To most of us, Thanksgiving dinner means turkey on the table. In most families the vegetables that go with it are traditional too. But when it comes to the trimmings we can inject a note of excitement. To make this year's dinner the best ever, we offer you a choice of two new appetizers to serve in the living room; a different twist to the ubiquitous cranberry sauce; a mouth-watering new stuffing for the turkey itself; and a glamorous pie that might well become a tradition in your house.

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

STUART



To begin with, two delectable appetizers: a subtly flavored chicken-and-cheese *pâté* under a shimmering cloak of aspic to spread on toast; and hot, savory, silver-dollar-size onion canapés.

CHEESE-PÂTÉ ASPIC

1 *teaspoon unflavored gelatin*
1 *cup consommé*
1 *can (4½-ounce) chicken pâté*
1 *package (3-ounce) cream cheese*
Melba toast

Add gelatin to consommé. Heat, stirring constantly, until gelatin is dissolved. Cool. Pour ¼ cup of the consommé into a small 5″ x 2″ x 2½″ loaf pan. Chill until set. Do not let remaining consommé set. Meanwhile, mix the *pâté* thoroughly with the cream cheese until fluffy and well blended. Spoon into mold on top of firm consommé. Pour remaining consommé over it. Chill for several hours or overnight. Unmold and serve with spreaders and Melba toast.

SAVORY HOT ONION CANAPÉS

Sliced bread (¼″ thick)
½ pound onions, peeled
1½ *tablespoons butter or margarine*
1½ *tablespoons flour*
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon natmeg
Dash pepper
¾ *cup grated Cheddar cheese*
2 *unbeaten egg yolks*

With a biscuit cutter cut out 36 rounds from the bread. Toast until golden. Cook the onions in boiling salted water until tender. Put through food mill or buzz in blender. While the onions are cooking, make a smooth cream sauce with butter or margarine, flour and milk. Season with salt, nutmeg and pepper, then stir the sauce into the purée. Add the cheese and stir until melted. Just before serving, stir in the egg yolks. Drop by spoonfuls onto toast rounds. Toast in moderate oven, 350° F., 8–10 minutes. Serve hot. Makes 36 canapés. *Note:* Sauce, except for egg yolks, may be made ahead, then reheated and egg yolks stirred in. Bake after the turkey is out of the oven. Bread may be toasted ahead too.

When it comes to the turkey—the stuffing's the thing. *This* stuffing will do honor to the noblest birds. The news is in the tangy flavor of smoked oysters blended with ham and herbs. Once you've tasted, you'll choose it again and again.

HAM-AND-SMOKED-OYSTER STUFFING

2 *quarts dried crumbled bread*
1 *cup chopped onion*
1 *cup chopped celery*
½ poand mashrooms, sliced
½ poand butter or margarine
1 *cap chopped smoked oysters (two 3¼-ounce cans)*
2 *cups diced cooked or canned ham*
1 *tablespoon poaltry herbs*
2 *teaspoons salt*
½ teaspoon pepper
2 *tablespoons parsley*
½ tenspoon monosodium glutamate

The day before serving, prepare the bread. Cut off the end crusts from 3 unsliced loaves of stale, firm-type bread. Pull out bread and crumble fine. Spread out on trays to dry. You will need 2 quarts dried. Sauté the onion, celery and mushrooms a few minutes in the butter or margarine. Toss with the crumbs. Add the smoked oysters and the ham. Toss again well. Then add poultry herbs, salt, pepper, parsley and monosodium glutamate, tossing well after each addition. Stuff turkey in usual manner. Makes enough stuffing for large 16–18-pound turkey. Use less for smaller bird, or, if you like, freeze any extra stuffing from full recipe. Nice to have on hand for a roast chicken.

Cranberries complement the turkey as no other relish does, but this year our sauce has real excitement. Preserved ginger makes the flavor sing, and toasted slivered almonds give it crunchy texture.

GINGER-CRANBERRY-ALMOND RELISH

4 *cups fresh cranberries*
2 *cups sugar*
2 *caps water*
½ cup slivered, blanched toasted nlmonds
¼ cup slivered candied ginger

Combine cranberries, sugar and water in a saucepan. Cook, stirring constantly, until berries pop. Stir in almonds and candied ginger. Cool. Makes 1 quart sauce.

Our Thanksgiving pie has no relation to the pumpkin. It is completely different, yet it has all the attributes of a festive dessert—a delight to the eye when brought in at dessert time and sheer pleasure to eat.

Holidny Macaroon Pie
Recipe on Page 149



Dress Up or

As anyone who has ever been responsible for giving a dinner knows, the first and most important decision is the "what to have." To get around this, we in my household have taken to keeping certain menus floating around in our minds, all of them tried and true, so that, if we are suddenly called upon, we do not scratch our heads—we do what we call "plugging in No. 17."

The DRESS-UP DINNER sets a gala tone with a regal Roast Fillet of Beef, tender Gnocchi à la Romaine under a golden chee topping, Purée of Peas, Parker House Rolls and Baked Peach Dessert served warm with a fluffy mound of whipped crea

Another easy guide to successful entertaining—from John Prince and his wife, Catherine, who here set forth their approach to planning the superbly simple or elegant dinner. He uses the same rules in planning parties for Washington's most distinguished visitors.

By JOHN PRINCE

MENU 1 · ROAST FILLET OF BEEF. Here I mean a whole beef tenderloin, entire and untouche not sliced as for *filet mignon*, but served in all its soberly elegant length. This is not cheap—I shoul not advise you to bring it on for your husband's senior in the office if a raise in salary is in th wind—but there exists no more delicate meat, which so sets the gala tone. And it's easy to do. Indee you are forbidden to *do* very much. A French chef, clever as he is at disguising humble cuts of mea with sauces of one kind or another, would weep to see you do anything to this noble piece. Simpl have the butcher trim away all fat. Then season it with salt, pepper and a good rubbing of butte Roast in a hot oven, 400° F., 25–30 minutes, depending on the degree of rareness which you wis To make serving simpler, slice it in the kitchen and then arrange on the platter in a generous ri of water cress or young tips of parsley in lieu of a salad. Note that this type of roast is cut in slic ½″ to ¾″ thick. And neither this nor any other sort of roast should be carved immediately after comes out of the oven. It must stand in a warm place for 15 minutes—long enough to collect itsel

Dress Down—*Two Dinners*

Such a menu must work in all seasons; its items must be available in the nearest good store; and it must face up to two questions. The first concerns price: is this a meal on which we're willing to put what it would take to buy four seats in the orchestra or just a new hat? The second asks the proper *tone*: is this the kind of repast you'd offer for a first meeting with your daughter's fiancé's family, or is it the Charles Dickens "God-bless-us-every-one" sort of thing?

To solve this we take one menu of the same basic items—say beef with two accompanying dishes and a fruit dessert—and we interpret it on two levels, for a "dress-up" dinner, as we say, or a "dress-down" dinner. That takes care of price and tone at once.

STUART



With an eye to lower prices and informal atmosphere, the DRESS-DOWN DINNER features tender slices of French Pot Roast served with a savory sauce and colorful vegetables, Hominy Grits, the tiniest of Peas, Green Salad delicate with thyme—and the same Baked Peach Dessert. Both menus serve 6.

GNOCCHI À LA ROMAINE. I give the Frenchified Italian name because that's the way I learned it at the Cordon Bleu, and I give a recipe adapted from one I practiced there—but all that is something of a joke. The main ingredient of this dish is plain American grits. And once more, the method is bone-simple. The ingredients you will need are:

1 quart milk 1 *teaspoon salt* 1 *cup grated Gruyère cheese*
½ plus ⅓ cup butter ⅛ *teaspoon pepper* ⅓ *cup grated Parmesan cheese*
1 cup hominy grits

Bring the milk to a boil. Add ½ cup butter, cut into pieces so it will melt faster. Then gradually stir in the grits. Be sure and *not* use the quick-cooking sort. Resume the boil and continue cooking, stirring all the while, until the mixture takes on the appearance of cooked farina. Remove from the heat, season with the salt and pepper and then beat hard with an electric mixer for 5 minutes, until the grits take on a creamy appearance. Pour into a 13″x9″x2″ casserole, and allow to set. Cut into rectangular pieces. Place them one over another like rows of fallen dominoes, in a buttered shallow casserole which may be brought to the table. Over these pour ⅓ cup melted butter and sprinkle the grated cheeses. At serving time heat through in a hot oven, 400° F., for about 30–35 minutes and then, if you like, under the broiler just long enough to obtain a light brown crust.

PURÉE OF PEAS. This may seem at first to be a washday dish, but you will see that is not my idea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



Mrs. Appleyard's tomato juice is tangy and superbly seasoned. It is served in well-chilled glasses with buttery cheese-corn-meal biscuits.



Pearly-white onions and jewel-green peas are bathed in a delicious golden mustard sauce. A green salad tossed with oil and vinegar, salt and pepper accompanies it.



Brussels sprouts and chestnuts play an important part in the feast, as do golden yams, candied with oranges. There's a dish of crunchy pickle slices too!

STUART-FOWLER

"Vermont has produced some of its loveliest weather for us; the hills are tawny and heather-colored."

A tender crown roast of pork, substantial and lavish, celebrates a succession of glorious, crisp fall days.

By ELIZABETH KENT GAY

HARVEST FEAST AT

Crown roast of pork is a traditional fall delicacy in our family. No longer do we do our own butchering, and the enormous iron kettles in which we used to try out lard now hold bright clumps of petunias. Our roast of pork, though, is tender and rosy, rimmed with sweet snowy fat; after the long slow cooking favored by Mrs. Applevard, it melts in our mouths like the most delicate chicken.

We start our meal with goblets of very special tomato juice, spiced with onion, garlic, horse-radish and other seasonings which give it a pronounced zip. With this go cheese-corn-meal biscuits, light and tantalizing in flavor. The roast of pork, wreathed with crab apples and green grapes, is borne in by Cynthia, my oldest daughter. The deep golden brown of its crisp crackling fat makes a subtle contrast



A spectacular crown roast of pork is the main dish, stuffed with savory wheat pilaf, garnished with rosy crab apples and green grape clusters.

APPLEYARD CENTER

ith the light, nutty stuffing of wheat pilaf. Laura follows with a dish of small white onions and green eas in a mustardy sauce. There is a companion dish of deep jade-green Brussels sprouts, combined with ıe smoothness of chestnuts. Darkly golden yams have been candied with oranges to the color of rich ld mahogany. And the pie! "Pumpkin pie with a Southern accent," says Mrs. Appleyard, who invented the day before. A smooth pumpkin filling in which pecans and raisins play a prominent role. We ımple the results today with sighs of delighted repletion. Everything, in fact, is perfect, and Vermont as produced some of its loveliest weather for us. "In many ways this is the crown of the year," says Irs. Appleyard, "for the harvest is safe home."

MENU

Tomato Cocktail
Cheese-Corn-Meal Biscuits
Crown Roast of Pork with Wheat-Pilaf Stuffing
Brussels Sprouts with Chestnuts
Orange-Candied Yams
Pearl Onions and Peas in Mustard Sauce
Tossed Green Salad
Cavalier Pumpkin Pie
Coffee

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STUART-POWELL

HARVEST FEAST AT APPLEYARD CENTER

CONTINUED

The smooth pumpkin-pie filling is studded with raisins and crunchy nuts.

Tomato Cocktail

4 cups tomato juice
1 medium cucumber, peeled and finely chopped (save a little for garnish)
2 tablespoons finely chopped scallions (include green stems)
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Juice of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons prepared horse-radish
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
3 drops liquid pepper seasoning
8 lemon wedges

Place all ingredients except lemon wedges in a large bowl. Mix well. Cover and refrigerate for 2–3 hours. Strain and taste for salt. Serve in individual chilled glasses and garnish the top with a little very finely chopped cucumber and a sprig of water cress if you like. Serve with lemon wedges. Makes 1 quart—8 servings.

Cheese-Corn-Meal Biscuits

¾ cup milk
½ cup yellow corn meal
1 cup flour
1 tablespoon baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons butter
¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese
1 egg yolk, slightly beaten

Scald the milk and add corn meal. Mix well and cool. Sift together twice the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut the butter into the flour mixture until it resembles fine bread crumbs. Add cheese to milk-corn-meal mixture. Mix thoroughly. Turn out onto a lightly floured board. Knead 2–3 minutes. Roll out ½″ thick. Cut with a 1¼″ cooky cutter. Place on lightly greased baking sheets. Brush tops with egg yolk. Bake in a very hot oven, 425° F., for about 15 minutes or until golden. Remove and cool on wire cake racks. Serve warm, split and buttered. Makes about 36 biscuits. Store extra biscuits in airtight container.

Crown Roast of Pork with Wheat-Pilaf Stuffing

20-rib crown roast of pork (7–8 lbs.)
Flour-and-water paste for thickening gravy
3 cups chicken broth

STUFFING
2½ cups finely chopped onion
2 cups finely chopped, peeled and cored tart green apple
¼ cup butter
½ pound ground veal
2 cups wheat pilaf or long-grain rice
2 cups chicken broth
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon marjoram
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon celery seed
¼ teaspoon powdered cardamom
2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley
1 eggs, slightly beaten

For the stuffing: Sauté onion and apple in butter in a large skillet until onion is golden. Add veal, cook and stir until lightly browned. Add wheat pilaf or rice, chicken broth, salt, pepper, marjoram, thyme, celery seed, cardamom and parsley. Mix well. Cover and simmer over low heat until all liquid is absorbed. Stir occasionally. Cool a little. Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Set aside.

Place pork on rack in roasting pan. Roast in moderate oven, 350° F., 30 to 40 minutes to the pound. After 1 hour roasting time, remove pork from pan. Fill center of pork with stuffing. Drain fat from pan, return meat (without rack) and continue roasting. If top of stuffing becomes too brown before end of roasting time, cover with aluminum foil. Put remaining stuffing in a lightly greased casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 to 40 minutes. Add a little more chicken broth if stuffing appears dry. When pork is cooked, transfer to a platter and keep warm. Remove strings. Drain excess fat from roasting pan. Add 3 cups chicken broth to pan. Heat, scraping brown bits from bottom. Thicken slightly with a flour-and-water paste. Garnish crown roast with crab apples, green grapes and parsley. Makes 8 generous servings, about 8 cups stuffing, 3 cups gravy.

Brussels Sprouts With Chestnuts

3 pounds fresh Brussels sprouts washed and trimmed, or 3 packages (10-ounce) frozen Brussels sprouts
2 tablespoons butter
2 teaspoons flour
¾ cup chicken broth
¼ teaspoon salt
Pinch white pepper
¼ teaspoon basil
1½ cups sliced, peeled, cooked or canned chestnuts

Make a cream sauce in the top of a double boiler with the butter, flour and chicken broth. Season with salt, pepper and basil. Cook until slightly thickened. Keep warm over just-simmering water. Cook fresh Brussels sprouts in boiling salted water until crisp-tender. If using frozen sprouts, cook according to package directions until crisp-tender. Drain thoroughly. Place in serving dish. Add chestnuts to sauce. Pour sauce over sprouts. Makes 8 servings.

Orange-Candied Yams

8–10 medium-size yams
1 cup brown sugar
¼ cup butter
½ cup orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
Sections from 1 orange

Boil yams until *just* tender. Drain, cool, peel and cut in half. Put sugar, butter, orange juice and grated orange rind in a large heavy skillet. Heat slowly, stirring occasionally. Simmer the yams, a few at a time, in the mixture over low heat. Baste and turn the yams carefully until glazed all over. Remove to an ovenproof dish and keep warm while you glaze the remainder. Heat the orange sections for 2–3 minutes in the skillet at the end. Arrange yams in serving dish and garnish with the orange sections. Makes 8 servings.

Pearl Onions and Peas in Mustard Sauce

4 pounds white onions, peeled
½ cup butter
½ cup flour
3 cups heavy cream
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
3 tablespoons white vinegar
3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon dry mustard
Pinch powdered saffron
2 packages (10-ounce) frozen peas

Cook onions in boiling salted water until tender. Make a cream sauce in the top of a double boiler with the butter, flour and cream. Add salt, pepper and vinegar. Mix lemon juice, mustard and saffron. Add to sauce. Cook peas according to package directions. Drain peas and onions and place in serving dish. Pour sauce over vegetables. Mix very lightly. Makes 8 servings.

Cavalier Pumpkin Pie

Pastry for one 10″ pie shell
1 cup milk
⅔ cup seedless raisins
1 cup light brown sugar
2 cups canned pumpkin
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon salt
2 cups heavy cream
4 eggs, slightly beaten
1½ cups broken pecans

Line a 10″ pie plate with the pastry. Crimp the edges. Scald milk. Add raisins and sugar to milk and let stand. In a large bowl mix pumpkin, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, allspice, salt and 1 cup cream. Add raisin-sugar-milk mixture and mix well. Add eggs and mix again. Fold pecans into mixture. Fill pie shell. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 1 hour or until center is set. Cool. Whip 1 cup cream until thick. Decorate cold pie with whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.







HAM-ASPARAGUS SOUP SANDWICH. Put 4 slices buttered toast on cookie sheet; top each with sliced cooked ham and cooked asparagus spears. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup, ⅓ cup milk, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 2 tbsp. chopped pimiento; pour over open-face sandwiches. Broil till hot. Serves 4.

new idea!

BACON-TOMATO SOUP SANDWICH. Put 4 slices buttered toast on cookie sheet; top each with 2 slices tomato, 2 slices cooked bacon. Stir 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup till smooth; add ⅓ cup milk, 1 tsp. minced onion, ½ tsp. Worcestershire; pour over open-face sandwiches. Broil till hot and bubbly. Serves 4.



broiled soup sandwiches



BEAN-FRANK SOUP SANDWICH. Split and toast 6 frankfurter buns. Put on cookie sheet; top with 6 frankfurters, cut lengthwise. Mix 1 can Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup, ⅓ cup water, ¼ cup ketchup, 2 tbsp. sweet pickle relish; spread over franks and buns completely. Broil till hot and bubbly. 6 servings.

GOOD THINGS
BEGIN TO HAPPEN
WHEN YOU COOK WITH
Campbell's Soups

TUNA-EGG SOUP SANDWICH. Put 4 slices buttered toast on cookie sheet; spread with 7-oz. can tuna (drained, flaked); top with 4 slices onion, 2 sliced hard-cooked eggs. Mix 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup, ⅓ cup milk, 2 tbsp. chopped parsley, 2 tsp. lemon juice; pour on sandwiches. Broil. Serves 4.



LOOK FOR MORE RECIPES ON EVERY CAN OF CAMPBELL'S SOUP





vote

In recent national elections in some free countries, the following percentage of eligible persons cast their votes:

Australia	**95.48%**	voted (1958)
West Germany . . .	**88.2%**	voted (1957)
Israel	**82.8%**	voted (1959)
Canada	**80%**	voted (1958)
Great Britain . . .	**78.7%**	voted (1959)
Sweden	**77.4%**	voted (1958)
UNITED STATES .	**60.4%**	voted (1956)

It is no credit to our democracy when four out of every ten persons fail to express their convictions about the candidates and the issues of a national election.

Your vote counts! Victories in many elections are often determined by the barest of margins. For example, one prominent Senator won the post he now occupies by a margin of only 87 votes, with 988,295 cast. To vote is a right and a privilege. To vote intelligently is a duty.

See to it that you and every eligible member of your family vote on November 8th.

Metropolitan Life
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DRESS UP OR DRESS DOWN— TWO DINNERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

First, the taste of fresh frozen peas so served is an oddly agreeable little novelty. Second, the dish offers an intense green color note.

Here I am minded to tell you an anecdote. A certain Miss Emma of my past was beautiful, rich, imperious and much loved, but not much of a housewife. On one occasion she telephoned her grocer to say that she was giving a dinner party. "Send me a standing rib roast and three vegetables." . . . "Yes, ma'am," he said. "Now, Miss Emma, what vegetables had you in mind?" . . . And she said, "One red, one white and one green," and put down the phone. Her method was rash, but you see she had an idea.

For the present dish use 6 packages frozen peas. Cook in very little salted water until they are approximately half done. This will take 3–5 minutes. Put them through a food mill or strainer, discarding skins. Set the pulp aside until wanted. At that time, season the pulp with ½ teaspoon salt, not quite ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ cup butter, and heat it up in the top of a double boiler. Taste for seasoning because the amount of salt will vary, depending on the amount you use when you cook the peas.

PARKER HOUSE ROLLS. At this point you will be pleased to note that you can buy tiny "half-size" rolls. The Parker House type is best. Spread a little butter in the pockets, heat and serve them—hot, hot, hot—without benefit of anything further.

BAKED PEACH DESSERT. This requires:

3 tablespoons butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 cup flour
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon vanilla
6 firm ripe sliced or 4 packages thawed and well-drained frozen peaches
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
⅛ teaspoon almond flavoring

To make the batter, cream the butter, add the sugar and then the eggs. This should not be beaten—just mixed until blended. Stir in the flour which has been sifted with the salt and baking powder, and then add the vanilla. Place the peach slices in the bottom of a buttered 1½-quart casserole. Pour the batter over them and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for an hour. Serve with the whipped cream scented with the almond flavoring.

Note that, of this dinner, the first stages of the *gnocchi* and the purée may be done well ahead of time, so also the dessert, which you may serve cold if you like, or reheat at the last moment.

Now, here is the same menu, at least a meal of the same items, adjusted with an eye to a lower price and a different atmosphere, to make what we call a "dress-down" dinner.

MENU II

FRENCH POT ROAST. This has come down the ladder a bit, but it is something new—or better, something very old and nice—in the way of pot roasts. I have the recipe from a lady whose family in Gascony, the western part of France just above Spain, has been at this sort of thing for ages. According to her, you just do this, but exactly this:

Dredge a 6-pound piece of bottom round in flour that has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Brown it quickly and thoroughly in about ½ cup bacon drippings. Use a weighty marmite or Dutch oven. Either pan should have a heavy lid. Remove from the heat and spoon off as much of the hot fat as you can. In another pan, sauté the following vegetables, all *very* finely chopped: ⅔ cup parsnip (if parsnips are to be had), ⅔ cup ca… ½ cup onion, ½ cup celery without h… leaves, 1 small clove garlic and 1 tables… parsley. To these add ¼ pound mushro… sliced, and place around the roast in t… Dutch oven. Add ½ cup tomato purée … 1 cup consommé. If you prefer, you ca… ½ cup water, ½ cup dry white wine ar… cup brandy instead. Cover tight. C… steadily and very slowly over very low h… turning the meat several times, for at … 5 hours. When the meat is quite tende… move it, without breaking it, to a ve… platter. Skim off as much fat as you … from the sauce and reseason if necess… Note that, except for the mushrooms, h… vegetables will have gone to pieces in … meat juice to make a fairly smooth s… Should the sauce seem too liquid, thick … cautiously by adding flour rubbed into th… balls of butter or by blending it into a l… sauce which you have cooled. (Remem… that flour will make lumps if not fed into … fat or cold liquid.) Now return the roa… the Dutch oven and put it aside to k… warm.

BAKED HOMINY GRITS. This time … grits have no reason not to appear u… their plain name, but they are done as fo… Gnocchi à la Romaine with this exceptio… when you have beaten them, simply u… them into a buttered 1½-quart baking s… and bake them in a moderate oven, 350°… for an hour, or until a golden crust app… You will find that these make a nice ch… from potatoes. They are foamy light, s… the sauce of the roast wonderfully and … ple will look up from their plates pl… and puzzled.

TINY GREEN PEAS. I have gone out o… way to say *tiny* peas, having in mind a th… very tiny sort of frozen peas which is … on the market. They are worth their s… extra price, and, as for cooking, need on… brief warming through. Unless you hap… to have a garden with fresh peas just fo… ing in the pods, I suspect that you'll … none better. Remember to salt and pe… them well and serve with a liberal pa… butter melting on top, or in mounds arou… the roast.

At this point you may wish to de… from the menu or add to it—either way … use what the garden or the market offer… the moment, or (with Miss Emma's te… phone call in mind) to gain color. Any v… table which would do what Mark Tw… calls "sluicing around" well with the … roast would be fine. Obvious choices … stead of, or in addition to, the peas) w… be very small carrots, tiny turnips or … potatoes or button onions. The carr… turnips and onions should be cooked s… rately, drained and then sautéed lightl… butter and go around the roast at the … last.

If you cannot find small, young veg… bles, you might like to hear what my *c… professeur* in Paris did when he couldn't … cut carrots, turnips, potatoes and the … into rectangles an inch to an inch and a … long and rounded them at the corners b… cooking. He called this making boats. B… or whatever, I must say they improved … appearance of the dish.

GREEN SALAD. This will be a plain … made from three different types of greens. … lect them for their textures—some roma… Boston lettuce and a little Belgian end… For 6 people, plan on 5 cups of greens. C… well before tearing them up (salad gre… should always be torn) and serve in a b… tossed at the last minute with ½ cup thy… flavored French dressing. If you can … some fresh thyme, chop it fine and add … the salad with the greens; otherwise, ju… little pinch of the dried can be added to … dressing.

BAKED PEACH DESSERT. This again … done in the same way as for the more e… orate dinner, with one laborsaving differe… Serve it with vanilla ice cream, if you pr…

OPERATION ERROR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

uick anger as the blow knocked him st the wall.

e hit the back screen, the catch snapped, it opened full as she rushed pell-mell ugh it. Her foot struck a can, sent it clat-g noisily. Gaining the asphalt alley, she inued running, half blinded by the slanting noon sun. She began to sob softly.

car manned by a youngster swirled into lley, its tires screeching and dual pipes ng. Barely in time, she stepped to one and pressed her body flat to the wall of a ling. It roared by, never slowing, the r yelling and laughing.

the street, she turned to the right and inued running, dodging shoppers who d to stare after her, sensing an impending dy in her flight and sobs. She side-stepped y on a tricycle, tore past a woman water-yard and paid no attention to a dog that l out to yap at her heels.

car roared down the street behind her swung alongside the curb. The brakes slammed on with a shriek of rubber. He not more than six feet from her. He yelled, me on, come on. We haven't got much ." He reached over, opened the door, and was sitting beside him. He looked nothing the picture of Red Dillon she had seen. was blond, neatly dressed, and wore es.

e gunned the car and her neck snapped. asked, "Where is she?"

Not far. Don't worry. I'll let you have the It's not mine anyway. And I'll put her in back seat and you can get her to the hos-. Anybody follow you?"

e was looking back. He had turned south an Nuys Boulevard and within minutes were through the busy shopping district. e said, "Because if anybody did, I'd have ll you. I've got a gun on you."

e scarcely heard him. "She's not going to '

Not if you get her to a hospital. Just sit e and don't say anything. I can't stand who talk all the time. So shut up."

e took the Hollywood freeway, and kept ast of the fastest moving traffic. But he careful not to speed. They passed a traffic er, and shortly afterward, at the cry of mbulance siren, he pulled over and waited it passed.

e couldn't hold the tears back.

e swung off the freeway at the Gower exit when they reached Hollywood Boulevard ed the car to the left. Soon they were away the Hollywood the tourists know, pass-mall shops in a down-at-the-heels neigh-borhood. He swung into a side street, then n an alley, pulling up before the back nce of a deserted store. She was out of ar ahead of him. He hurried after her and a key to the back-door lock and turned it e first try, as though he had turned it y times before.

e hurried into a dirty, musty back office. old roll-top desk, covered with a heavy of dust, stood in one corner, and a h made up into a bed in another. The l of a washroom lay heavy on the air.

ooking about, she felt his hand on her restraining her. "I was only kidding. r sister's O.K. I had to tell you something t you here."

e stood between her and the door. She angrily, "You told me she was dying. could you tell me she was dying?"

e fell into a coughing spell that racked his . As he doubled up, her glance found the that led to the store front. She made a k for it, and was opening it when the shot oded in the tight space. She swung about, g him, pressing against the door.

e held a small weapon on her. "I killed a once for trying that. Sit down." She ed to take the old beaten-up swivel chair he desk. "No, not there," he said. "Over e." He indicated the cot.

e thought, *Someone should have heard the* But no one would in a big city.

As the cot whined under her, he said, "I knew a girl with fire like you once. She died in a gun fight and took two coppers with her."

He cleared his throat with a hacking cough. "You've got nothing to get excited about. Like I told you, your sister and me's got a deal cooking, and you're the security that says it goes through. You'll be my guest here for a few hours, just in case your sister wants to change her mind; but when the deal's put through, you can be on your way. You don't have to do anything, just behave yourself, and in a way you may be saving your sister's life if she's thinking about getting other ideas."

She said evenly, "You're going to kill me if she doesn't do what you say."

He turned gruff. "Take off your shoes."

Slowly she removed her white oxfords. He lowered himself into the swivel chair, mumbling, "I'm a sick man. Someday the heart's going to give out when I get a spell."

He looked around the room. "Not a bad place for hiding out, huh? The stupid cops always look for me at hotels and apartment houses. Never think of empty store buildings."

He turned to her. "Get out of your dress."

She massaged her foot, stalling. A stack of books, gray with dust, rested on a table within reach of her hand. If she threw one through the blacked-out window ——

She blurted out, "Why should I?"

"Don't give me any jazz." He motioned with the gun. "Do you take it off or do you want me to?"

She took her time unzipping the dress and pulling it over her head. She stood in a white tricot slip that outlined her contours, and beneath it her body trembled.

"Give it to me." She tossed the dress to him, and sat as far as she could from him.

Keeping his eyes on her, he swung the swivel chair around, reached inside a desk drawer and took a phone out. He dialed, and said, "Miss Sherwood, please."

He placed his watch on the desk before him. "Damn it, what's keeping her?" he said and hung up. He dialed again. "I was calling Miss Sherwood and was cut off."

He counted to himself, "Ten . . . twenty . . . thirty . . . Kelly?"

He talked rapidly, breathing erratically. "Here's how we're working it. When you get off, you drive to the Hollywood Bowl and park. You walk to the phone booth at the entrance to the Bowl and wait there. I'll call you around eight and give you instructions where to go. O.K., you got it?

"Here's one more thing. I've got your sister here by the phone with me. Now don't get hysterics because she's O.K., and she's going to be O.K. unless you change your mind about meeting me or the money's not all there. I'll keep her locked up here until I get the money and count it and then I'll let her go. But if anything goes wrong, I'm killing her. And if I'm not around to do it, I've got a friend who's going to baby-sit with her and finish her off if I don't come back."

He turned to Toby. "Tell her you're O.K."

She took the receiver. "Sis, he told me you'd been shot and were dying."

"That's enough."

He seized the receiver and hung up. As she backed away toward a file cabinet, he sat looking her over. "You've got a nice shape," he said. He rose then and crossed to a third door, several inches thick, which opened into a small, empty, windowless room. "In here," he ordered, motioning with the weapon.

She stood her ground defiantly.

"It was an old fur-storage vault before the place went broke. You can scream or sing or do anything you want to. Come on, kid, or do I have to slug you?"

He pushed the swivel chair into the vault after her. "I'll be back in about an hour with your dinner." As the door closed she stood in total darkness. She heard no sound after the turning of the lock.

Shock possessed Kelly so utterly that she sat numbly long after she put down the receiver. He was breaking her to his will. He had reached her through Toby as he could have in no other way.

Then some old strength assumed command. She drew herself up straight, took a deep



breath and dialed. By the time the switchboard girl's voice answered, the fog was clearing.

Ripley said, "I know. I heard a few minutes ago."

He reported that the agents running the loose surveillance had been blocked briefly from view of Toby, and in that scant second she had deliberately eluded them, something they never had anticipated she would do.

"They weren't tailing a criminal," he said in defense of them.

"No," she answered slowly. "A seventeen-year-old girl."

"I don't get it." He was angry and hurt. He seldom erred in sizing up a person. But he told himself that no one is a fortress, no one impregnable. Dillon, with his animal cunning, had sensed a soft spot.

"He told her I'd been shot and was dying. What would you have done at seventeen?"

He was silent a moment, then, "I guess it's that I don't want to understand—but I do." He added, "I can imagine the hell you're going through."

"I'll hold up. I've got to. I haven't any choice, have I?" She continued, "If you arrest him when I hand him the package ——"

"No, we can't do that, although I don't think he's got a friend with your sister. He's always played the lone wolf. But we can't and won't take a chance. We want you to continue following his instructions. Take the call at the Hollywood Bowl and do what he tells you. We'll be close by."

She returned to her window under Mr. Welk's unfavorable scrutiny. She forced each movement and each word. She saw the faces of old customers. They blurred, and came into focus, and went out again.

Thirty minutes before closing time, Mr. Burkhardt stepped up behind her. "Is everything all right, Miss Sherwood?"

He had been an executive for the five years she had worked here, sitting near the door, smiling, talking. She had thought it was all on the surface, that the man had no depth. Now his tone said how much he was feeling with her and for her.

"It won't go in my purse unless I get some bigger bills."

"I'll get them."

He returned shortly with twenty $1000 and forty $500 bills. She handed him in exchange bands of fives and tens.

When the guards locked the doors at six she experienced sudden, overwhelming panic. But it was short-lived as a hardness inside her, that was new to her, asserted itself.

Working swiftly, she banded the big bills together until she had a total of $96,000. She waited until she thought she was unobserved, then pushed them into her purse. She reached a quick balance, and handed her work sheet to the girl who ran the batches for all the tellers. The girl checked it out.

Afterward, she hurried with her cash drawer to the vault, passing Mr. Welk, who was working with the teller at Window 2 who had failed to reach a balance.

Returning to her window, she got her purse from the low shelf. She started to leave, then remembered she invariably checked her face. She must do the normal things.

As she passed Mr. Welk, he called to her. She turned, her heart pounding.

"Yes, Mr. Welk?"

"Did you forget to turn in your extra cash?"

"I didn't have any. I had a heavy run of checks this afternoon."

He glanced at her purse. "How much cash does your work sheet show?"

"Around two thousand dollars."

"I don't understand it."

She repeated, "I had a heavy run of checks. I've never had anything like it in the five years I've been here."

He knew the checks presented and the cash needed to pay them could not have deviated that much from the Friday norm. "Could you have made a mistake, Miss Sherwood?"

By now heads had turned as a scandal threatened to break. She asked sharply, "Do you wish to examine my purse, Mr. Welk? Is that what you want? Well, here, take it."

He backed away. "No, no, now, please, we mustn't become excited, Miss Sherwood. If you had an unusually large run of checks —— It was just that ——"

"Good night, Mr. Welk." She turned to leave, expecting him to call her back.

Ahead of her, Penny held open the exit gate into the main lobby. "I hope you got away with a million. Have a nice weekend."

Outside the overhead lights barely dispersed the darkness of the parking lot. Good nights were being said, and cars backing out, little foreign ones among the big ones, everyone hurrying with plans for the weekend.

Pete stole up alongside her, and put his arm in a quick squeeze about her. "Pick you up about six tomorrow night?"

"Yes, Pete."

"I wish I was going home with you. Think of all the gas we'd save if ——"

"Pete."

"Yes?"

"Nothing." She took a few steps, turned back. "Let's talk tomorrow about saving gas. O.K.?" *Tomorrow.*

The briefing was over and the weapons checked out of the gun room: Tommy guns, .30-.30 rifles, tear-gas guns, 12-gauge shotguns, mile-ray spots, and restraining devices—handcuffs and leg chains and "corsets."

Now only minutes remained. Rip felt the sweat in his armpits, the tautness in his body.

Taking quick, tapping steps, Peg [illegible] and handed him a memo, marked [illegible] Her eyes caught his briefly, and spoke [illegible] cern, then she was gone. He read:

SAs Robinson and Waite contacted 3[illegible] detective and credit agencies today to f[illegible] lead set forth 10-7-59. Each agency w[illegible] to check its records to determine if any i[illegible] tion had been undertaken in recent mon[illegible] victim, Kelly Sherwood.

John T. Rattlan, president, Rattlan[illegible] Services, advised that a party who gave t[illegible] Gar Delaton, and the address, State H[illegible] tained his agency 8-24-59 to run a bac[illegible] check on the following names.

Nine names, including that of Kel[illegible] wood, were set forth, and their addre[illegible] were identified as tellers at the Ho[illegible] First National Bank.

According to Mr. Rattlan, Mr. Del[illegible] vised he was a New York City broker [illegible] opening a Beverly Hills branch and he [illegible] templating employing one of the nine. M[illegible] lan said the agency completed and deli[illegible] reports, classified as their "C" type, w[illegible] cluded a credit and criminal, and thi[illegible] views each with neighbors or parties [illegible] them. Mr. Delaton paid $100 per report

When shown a photograph of the sub[illegible] Rattlan advised he bore a marked resem[illegible] Mr. Delaton. Mr. Rattlan stated that M[illegible] ton's request for reports was common[illegible] the agency had no reason to suspect hi[illegible] inal intent.

DID HE KNOW

He never said—and Ripsie [illegible] asked, dared not ask, though sh[illegible] always been able to say anythi[illegible] John Henry. Did he know? . . . [illegible] haps that was her punishment.

CHINA COURT

the new novel by Rumer Godd[illegible] the story of two brothers and R[illegible] the fascinating urchin who grew [illegible] beauty and to dominate the liv[illegible] both—as she, in turn, was domi[illegible] by conflicting forces in the great l[illegible] in Cornwall. Suspenseful, richl[illegible] mantic, it begins

IN THE

DECEMBER JOURN[illegible]

Special Agent Cronin came up t[illegible] Rip handed him the memo. "Looks [illegible] lon never had an accomplice in the b[illegible] got his rundown on the victim thro[illegible] fectly normal channels."

Cronin reported on the lead set r[illegible] determine the store that had sold [illegible] tiger to Dillon.

"We showed the subject's photo[illegible] clerks in all fourteen stores," Cro[illegible] "and none remembered him. But all [illegible] have held employees over tonight [illegible] their sales tickets for the past thirty [illegible]

Quietly the agents drifted down to [illegible] ment garage. As they paired up to c[illegible] the cars, Rip heard the quiet. . . . Th[illegible] would accept no excuses, not even [illegible] miscalculated in the confusion and st[illegible] gun battle. It had no place for men w[illegible] mistake-prone. Yet often there was [illegible] second to think in apprehending a k[illegible] Dillon. There was only the instantan[illegible] swer of muscles to an order from the [illegible] an order that had lain dormant a lo[illegible] perhaps based on some past experien[illegible] the training taken at the academy.

As Rip got behind the wheel and [illegible] climbed in beside him, and they [illegible] short rise up out of the garage into [illegible] Street, they discussed the advantage [illegible] Red Dillon. Dillon could choose hi[illegible]

CONTINUED ON [illegible]

Do you have trouble giving your child medicine?



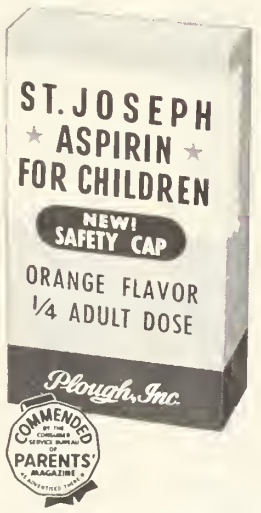


When your child has fever of cold or flu, or a headache—do you have difficulty getting him to accept "aspirin"? You won't have this problem if you give the *children's* aspirin with the orange flavor children prefer!

Read why most thoughtful mothers give

the children's aspirin doctors recommend 4 to 1 OVER ANY OTHER BRAND

In a recent nation-wide survey more doctors—child specialists—recommended St. Joseph Aspirin For Children than any other . . . by far!



No need to have an emotional upset when you give your child aspirin . . . no need to worry whether he has actually swallowed the dose the doctor ordered!

Most mothers solve that problem by giving St. Joseph Aspirin For Children . . . the aspirin child specialists *prefer 4 to 1 over any other brand.*

You see, St. Joseph Aspirin For Children is the *best* aspirin, with the creamy texture and pure orange taste children prefer. It has the preferred child dosage, and the special safety cap doctors favor.

Is there any wonder more doctors specify St. Joseph Aspirin For Children? Any wonder more mothers trust it—more children accept it willingly *. . . than all others combined?*

Next time you're shopping . . . ask for St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. Your child may need it tonight!



FOR ADULTS (5-grain tablets)

READY TO GO TO WORK *FASTER*
than other leading pain relief tablets!

Why pay for costlier aspirin, expensive buffering, or "combination" pain relief drugs? Laboratory tests prove that St. Joseph Aspirin disintegrates faster, is ready to go to work faster than all three other leading pain relief tablets. Millions take it without stomach upset. Get the best for less—be sure that you get trusted St. Joseph Aspirin!



Girls' shirts and Spanky Pants, sizes 1-16 yrs., 69¢-$1.25. Boys' shirts, briefs, shorts and longs, sizes 1-12 yrs., 69¢-$1.75. 14-20 yrs., 79¢-$2.00.

Everybody on the toothbrush line wears Carter's knit underwear. We like the soft, friendly feeling. Mother likes the way they keep their shape, no matter how often they're washed or how hard they're worn. She says Carter's is a family tradition—because

quality is a Carter's tradition.

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO. NEEDHAM HEIGHTS, MASS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

It might be the Hollywood Bowl itself, the 20,000 seats empty since the end of the summer season, the dark and deserted stage and dressing rooms, or the wooded area above.

He possessed an even greater advantage. By his abduction of Toby, he had set up the situation so they dared not apprehend him. They were under instructions from Washington and the SAC to effect a policy of containment, which meant they would watch the rendezvous between him and Kelly Sherwood, and subsequently would run a surveillance in the expectation that he would lead them to the hideout where he was holding the sister.

Parking some distance from the Bowl, Rip left Bradley behind, and made his way on foot through underbrush to a statue overlooking the phone booth. He worked slowly and cautiously, knowing that if Dillon wanted to watch Kelly Sherwood, he might choose the same lookout.

KMPC's news helicopter droned overhead, and inside an agent sat scanning the Bowl beneath, carved out of a hillside. A short distance away, traffic roared over the Hollywood freeway, and running past the Bowl was Highland, a busy thoroughfare.

Rip had found it a difficult setup to diagram. Since no parking was permitted on Highland, and there was virtually no pedestrian traffic, Bureau cars and Bureau agents would be conspicuous if posted in the area. He had solved the problem by spotting the cars a half mile distant on various streets, and he himself taking over a concealed lookout here behind the statue, high up above the phone booth, and a short distance away.

Once in place, Rip said into the microphone, "Ripley here. All's quiet. Stand by."

It was 7:42. Kelly Sherwood walked below him very slowly and no doubt very fearfully. She walked from the parking lot. When she reached the phone booth, which stood alone, she stopped and faced the Highland traffic which was running heavy. The constant flow of cars kept her in a flood of light.

Rip drew in a deep breath. Someone might offer her a ride. She was conspicuous, a lone woman, the only pedestrian within sight.

The headlights came by twos around the curve. They stared at her briefly, blinding her, then averted their glance, and rushed straight ahead. They were disembodied creatures in the dark, and usually disinterested ones. Sometimes a pair would slow up, as if looking her over, and once she thought a pair would stop.

She escaped their hypnotic pull, and looked the other way down the street. Scarcely thirty yards distant, an emergency phone or power truck stood in the street's dead center, the traffic flowing around its warning red flares. Two big, robust fellows in rough work clothes were busily engaged around an open manhole.

Just praise is only a debt, but flattery is a present. SAMUEL JOHNSON

She held her watch up: 7:55.

Glancing up, she saw a brilliantly lighted cross high on the crest of a hill where the Pilgrimage Play was staged. Her fingers went unconsciously to the little silver cross about her throat. She dared not think about Toby, and wrenched her thoughts away.

She strained to catch sounds close to her. In spite of the lulling roar from the freeway, and the drone of a helicopter overhead, she could hear behind her the night quiet that enveloped the Bowl itself, and also the clumps of trees that edged it and were now silhouetted against a moonlit sky.

She clutched the purse so tightly inside one arm that the muscles ached. One hundred thousand dollars almost. One hundred thousand. She must get it back to the bank. Get it back somehow.

Eight o'clock straight up. He would call any minute. He had to call, or come. He wouldn't leave her here half the night waiting.

She glanced around idly. Van Cliburn looked down on her from a shredded poster left over from the summer season. She had wanted to hear him and Pete, who cared little for serious music, had taken her. He had been bored, but graciously so. He was a good sport.

Eight-fifteen. Her feet hurt from the long day.

Eight-twenty. She felt eyes on her from behind the red flares, but when she glanced that way both men were occupied. *But they must wonder. I've been here almost forty minutes.*

At 8:24 the telephone called her. It was a high, shrill, cutting ring. She stepped swiftly into the booth, closed the door behind her and, standing, steadied herself against the glass wall. "Yes?" she said.

"You got the money?"

"Yes," she answered tightly.

"No trouble?"

"No." She added hastily, "Let me talk with my sister."

"She's not here. But you can see her in a few minutes. There's an underpass on Highland near where you're standing. Walk through it and a car will be waiting on the other side."

"You'll be in the car?"

"Just do what I said." He hung up.

She left the booth, scarcely knowing what she was about. Her feet were a weight to carry.

She couldn't talk with Toby because something had happened to Toby.

As if guided by remote control, she went automatically to the underpass and down the wide steps that led into the deep cavern she had used many times when attending Bowl events. It was a long, murky tunnel that opened onto other streets and gave access to distant parking lots.

Always before she had been packed in by a mass of humanity, and suffered from a fear of being crushed. But tonight she was alone in a concrete chamber that was only dimly lit by an occasional overhead light.

She suppressed an urge to run, and paced slowly, listening intently and hearing nothing but her own movements, the brush of her clothing and her breathing.

Suddenly, as if a record player h[ad] been [set] on, steps tapped behind her, f[ol]lowed the same instant by their echo. So[me] the steps and echoes were twice as fast as he[rs] and bearing down so rapidly they became a confused blot of sound.

When they neared, she glanced backwa[rd] One of the workmen from the emergency tru[ck] was hurrying toward her, carrying two r[ed] street lanterns. The echoes hurtled from w[all] to wall and raced up and down the long tun[nel] as they looked for escape.

They were a few feet behind. They were ev[en] with her. They passed her, and left her in t[he] wash of their bedlam.

She forced herself to follow, and came [at] last to the turn in the tunnel, then to the sta[ir] way that led from the close, stale air back in[to] the crisp night.

At the top she looked about. A cab [had] parked a short distance away on a side stre[et] No other car was in sight and neither was t[he] workman with his lanterns. The cab driv[er] leaned low, peering at her, and honked.

Approaching uncertainly, she looked in t[he] back seat. The driver was alone. He sa[id] "You the lady the guy sent me for?"

She nodded, and he started around to he[lp] her in. "Never mind," she said, opening t[he] back door.

"He asked me to give you this." He hand[ed] her a newspaper-wrapped package and [an] envelope.

As he started the motor, she opened t[he] package and Toby's shoes and dress fell o[ut]

Bradley sat behind the driver's wheel, [his] grip easy but alert. Beside him, Rip spo[ke] quickly into the mike. "Victim entered yell[ow] cab, California license STX 49587, headi[ng] south on Highland. We're following six c[ar] lengths behind. Cab stopped now by traf[fic] lights, corner Highland and Franklin. App[ar]ently will continue on Highland. Units fo[ur] teen and eighteen take over surveillance [at] Highland and Sunset."

They would run the same pattern th[at] they had during the Angel's Flight cov[er]

New crop's in!

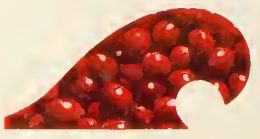


FRESH
OCEAN SPRAY
CRANBERRIES
IN YOUR STORE NOW

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ready to make your traditional cranberry recipes, sauce or relish!

They've just been rushed *fresh* to your sto[re] . . . plump, wholesome red cranberries ju[st] picked from a brand-new crop . . . a[nd] *tested* for ripeness! Make them into delicio[us] relishes, sauces, cranberry salads, pies, tart[s] muffins, too . . . If you like your cranberri[es] *fresh,* you'll find these new-crop Ocea[n] Spray Cranberries the best you've ever ha[d] Fresh idea: Stock up your freezer with pac[k]ages of Ocean Spray fresh cranberries!



OCEAN SPRA
FRESH
CRANBERRIE

: or two cars would take over the surlance for a few blocks with other cars ing in from side streets to relieve them.

t the control room in the field division, the and agents worked swiftly. Already they the intercepted phone call which offered leads, and had been too brief to trace.

low an agent was talking with a cab dispher. "I'm running an emergency check. u got a cab with license plates STX 495872"

Hold it," the dispatcher said. In the backund, the agent heard the cross talk of ny radios as drivers called in to report cups and their destinations.

he dispatcher came back on the line. eah, that's our cab. He made a pickup near Hollywood Bowl. A woman. We got it cked out for the Coliseum. Anything else want?"

Hold on will you?" The agent swung ut. "The cab's headed for the Coliseum."

he SAC said to the radioman, "Notify all s."

n the background the radioman was say-"Cab's destination reported Coliseum."

he agent said to the dispatcher, "We need rything you can get. Will you ask your er where he got the pickup order and, if asn't by phone, what the party looked like anything he can give us. Don't tell him wants to know. Just act like you're ous—and don't press him if he doesn't e through."

Sure, Mac, I gotcha. You can listen in."

s the dispatcher pulled a radio speaker lose to the phone, so the agent could hear, SAC said in the background, "Get the iseum police on the phone."

t the same moment, he picked up the e. "Unit ten, come in. Unit ten."

Ten in. Ripley."

Rip, I'm alerting the Coliseum police ——"

he agent on the line to the dispatcher was ning in on the conversation between the patcher and the cab driver.

Simmons," the dispatcher said, "where'd get the order on the customer?"

Simmons spoke low. "Near the Hollywood Roosevelt. A man asked how much the run would be. Said he had a girl friend he wanted me to get. I gave him an estimate and he added a five spot."

"O.K., Simmons."

The dispatcher came back on the line to the agent. "Anything else we can do?"

"How well do you know the driver?"

"He's O.K. We used to push hacks together."

"Ask him to take it easy, will you?"

"Sure. I'll tell him to miss the stop signs."

As he hung up, he heard the SAC saying, "Dillon's going to get her into a jam-packed crowd where if we move in on him and he opens fire, a dozen persons might be killed." He added bitterly, "He knows we won't take that chance."

The radio overlapped. "Car ten in. We're on Vermont crossing Venice, still heading south."

Kelly held the dress a long time, staring vacantly ahead, unaware of oncoming cars or the stop signs. Her fingers worked absently as she rolled the dress back up in the newspaper, then remembered from far back she had seen a pair of shoes. She felt around, and located them on the floor.

She asked the driver, "Where're we going?"

He turned his head in surprise. "You don't know, miss?"

She didn't answer. She didn't care.

"Look in the envelope."

Now that he mentioned it, she remembered the envelope that she still held in her right hand. Opening it, a ticket dropped into her lap. She saw it was a reserved seat ticket, and then saw it was to the Los Angeles Rams football game.

The driver said, "You're going to miss most of the first half. Started at eight, you know, miss, but your friend didn't ask me to call for you until after that."

Her thoughts tumbled over themselves. She had anticipated and steeled herself for a meeting in a dark, isolated place. Instead she would meet him in a mob of 100,000 people in a glaringly lighted coliseum.

Special Agent Cronin sat taut and anxious in the back office of an exclusive Beverly Hills shop whose clientele was strictly upper-income.

A tall, poised woman said, "We don't sell many of these stuffed animals except at Christmastime."

She studied three sales tickets she had drawn from a stack of several hundred. "This is a charge, an old customer, a woman I know well. These other two are cash."

She studied both in an effort to match faces to them. "May I see the picture again?"

Cronin handed her the subject's mug shot.

For a moment she said nothing, and then, "I'm not sure, but this man"—she tapped a sales ticket—"looked something like him. It has been three weeks ago. I couldn't be positive, but there is a resemblance, like brothers might have."

"Did you talk with him any?" Cronin asked.

She nodded. "We always draw them out if we can—try to make the gift fit the recipient. It makes the purchase more personal, and with our prices, we feel we must offer something besides the product. He was buying the tiger for a child in a hospital. We talked quite a little about the boy. I remember something was wrong with his hip."

"You say it was cash. Does that mean he took the tiger with him?"

"No, not that day. When I was gift-wrapping it, I noticed the stitching had come apart. Scarcely noticeable, but I told him we'd get another the next day and deliver it. I was rather insistent since I didn't want to trouble him.

"He said something—I can't remember exactly, I wasn't paying much attention—something like, no, he'd prefer to pick it up himself; that he'd just sold his business in Hollywood—a fur shop, I believe it was—and didn't know what to do with himself."

It was only idle chatter that had meant nothing at the time, that had chinked up a gap in the silence. But chatter could point to a man.

Picking up the phone, Cronin dialed O and asked for the chief operator. He identified himself, said it was an emergency, and asked to be placed in touch with anyone who could check the files immediately for the names of fur shops in the Hollywood area that had discontinued telephone service during the last twelve months, and if any had had service restored.

He sat anxious minutes, toying with the cord, then he made notes. Two fur stores had canceled service on going out of business. Hurriedly, he took down their names and addresses.

"I told you something?" the saleswoman asked, puzzled.

Hanging up, he dialed the SAC. "You told me something," he said.

The blocks swept by, some residential and fairly dark, some business and half as bright as midday. As the numbness left Kelly, she noted they were on Vermont, passing small shops and cafés and bars and occasionally a tired movie house. The driver turned left and the Coliseum loomed up a short distance away. It was a monstrous dark hulk in the night, except for a brilliantly lighted rim from which flew many flags.

An angry lion roar swelled suddenly from 100,000 throats and rolled across the land. "The referee's catching it," the driver said, pulling up to the curb.

As he opened the door, he asked, "What tunnel you got, miss?"

She checked the number under the street light. "Twenty-one."

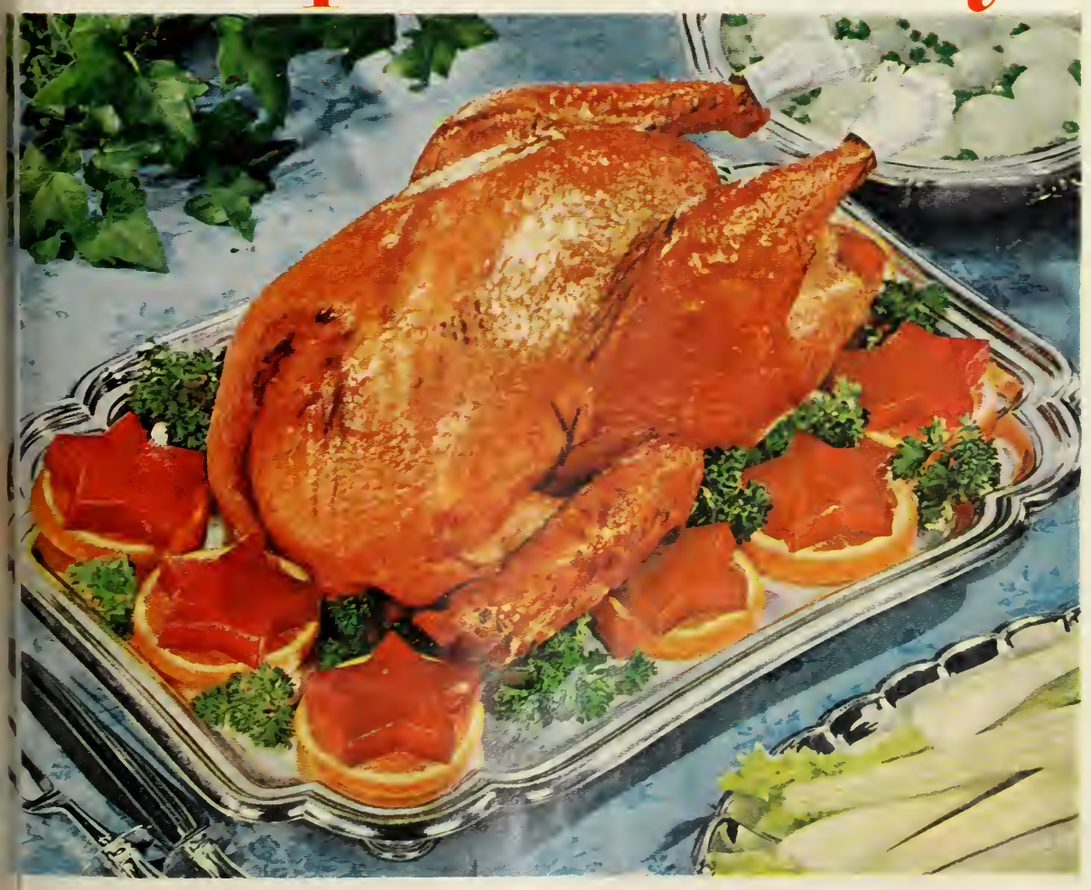
"That'll be to your left."

No one was about except a ticket taker listening to the game on a portable. "Take the Escalator if you want to save some steps."

She passed a coffee-and-candy shack, a man selling programs for a quarter, and an officer strolling casually by. She rode the Escalator alone.

As she rose she looked ahead anxiously. But no one waited at the top. She looked to the ground, and no one followed. The crowd,

New pack's ready!



JELLIED
OCEAN SPRAY
CRANBERRY SAUCE AT
YOUR GROCER'S, TOO!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Make your turkey taste better . . . better for you!

Wholesome, bright red Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce *looks* so good, and *tastes* so good with your holiday dinner! Whether it's turkey, or whatever else you serve these busy days, remember this: Cranberry sauce adds fresh fruit juiciness to dry meats; cuts the rich taste of fat meats; and leaves a clean, fresh taste in your mouth. 14 VITAMINS AND MINERALS, plus more natural fruit pectins than oranges, apples or any other fresh fruit!



OCEAN SPRAY
CRANBERRY SAUCE

The natural mate for turkey —and every meat!

which had been strangely quiet, suddenly burst into happy, deafening pandemonium.

As she stepped from the Escalator, she hesitated. She was now in a wide tunnel that encircled the Coliseum. A few people were here and there, some working at stands getting coffee, soft drinks and hot dogs ready for the pack who would besiege them at half time.

At Entrance 21 to the Coliseum proper, she took a deep breath, steadied herself, then walked into the floodlighted bowl. An attendant looked at the ticket stub, and began climbing. She followed, after one fleeting glance to the field below. The announcer's voice echoed over the loud-speakers: "First and ten on the Rams' forty-seven."

The crowd was 100,000 images in stone, tense and quiet as they waited for the Ram quarterback to pull back and throw a pass. They groaned then in agony.

She climbed into the blinding brilliance of a battery of floodlights, still pressing her purse tightly under her left arm. Step by slow step she climbed, her heart pounding from the unusual exertion, and at last, when the rows had run out, the attendant indicated an aisle seat, directly beneath the fluttering flags and a battery of lights. A graying woman and her son of eighteen looked up from adjoining seats, and two college-age girls sat in front.

Still delaying, she scanned faces as far as she could see without finding the one she sought. She glanced over the rim of the Coliseum, and down the sheer drop to the ground below where a man walked. A burly fellow yelled at her, "Don't jump, lady. We've still got a chance."

Everyone laughed and shouted, and she sat down quickly.

The announcer said, "The ball has been spotted on the Rams' forty. One minute and forty-five seconds left in the second quarter."

Rip directed the operations from a packed police squad room, near the peristyle, a command post in charge of 275 officers, drawn from the sheriff's office and the city police. He could hear the bands playing on the field, signifying the end of the first half and the start of the half-time activities. Dillon might choose this moment to move, when people would be crowding the stands for ice cream or soft drinks, heading for rest rooms, or roaming about to stretch their legs.

He was sweating as he posted agents, who would keep in radio touch, at strategic points about the Coliseum. Next he assigned four men to operate in Section 21 as candy and soft-drink vendors, to keep the victim under surveillance. They left immediately with a police officer who would arrange with the concessions manager to "hire" and outfit them.

As fast as they could be called in, the officers who regularly manned the Coliseum proper were shown Red Dillon's photograph, and dispatched to look over the crowds.

Over and over Rip said, "Don't attempt to apprehend him. We just want to locate him. You'll be jeopardizing a life if you arrest him."

Rip sent agents to pass out wanted notices to the attendants at each of the twenty-eight gates, again warning that the attendants were not to stop Dillon, or even delay him.

Two more agents left to reconnoiter the area where the dressing rooms were located. A policewoman was asked to wander through the women's rest rooms.

Rip said to Bradley, "He's got only two ways to go. He can make bodily contact with the victim or he can operate from a distance and send someone over to pick up the money, like a newsboy or one of the fellows selling programs."

He hesitated a beat in thought, then continued, "Here's what we'll do if he makes bodily contact ——"

When he finished mapping out the stategy for either of the two eventualities, he turned the control desk over to Bradley, and headed for Section 21.

As he emerged from the gloom of the tunnel and looked down on the field, a marching band was leaving, playing a John Philip Sousa number. A mighty roar went up from the crowd as the Los Angeles Rams came running back on the field.

Glancing upward, some fifteen or more rows, he saw Kelly Sherwood sitting very straight and taut. Her hands held tightly to the purse in her lap. Her eyes were not on the field but on the only aisle by which someone could approach.

A stocky man, puffing vigorously, climbed the aisle toward her. She swung her knees out to make room for him as he passed and took the eighth seat down.

The woman next to her said, "Care to use my glasses?" and handed her a pair of binoculars.

Kelly thanked her. Slowly she moved them over the crowd, seeing hundreds of backs, stooped and straight, thin and bulky, sloping and squared off. Reaching a familiar one, she held for a second, recognizing it as Ripley's. He was leaning casually against the bunker-like entry from the tunnel.

The announcer said, "Visiting team offside. Accepted by the Rams. Third and six on the Rams' forty."

The time on the peristyle clock was 10: The third quarter was almost over, and t there would be another fifteen minutes play. He was letting her sweat it out. He giving her time to go to pieces. As long as moved about, engaged in physical activ she found a certain release of tension, once she sat ——

A torturing thought took over. He mi not meet her. She might find the cab wait as she left, and be taken elsewhere.

So what? If he wants to play it that way, play it that way. He can't break me.

A young fellow selling ice-cream sandwic came up the steps, calling out. He stood rectly over her, searching the row for a c tomer. Then an ice-cream sandwich was be shoved into her hand, and he was sayi "Everything O.K.?"

She nodded. "Thanks," he said aloud, a pretended to pocket money. He dropped do a step, and called out, "Ice cream." A sm boy, the eighth seat in, held up his hand a waved frantically.

The vendor said to the two college gi "Pass it along, please." Someone a row do said irritably, "I thought you guys were allowed up here while the game's on."

"Sorry, sir." He sat down on the steps.

The announcer said, "Penalty marker do on the field. Personal foul. Clipping."

Toby. Toby. She prayed silently with familiar words from her childhood, alm forgotten. But was God a God to forget happy times, a God to call upon in desper ones?

A gun sounded, ending the third peri She had no idea when the play resumed. next she knew, the announcer was sayi "Point after being attempted. Kick is up— good. Rams trail, nineteen to twenty-o Seven minutes, fourteen seconds left in fou quarter."

Seven minutes, fourteen seconds.

Rip shifted his holster a little forward der his coat, which he left unbuttoned. clenched and unclenched his hand to loos the arm muscles.

His glance shifted every few seconds to enormous clock at the far end of the fie over the peristyle. Two minutes, elev seconds.

Ten seconds, nine, eight, seven.

It was third down and two to go with Rams in possession of the ball on their opp nent's 28-yard line. The crowd was on its fe all 100,000 of them, sensing a break if the R quarterback could engineer those two yar

One minute, fifty-two seconds.

The ball was snapped back, the quarterba hesitated, looking for a pass receiver down field. The din of 100,000 voices reverberat through the concrete.

Rip tensed, his eyes shifting rapidly fr spot to spot, face to face. With everyo standing, the aisle was now a canyon form by human bodies. None except Rip and woman above watched the aisle.

A groan went up. The ball was over receiver's head.

The announcer said, "The Rams' kicki team is coming in."

They would try for a field goal and, if s cessful, would add three vital points to score.

The throng grew quiet. It was as still a would be at midnight after everyone h gone, 100,000 beings neither moving whispering as the ball came back, the struck it, and it soared into the air.

The referee signaled it was good, and explosion of sound rolled in shock waves out of the bowl.

Fifty-seven seconds. Rip's fingers beg working. He drew the long deep breath he h been taught as an athlete to take before goi into a contest.

He heard the radio whisper, "Toby Sh wood found safe. Repeat. Toby Sherwo found safe. Plan B now in operation. Repe Plan B ——"

Thirty-four seconds. They could move to take Red Dillon now if they could isol him from the mob. But the order from Wa ington stood: No bystander's life must risked. If they could not "isolate" Red Dill they must "contain" him by surveillance.



Rice 'n Raisin Betty

New autumn dessert is 20-minute quick . . but only with Minute Rice and Sun-Maid Raisins.

Such good autumn flavors . . . blended into a sunny dessert by the magic of Minute Rice. Sun-Maid Raisins are the best of the crop . . . nuggets of sweetness . . . brimful of quick energy, minerals and vitamins. And because you don't wash, rinse or pre-cook Minute Rice, all its vitamins are there in the good eating, too

RICE 'N RAISIN BETTY

1 cup Minute Rice
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅔ cup brown sugar
1⅓ cups diced apples
1⅓ cups apple juice
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup seedless Sun-Maid Raisins
1 tablespoon butter

Combine all ingredients except butter in saucepan. Bring to a boil. Cover. Simmer 5 minutes, or until most of liquid is absorbed. Remove from heat; stir in butter. Serve warm (with cream, if desired). Makes 4 or 5 servings.

Minute is a registered trade-mark of General Foods Corp.

venty-four seconds. The visitors were at-ting a long pass, a desperate last-stand e.

ie pass missed the receiver, and people ed to leave, eager to reach their cars d of the others and escape the traffic con-on that would ensue. Soon they filled the s. The agents selling refreshments climbed v steps higher, moving in closer to main-their cover around the victim.

nen down on the playing field the gun ked, and the game was over. A mass of anity surged toward the tunnels, where packed themselves into hard cores before exit. Tenaciously, Rip stood his ground ne of these cores enveloped him.

e listened to the whispers coming from adio. "Victim leaving seat, looking about, ing down aisle toward Tunnel Twenty-taking steps slowly ——"

he vendors above were reporting her ements.

apping his hands as though to light a ciga-, he whispered into the concealed mike, truct all agents move in on Twenty-one, maintain surveillance as victim leaves or es meet."

adley answered him, "O.K., Rip. All ts converge on Twenty-one."

ie pressed the purse tightly against her both hands fastened about it. She was hed so solidly within the mob that she the immovable pressure of hipbones nst hers and bodies molding into her back. other time she would have suffered from d phobia, and would have clawed her

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.
VOLTAIRE

to the edge, panicked by the illusion that was being crushed to death.

aching along with the throng, and often ding for long periods, she searched the fa s about her, faces silent or smiling, ex-sionless or laughing, irritable and im-ent.

ne moment he was not there, and the next Dillon stood beside her. She was perhaps steps away from the level concrete area led to the exit. Before she saw him even, felt the gun pushed into her side from re his right hand held it in his pocket. He made himself up as a beatnik character, dark glasses, a goatee, hair askew and ken cheeks. But he couldn't change the cing, intent eyes.

Let's have it." He spoke so low no one could hear. His left hand reached for the se before her mind had flashed orders to fingers to yield it. They continued their p for a beat, then surrendered it.

It's all there?" he asked, and she nodded. e continued, "Make like you're my wife stay close to me."

he gun trembled in her side as he fought n a coughing seizure. His arm, touching s, hardened to control it.

lowly she grew aware of a disturbance ad. The crowd was angry with someone, he was shouting back, "You Californians all the same. Think you own the earth, can shove anybody around you want to. ll, you're nothing but a bunch of jerks. A ch of jerks. We don't treat visitors like that Arizona."

He was elbowing his way head-on into the wd, roughing up men and women alike he twisted his body and forced his way ough, not caring whom he hurt or how. was two steps ahead of her, heading ight for her, when she recognized him.

Rip yelled at a man, "Butt your big fat butt of my way, mister."

He took a step up, and was looking into her e. The crowd yelled back. "Hit him, some-ly. . . . Slug him. . . . What's the matter h you, Arizona? . . . Forget him—he's nk, can't you see?"

He crashed between her and Dillon, hitting h hard. "Let me out of this bunch of jerks. e me a little room, you lousy crumbums."

He turned his body violently, pushing her so hard she lost her balance and fell into the people ahead of her. Regaining her feet, she found herself three steps below Dillon.

Dillon screamed, "Get out of my way."

He struggled to reach Kelly, but the crowd was packed solidly and no one would give.

Rip shouted into his face, "Don't go push-ing me around, or I'll call the cops. Just be-cause I'm from Arizona —— You're all a bunch of first-class jerks."

Behind Dillon, agents were showing their badges and steering people to Tunnel 22. At the entry to 21, out of sight, other agents diverted the mob to Tunnel 20, sealing off 21.

Still yelling at him, Rip blocked Dillon. He was gambling that Dillon's trigger temper and finger wouldn't snap. Dillon had too much at stake to murder someone in an after-game ruckus with a drunk. He had the $96,000, and all he would be thinking about would be to get out with it.

Another place and time, he might have shot his way through in a paroxysm of anger. But the crowd that he had counted on for his safety would become his trap if he killed.

So Rip reasoned, though there was no telling about a criminal like Dillon.

Rip sobered abruptly, and as his left hand showed his credential, he said fast, "O.K., Dillon. We're the FBI. You're under arrest. Get your hand out of your pocket."

Dillon's eyes pivoted wildly as Rip held him at gun point. Dillon found himself suddenly alone except for this crazy fool in front of him and seven men coming up the steps behind the fool. He made a sudden, dodging move, and catapulted himself backward up three steps, firing as he did so. But already Rip and the others had fallen flat. They held their fire as behind Dillon, and higher up, an agent slipped in to move out a couple and three children. The agent steered them to Tunnel 22.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Flavor-magic makes your turkey dressing...



and pumpkin pie twice as nice...



Use America's Finest Spices . . . McCormick-Schilling . . .
To Give *Flavor-Magic* to Holiday Meals!

Try the savory Turkey Dressing recipe given here. But whatever your recipe use McCormick or Schilling spices for that extra spark which makes your dressing amazingly zestful, tasty, satisfying . . . Note the convenience of McCormick Minced Onion. All the *real* onion flavor with none of the work! You'll also want to have on hand McCormick or Schilling Poultry Seasoning, Sage, Parsley Flakes and Paprika. Try them!

And for a "twice as nice" pumpkin pie use McCormick or Schilling Pumpkin Pie Spice, a happy blend, which really gives old-time flavor to your pie. Insist on McCormick or Schilling spices—two great brands known nationwide as the finest.

McCORMICK Schilling
ONE FAMOUS EMBLEM—TWO GREAT BRANDS

McCormick Recipe of the month
SAVORY TURKEY DRESSING

For a 12 lb. bird prepare 12 cups (3 qts.) dry bread crumbs or cubes. Melt 1 cup shortening, use half butter for flavor, in large skillet. Add 1 cup McCormick Minced Onion, cook until yellow. Add crumbs gradually, stirring to prevent burning. Turn into deep bowl.

Mix into bowl 1½ cups chopped celery stalks and leaves, ½ teaspoon McCormick or Schilling Ground Sage, ½ teaspoon McCormick or Schilling Black Pepper, 3 teaspoons McCormick or Schilling Poultry Seasoning, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ cup hot water. Stuff turkey loosely.

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How to make these festive desserts

(All of the flavor—none of the fuss)



PEACHCAKE WHIP

Place firm, sweet Stokely's Finest Peaches—Cling or Freestone—over shortcake and top with luscious Lucky Whip for a fancy "hurry-up" dessert. Delicious!





PUMPKIN PIE SUPREME

Bake a pie with Stokely's Finest Pumpkin Pie Filling or Pumpkin (see easy recipe on cans). It's rich in the full natural flavor of vine-ripened pumpkin. Crown each piece with delicious Lucky Whip.





FRUITS ROYALE

A generous portion of tasty Lucky Whip (only 18 calories per average serving) over Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail—delightful combination of fruits folks like best, packed in syrup to enrich their natural flavor.



Desserts by Stokely-Van Camp...Topping by Lucky Whip

NTINUED FROM PAGE 91

s they left, Dillon heard their steps be- d him and whirled about. Seeing the agent, ired, but before the gun exploded the agent pped.

Dillon veered in the other direction as he tinued backing up the steps. He held a ght advantage over Rip and the agents were crawling on their bellies over the s. But he had a disadvantage in that he silhouetted by the battery of floodlights ctly above and behind him.

tep by step, Dillon continued backing up, ng.

Rip moved up slowly, keeping his head low, embering the obstacle ammo course he run during his training. He held his fire, ng time.

Dillon reached the last row, not far from re Kelly Sherwood had sat, and then he no choice but to follow it. He triggered last shot, and as he went for another pon, strapped to his leg, Rip moved in tly, rising and running. He dropped flat as Dillon palmed the leg weapon.

s Dillon fired point-blank, Rip got off a t. Slowly Dillon sank to the concrete and ed, still clutching the purse. His body jack- fed in pain, then lay still.

Fearing a trick, Rip approached warily, continuing to crawl. When he was a few feet away, he rose. Dillon still held the purse in the tight grasp of death.

An agent said, "I made two bucks forty, selling Cokes. What'll I do with it?"

And somebody retorted, "If General Accounting hears you held out on them ——"

And another said, "Wait till the Bureau finds out you're working on the side."

The long tension had broken.

Rip watched as Kelly got into the Bureau car that would take her home. She raised her hand to him as the car pulled away, and smiled, and in her smile was the kind of strength and gentleness he liked in a woman. She was America to him—she and Toby.

The man stretched out up there in the Coliseum, he was America, too, unfortunately.

"Well, it's over," Rip said to Bradley. Over for Kelly Sherwood, he thought, but tomorrow another criminal somewhere would reach out to use an innocent person in another Operation Terror.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he said to Bradley and headed for a phone booth.

"Peg ——" he said. END

Christmas Boutique



OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 66 AND 67

Vogue Design No. 5094. Hat; sizes 21½, 22, 23; 75c. Version shown requires ¾ yard of 54″ fabric with or without nap, size 22.

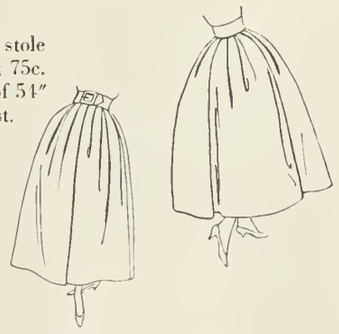


Vogue Design No. 5123. "Easy to Make" blouse, culotte and sash; 10–16 (31–36); 75c. Version shown requires 4⅛ yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.

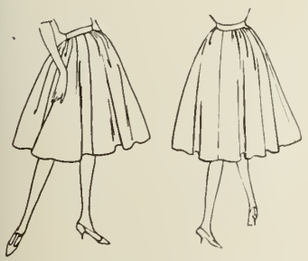


Vogue Design No. 5150. Jacket and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); 75c. Fake-fur jacket requires 1⅛ yards of 54″ fabric with nap for jacket and 1⅝ yards of 39″ fabric for lining. Ticking jacket requires 1½ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. Either jacket requires 3¼ yards of 1¼″ braid. Yardages are for size 14.

Vogue Design No. 9786. Skirt, stole and belt; 24–30 waist measure; 75c. Skirt and belt require 5 yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist.



Vogue Design No. 9925. "Very Easy to Make" skirts; 24–30 waist measure; 60c. Version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 54″ fabric with nap, size 26 waist.



Zebra bag and leopard collar, Journal Pattern No. 2949. Appliqué design Journal Pattern No. 2950. Order Journal Patterns, 25c each (Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax), from Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Phila. 5, Pa.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spodina Ave., Taranta, Ont. Same prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.

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Helena Rubinstein

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

And that if I did have any menstrual troubles, they would get well after I marry and have a baby or two. Mother asked if he didn't want to examine me. He said no, that it wasn't wise or necessary."

"Phyllis has never been a whiner or complainer," Mrs. Maxwell remarked quietly. "On the contrary, she's a good deal of a stoic. Don't quite a few young girls go through a painful time when they start menstruating? I have certainly had that impression from friends with daughters. My feeling has been that Marjorie and I were unusually lucky."

"I think I can explain why Dr. Williams said what he did; and I believe this will interest you, Phyllis. It used to be taken for granted that a girl's first experiences with ovulation could be expected to be rather painful. Ovulation is really the background for menstruation, you know. Or do you?"

"Oh, yes. Mother explained the whole thing to me quite a while ago."

"Then you're aware that menstruation results when the ovary releases an egg but the egg passes out of the body without becoming fertilized, as happens most of the time. We know now that there is often bleeding before ovulation actually starts, and that it may occur more or less independently of ovulation."

"That's news to me!" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell.

The doctor nodded, continuing, "It has altered our medical views about beginning menstruation somewhat. When bleeding or staining occurs before ovulation has begun, it is not apt to cause the same disturbances as true menstruation does when it first gets under way. If there is anything wrong in these non-ovulating cases, the unpleasant consequences are more likely to show up later on. Of course if a girl has been frightened about menstruation, made to think it is very painful, she may develop the imaginary pains that Dr. Williams spoke of. But it is different when a healthy-looking, sensible girl like Phyllis has severe pains before bleeding has actually begun."

"Then what do you think causes her trouble, Doctor?" Mrs. Maxwell asked.

"The most frequent cause of such pain is that the girl has started ovulating and menstruating, but there is an obstruction somewhere in the menstrual tract. It blocks the menstrual products, they can't get out. This kind of trouble occurs most often when there is no normal opening in the hymen." The doctor turned back to the girl. "The hymen is a thin little membrane, Phyllis, stretched across the lower end of the vagina. It often has a very small opening, but in any event is usually elastic enough so that the menstrual flow can get through all right."

Phyllis nodded that she understood.

"When it cannot, you can readily see what happens. At each period more of the menstrual wastes are backed up. The vagina may become distended as a result; the same thing may even be true of the uterus. That would account for the increasing pain each month. It also makes for painful elimination, in many cases. Have you had any trouble about that?"

"*Everything* in that part of me hurts," Phyllis said emphatically.

"Then it's a pretty good guess that your trouble is caused by what we call an imperforate hymen. There are, of course, other conditions that can cause pain in a young girl at beginning menstruation. Also, occasionally there is a stoppage higher up in the vagina or at the mouth of the uterus. That may be more serious. But we should be able to find all these things out without too much difficulty."

"What about tumors or infection, something of that kind?"

"There is very little chance of tumors, Mrs. Maxwell. They just don't happen very often in girls as young as Phyllis. However, girls of her age seem to be acquiring more infectious troubles than they used to. For that and other reasons, my feeling is that symptoms of the kind Phyllis has call for a complete examination of the internal organs."

"I am glad, Doctor. We felt definitely that *something* should be done."

The doctor's manner was very kindly and reassuring as he explained to the girl, "You perhaps ought to know, Phyllis, that there has been a rather strong taboo against examining a young girl's reproductive organs. For that reason a good many conditions have been permitted to become seriously troubling that could have been dealt with easily at your age. I know Dr. Williams has some scruples about vaginal examination of young girls—we've argued the matter more than once. And I admit that an ordinary examination here in my office may not tell us all we want to know. But I am confident that if you will co-operate, we can get some helpful information.

"There is really not much to it. I will show you everything I plan to use—applicators, instruments and what not—and explain what I am doing as we go along. Remember that under no circumstances will I actually hurt you. If it should be necessary to do something that will hurt, we'll attend to it later on, and use an anesthetic."

"I'm not afraid," Phyllis replied. "Mother said you might examine me, and that it's nothing to be scared about." . . .

"You came through that examination like a veteran," the doctor complimented Phyllis when it was over with. "My first guess ... seems to have been the right one. I can find ... opening whatsoever in the hymen, and ... is some bulging and blueness. It looks ... though we have a simple imperforate hym...

"That doesn't sound very bad," Phyllis ...

"It isn't, Phyllis, and it's simple to take ... of. But"—to Mrs. Maxwell—"I would ... Phyllis to go to the hospital and have a gen... anesthetic. Whatever is done surgically ... doubtless be very minor. It is just that ... general anesthetic will make it possible ... carry out a thorough examination of the p... organs. It's a great advantage to a girl ... age to have this assurance. And occasionally, in such a case, there are other minor difficulties. Once in a while we run into an obstruction, or obstructions, which require ... extended surgery. What I'm trying to say is that there is nothing here to worry us, but it is much better to attend to an imperforate hymen in the hospital."

Phyllis remarked cheerfully, "I had a ... time in the hospital when they took my ... pendix out!"

Both the doctor and Mrs. Maxwell ... laughing heartily when mother and daughter left the consulting room. The doctor thought the atmosphere couldn't have been more wholesome.

The small incision required was made in the hymen two days later, under light intraven... anesthesia. When the doctor visited Phyllis that evening she was sitting up. Mrs. Maxwell was there, and Phyllis was talking animatedly as the doctor entered.

"That pain has gone already," she greeted him enthusiastically. "I feel just wonderful!"

"You have a right to feel better, young lady. There was considerable menstrual material backed up and under pressure. Everything will be back to normal in a few days. Next month you will undoubtedly start menstruating just like everybody else."

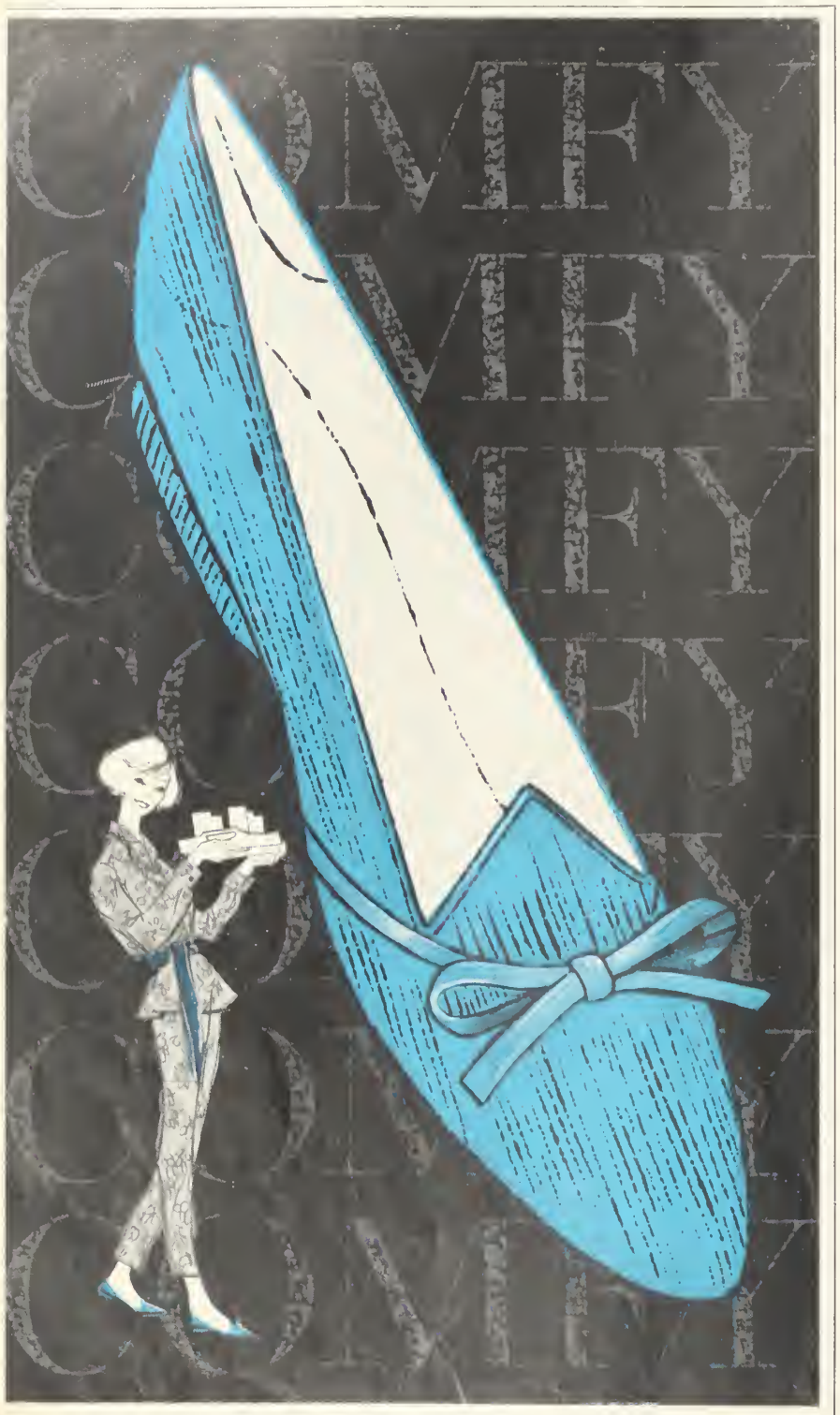
"Does that mean everything else is normal?" Mrs. Maxwell asked.

"Everything else about Phyllis is A number one." The doctor patted the girl's hand. "You are a first-rate prospect for marriage when the time comes, and for having children and nursing them. I wish you could know what a satisfaction it is to a physician to be able to give such good news as this. And what a fine thing it is when parents have got away from the taboos and superstitions about not examining young girls!"

"And when doctors, too, have got away from the old taboos?" Mrs. Maxwell, smiling, took him up. "What would have happened if this matter had not been taken care of? Would the wastes just have kept building up, causing Phyllis more and more pain? Or would the hymen finally have ruptured from the pressure?"

"In Phyllis's case, it might have ruptured spontaneously, but it probably wouldn't have. If not, we would have had to operate under much more difficult circumstances. I have known neglect of an obstruction like this ... to turn out to be desperately serious. You're a lucky girl, Phyllis—thanks to your mother's good sense, and your own."

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses the effect of the thyroid gland on pregnancy.



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Common sense about the common cold

You catch cold a lot quicker when you haven't been taking proper care of yourself; when your body's defenses are down.

So when you *do* catch cold—and few of us can avoid catching one now and then—give your body's defenses a chance to build up again. Otherwise, the cold can make you still weaker.

That's when other more serious infections often take hold: like sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis, even pneumonia.

Follow these common sense rules when you first feel the troublesome symptoms of a common cold.

First, ease the aches and pains. For headache, bodily aches and the feverish feeling of a cold, Bufferin® brings incredibly fast relief. Bufferin's great benefit for millions is that its exclusive combination of anti-acids called Di-Alminate* speeds Bufferin's pain reliever into the bloodstream twice as fast as aspirin.

Second, take it easy. Pamper yourself. Let the housework slide for a couple of days. Stay in bed with your favorite magazines, and the radio for company. Sleep lots and keep warm.

Third, eat and drink sensibly. That means light meals with lots of citrus fruits and juices. Your body needs plenty of fluids when it's fighting the cold virus.

Remember, you can take Bufferin as long as your cold lasts; as often as every four hours or as your doctor recommends. Bufferin combines special anti-acids with aspirin to protect you against the stomach distress you can get from aspirin alone.

So, when you catch cold, follow the rules of common sense that are your body's best defense and take Bufferin.

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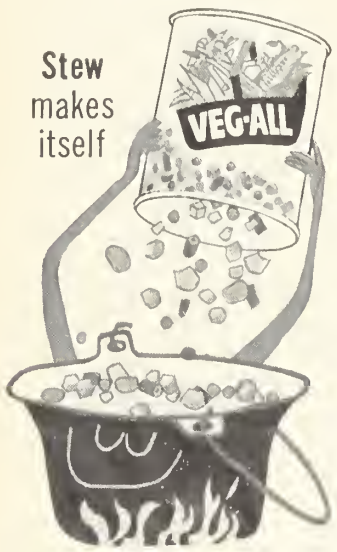
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MISS HAPPINESS AND MISS FLOWER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

"Because I said so," said Tom in such a terrible voice that Belinda was quiet.

Nona took off the brown paper and found the wooden box with the red and white strings. "Cut them," said Belinda impatiently, but Nona's small fingers untied the bow and the knot and carefully smoothed out the strings. "Oh, you are *slow!*" said Belinda.

"She's not, she's careful," said Tom.

Nona lifted the lid and carefully, perhaps even more carefully than usual because Tom had praised her, she unrolled the cotton wool and tissue paper and there on the table, looking very small and cold and white, lay Miss Happiness and Miss Flower.

"What queer little dolls," said Belinda, disappointed, and Nona answered:

"They're not queer. They're Japanese."

You can imagine how frightened and lost Miss Happiness and Miss Flower felt when they found themselves on the big slippery table. They had to lie there looking up into the faces of Nona and Belinda. If Nona and Belinda had been Japanese children one of them, Miss Flower was sure, would have made her and Miss Happiness bow. "We can't even be polite," said Miss Flower in despair and she cried, "Can one of *these* be the kind and clever girl?"

"Wish that she may be," said Miss Happiness, "wish."

As I have often told you before, wishes are very powerful things, even dolls' wishes, and as Miss Happiness wished, Nona put out a finger and very gently stroked Miss Flower's hair. Her finger felt the chip and, "You poor little doll," said Nona.

"They're not even new," said Belinda in disgust. "Stupid old Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson," and in a temper she began to crumple up the wrappings. Then she stopped. She had found a piece of paper written on in spidery old-fashioned writing. Mother read it out. It was from Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson. "I send you with my love Miss Happiness, Miss Flower and Little Peach," she wrote.

"Happiness and Flower," said Mother. "What pretty names."

"Peach is the one I like best," said Belinda. "But where is Little Peach?"

"Was there no other doll?" asked Anne.

"No. There were only two, not three."

"Nothing in the wrappings?"

"No."

"In the cotton wool or tissue paper?"

"Nothing."

It was very odd. There was no sign of Little Peach—"and that is the one I would have liked best," mourned Belinda.

"Never mind," said Mother. "Anne is too big for dolls, so there is one each for you and Nona."

"They have been a long time getting here," said Anne, looking at the postmark on the brown paper. "Poor little things, spending Christmas in a parcel."

"They don't mind about Christmas," said Nona quickly. It was strange how Nona seemed to know about these little dolls.

"*You* have never been to Japan," said Belinda rudely.

That was true but, like Miss Happiness and Miss Flower, Nona had come from far away and could feel for them. "Perhaps," said Miss Flower, "she *might* be the kind and clever girl."

"Why shouldn't they mind about Christmas?" argued Belinda.

"They don't have Christmas in Japan."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not silly. They don't."

"What do they have, then?"

Nona was not sure but, as you know, she was always reading and it seemed to her that in some story about Japanese children or in a geography book she had read —— *What did I read?* thought Nona, wrinkling up her forehead to try to remember. Then, "They have a Star Festival," she said.

"A *Star* Festival?"

"Yes," said Nona. They were all looking at her and she blushed and stammered though she remembered more clearly now. "S-something to do with the stars, t-two stars," she said. "I think they are the spirits of two people who loved each other long, long ago, a thousand years ago, and were separated. Now they are up in two stars each side of the M-milky Way and one special night each year—I d-don't know when it is—they can cross and meet."

"Across the Milky Way?" said Anne. "How pretty."

"Yes," said Nona again and now her eyes shone so that she, too, looked almost pretty. "And on earth that night, children—grown-up people as well, but mostly children—write wishes on pieces of colored paper and tie them outside on the bamboos, all over Japan."

They looked at her in surprise. "Why, Nona," said Mother, "you seem a different child when you tell a story like that."

"I didn't know you could," said Anne. "It's a beautiful story."

"Jolly clever to remember it like that," said Tom.

"It comes of reading," said Father. "That's what I'm always telling you children. Good girl, Nona."

He gave Nona a pat on the head and Nona felt so pleased that she smiled at him quite like a happy little girl, but Belinda was not pleased at all.

Belinda was the youngest and she had always been Father's pet, and Tom's and Anne's; she did not like it when they praised Nona. "You needn't think you're so clever," she said to Nona when everyone else had gone. "You can't do anything *but* read . . . and cry, ery-

> Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.
> JANET LANE

baby. They only say you're clever because you were so stupid before."

Nona did not answer, but the happy look faded from her face.

"Why did you come here?" asked Belinda. The more she talked the angrier she grew. "Why did you have to come? We don't want you. Why don't you go home? Why don't you have a house and family of your own?"

Nona still did not answer.

"Star Festival! Rubbish!" shouted Belinda.

"It isn't rubbish," said Nona in a hard little voice; now she was pale again and her eyes blazed, but Belinda did not see—she had flung out of the room.

When Nona was alone she went and stood by the window and presently a tear splashed down on the window sill, then another and another. A home and family of your own . . . *Coimbatore, old Ayah*, whispered Nona and her tears came thick and fast.

I do not know how long Nona stood there by the window, but the room, and then the garden, grew dark. She could hear the others talking in the playroom, Mother was singing in the kitchen, but she stood there in the dark room staring out the window.

I wish I could go home, thought Nona, *I wish I could see* my *father, I wish I could see Ayah. I wish* —— Now the wish was so big that it seemed to run out of her right up into the sky and . . . *Why, the stars are out!* said Nona.

Across the garden she could see the shapes of trees, bare against the sky, and above them and behind them were stars, bright because of the frosty winter dark. There was a glass door to the garden and Nona opened it and stepped outside. It was so cold that it made her catch her breath, but now she could see the whole night sky. *There's the Milky Way*, thought Nona—her own father had often shown it to her—and she wondered which of the stars were the two that held the people in love.

By the glass door there was a little tree. It was not a bamboo, of course, but as she looked at it Nona's face suddenly grew determined and she came in and shut the door.

She switched on the light and, taking a piece of paper and a pencil from Mother's desk—

"Without even asking," said Belinda afte ward—she tore the paper into narrow stri and began to write. "I wish I could go home wrote Nona through more tears. "I wish I h never come." . . . "I wish I was back in Coi batore." . . . "I wish I had a house of m own." . . . "I wish there wasn't a Belinda She took a piece of cotton from Mother workbasket, cut it into short bits and thread one through each of her papers and roll them up tightly so that no one could re them. There was a blazer belonging to Tom the basket, waiting to be mended; No slipped it on and went out and tied her wish on the tree.

It seemed to help her unhappiness to put th wishes on the tree and she went back to wri some more, but she had said all there was say. The Japanese dolls were lying close by h elbow and now she looked down at them. Th light caught their eyes so that they shone up her, and *I believe they like tying wishes on th tree*, thought Nona. *Of course it's their Sta Festival.*

"Our Star Festival!" said Miss Happine and Miss Flower.

It was not, of course, the right night, b that did not seem to matter. Nona took a other piece of paper and cut that up, then ra into the playroom and quietly fetched h paintbox and a cup of water; then she painte the new strips in colors, red and green an blue and yellow. When they were dry she b gan to write again.

"What is she doing?" whispered Mi Flower.

"Writing wishes."

"I wish she would write some for us."

Nona began to cut the strips into smalle narrower ones.

"What is she doing now?"

"Writing wishes."

"But such tiny ones. Do you suppose, asked Miss Flower—she hardly dared say it— "suppose they are for us?"

"They are for us," said Miss Happiness an Miss Flower cried, "Wishes for the River Heaven!" which is what Japanese people ca the Milky Way.

Next morning Anne was the first to loo out the window and see the little tree by th glass door, covered with wishes. How prett they looked with their colors! Nona had foun some tinsel left over from Christmas and pu that on, too, and had cut out some pape flowers. "Why, Nona," said Anne, "ho lovely!" Then she looked again and asked "Isn't it . . . yes, it is. Look," she called to th others, "oh, do come and see. Nona has mad a Star Festival all by herself."

"But not on bamboos," said Nona. "Yo haven't any."

"But lots of wishes," said Anne.

"Lots of wishes," whispered Miss Happi ness and Miss Flower. They knew what th wishes were.

"Rolled up like secrets," said Tom

"They are secrets," said Nona quickly. Sh was beginning to feel ashamed of some o them. "Secrets," she said again.

"Secrets!" sighed Miss Happiness and Mis Flower. They would have liked everyone t read them "because we *do* want to go home," they said, "we *do* want a house of our own We *do* wish Miss Nona could look after us an not Miss Belinda. It's a pity they have to b secrets," but the wishes were secret no longer Belinda had slipped out into the garden an was pulling them off the tree. When she ha read some she came in and slammed the door

"How dare you!" shouted Belinda at Nona "How dare you know what they wish! They're my dolls as much as yours," and she snatche them up. "Mother said so," shouted the furi ous Belinda.

Two days ago Nona would have let Belinda take the dolls; she would have gone away by herself and read or stood looking out the window, but she could not bear to see the way Miss Flower hung limply in Belinda's rough little hand and, "Don't! You're hurting them," she cried.

"They're only dolls," said Belinda, more angry than ever, and she cried, "All right They want a house. They can go in my dolls house."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

Now roast your big turkey in half the time!



***OLDEN TURKEY RECIPE: 1.** Spread turkey evenly w 1 to 1½ quarter-lb. bars (4-6 ounces) of softened N oa Margarine. Wrap bird completely in Heavy Duty R nolds Wrap—taking care not to puncture foil. Place in s low open pan and roast in hot 450° oven according to t Roasting Time Table.





2. Remove turkey from oven 20 minutes before done. Turn back foil and brush turkey with juices. Return to oven (with foil still turned back) to become an appetizing golden brown. Final test for doneness: when drumstick can be moved back and forth very easily, your turkey is tender and juicy—*perfectly* roasted.

pread with new NUCOA—roast in REYNOLDS WRAP

H day turkey ahead? No reason to face a fiery o n—roasting and basting for hours and hours. N v a simple recipe cuts average roasting ti e *in half* for big turkeys (over 17 pounds) — ves you precious time even with smaller- si turkeys. How? *Spread with new Nucoa, r st in Reynolds Wrap.* Spatter-free roasting r Reynolds Wrap seals in flavor, reduces s inkage, assures success. And Nucoa's de- i ous flavor secret provides the extra good- n s you need for an old-fashioned perfect t key every time. What's more, quick-roasting y r turkey frees oven space for fixings like candied yams or pumpkin pie—gives you more time to share the holiday with your family!

And if yours is a growing family—you'll be glad that Nucoa makes for an extra-wholesome turkey. Of all margarines, only Nucoa gives you all your Vitamin A in 3 pats a day—just 1.8 ounces. That's all your minimum daily requirements. In fact, we're so sure you'll make Nucoa a "menu-must" that we're offering one pound *free.* (See details on Nucoa package.)

**This recipe was kitchen-tested for use only with Nucoa Margarine and oven-tempered, flexible strength Reynolds Wrap. For best results, please avoid substitutions.*

Roasting Time Table	Ready-to-Cook Weight†	Total Cooking Time (Hours—approximate)
FOR ROASTING TURKEY IN REYNOLDS WRAP WITH NUCOA	6 - 9 lbs.	2 to 2½
	10-13 lbs.	2¾ to 3
	14-17 lbs.	3 to 3¼
	18-21 lbs.	3¼ to 3½
	22-24 lbs.	3½ to 4
Oven Temperature 450°	† These cooking times are based on weight without stuffing. If turkey is stuffed, roast 20 to 30 minutes longer. Or if desired, stuffing can be baked in separate foil package for 45 minutes.	

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"House? Did she say house?" asked poor, squeezed Miss Flower.

"She said house," said Miss Happiness.

"Like in our wish?" but Miss Happiness was not at all sure this was like their wish.

"How wonderful," whispered Miss Flower. She would have liked to close her eyes and dream but, of course, dolls with fixed eyes cannot do this.

Belinda knelt down in front of her dolls' house and swung open the door. "It's a funny kind of house," said Miss Happiness. She had a frightened quaver in her voice.

The finest frostings plead for this delicate flavor



BURNETT'S

the *true* vanilla

Burnett's gives frosting, cakes and other desserts a special kind of deliciousness because it's made from the pure, natural vanilla bean with no artificial ingredients added.

MOCHA-CREAM FROSTING

1 cup (½ pint) heavy cream
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup cocoa
1½ teaspoons instant coffee
1½ teaspoons Burnett's True Vanilla Extract • dash salt
2 tablespoons blanched, slivered almonds, toasted

In chilled bowl, combine all ingredients except almonds. Whip until stiff. Spread between and on top of two 8 or 9-inch layers. Sprinkle with almonds. Chill till ready to serve.



To us it would not have been a funny kind of house, but when a Japanese doll says "a house" she means something quite different. Belinda's dolls' house was white with gables and a red roof. The front opened and inside were two rooms downstairs and two rooms upstairs; it had flannel carpets, bits of lace for curtains, and was filled full of dolls'-house furniture and dolls'-house dolls, all belonging to Belinda.

I am afraid she was a careless child and everything was dusty, dirty and higgledy-piggledy. It looked very higgledy-piggledy to Miss Happiness and Miss Flower. "I don't want to stay here," said Miss Flower as Belinda sat her on a dusty chair on which was a large pin. "Ow!" cried poor Miss Flower.

"I don't want to either," said Miss Happiness.

Perhaps because Nona, too, had known quite other kinds of houses and felt so unhappy and strange in England, she could guess what Miss Happiness and Miss Flower were feeling and, "I don't think the dolls' house will do," said Nona.

"Why not?" said Belinda. She did not see anything wrong and, "I'll make room for them," she said and she swept the other dolls out of the dolls' house, helter-skelter, bumpety-bump; the other poor dolls were bumped and bruised, their legs twisted round. "No! No!" cried the Japanese dolls. "Oh, Honorable Miss, please no! Oh no, not for us! Oh, the poor dolls! No! No!" Miss Flower remembered how her chip had ached when it was done. She saw a little-boy doll with his wig half torn off, a girl doll with a twisted leg and, "Oh, I can't bear it!" cried Miss Flower and she fell off the chair onto the floor.

"Stupid thing," said Belinda.

When Belinda said that, Nona grew so angry and hot that she had to speak. "*She's* not stupid," she said. "*You* are. Japanese dolls don't sit on chairs."

"How do you know?"

"I once saw a picture of a Japanese girl serving tea and she was kneeling on the floor, like this," said Nona; she took Miss Happiness and made her kneel.

Miss Happiness had rather more stuffing in her body than Miss Flower; she stayed exactly where Nona had put her and very pretty she looked with her little black head and the big loop of her sash, far more comfortable than Miss Flower had looked on the chair. Then, very gently, Nona took up Miss Flower and straightened her kimono and put her to kneel beside Miss Happiness.

"That's better. That's better," sighed Miss Flower, and "Wish. Wish," Miss Happiness told her, "wish that Miss Nona could look after us."

"Bet they won't like kneeling there for long," said Belinda. "The floor's too hard."

"Cushions," said Nona, "flat sort of cushions." She said it quite certainly, for she seemed to see a heap of bright dolls'-house cushions and she pleaded, "Let me try to make them cushions, Belinda."

Belinda looked at the untidy, dirty dolls' house, then at the two little dolls kneeling on the floor as if they were . . . *asking?* thought Belinda. Indeed they were. Dolls cannot speak aloud, you know that, but now Miss Happiness and Miss Flower wished: "Please, Honorable Miss. We are your little nuisances, but please let us have the cushions." It was certainly the first time in her noisy, busy life that Belinda had felt a doll's wish and she was suddenly ashamed, but she was not going to let Nona know that. "You had better make them a whole Japanese house," she said mockingly.

"A Japanese dolls' house," said Anne.

"A Japanese dolls' house?" Nona looked startled. "I couldn't. How could I?" asked Nona.

At that moment Miss Flower slipped—you remember she had not as much stuffing as Miss Happiness. She slipped and the slip sounded like a sharp breath and her head sank even lower on the floor. She must have knocked Miss Happiness for Miss Happiness bent over, too, and they looked as if they were very much asking.

"But," said Nona, "I don't know how."

"You didn't know how to make a Star Festival, but you made it," said Tom.

"Not properly," said Nona, but she was pleased, for Tom was the one in the family who really made things. Anne was clever; she could embroider and paint and sew and weave on her loom, but Tom had a proper workbench in the playroom and was making a model galleon—which is a sailing-ship man-of-war. He was making it most beautifully with endless delicate pieces for masts and spars, decks and rails. Tom really knew and, "You could make a dolls' house," said Tom.

II

It was a week later. Every day Nona took Miss Happiness and Miss Flower out of their wooden box and dusted them and looked at them. "But where is our house?" asked Miss Flower every day, and every day they wished: "Little Honorable Miss. Oh, please, little Honorable Miss, where is our house?" but Nona could not think how to make a Japanese dolls' house.

She got a big cardboard box and cut out doors and windows, but that did not seem right, and the cutting hurt her fingers. She tried to arrange an empty drawer with the wooden box for a bed and some rolled-up handkerchiefs for cushions, but it did not look like anything at all. At last she came to Tom's worktable and stood at his elbow.

He had finished cutting the pieces for the hull of his galleon—the hull is the bottom part of a boat—and now was very busy gluing them together. He knew Nona would not talk as Belinda did and so he did not tell her to go away. She stood quite silently watching his clever, careful fingers and a feeling stirred in her own as if they could be clever and careful too. At last the hull sat up firm and neat between its blocks on the worktable, though the glue was still sticky. Then Nona did speak: "How did you know how to make it?" she asked very respectfully.

> Nine tenths of wisdom consists of being wise in time.
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT

"Learned," said Tom, rubbing the glue off his thumbs with a wet rag.

"How did you learn?"

"How did you learn about the Star Festival?"

"Oh!" said Nona. "You mean ——" and, as she said that, Tom flipped over the book that had the plan of the galleon in it; it was a paper book filled with patterns and designs, and called "100 Ways to Make a Fretsaw Model."

"Don't lose my place," said Tom.

"I didn't know you could learn to *carpenter* out of books."

"You can learn anything out of books."

"A book like this?"

Tom nodded.

"Oh!" said Nona. She stood by him a moment longer and then said, "Thank you, Tom."

Mother was very surprised when Nona appeared in front of her wearing her outdoor things, her coat, red cap, boots and gloves. "Do you want to go *out?*" said Mother.

"Oh, please," said Nona. She was in such a hurry that the words tumbled out. "I've got my Christmas money. I want to go to the bookshop."

"Run along then, dear," said Mother.

Run along! The excitement faded out of Nona's face. "By—by myself?" she asked.

"The bookshop is this side of the street. You won't have to cross the road."

"But ——" The street with its lorries and cars and bicycles, and all the people, thought Nona; the big boys and the dogs. She shivered.

"Or if you wait till this afternoon I'll come with you."

"I can't wait," said Nona.

As Nona opened the front door all the noise of the street came in: a lorry rumbled past, and a car; a gang of children on roller skates made a noise like thunder; a big boy whistled. Nona shut the front door and ran upstairs.

She had meant to take off her coat and c and throw herself on the bed in tears agai but then she caught sight of Miss Happine and Miss Flower.

They were standing one each side of h clock and . . . *Did I take them out of their bo.* thought Nona, staring. She must have dor but she had been so excited when she put her things to go out that she did not remember. *Did I take them out of their box?* She d not think she had, but there they were, stan ing by the clock, their feet together, their ar hanging down. It seemed to Nona that th were waiting.

I suppose Japanese people are very bra people, thought Nona, and after a minute s went downstairs and opened the front do again.

Just as she was going out Mother called h back. "Oh, Nona, if you are going to the boo shop be careful to be very polite to old W Twilfit. He's inclined to be cross."

"Cross? He's an absolute old dragon," sa Anne.

"He once nearly bit my head off," said To cheerfully.

Nona began to shake. "Oh, Anne, cor with me."

"Can't. I'm busy."

"Tom."

"I'm busy too."

Nona turned back to the door.

"He once chased me out of the shop," sa Belinda.

"If I know you, you were touching t books with your dirty hands," said Tom.

Nona thought and went back upstairs a washed her hands. Then, even paler than usu but with her head held high, she went out a shut the door behind her.

"She has gone," whispered Miss Flower.

"And for us," said Miss Happiness.

"Is it to do with the house, do you think

"I think so. We will wait for her to co back."

Tick, tick, tick went the clock as the m utes passed. It might have been two lit dolls' hearts beating.

Nona's heart was beating too, but . . . *O you start being brave you have to go on*, thoug Nona. She was shaking when she got to t bookshop. Perhaps she expected to meet a r dragon, but all she could see in the shop w books, stacks and racks of them, books shelves and laid on tables, books piled up the counter. The shop had W. TWILFIT, Boo SELLER, over the window but, though s peeped and peered, she could see no sign anyone at all.

The bell rang as she went in, which m her jump. Very carefully she walked betwe the tables and jumped again when she sa big old man looking at her. In the dark s he seemed very big, very alarming to No his gray hair stood up in a shock, making h seem even taller than he was, but the m frightening thing about him was his eyebro that were thick and shaggy as two furred g caterpillars. When she saw him looking at h Nona stayed as still as a mouse caught i trap.

"What do you want? Hey?" His voice w so big that it seemed to rumble round shop.

"Please"—Nona could hardly make a sound at all—"please, have you got a bo called 'A Hundred Ways to Make a Japan House'?"

"No such book." Besides being a rumble was cross. Nona held on to the edge o table.

"But Tom said ——"

"Tom's wrong."

The shameful tears were near again. No bent her head over a book and turned ove page.

"*Don't touch!*" shouted Mr. Twilfit.

This time Nona jumped so high that she her tongue and the pain and the fright m her speak before she could think. "I touch," she said. "I washed my hands befo came."

She did not know then that when Mr. T fit's eyebrows worked up and down, in way that looked so frightening, it meant t

CONTINUED ON PAGE

Olé! ®Wesson Chicken Molé

(MOLAY)



RECIPE FOR CHICKEN MOLÉ*
—made with poly-unsaturated Wesson, the pure vegetable oil

Coat pieces of a 2½ lb. fryer with Wesson, brown. Remove chicken. Add 1 each chopped onion, green pepper, minced garlic clove. Cook 3 min., add 2 cans (8-oz. size) tomato sauce, such as Hunt's, 1 to 2 teasp. chili powder, 1 teasp. salt, ¼ teasp. Tabasco, 2 cloves, ½ oz. unsweetened chocolate. Stir to melt chocolate, replace chicken. Cover, simmer 30 min. Garnish with small cooked onions. 4 servings, about 450 calories each.

**Molé is the Spanish term for this flavorful sauce—a favorite with poultry in the Latin countries.*

Free recipes, "101 Glorious Ways to Cook Chicken." Write The Wesson People, New Orleans 12, La.

Wesson glorifies this Mexican dinner as only pure vegetable oil can

Mexico says "Olé" (Olay)! You'll say "hurray"! This dish is more than delicious, because you cut down on saturated fat in your skillet every time you use Wesson instead of solid shortening. You see, such shortening is hydrogenated to make it solid fat. But Wesson is never hydrogenated and so it is poly-unsaturated as only pure vegetable oil can be. So clear, so fresh, so pretty as it pours, Wesson brightens all food flavors—never adds taste of its own as some oils do. How nice that Wesson costs so little, too.

When your physician recommends modifying your diet and specifies pure vegetable oil to replace solid fats, Wesson is unexcelled among all leading brands.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

he was pleased. They worked up and down now. "*Washed* them?" said Mr. Twilfit as if he did not believe her.

For answer Nona showed them to him palms upward. Mr. Twilfit bent and looked at them; then he took one and he could feel how Nona was trembling. "I didn't know there was a boy or girl in this town," he said, "who would wash their hands before they touched books. I beg your pardon, Little Missy."

The rumble was almost soft now. Ayah had called Nona Little Missy: it was too much for Nona; she burst into tears.

"Must it be a Japanese house?" asked Mr. Twilfit.

"They are Japanese dolls," said Nona.

"And you want to make them feel at home," said Mr. Twilfit and he looked out the window. Then he said, "When I was a little boy I knew what it was like to be a long way from home."

Mr. Twilfit had not chased Nona out of his shop; indeed, he had taken her into his room behind it and sat her down at his desk while she told him all about Miss Happiness and Miss Flower. His eyebrows worked up and down as she told from the beginning of the postman's bringing the parcel, right down to "100 Ways to Make a Japanese House."

"But I'm afraid I was right," he said. "There is no such book. There are others. Can you read?" he rapped out.

"Of course," said Nona.

"Really read?"

That was one thing Nona was quite sure she could do and she nodded.

Mr. Twilfit got up and went back into the shop; Nona could hear him rummaging and taking down books from the shelves. "This one is called 'Japanese Homes and Gardens,'" he said, bringing in a book. It was nearly half as big as Nona. She took a deep breath.

"I don't think I could pay for one as big as that," she said.

"It's nearly all pictures. Might be useful," said Mr. Twilfit as if she had not spoken. He went back to the shop. He found another book called "Customs of Old Japan"; then one on how the Japanese arrange flowers and a book of Japanese fairy tales with more pictures. "Useful," said Mr. Twilfit.

"I don't understand about the money here," said Nona, "Indian money is different," and she put all her Chistmas money, a ten-shilling note, some half crowns, shillings, sixpences and pennies, on the desk. "But would this be enough?"

"Can't buy these books," said Mr. Twilfit. "Out of the question. Cost a lot of money. Will you be careful if I lend them to you?"

"Very careful," said Nona and her brown eyes glowed.

"Then give me your name and address."

"Nona Fell," said Nona dreamily—she was thinking about reading those books—"Nona Fell. Coimbatore Tea Estate, near Travancore, South India."

"You are in England," said Mr. Twilfit very gently. "Your address here?"

Nona looked at him and the glow went out of her eyes. She could have fallen through the floor with shame; even small children, almost babies, know their address, but she had been taken into the house almost as if she had been a piece of luggage and had never bothered to notice or find out its address. "I don't know," she had to whisper.

"I see. You weren't interested," said Mr. Twilfit and Nona nodded with another rush of tears.

"Is it far?" asked Mr. Twilfit.

"Just down the road."

"Come along then," said Mr. Twilfit.

"Good gracious heavens!" said Belinda, who was looking out one of the front windows. "*Look* at Nona and Mr. Twilfit."

Everyone crowded to the window to see.

"He has a great bundle of books," said Anne.

"She's bringing him in," said Belinda.

"Well, I'll be darned!" said Tom.

It was Mother who really brought him in, for it was she who opened the door. "Nona, I was getting anxious ——" Then she broke off, "I see you have found a friend."

"Have I?" asked Nona. She had not thought of having a friend in England, but it seemed like that when Mr. Twilfit came in and sat down and had a cup of coffee.

"And we were fetched down to the room to meet the old and honorable gentleman," said Miss Happiness.

"She made us bow," said Miss Flower and her voice sounded as pleased as Miss Happiness'. "She is beginning to understand."

Now every day on the playroom window seat three heads could be seen: Nona's dark one, bent as she sat cross-legged, with one of Mr. Twilfit's books, and beside her two very small black ones, Miss Happiness and Miss Flower. She had made them two cushions from pieces of old hair ribbon; Miss Happiness had a red cushion, Miss Flower's was pale blue. "I like mine best," said Miss Flower; then she was worried in case Miss Happiness did not like her own but, "I like mine," said Miss Happiness.

Nona had no time to stand and look out the window; she spent all day over Mr. Twilfit's books or trotting up the road to see Mr. Twilfit. She was learning all she could about Japan: about Japanese houses and gardens and Japanese furniture—*though it mostly isn't furniture*, thought Nona; about quilts and cushions, bowls and scrolls; about the niche, like an alcove in the wall, that is in most Japanese rooms; about flowers—and the way the Japanese arrange them. She was learning about Japanese feasts—"And they do have a Star Festival," said Nona. "A New Year Festival and a Festival of Dolls."

"But not with dolls like us," said Miss Flower and she and Miss Happiness said together, "*Honorable* dolls." Nona learned Japanese names and about Japanese food; and Japanese fairy tales. Not only did she learn: "Everyone else has to learn too," said Anne, "willy-nilly," for Nona sometimes read the books aloud in her singsong voice. "Lil reading machine," said Tom.

"For goodness' sake!" said Belinda stuffed her fingers in her ears.

Though Belinda stuffed her fingers in ears, there was one story she always man to hear. It was in the fairy-tale book and about a boy called Peach . . . "*We* had a L Peach who should have been in the parcel was lost—and Mother still hasn't writte Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson," said Belind

The Peach Boy story began with a man a woman who longed for a child. No came until, one hot summer day, the wo found a big peach floating in the stream. took it home for her husband to eat, bu sooner had he touched it with his knife the top flew off. It opened in two halves there, in the peach, was a tiny baby boy.

"A *Japanese* baby boy," said Miss Ha ness and Miss Flower.

Belinda loved that story. "He grew up t naughty, just like me," she said, "and whe was big he went out into the world. I wo *why* our Little Peach didn't come," said linda.

III

Miss Flower could not help being anx about the house. "Will Miss Nona know a Japanese house should have walls that open like windows?"

"Paper windows," said Miss Happiness

"That it should have a little garden to at?" said Miss Flower. "Does she k about quilts, not beds? Chopsticks, not sp and forks? Cushions, not chairs?"

"You know she knows about cushio said Miss Happiness.

"But bowls, not cups?"

"Hush, she is studying."

Miss Flower tried to hush, but she coul help a small whisper: "It takes so lon study. If we could tell her ——"

"We can't."

"What can we do for Honorable Miss?

"We can wish," said Miss Happiness, they wished. Perhaps Belinda felt the wis

Lipton
CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



HOME-COOKED TASTE THE NEW MIX WAY

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Lipton does the mixin'
you do the home-cooked fixin'!



Wonders! Is that Chicken Noodle Soup to be? Ye In just seven enticing minutes those goldeny bits simm into the chickeniest broth ever. Notice the noodles . . . th don't get soggy because *you* cook 'em!

ore than Nona, for, "Is she going on reading *rever?*" asked Belinda.

It really seemed as if Nona would go on ading forever, but one snowy afternoon Mr. vilfit knocked at the door. He had brought book. "Not *another* book!" said Belinda.

"Hush, Belinda," and Mother asked Mr. vilfit to come into the drawing room where ey all were, but Belinda would not hush.

"She has read and read," said Belinda, nd she still doesn't know how to make a panese house."

"I do know," said Nona and they all looked her.

"Well, how?"

"I don't exactly know how, but I know hat it should be like."

"Well?"

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower, who had en brought down on their cushions, held eir breaths.

"Japanese houses are up off the ground," gan Nona, "so that the house should stand n stilts—or up on a box, I thought, with tle wooden steps. Some of the walls should plain, but the other walls should slide like indows; they should be rather like picture ames but with plain paper crisscrossed with ood. Some of the inside walls should slide, o, but they are plain."

"Yes," breathed Miss Happiness and Miss lower.

"The roof should be tiles, dark blue or ay ——"

"Yes. Yes."

"Inside there should be a little hall for tak- g off shoes. Japanese people don't wear oes in the house. The room should be al- ost empty, with matting on the floor, if we uld get it fine enough," said Nona. "Lots of omes nowadays do have chairs and sofas and eds, but most still have cushions to sit on, nd they would have cupboards with sliding oors or else chests where they keep rolled-up uilts or mats for beds."

"Yes," said Miss Happiness and Miss lower.

"They would have a firebox—I don't know exactly yet what that is—and in the room there should always be a niche, an alcove for a scroll—that's a Japanese picture—and by it a vase of flowers, very few flowers," said Nona.

"Yes. Yes," cried Miss Happiness and Miss Flower, and "Bravo!" said Mr. Twilfit.

"Nothing else?" asked Belinda.

"A very little table just about a foot off the floor."

"It will look very bare."

"Japanese houses are bare."

"That is their beauty," said Mr. Twilfit and his eyebrows worked up and down as he looked at Nona. "You'll see," said Mr. Twilfit; "it will be all right once you have got the bones."

"Do houses have bones?" asked Nona and Belinda together.

"The foundations, the floors, walls and roofs are the bones. How will you get those, hey?" asked Mr. Twilfit.

"They could be carpentered," said Nona.

"You can't carpenter," said Belinda.

"No, but ——"

"But?" Once again they all looked at Nona.

"Tom can," said Nona with a rush.

"I don't make girls' things," said Tom.

"Of course they *are* more difficult and delicate," said Mr. Twilfit and he asked Mother, "Was it Sir Winston Churchill or the President of the United States who made that beautiful dolls' house for his sister?"

"I don't believe they did," growled Tom under his breath.

"And of course," said Mr. Twilfit—his eyebrows were busy—"you would need to be a really good carpenter."

"I'm making a model galleon," said Tom.

"And that's horribly difficult," said loyal Belinda, but Mr. Twilfit shook his head.

"That's a model from a plan," he said. "Quite, quite simple, you only have to follow it. A Japanese dolls' house wouldn't have a plan. I don't suppose anyone has made one—not in this country. The plan would have to come out of your own head. A boy could hardly be expected to do that."

"I don't see why not," said Tom, but Mr. Twilfit still shook his head.

"How would you raise it?"

"Make a plinth," said Tom. "Like a box upside down," he explained quickly to Belinda before she could ask him what a plinth was.

"Then the grooves for the sliding walls," Mr. Twilfit said, "they would have to be so very small ——"

"I could make them," growled Tom.

"And the frames to hold the paper screens. For a dolls' house they would have to be so very thin. How could you join them?"

"I shouldn't. I should cut them out."

But Mr. Twilfit still shook his head. "It would be very difficult"; and as he stood up to go he said to Nona, "You had better save up

> An exaggeration is a truth that has lost its temper. KAHLIL GIBRAN

and we'll see if we can find a proper carpenter."

Tom scowled at Mr. Twilfit—a scowl is a face you make when you dislike someone—and spoke across him to Nona. "I'll make it for you," said Tom, and under his breath he said to Mr. Twilfit, "You'll see."

"Nona, would this box be big enough?"

"Nona, if I make this two feet long ——"

"Would this paper be thick enough for the screens?"

"Nona, I found this shell ——"

A strange thing had happened. Suddenly it was as if everyone in the house were helping to make the Japanese dolls' house. "Everyone except me," said Belinda. "I won't help."

Perhaps it was Nona's reading aloud, or Mr. Twilfit's interest, or the plan that Tom had drawn from the pictures in the books—"Or because of our wishing," said Miss Happiness and Miss Flower—but all the family seemed to be running backward and forward to Nona, asking Nona questions, bringing things to Nona, "Except me," said Belinda and kicked the table.

"Belinda, you're not jealous of Nona?"

"Of course I'm not jealous," said Belinda scornfully. "I'm not even interested in Japanese dolls." That was not quite true; she very often thought about Little Peach. *He would have been a boy doll like Peach Boy in the story*, thought Belinda. To think about him took away the feeling Belinda was beginning to have, a feeling of being left out. "I *wish* Little Peach had come," said Belinda.

IV

"Have you chosen the site?" asked Father.

"You see, even Father is joining in," said Belinda.

"What is a site?"

"The plot or place where you build."

"I'll build it on my worktable," said Tom.

"But it can't stay there," said Nona.

"No jolly fear," said Tom.

"Besides, it has to have a garden."

"If it has a garden, it should be near a window. Plants need light and air," said Mother.

"Plants?" Until that moment Nona had not thought of a garden with real plants. "Where should we find them?" she asked.

"In the fields and woods."

"Could we take them?"

"Of course. They're wild."

In Coimbatore flowers grew on trees or creepers or else in the gardens. "You mean little flowers growing around *loose?*" said Nona, amazed. She seemed to see a dolls'-house-size garden full of dolls'-house-size flowers. "Could we make it on my window sill?" she asked. "Could that be the site?"

"Well, I had thought of an old table," said Mother.

"Please."

"Oh, let her, Mother."

"Very well."

It seemed to Belinda that everyone was spoiling Nona. Belinda kicked the door as she went out.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 103



The soup that made plate-tipping polite. Zesty, chickeny broth seasoned as only Lipton knows how . . . laced with dancing parsley bits. Plump . . . biteable . . . golden egg noodles. You've got to "tip up" to get every last spoonful!



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Enjoy your Libby's every day...get your vitamins **C** plus **A**

NUED FROM PAGE 101

he cabinetmakers' Tom found an old
. It was dirty and chipped, "But it's rea
od," said Tom, and when he had sand-
d it smooth it was a deep soft rose-brown
nd stood steadily on the sill, "Like a
or," said Miss Happiness.
: what next?" asked Miss Flower; she
ld not help feeling anxious.
: was a visit to the woodshop. "A
op?" asked Nona. She had never
f one.
u can buy pieces of wood, all lengths
es, narrow bits and wide ones. I hope
ve some money," said Tom.
a had the ten-shilling note, the half
, shillings, sixpences and pennies she
own to Mr. Twilfit. She had her nine-
-week pocket money saved up as well.
hat be enough?" she asked Tom.
me and see."
me? How?" Tom was getting his bicycle
You mean on the back? With my legs
g down?" said Nona in horror.
course not. That isn't allowed," said
'I'll ride very slowly and you can run
me."
In? In the street? I couldn't," said Nona.
K. then. No wood," said Tom. "I'll get
n my galleon."
rosewood floor stood on Nona's win-
ll, Miss Happiness and Miss Flower
ear it.
ycles go so fast," said Nona.
Happiness and Miss Flower appeared
ear.
n whizzes in and out, between buses
rs."
still seemed not to hear.

**e's greatest tragedy is to lose
d and not to miss Him.**

F. W. NORWOOD

anese people are *horribly* brave," said
did not contradict her and Nona came
ood by Tom's table. "O.K., I'll come
u," she said.

woodshop was a most wonderful place.
were big blocks and planks of wood,
licate moldings, thin strips, narrow bits
de ones; there were chair legs and stc l
very kind of corner and grooving and
s, from great front-door ones down to
allest dolls'-house size. There were
of wood of every kind, stains and
screws and hinges.
t did Tom buy? "A terrific great lot of
' Nona told the others when she got
She thought it wonderful that Tom
what to ask for and that the shopman
what he meant. "Because I didn't," said

s all packed up and Tom tied the long
wood to the crossbar of his bicycle; the
and nails he put in his pockets, "But
have to carry the rest," he told Nona.
d run?" asked Nona faintly.
looked at her. "Belinda would."
K.," said Nona and picked up the

n you build a real house there is the
of bricks being piled, of the concrete
of wood being sawn and hammered, of
and shouts. The sound of a dolls' house
made is different; there are a tap-tap-
m a little hammer, the shirring of sand-
the whirring noise of the fine drill as
nade his drill holes; but the building
made by Tom meant as much to Miss
ness and Miss Flower as the sound of
eal house being built could mean to
ona had taken them and their cushions
e playroom so that they could see.
hat is he doing now?" whispered Miss

is making the corners."
d now?"
is making the hall."
d now?" asked Miss Flower.

"He is making the two side walls,"

And then one day Miss Happiness cried, "Oh, Flower ——"

"Yes?"

"He is making ——"

"Making?"

"A niche."

"A niche? For our scroll and flowers? Oh, Happiness!"

Tom and Nona had argued about that niche. "But I *told* you," said Nona. "It's a most important part of a Japanese room."

"Be darned if you did," said Tom.

"But I *did*. A niche like a little alcove. I did."

It took Tom four days to think out how to make that niche. At last, "Mother, have you an empty tin of soap powder?" asked Tom.

It was not a tin, but a cardboard cylinder. First Tom cut it lengthways in half, then cut one of the halves off, two thirds up its length. Then, with his fret saw, he cut a space in one of the side walls and filed the edges so that the halved cylinder fitted exactly. He smeared plastic wood between the edges and left it to set.

"We'll make it a separate little roof," said Tom, "and a low floor inside."

"Oh, Tom, you are clever," said Nona.

"Honorable, clever Mr. Tom," said Miss Happiness and Miss Flower.

Tom had made two pillars in the front of the house, one each side of the front door—only there was not a door, but an open space that led into the small hall—and filled in the spaces each side of the front door with panels cut out in a small paper window. The panels were on hinges and swung back so that Nona could open the front of the dolls' house when she wanted to play.

Now the front of the house was finished; the side walls and the niche were painted and fixed against the end pillars; soon, from pillar to pillar, Tom would fix the heavy slats that would hold the roof.

"But what about the screens?" asked Nona. "The sliding screen doors in the back wall and for the way into the hall?"

"I'll make them." Tom sounded tired.

"But when? When?"

"Christopher Columbus!" said Tom. "Can't I ever have a day off?"

To make the sliding screens was most difficult of all. "I need six hands," he said.

In Japan the sliding screens on the outside walls of a house are called "shojis." They are latticed with wood. The screens between the rooms are plain. For the outer ones, from thinnest sheets of plywood Tom cut four frames like photograph frames.

"Why four?" asked Nona.

"So that I can make them double; paste the paper on one and put the other over it so that the rough edges of the paper won't show."

Pasting the paper on the wood was a long and ticklish work. Everyone had to help, from Anne to Nona. Then the frames were stuck together with glue and put to dry under weights. While they dried, from corner to corner at the back of the dolls' house floor, with tiny tacks, Tom fastened down the narrow wood strips to make the grooves in which the screens would slide.

"Three strips?" asked Nona.

"The grooves need three strips and there must be two grooves for the walls to slide past each other," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom, you are most clever!"

It was ticklish work, fitting the frames in; if they bent too much they split—Nona broke one and two fresh frames had to be cut; if they did not bend enough they would not go in.

The latticework on the outer screens Tom painted in brown paint, using a pen instead of a brush and ruling the lines.

At last the screens were in and it was a wonderful moment when Tom and Nona could slide them all backward and forward, backward and forward. "Let Mr. Twilfit see *that!*" said Tom.

Now the walls were up, the house needed only the roof "to have all its bones," said Nona, remembering what Mr. Twilfit had said; but before the roof could be made,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



When the gleam is off the tile and grime soils Honeymoon Cottage—what *then* of the dainty hands, all softness and loveliness tossing the bridal bouquet? You know darned well what: They get busy and stay busy—cleaning!

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NTINUED FROM PAGE 103

ething happened that Nona had forgotten out. The something was school.

"I can't go," said Nona.

"Anne goes, Tom goes, Belinda goes. Of rse you must go."

"No thank you," said Nona, but it was no saying "No thank you": this was one of times children were not asked; and one rning Nona had to take off her red velvet ss, her white socks and silver bangles and ss herself in a tunic and blouse like Anne's l Belinda's, a dark blue coat and a cap with adge. Then, carrying a case that held a new cil box, a ruler and her money for lunch, walked with Anne and Belinda to school. he came home in tears. "I knew she uld," said Belinda. "She cried all day."

"You mustn't cry here," the teacher, Miss ne, had told Nona.

"It's here I want to cry," said Nona and did.

Belinda was ashamed, but Belinda did not ow how terrifying the big, strange new lding seemed to Nona. There seemed to be ndreds of girls and so much noise and tle that it made her head swim. They, too, ghed at the way she spoke and the little she sat next to, a pretty little girl with g golden curls, would not speak to her. By time they reached home Nona was sick h crying and Belinda was so angry her eks were bright red.

Mother led Nona to the fire and took off coat and cap and gloves. She gave her e hot tea and brown bread and butter; inda had some, too, and by and by they h felt better.

When they had finished Mother took out sewing. The fire was warm, the sound of needle going in and out was quiet and n. Nona felt tired, but she did not cry any re. She sat on the rug and leaned against ther's knee, but, "You'll have to go again morrow," said Belinda. Then Mother said, hy not take Miss Happiness and Miss wer to school?"

"They wouldn't be allowed," said Belinda once, but, "How could I take them?" ed Nona. "In my pocket?"

"No, in your head," said Mother, and be- e they could argue she said, "If you took m in your pocket that would be breaking rules and you mustn't do that, but you uld take them in your head."

"How?" but a watery smile came on Nona's e.

"You say Japanese pictures are scrolls, with nting and writing?"

Nona nodded.

"In school you can learn to write beauti- ly and to paint."

"Can I?"

"You told us that in Japanese houses they e matting on the floors. You could learn weave mats on a loom."

"Like Anne?"

"Certainly. Anne learned to weave at ool. Then you can learn to sew. There are those quilts and cushions to make and the ls need new kimonos. Miss Lane teaches to sew nicely. Even Belinda is learning to ke tiny careful stitches."

"I'm not," said Belinda.

"Do you hear the honorable lady?" ispered Miss Flower.

"Kimonos, quilts, cushions," said Miss ppiness, her eyes shining.

"Tiny careful stitches!" and together they th sent a fresh wish to Nona. "Oh, honor- e little Miss Nona, please go to school. Oh, to school!" and Nona began to think that haps school might not be so very dreadful, rticularly as Tom said, "I'll work for you ery Saturday until the house is finished."

It took a long time. "Saturday after Satur- y," grumbled Tom. Half-term came and nt and still the house was not done.

"Children are so slow!" groaned Miss ower.

That was the first and only time Miss ppiness got cross. "Slow? They are won- fully quick," she cried, "quick and kind d clever. Don't you ever let me hear you say things like that again," cried Miss Happiness and her little glass eyes flashed.

"We must do the roof," said Tom one Saturday, and he said, "In a real house when that is done a bough is put in the chimney and the builders are given beer."

"Do you like beer?" asked Nona.

"Ginger beer," said Tom.

"When the roof is made," said Nona, "I'll buy you a bottle of ginger beer," but how was the roof to be made?

"It should be tiles," said Tom. He had drawn tiles in the plan, tiles like little scallops in rows; now he had to think how he could make them.

He had fixed a slat of wood across from one side wall to the other to make the ridgepole, and now, with his smallest hammer, he tacked on narrow rafters. The rafters made the dolls' house look so like a real house being built Nona was excited, but then, over them, Tom began to fasten a piece of ugly cardboard, back and front. On the underneath side he put a lining of white paper, but the outside he left plain. The cardboard was from a case that had once held packets of cereals and it was lettered in blue and red, "Corn Krispies."

"Oh!" cried Nona in dismay. "But ——"

"But what?" asked Tom as if he could not see anything wrong.

"It looks *horrid!*" said Nona. "Not a bit like tiles. And why have you put the lettering outside?"

"Why not?" asked Tom.

"It shows."

"It won't show," said Tom.

"But it does," said Nona almost tearfully.

"Wait and see," said Tom.

He sounded as if he knew exactly what he was doing, but Miss Flower could not help being anxious too.

"Will it be all right?" she whispered to Miss Happiness. "Will it?"

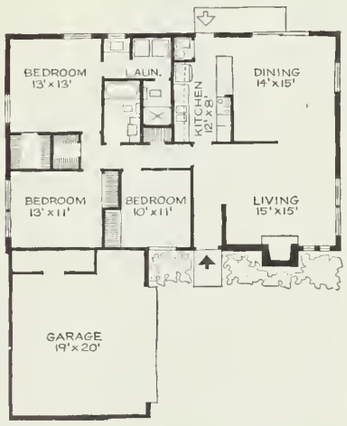
"I think it will," said Miss Happiness.

"Are you sure?"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT STAHMAN

Comfortable, low lines are inviting to the eye.



Traffic-free living room is good for entertaining.



TOP-VALUE HOUSE

By JOHN BRENNEMAN
Architectural Editor

This Texas house is one of the country's outstanding values offered by a tract developer. Produced in volume, it sells for just about $11.00 per square foot with land.

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The house is appealingly modern and its L shape makes the entry court very inviting.

DESIGNERS: ANTHONY PEREIRO AND PARKER FOLSE
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COST: $18,000 WITH LAND

"Mr. Tom has made the house beautifully. He will make a beautiful roof as well. We should trust Mr. Tom," said Miss Happiness.

Miss Flower wanted to trust Tom, but she thought it wise to do some wishing as well. "I wish the house could have a pretty roof. I don't see how it can, but I wish it could."

"How much money have you left?" Tom asked Nona.

She had four shillings and Tom went with her to the bookshop, where they bought a large sheet of stiff drawing paper, then they bought a pot of dark blue poster paint. Mr. Twilfit did up the paper in a roll. "It's for the dolls' house," Nona told him.

"It's getting on, hey?" asked Mr. Twilfit.

"Very well, thank you," said Tom coldly and Mr. Twilfit's eyebrows went up and down as he watched Tom walk out of the shop.

When they got home Tom stretched the paper on his worktable and he and Nona painted it evenly in a deep blue. In the afternoon when it was dry he sat Nona down at the playroom table and told her to cut the paper into long strips, two inches wide. "Measure carefully"; and he said cheerfully, "You can manage it."

Nona looked at the beautiful paper and was not at all sure she could manage it. "W-won't you do it, Tom?" she asked.

"You must do *some* of the work," said Tom severely. "I have to bike down to the woodshop. I need a piece of wood." He took some more money from Nona and went off.

Nona sat and looked at the paper—she was afraid she would spoil it. Very carefully she measured off two inches at each side, making dots to mark the width. *But how can I keep the cutting straight?* Even more carefully, with the big scissors, she started to cut across from dot to dot, and sure enough, the strip was uneven and wandered up and down.

"Silly Billy! You'll never do it like that." Anne had come quietly into the playroom to practice.

"Then *how?*" asked Nona desperately, looking at the dreadful jagged strip she had made. "Oh, Tom will be so cross," and she looked as if she were going to cry.

"Look. Fold it," said Anne, putting down her music.

"Oh, Anne, please help me."

"You must measure," said Anne.

"But I *did*. Two inches."

"Right," said Anne. "But you need a knife, not scissors." She took a knife from Tom's worktable and cut off the uneven piece Nona had left, then measured two inches again, marking with dots as Nona had done, folded the paper, then slit along the fold and a smooth two-inch strip came off. "Now try."

"Oh, Anne, you do it."

"I haven't time."

"P-please, Anne. I don't want to make Tom cross."

"Well, I'll fold it. Then you try," said Anne. "Come on. It's easy."

It was easy—"When you know how," said Nona. With Anne folding the paper and holding it steady, Nona was able to cut off an even strip.

"And strip after strip," said Miss Happiness in pride.

"Anne, you have such clever, neat hands," Nona was saying.

"So have you, Miss Nona," said Miss Flower.

When Tom came back the strips were laid out on his table, even and smoothly cut, and he was pleased. "But now we have to scallop them," he said. "Anne, you're the neatest one. You do them." He did not beg Anne, he ordered her, and, *I wish I were a boy*, thought Nona.

"What about my piano practice?" Anne said it as if she would far rather make the scallops.

"Practice afterward," said Tom. "Get the scissors, Nona."

"They're here," said Nona, hoping Tom would not look in the wastepaper basket and see the strip she had spoiled.

Anne folded each strip four times and with the scissors cut one edge into even scallops. As soon as they were cut, Nona unfolded the strip and, with a deeper blue pencil, Tom marked a line between the scallops: scallop after scallop, strip after strip. It took longer to mark the lines than to cut the scallops, and when Anne went to the piano to practice, Tom with Nona to wait on him, was still at work.

After tea Anne helped again. Nona brushed the back of the strips with glue, making them really sticky, and Anne and Tom stuck them one at a time onto the cardboard roof; they began at the bottom and glued them each a little above the first so that the scallops overlapped. As one row of scallops rose above the other, they began to look very much like tiles and when the roof was covered bottom to top back and front, Nona and Anne clapped.

"That isn't all," said Tom with pride, and he showed them a long thin piece of molded wood, shaped so that it fitted over the ridge pole, finishing off the tiles. "That was what I went to the woodshop to get." It was exactly the right length. "I told you we could trust Mr. Tom," said Miss Happiness.

As Anne and Tom started to make a tiny tiled roof for the niche, Nona slipped out and all by herself went to the grocer. She had to cross the road but, holding her purse very tightly, she crossed it. She was not nearly as afraid now as she had been that first day when she set out for Mr. Twilfit's shop. At the grocer's she spent two of her last three nine pences on two bottles of ginger beer; the grocer gave her colored straws for nothing. On her way home, as she was not sure Anne liked ginger beer, she stopped at a flower bar row and bought a spray of white blossom she had no money to buy any more.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower were puzzled when they saw Nona arranging the ginger beer on a tray. "We should have served tea," said Miss Flower and she said longingly "in the tea ceremony." "Ceremony" is a word Japanese dolls use a lot; it means doing something in a very respectful and special way.

"In England it is the ginger-beer ceremony," said Miss Happiness and she comforted Miss



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. "See, our Miss Nona knows how to
flowers almost as we do; she does not
many in the vase"—Miss Happiness
know that there had been only one
ce left.
A plum blossom means hope," said
lower.
hope," said Miss Happiness. "Look,
look!"
had put the dolls on the pretty tray
ried to the playroom. She had stopped
side the door, looking. Now Miss
looked, too, and, "Aaah!" whispered
lower.
om's workbench stood the little house
tiled roof, its tiny hall, its screen walls
d, its two side walls, and the niche.
vas, of course, no chimney, but where
mney might have been Tom had put
f green leaves for a bough.
w happy and gay they all are!" said
appiness.
person isn't happy," said Miss Flower
ldenly she had a doll shiver. "Listen,"
iss Flower.
nda, have some ginger beer."
busy."
nda, come and see the Japanese house
new roof."
very busy."
nda ——"
ve me alone!" shouted Belinda.
was still feeling left out. The next time
nt into the playroom she gave Tom's
ole a good shake, but Tom had made
se so well that nothing moved or
"I wish Japan were at the bottom of
!" said Belinda; but it was not Japan
ide her miserable, for as soon as she

A man has generally the good or qualities which he attributes to mankind. SHENSTONE

e story of Peach Boy again or thought
ittle Peach she felt warm and com-
; it was when she thought about the
e dolls' house—"and Nona!" said
, gritting her teeth—she felt so jealous
and hard that she might have been a
on Belinda.

V

was still not very happy about going
ool. "Why, Nona?" asked Mother.
a doesn't mind and she is younger
u."
all right for Belinda," said Nona. "She
of friends."
can have friends."
I can't," said Nona tearfully.
y not?"
ears overflowed. "There's only one girl
d she sits next to me," sobbed Nona.
ou like her, why should you mind?"
Mother, mystified, which means she
ot understand at all; it certainly was
to understand. "Why should you
asked Mother.
s too pretty and stuck-up to speak to

means Melly," said Belinda; "Melanie
. You know, her mother keeps the
."
Melly's a nice little girl."
won't speak to me."
haps she's shy."
I'm the one who's shy," wept Nona.
t for Melly, school was not really so
now. Nona was learning to write and
d sew as Mother had said. When she
ud now it was not in a singsong, and
laughed at her English. Then one day,
new page of her reading book, she
cross a tiny poem. It was so small it
ave been made for a dolls' house:

My two plum trees are
So gracious . . .
See, they flower
One now, one later.

eath was written: "Haiku. Japanese

"Are all Japanese poems as little as that?" Nona asked Miss Lane. "Are they all as little?"

"Not all, but a great many," said Miss Lane.

"Could I copy it?" asked Nona and began to tell Miss Lane about Miss Happiness and Miss Flower.

"Is the house finished?" asked Miss Happiness. "Oh, no!" cried Miss Flower; and, "Now I have to make the steps," said Tom.

The steps were three pieces of wood, screwed and glued one on top of another. "You can put dolls'-house tubs of flowers each side," said Tom.

Then over the front door, between the pillars, he put a panel of wood cut out in patterns of flowers; he had to go back to the woodshop for that. "I'm not nearly clever enough to cut it," said Tom.

"Is the house finished now?" asked Miss Happiness, but no, it was not finished yet.

Tom stained the frames a beautiful dark brown. He had painted the side walls to match the ivory color of the tracing paper in the frames, but the niche, where the cardboard showed, he painted pale jade green. Last of all the house was dusted and cleaned, carried into Nona's room from the playroom, and put on the window sill.

"Now show that to Mr. Twilfit!" said Tom.

"First it must be furnished," said Nona.

Furnished, but with what?

"I need scraps of cotton and silk," said Nona.

"You haven't got any," said Belinda.

That was only too true. The pieces in Mother's scrap bag were bits of flannel and rag from old cotton dresses. There was some velveteen, but velveteen is thick and heavy for a small doll.

"I need thin bright silk in different colors," said Nona.

"Well, you can't have it."

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"I know I can't," said Nona mournfully. She had spent that week's ninepence on extra things for Tom. "And I need a lamp and a low table and the book says Japanese people keep their quilts in cupboards with sliding doors. How can I ——" Nona broke off and sat quite still. "A cupboard with sliding doors," she whispered.

"Nona, I am talking to you," said Mother. "I am asking you if you want any more pudding." These days Nona often had more pudding, but now she did not answer. "Nona. Are you dreaming?" and yes, Nona was dreaming—of Melly's pencil box.

It was a new pencil box of plain light wood. It had a compartment down the middle and, most fascinating of all, it had a roll top of slatted wood that rolled back as soon as you touched it. "It would make a perfect little cupboard," dreamed Nona, "empty and standing on its side. Perfect!" and then a daring thought came to her: *I wonder if Melly would swap it?* Nona had not been in school very long, but already she knew all about swapping. *Swap, but for what?* It would have to be something very beautiful. After lunch Nona went slowly upstairs and pulled out her drawer; next morning when she went to school she wore her silver bangles.

"Oh, how pretty!" said Melly.

Nona had seen Melly looking at the bangles and had pulled the cuff of her blouse back so that they showed more as she let her hand lie on the desk. They clinked gently against one another and their silver shone against the wood of the desk. "You like them?" whispered Nona.

Melly nodded so that her curls bobbed. Nona slid off the bangles and when Miss Lane was busy she passed them to Melly. "*Very* pretty," whispered Melly, looking at them.

"You can put them on if you like."

Now that they had spoken, Nona could not think why she and Melly had not spoken before.

Perhaps Mother had been right and Melly was shy; she blushed as she slid the bangles on. They looked beautiful on her pink-and-white wrist and "Very, *very* pretty," whispered Melly.

Nona felt an ache in her heart; she had had her bangles almost since she was a baby and they reminded her of Coimbatore, but she had the dolls to think of now, and "I'll swap them if you like," said Nona.

Melly's gray eyes widened. "But . . . they're silver!" she said.

"Yes, but I'll swap them."

"For what?"

"For your pencil box," said Nona lightly, but her heart was beating.

"Melly Ashton, Nona Fell, are you talking?" asked Miss Lane, but the two heads, Nona's dark one and Melly's with its golden curls, were bent over their desks and their pens scratched away; yet, if Miss Lane had noticed, she would have seen that Melly's pencil box was on Nona's desk and Nona's bangles were on Melly.

Standing on its side in the Japanese dolls' house, the pencil box did look like a real cupboard. "The quilts shall go in the bottom—when I have the quilts," said Nona. "The bowls in the top—when I have the bowls." The roll top slid backward and forward like a real cupboard.

"It might have come from Japan," said Miss Flower, and Miss Happiness said, "It has 'Made in Japan' stamped on it. I saw it," said Miss Happiness.

"Nona, you are to go into the drawing room. Mother wants you," said Anne.

"You have done something," said Belinda. "Mrs. Ashton is there."

"Who is Mrs. Ashton?" asked Nona.

"Melly's mother," said Anne.

"What have you done?" asked Belinda.

Mrs. Ashton was sitting on a chair by the fire when Nona came in. In her hand she held the bangles.

"They're quite valuable," she was saying to Mother. "Real silver. I'm sure you wouldn't want Nona to give them away and I couldn't possibly let Melly accept them."

"But I didn't give them," said Nona, "I swapped them."

"Swapped them?"

"For Melly's pencil box."

"A *pencil box?*" Both the mothers stared at Nona as if she were ill.

"But you could buy a pencil box for a shilling or two, you silly child."

"Not that one," cried poor Nona. "There isn't another one like that. Oh, don't you see? That's the only one that will do."

Mrs. Ashton was very like Melly, with the same golden hair and gray eyes, the same smile. Nona had spoken to Melly and now she found courage again. "If you would come upstairs," she said, "I could show you," and she slipped her hand into Mrs. Ashton's. It was the first time Nona had put her hand in anyone's since she had left Coimbatore.

Mrs. Ashton looked at Mother, who nodded. "Show me," said Mrs. Ashton.

"But Mother will make you give it back," said Belinda. "You needn't think that she won't"; and sure enough, "You must give it back," said Mother.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

Christmas Boutique for Children

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 68

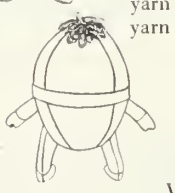


Vogue Design No. 2879. Nightgown and robe; 2–6 (21–24); 60c. Child's nightgown requires 2 yards of 35″ fabric without nap and 1⅛ yards of 1″ ribbon, size 4.

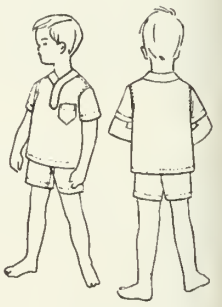


Vogue Design No. 2887. One-piece dress and apron; 2–6 (21–24); 60c. Apron requires 1⅜ yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 4.

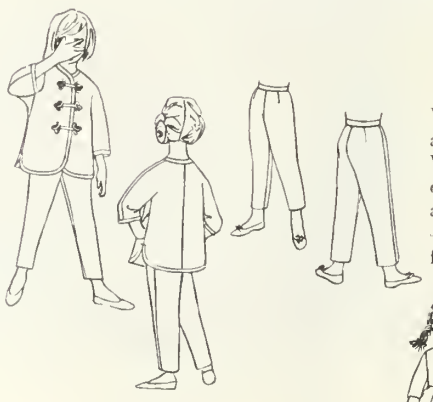




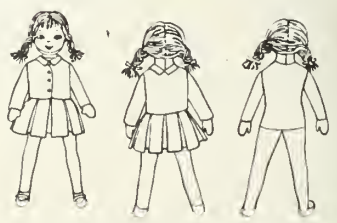
Vogue Design No. 2910. Stuffed toy; large size (20″ high) and small size (12″ high); 75c. Small size requires ½ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for upper half and hands, ⅝ yard of 35″ fabric with or without nap for lower half, arms and legs, ⅛ yard of dark felt for shoes and eyes, ⅛ yard of 72″ felt for collar, ¾ yard of 1¾″ ribbon for tie. Sock yarn used for nose, other features are embroidered. Rug yarn may be used for hair. Four 8-oz. bags of kapok to stuff.



Vogue Design No. 5099. Boys' pajamas; 4–14 (23–32); 75c. Version shown requires 2 yards of 35″ fabric without nap, size 8.



Vogue Design No. 5115. Robe and slacks; 4–8 (23–26); 75c. Version shown requires 3 yards of 35″ fabric with nap for robe and slacks, and ½ yard of 35″ or 45″ fabric with or without nap for binding and frogs, size 6.



Vogue Design No. 5125. Twin dolls and clothes; 19″–20″ tall; 75c. Doll requires ⅝ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for body, ¼ yard of 72″ felt for jacket, ⅜ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for skirt, ⅜ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for slip and panties, and ¼ yard of 35″ fabric without nap for blouse. Slip also requires ⅝ yard of 1½″ pregathered eyelet ruffle. Panties also require ⅝ yard of ½″ eyelet edging. Use knitting wool for hair. Use 5 ounces of kapok for stuffing.

Pussy cat and ball, Journal Pattern No. 2947. Child's Bonnet, Journal Pattern No. 2948. Snowman Apron available packaged (costs $2.50) with sewing instructions. Write and we will tell where to buy. Order Journal Patterns, 25c each (Penna. residents please add 4% sales tax) from Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Phila. 5, Pa.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. Some prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Colif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

"But Mrs. Ashton wasn't cross," said Nona.

"All the more reason," said Mother.

"And Melly didn't mind."

"You are not allowed to swap things at school, not expensive things," said Mother. "I'm sorry, Nona, but you must keep the rules."

Very slowly Nona took the pencil box out of the house.

"It is right and proper," said Miss Happiness with a sigh. "She must keep the rules."

Miss Flower was too sad to answer.

Indeed, it seemed that the dolls' house was not getting on at all. On the way to school Nona and Belinda passed a shop where, in the window, four dolls'-house tea sets in delicate flowered china were set out. "What about those?" asked Belinda.

"It's bowls, not cups, I need," said Nona.

"There's a sugar bowl."

"Only one."

Each set had two cups, a teapot, a milk jug and a sugar bowl.

"You could knock the handles off the cups," said Belinda cheerfully.

"And give them something chipped!" said Nona. She knew without being told that Miss Flower would not like that. "Anyway, they are four shillings and sixpence each," she said.

Another shop had table mats in fine, fine bamboo. "Like dolls'-house matting," said Nona, "and Japanese houses always have matting on the floor," but the mats were a shilling each, "and I should need two," said Nona. In the same shop as the tea sets was a round dolls'-house table in dark wood. "If Tom cut the legs shorter it would look Japanese. Oh, I don't know where to begin!" said Nona and pressed her face against the glass of one shop, then another. In the end she bought the table and Tom, with his smallest saw, cut the legs down for her so that the table was only an inch from the floor. It was just right for a Japanese table, but it looked bleak and plain in the empty room. "It will *never* be furnished," said Nona.

Miss Flower was terribly alarmed. "You heard what she said," cried Miss Flower and if she could have wrung her little plaster hands she would. "Never be furnished! Oh, we're only dolls. What can we do?"

"Wish," said Miss Happiness. She was still smiling. Perhaps that was because her smile was painted on her face, but it made Miss Flower angry.

"What is the good of wishing?"

"You never know," said Miss Happiness. *You never know.* Sometimes when things seem farthest off they are quite near. Next morning Melly came to school with a small bundle. She put it on Nona's desk. "Mother sent you this," she said.

The bundle was wrapped in a piece of soft paper. Inside were scraps and pieces and snippets of silk, satin and taffeta, in pink and scarlet, blue and lemon color, white, green, purple and mauve.

"But . . . but —— How did she *get* them?" asked Nona.

"Well, she does make hats," said Melly and laughed at Nona's face. "These are bits left over. And she says if your mother will let you come to tea she, my mother, will help you with the cushions and quilts. She's a very good sewer," said Melly.

Nona hardly knew if she were standing on her head or her heels. To go to tea with Melly; to make the quilts and cushions; to have this heap of soft and beautiful stuffs! "What *is* the matter with Nona?" asked Father, who happened to be looking out the window as Nona and Belinda came back from school. "She looks as if she were dancing on the pavement."

Then, at the beginning of the holidays, it was Easter.

Nona had not kept Easter before. She had never seen Easter eggs or Easter rabbits or chickens. "Your own father has sent me some money from Coimbatore," said Mother, "to buy you all Easter eggs. Ten shillings for each of the others," she told Nona, "a pound for you."

"A *pound!*" said Belinda, her eyes round.

"Is that twenty shillings?" asked Nona. She was trying to do a sum in her head.

"You could buy an enormous huge great Easter egg for that," said Belinda. "One of those huge chocolate ones with chocolate and chickens inside."

"Oh, no!" cried Nona.

"No?"

"Please, please no," In her agitation Nona could hardly speak. "I don't want an Easter egg."

"Not want an egg for *Easter?*"

"No. At least, only a tiny one, about sixpence."

"Well, what is it you want?"

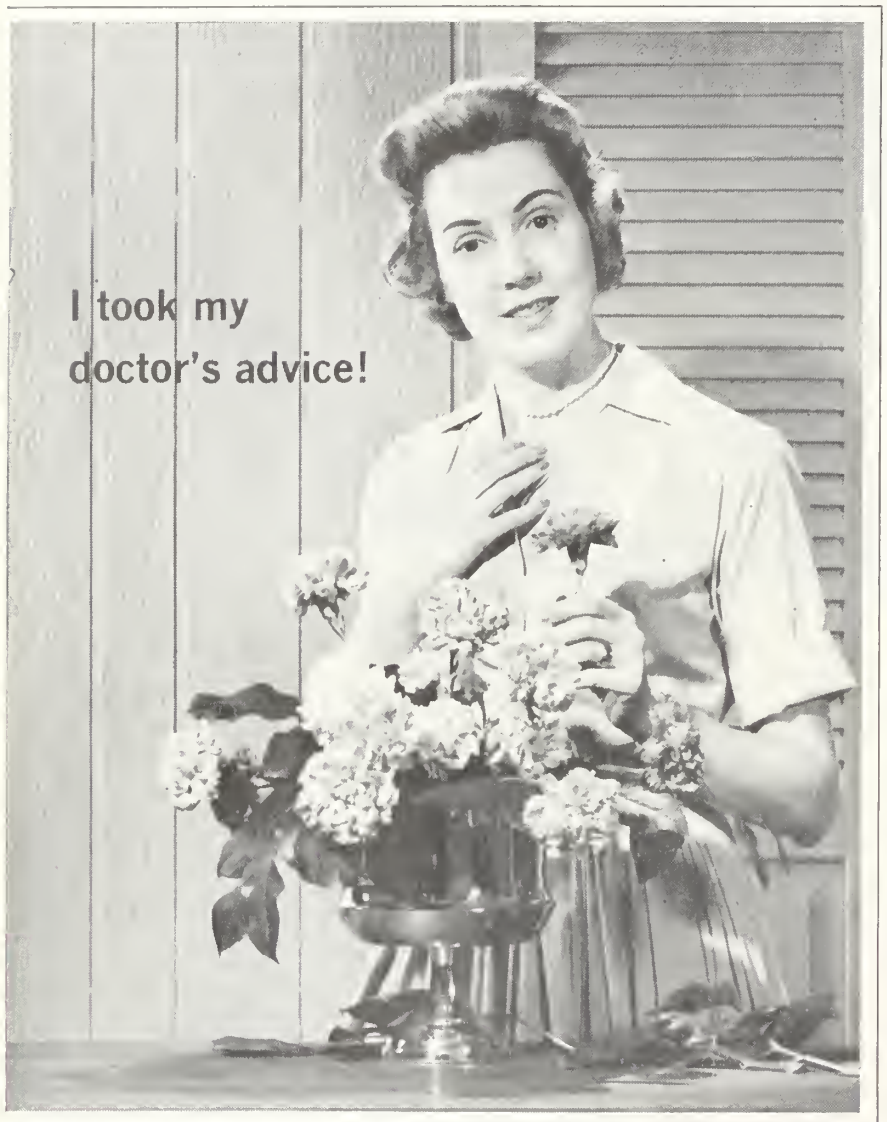
"Four tea sets," said Nona, "and two table mats."

"What extraordinary things to want."

"I want them," said Nona certainly.

On Easter Sunday, as they were coming back from church, Melly came up the road to the gate. She was carrying a package tied with yellow ribbon. "Why, Nona! She has brought you another Easter egg!" but it was a queer shape for an Easter egg, for the package was long and thin.

Before Nona opened it she knew what it was and her fingers began to tremble. "It's your pencil box."



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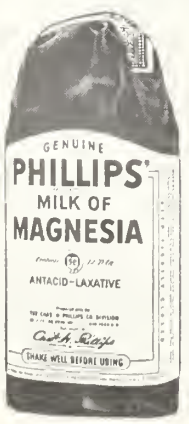
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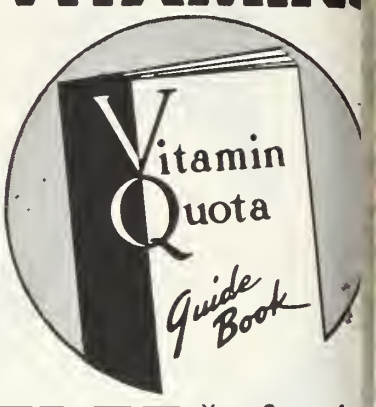
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mine," said Melly. "It's the same as Mother bought it in London in the nop. Happy Easter," said Melly and

y Easter!
Japan we have the New Year Festi-
aid Miss Flower, "when fathers and
s dress the children in their best clothes
e them to visit the shrines and they are
oney."
s of money," said Miss Happiness.
t is something like this," said Miss

I like Easter," said Miss Happiness
said, "We have the Star Festival, of
and the Boys' Festival when the boys
per carp fish and play games."
I like Easter," said Miss Flower and
l, "We have the Doll Festival when the
dolls are brought out and the little
it them up on steps covered with red

ink this is a Doll Festival day," said
appiness.
ed, it seemed to be, for the Japanese
ouse was almost finished at last. The
box stood against the wall; the quilts
lled up on its bottom shelf. Nona had
o tea with Melly on two or three
sday afternoons when the hatshop was
nd after tea they had sewed quilts and
, pale pink for Miss Flower while Miss
ess had blue.
he Tuesday after Easter Nona had hur-
er breakfast and run all the way to the
n case the tea sets were sold, but they
ill in the window and she had been
buy all four.
r tea sets?" Belinda had asked.

ing good is the only certainly
ppy action of a man's life.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

that I can get four bowls."
I waste all the cups?"
ave to," said Nona sadly.
istopher Columbus!" said Belinda,
e Tom.
a put the cups, the jugs and all but one
on one side, but the four sugar bowls
l the plates and saucers and the one
she arranged on the top shelf of the
box; with its green leaves and pink
, the china looked Japanese.
nese people eat their food with polished
alled chopsticks; Nona cut pine needles
ch lengths to make some and they were
side the china. From the table-mat
e chose two mats in fine cream-colored
o; they almost covered the floor when
ere put down. On the matting were
ns made from Mrs. Ashton's bright
Nona set them round the low table.
"I must be ready now," said Belinda, but
shook her head.
helped to make a lamp from an empty
reel. He ran a flex up through it with
electric bulb and Nona made a paper
to fit it. She cut a strip of stiff paper,
d it deep pink and joined it into a circle
icky tape. "And I'm going to model a
in clay, like the Japanese stone lan-
for the garden," she said.
at garden?" asked Belinda.
e garden I am going to make."
y Japanese house has a firebox called
achi." They are laquered wood outside,
nware-lined, and they glow with a few
of charcoal in a bed of ashes. The doors
pen and you can warm your hands or
kettle for tea or rice. Nona made hers
a matchbox, painted dark brown and
with shining red paper from a Christmas
r. Tom put another of his tiny bulbs in
joined the flex to the lamp. When it was
firebox seemed to glow.
ow we need a scroll," said Nona; and,
st put flowers in the niche."
ell, put some," said Belinda, but Nona
I have to learn about them first."
arn about flowers? Pooh! What is there
n? Oh, Nona, you are so slow!"

"*Please* leave honorable Miss Nona *alone*," wished Miss Happiness and Miss Flower. It was the first time they had sounded impatient. "Leave her. She is doing things in the Japanese way." Flowers, in Japan, can have meanings: pine branches are for strength; plum blossom means new hope; irises are used for ceremony, while the peony is the king of flowers.

"Iris and peonies are too big for a dolls' house," said Anne.

Of course they were too big, but now, in April and May, as Mother and Anne had told Nona, there were wild flowers everywhere, in the grass and along the hedges and in the fields and woods just outside the town. Nona had never seen anything as lovely and every day she discovered something else; wild violets did for irises and wood sorrel or anemones made white peonies, while eyebright looked like dolls'-house lilies. In front of the Japanese dolls' house she made a path of sand and bordered it with cowries, tiny shells she had brought from Coimbatore. At the foot of the steps she put two little blue china eggcups, the kind that are like tubs, and filled them with lady's-slipper. Then she begged a big old baking tin from Mother and put it on the window sill beside the house; she covered it with a layer of earth and moss. Following the pictures of Japanese gardens in Mr. Twilfit's big book, she arranged a path of flat stones and a little heap of pebbles to hold the shell that Anne had given her. The shell was filled with water and made a pool, and by it Nona planted some tufts of grass to look like bamboos, and tiny flowers to look like bushes. "Japanese gardens have to look natural, like hills and lakes and streams," she said and she made a stream of bits of broken looking glass set in the moss, and by it she set the clay lantern she had modeled. Miss Lane had let her bake it in the school kiln and it had a gloss on it like stone. It looked like a toadstool with a hole in the hood, and when a bit of birthday-cake candle was put in, it shone over the garden at night.

"And it's quite safe," said Nona. "The clay won't catch on fire." The garden was beautiful. "But I do wish I had some trees," said Nona.

"There aren't trees as small as that," said Belinda.

There was no scroll yet, but in the niche Nona put a vase of flowers; for the vase she used her ivory thimble, and for flowers she chose a scarlet pimpernel—"That's a peony, the king flower"—and with it were stalks of grass: "Dolls'-house bamboo," said Nona. "Bamboo means luck."

"Yes. Yes!" breathed Miss Flower.

It was finished. "They can move in tomorrow," said Nona.

"Tomorrow!" Miss Happiness felt as if all of her were warmed by the firebox, but Miss Flower felt as if she might crack. "I shan't close my eyes all night," she said. They could not close in any case, but she meant that she would not sleep.

"Our house!" said Miss Happiness. "Tomorrow we move into our house."

"Yes!" Then Miss Flower stopped. "We haven't moved in yet. Suppose—suppose something were to happen and prevent ——"

"But what could?" asked Miss Happiness.

Miss Flower did not know, but all at once she felt cold.

"Can I have a feast?" Nona was asking.

"You can ask some people to tea," said Mother.

"Can I ask Mr. Twilfit and Miss Lane and Mrs. Ashton and Melly?" Nona asked. "And you and Father and Anne and Tom—and Belinda, of course?"

"I'm not coming," said Belinda.

"Why should Nona have people to tea?" asked Belinda and kicked the corner of the table leg. "It's not her birthday."

"Now, Belinda ——"

Belinda kicked the corner of the table leg again.

"If you do that," said Mother, "you can go upstairs at once." Then she put her hand on Belinda's shoulder and said gently, "Belinda. Nona has worked so hard. Don't spoil it," but Belinda shook Mother's hand off, kicked the table leg harder than ever and ran upstairs.

It was no wonder that Miss Flower trembled.

VI

The dolls were to have a feast too. "A tea party," said Nona.

"A tea ceremony," said Miss Flower.

Belinda's dolls'-house food was a cardboard ham glued on a plate, some plaster fish glued on another and a plaster pink-and-white cake. "That won't do at all," said Nona and she went to see Mr. Twilfit to find out what Japanese people ate. In the end, a beautiful little feast was set out on the low table: a bowl of rice made of snipped-up white thread—nothing else was fine enough; a saucer of pink and white sugar cakes made from crumbs of meringue cut round; and some paint-water tea. "*Green* tea?" asked Belinda.

"Japanese people drink green tea."

"Huh! You know everything," said Belinda, who was in a very bad temper. "Everything!" she said. "But there's one thing you don't know."

"What is that?"

"Wait and see," said Belinda and she looked angry and pleased at the same time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



My hair's gray— Now, I love it that way!

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What have you heard about METRECAL*

the new concept of weight control?

Since Metrecal was introduced several months ago in powder form, and with its more recent introduction in liquid form, many people have learned of its effectiveness by word-of-mouth. This factual report provides accurate information on Metrecal—what it is, what it is not.

In September of 1959, Mead Johnson & Company introduced a new product to the medical profession under the brand name Metrecal. It was developed to provide physicians with a new technique for use in judicious weight reduction of overweight patients.

We wish to stress the importance of the physician in problems of weight loss and control. This is particularly the case for individuals who are tremendously overweight, patients with disease of the kidneys, and patients with various forms of heart and blood vessel disease.

In view of the broad public and medical interest in weight control, many persons have learned of Metrecal by word-of-mouth; hence, this factual statement.

What is Metrecal?

Metrecal, when properly used, is an effective agent for weight loss and control.

Metrecal is a complete food available in two forms: a powder which is mixed with water; and a liquid, ready to use. Metrecal is designed to provide a low caloric diet which contains all basic nutrients required by a person on a reducing program. Metrecal contains no drugs.

Metrecal can be used as the total diet for the period required to achieve the weight loss which is best for the individual. Thereafter, it can be used for one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days to maintain desired weight.

In other words, the concept is measured calories according to the needs of the individual.

What does Metrecal do?

Overweight persons are able to lose weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. In this manner they lose weight naturally, without resorting to fad diets, complex schedules, or artificial appetite depressants. And users of Metrecal are remarkably free from hunger —the appetite is satisfied normally.

What Metrecal cannot do

Metrecal is not a miracle cure for overweight. It cannot provide the will power required for weight reduction. It has to be used properly. It is imperative that the person who desires to lose weight stay on the diet of Metrecal. This is not difficult since little, if any, hunger occurs after a day or two.

Medical evidence of effectiveness

Extensive clinical studies, conducted under medical supervision, have shown an average weight loss by Metrecal users of approximately one-half pound per day for periods up to six weeks. Some lose even more.

Most patients in the studies report little, if any, hunger. Many report that they feel better than before. Almost all find it relatively easy t continue on Metrecal.

What is in Metrecal?

A frequently specified day's supply is one-ha pound of Metrecal powder mixed with water c four eight-ounce cans of Metrecal liquid. Th provides 900 calories or energy units, 70 gram protein, 110 grams carbohydrate, 20 grams f and all essential vitamins and minerals in quant ties that meet or exceed minimum daily requir ments established by the Food and Drug Admi istration.

In addition to the half-pound can, Metrec powder is now available in the 3½-poun economy-size can. The new Metrecal liquid packaged in eight-ounce cans—each provides convenient individual meal.

How to undertake a reducing program

Your physician is the best source of counsel an guidance in problems of weight loss and control.

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TINUED FROM PAGE 111

e dolls were dressed in new kimonos; er had given Nona an empty cigar box she kept their clothes in that. Mrs. Ash- ad made Miss Happiness a white kimono oidered with a tiny pattern of leaves, over nderdress of pale yellow silk with a sash ue. Miss Flower's was coral pink over an rdress of delicate violet color and her was pale green. Their hair was brushed heir socks and sandals had been painted. had carefully patched the chip on Miss er's ear with some white paint. "We look new," said Miss Happiness.

s it really going to happen?" asked Miss er. Even though she was dressed, she d not quite believe it.

t really is," said Miss Happiness.

the dolls' house, the garden lantern was d the house lamp and the firebox switched n the real house the front-door bell rang "It really is," said Miss Flower.

eryone brought presents. Melly had a et of water flowers, the Japanese paper ers that uncurl into brightly colored pat- when you drop them into water. "You ut one or two in the shell for water lilies," Melly.

NEXT MONTH

I came here to find Esmond," she told hem. "Haven't I a right to know?"

A figure glimpsed at the window, a ild, unreasoning hope were all she ad to go on. But Charlotte could not bandon her search for Esmond, her st twin, until she had fathomed the ecret within the walls of

THE SEA HOUSE

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By MARGARET SUMMERTON

rs. Ashton brought a tiny paper sunshade had once found in a cracker. "It's from Ja n," she said.

Quite right," said Miss Happiness and M s Flower.

iss Lane had brought her present in a m chbox; it was a length of paper three inches lo and an inch and a quarter wide—if you m sure it with your ruler you will see how bi t was. Top and bottom it was held on two m chsticks that Miss Lane had sandpapered sr oth and fine; the paper could roll up on th n, and on the paper, in fine, fine painting, w some white plum blossoms and a bird; th ird was no bigger than a pea. There was sc e writing, too, but so small that to read it yc needed a magnifying glass. When they had bi owed Father's, Nona cried, "It's my p n!

"My two plum trees are
So gracious . . .
See, they flower
One now, one later."

Who could have done it?" asked Belinda. t looks like a fairy, but I think it was Miss L e," said Nona.

A scroll! A right-size Japanese scroll!" sa Miss Happiness.

But shouldn't the writing have been Jap- a e?" asked Miss Flower doubtfully.

Not in England. That wouldn't have been p te," said Miss Happiness and Miss Flower w satisfied.

Nona hung the scroll in the niche. "Soon I m t make you a new one," said Miss Lane. "This one is for spring, but you should ch nge them with the seasons." Miss Happi- n and Miss Flower gave two dolls' nods, w ch means they nodded though you could n see them, and said, "Quite right."

Anne had made two pleated fans, no bigger than your fingernail. "It says they should wear fans for the tea ceremony," said Anne.

"Very right." And Miss Happiness and Miss Flower were glad when the fans were tucked into their sashes.

Tom with his fretsaw had cut out a hump-backed bridge to go over the looking-glass stream. It had railings of wood and the dolls could really walk over it.

All the presents were beautiful, but the best of all was Mr. Twilfit's. He had brought two trees. "Are those *trees?*" asked Belinda. "Real *trees?*"

"A pine and a willow," said Nona, looking at the labels. She sounded dizzy, as indeed she was, for how many people have heard of or seen a pine tree five inches high and a willow only three? "But . . . they're real, alive!" cried Nona.

"Quite real," said Mr. Twilfit, his eyebrows going up and down.

"I didn't know," said Miss Flower with great respect, "that there was anything like that in England," and Miss Happiness said, "England is a most honorable country."

"They are grown for people to make sink gardens," said Mr. Twilfit; "dwarf gardens in sinks or basins." Everyone was so enchanted that he was beginning to feel shy and his eyebrows grew still. "Better plant 'em," said Mr. Twilfit abruptly and he turned away to look at the house. As he looked he forgot to be shy and his eyebrows began to go up and down again. "The President couldn't have made it any better," he said to Tom.

The best of a dolls'-house garden is that it takes only five minutes to plant a tree; Nona planted the pine by the shell pool, the willow by the stream. They made the garden look exactly like the gardens in the book.

Then Nona turned to the dolls. She made them bow to the company—which means all the people there—and said, "Miss Happiness and Miss Flower, will you come into your home?" But before they could be made to walk up the path bordered with shells and past the tubs of lady's-slipper, Belinda spoke:

"Not Miss Flower. She's mine."

"Belinda! Belinda! You're not going to spoil it?"

"Yes, I am," said Belinda.

Mother had taken Belinda to the playroom to talk to her. Belinda stood hard and angry by the table; her cheeks were red and her eyes very blue and bright. She argued with Mother.

"On the parcel it said, 'The *Misses* Fell.' You said Anne was too old for dolls and we could have one each. You said so," argued Belinda.

"But that was long ago," said Mother.

"Miss Flower's mine," said Belinda. "You can't take her away from me."

"It's just that you don't want Nona to have her," said Mother sadly. "Oh, Belinda! Belinda!"

"I don't care," said Belinda.

"That's true," said Mother. "You never cared or thought about Miss Flower or wanted her."

"I want her now," said Belinda and she took Miss Flower and threw her into her own dolls' house and slammed the door.

Belinda ate her tea very quickly. Her cheeks were still red, her eyes even a brighter blue. She talked a great deal and said funny things to make everyone laugh, but it was an odd thing that nobody laughed at them except Belinda. No one else really talked and nobody ate very much. Nona ate nothing at all and her face looked white and sick with disappointment; Belinda saw Melly steal a hand into hers and, "Can I have another meringue?" asked Belinda, and when she put it into her mouth she laughed and blew the sugar crumbs all over the table.

"I think we will go into the drawing room," said Mother. "Belinda, you had better finish your tea alone."

In the dolls' house the lamp threw a soft light in the house where the front was open and the screens had been slid back to show the garden; the lantern made a reflection in the looking-glass stream and gave the tiny trees real shadows.



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Miss Happiness knelt on her cushion in front of the table set ready for the tea ceremony, but Miss Happiness did not touch any of the tea; opposite her were the blue cushion, empty, and a little empty bowl.

"Oh, why couldn't Miss Belinda have taken me?" mourned Miss Happiness. That would have been dreadful enough, but she was stuffed fuller than Miss Flower and her plaster had not been chipped. "Miss Flower wanted the house even more than I did," mourned Miss Happiness. "She was always frightened." If dolls could have tears I am sure they would have rolled down Miss Happiness's plaster cheeks. "Oh, I'm afraid!" cried Miss Happiness. "I'm afraid that Flower will not be able to bear it. I'm afraid she will break."

There was certainly not a sound or a movement in Belinda's dolls' house; not the smallest doll rustle.

When tea was over the guests quietly went home. "Shan't we play any games?" asked Belinda, astonished.

"We'd rather not play with you," said Anne.

"Because you're a little rotter," said Tom.

Belinda put her tongue out at him, which was not at all pretty, for it still had crumbs of meringue sticking to it.

"You had better go upstairs," said Mother.

Nona put out the lantern, the lamp and the firebox. She washed the bowls and platters and put them away. Then she unrolled the blue quilts—the pink ones stayed in the pencil-box cupboard—and gently she laid Miss Happiness down and covered her up. Miss Happiness looked very small and lonely in the big room and when Nona slid the paper screens shut they made a s-s-s-sh like a sigh.

Belinda sang and danced all the time she was going to bed; it was odd, then, that the house should have felt so silent. Tom and Anne had gone to their rooms to do their homework; usually they did it with friendly calls from room to room, but now they sl their doors. Nona had got into bed withou word and lay with her face turned to the w Downstairs in the drawing room Father a Mother talked in low tones. "What a f about a doll," said Belinda.

No one answered. She half thought of go to the dolls' house and taking Miss Flower and throwing her at Nona, but, "I'll be dar if I will," said Belinda.

Saying "be darned" like Tom made her big and important and she shouted and g gled as she did her teeth.

The house still stayed quite silent.

Belinda always went to sleep as soon as head touched the pillow; only once, long a when she had had a cold, she had woken in the night with a sore throat and stu nose. She had not a cold now, but th seemed to be something the matter.

She tossed and turned and twisted. S heard Anne and Tom go to bed and t later—hours and hours, thought Belind Mother and Father came up.

"I can't go to slee-ep," called Belinda did not sound loud, it sounded like a bl but Mother did not come in nor give Beli a glass of hot milk as she had that other nig Mother went into her room and shut the do

Belinda was so surprised that she got ou bed and padded in her bare feet to Moth door and knocked. Mother opened it a cra "I can't go to slee-ep," wailed Belinda.

"I'm not surprised," said Mother and the door.

Then Belinda felt something queer in eyes and in her chest, as if something hot aching were gathering and coming up. Qui she went back to bed and burrowed under clothes, but up the aching came until it spil over; it was wet and splashed down on pillow. It was tears.

"It's no good crying." How often Beli had said that to Nona. But sometimes i good. As the tears soaked into Belinda's low the hard angry feeling seemed to n away and, "I'm sorry," sobbed Belin "sorry," but she did not cry herself to sle she cried herself awake, perhaps more aw than she had ever been in her life.

It is lonely for a little girl to lie awake in dark when everyone is sleeping and t Belinda remembered she was not the only who was alone.

Miss Happiness was alone in the Japar dolls' house, and what of Miss Flower? M Flower was worse than alone in Belind dolls' house. Belinda had thrown her in slammed the door. *I threw her quite ha* thought Belinda. *Did she break?* and sudde Belinda was more miserable than ever, miserable that she could not stay in bed longer; she had to see what had happened Miss Flower. *What did I do to Miss Flow* asked Belinda and more tears ran down face. She got out of bed and tiptoed into playroom.

When the dolls'-house door banged shut Miss Flower I think she fainted. That was as well, for when Belinda found her she lying on her back with one foot in the air, head under a broken chair and her hand the dolls'-house wastepaper basket in wh there was an earwig. Her kimono and h were covered with dust and the chip l opened again under the white paint int trickle of plaster, but Miss Flower kn nothing until she felt a gentle hand come and lift her. It was so gentle that she thou it was Nona's; she never dreamed it could Belinda's.

Very gently Belinda lifted Miss Flower, her leg straight, dusted her hair and clot and shook the earwig off onto the carp Then she stood holding Miss Flower in h hand and wondering what to do next. Su denly she tiptoed into Nona's room where Japanese dolls' house was shut and dark the window sill.

As Belinda slid the screen walls back tl did not make a s-s-s-sh like a sigh, bu s-s-s-sh as if there were a secret—as ind there was, for carefully, with two finge Belinda opened the pencil-box cupboard a took out the pink quilts; carefully she rolled them—and how clumsy her fingers we



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gh she tried to be careful. She unrolled uilts beside Miss Happiness, and carefully Miss Flower in and covered her. Then she the screens shut and tiptoed back to bed. e was quite comfortable now and she to sleep at once.

VII

was a very strange thing. When Belinda gone to bed nobody had seemed to like Now in the morning everybody liked her much.

ona came running into her room. She ed a new Nona now with her eyes shining her hair flying, her cheeks pink. She ped on Belinda's bed and in a moment they hugging each other. "I never thought we ld do that!" said Belinda.

Mother came and gave her a kiss. Father ed her hair on his way to the bathroom at breakfast everyone seemed to take her .

had Miss Happiness *and* Miss Flower. It n't fair," said Nona.

We should have seen Belinda wasn't left ," said Anne.

I'll make you a Japanese dolls' house if like," said Tom, but as the days went on nda did not really want a Japanese dolls' se, though she liked playing now and then Nona's, but, "I wish there was some- g for me," said Belinda.

t was summer now. They all wore thin hes and sun hats, went bathing and ate ice m. The shops were full of cherries, then peaches; perhaps it was the peaches that e Nona her idea.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower spent ch of their time in the garden and took it

If you pursue two hares, both will escape from you. GREEK PROVERB

turns to carry the paper sunshade. Nona t clover for chrysanthemums in the flower se in the niche—chrysanthemums are Ja- n's own flower—and planted them in the cups by the steps. The tiny willow tree ossomed.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower had sum- r kimonos of pale blue and Anne wove them o flat hats of yellow straw. Mr. Twilfit, Mrs. hton and Melly often came to visit them. iss Lane sent a scroll for summer, with a us flower and a butterfly. In the evenings the rden lantern shone pale in the dusk. "How autiful it is," said Miss Happiness, and Miss ower had a moment of being frightened; her ip had been painted over again, but she still uld not forget the night in the dusty dolls' ouse. "Miss Nona has opened our traveling ox again. Why? Why?" she asked, but Nona as only studying the piece of paper that id, "I send you Miss Happiness, Miss ower and Little Peach."

"Mother, did you ever write to Great-Aunt ucy Dickinson?" asked Nona.

"Why, I forgot!" said Mother.

"Could a letter get to America fast?"

"Of course it could, by air."

"If I write to Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson, ill you help me to buy the stamp? It's a cret," said Nona.

The stamp cost one shilling and threepence, early two whole ninepences. This is the letter lona sent:

ear Great-Aunt Lucy Dickinson:

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower are well. We ave made them a new house, but where is Little each? He wasn't in the box. Please send him.

From your loving niece,
NONA FELL.

.S. When you answer please put "Privit."

That is how she spelt "private"; as you now, she had not been at school very long. he wanted the answer marked "private" so hat no one else would open it. Then she added omething else:

P.S. Please send him quickly.

After Nona had posted the letter she began o look in shops to see how big peaches were.

It was three weeks later, a hot sunny morning, and they all had peaches on their plates for breakfast.

"Christopher Columbus!" said Tom. "Is it someone's birthday?"

"Yes," said Mother, and Nona giggled.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower were at breakfast too. They had paint-water tea on their table, tomatoes which were berries, and white cotton rice; they ate with new pine-needle chopsticks. There were fresh trefoil flowers in the vase—trefoil looks like dolls'-house yellow chrysanthemums—and everything was extra fresh and tidy. "*Is* it a birthday?" asked Tom.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower had their heads bent over their rice, but their glass eyes looked as if they were twinkling.

The biggest peach was Belinda's. It was so big that it looked as if it were spilling over her plate. "Hey, I ought to have that one!" said Father.

"It's Belinda's," said Mother, and Nona gave another giggle.

Mother showed Belinda how to slip her knife in to slit it, but as Belinda touched it the peach seemed to wobble, then came in half. Belinda's eyes grew rounder and rounder, for there, in the middle of the peach, was a boy doll baby.

"A *Japanese* boy doll baby," said Miss Happiness and Miss Flower.

He was little and fat, perhaps two inches high, wearing nothing at all but with black hair—there was a piece of paper over it to protect it from the peach juice, but Belinda snatched it off. His eyes were black glass slits and he had a smile just like Miss Happiness's.

Belinda stared and stared. Then, "How?" she said. "How?"

"Never mind how," said Mother and Nona said, "Who is it?"

With her eyes like bright blue saucers Belinda whispered, "It's . . . it's Little Peach."

END



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FARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

have supposed the partnership to have come to an end after the affair with Naaman, but whom we meet in a later chapter apparently in the best of understanding. Here walk Terence's Davus and Simo, and Plautus's Calidorus and Pseudolus. Here Don Quixote rides forth, with Sancho Panza on his mule by the croup of Rosinante. Here the Fool follows King Lear across the heath in the storm and the black night, here Leporello waits in the street while inside the *palazzo* Don Giovanni "reaps his sweet reward." Phileas Fogg struts onto the stage with one single idea in his head and versatile Passepartout at his heels. In our own streets of old Copenhagen Jeronimus and Magdelone promenade arm in arm, while behind their broad and dignified backs Henrik and Pernille make signs to each other.

The servant may be the more fascinating of the two, still it holds true of him as of his master that his play of colors would fade and his timbre abate, were he to stand alone. He needs a master in order to be himself.

I had in Africa many servants, whom I shall always remember as part of my existence there. There was Ismael, my gunbearer, a mighty huntsman brought up and trained exclusively in the hunter's world, a great tracker and weather prophet, expressing himself in hunters' terminology and speaking of my "big" and my "young" rifle. It was Ismael who after his return to Somaliland addressed his letter to me "Lioness Blixen" and began it "Honourable Lioness." There was old Ismael, my cook and faithful companion on safaris, who was a kind of Mohammedan saint. And there was Kamante, a small figure to look at but great, even formidable, in his total isolation. But Farah was my servant by the grace of God.

Farah and I had all the dissimilarities required to make up a unity: difference of race, sex, religion, milieu and experience. In one thing only were we equal: we had agreed that we were the same age. We were not able to settle the matter exactly, since the Mohammedans reckon with lunar years.

In our day the word "gentleman" is taken less seriously than before, or seems to us to have once taken itself a bit too seriously. But so did Farah take himself seriously.

Farah was a Somali, which means that he was no native of Kenya but an immigrant to the country from Somaliland, farther north. In my day there were a large number of Somali in Kenya. They were greatly superior to the native population in intelligence and culture. They were of Arab blood and looked upon themselves as pureblood Arabs, in some cases even as descendants of the Prophet. On the whole they thought very highly of themselves. They were all fanatical Mohammedans. Most likely Farah's ancestors had been hunters and robbers in the Highlands, and possibly pirates on the Red Sea.

The Somali are very handsome people, slim and erect as all East African tribes, with somber, haughty eyes, straight legs and teeth like wolves'. They are vain and have knowledge of fine clothes. When not dressed as Europeans—for many of them would wear discarded suits of their masters' from the finest London tailors and would look very good in them—they had on long robes of raw silk, with black waistcoats elaborately embroidered in gold. They always wore the turbans of the orthodox Mohammedans in exquisite many-colored cashmeres; those who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca might wear a green turban.

The dark nations of Africa, strikingly precocious as young children, seemed to come to a standstill in their mental growth at different ages. The Kikuyu, Kavirondo and Wakamba, the people who worked for me on the farm, in early childhood were far ahead of white children of the same age, but they stopped quite suddenly at a stage corresponding to that of a European child of nine. The Somali had got further and had all the mentality of boys of our own race at the age of thirteen to seventeen. In such young Europeans, too, the code of honor, the deadly devotion to the grand phrase and the grand gesture, is the passion urging them on to heroic deeds and heroic self-sacrifice, and also at times sinking them into a dark melancholy and resentment unintelligible to grown-up people. The Somali woman seemed to have stolen a small march on her male, and from the time when she can first walk until venerable high age presents the picture of the classic *jeune fille* of Europe: coquettish, wily, covetous beyond belief, and sweetly merciful at the core.

I had read the old Nordic sagas as a child, and now in my intercourse with the Somali I was struck by their likeness to the ancient Icelanders. I was therefore pleased to find Professor Östrup, who is an authority on both nations, making use of a common term to characterize Arabs and Icelanders: he calls them "attitudinizers." The same ravenous ambition to distinguish themselves before all others, and at any cost to immortalize themselves through a word or gesture, lies deep in the hearts of the sons of the desert as it did in the hearts of the untamed, salty young seafarers of the northern seas.

Personally I have always had a predilection for boys, and have at times reflected that the strong sex reaches its highest point of lovableness at the age of twelve to seventeen—to get it back, in a second flowering, at the age of seventy to ninety. So were the Somali from the first day irresistible to me. With the later European settlers, however, they were not popular.

I myself came out to the protectorate of British East Africa before the First World War, while the Highlands were still in very truth the happy hunting grounds, and while the white pioneers lived in guileless harmony with the children of the land. Most of the immigrants had come to Africa, and had stayed on there, because they liked their African existence better than their existence at home, would rather ride a horse than go in a car and rather make up their own campfire than turn on the central heating. Like me, they wished to lay their bones in African soil. They were almost all themselves country-bred and open-air people; many of them were younger sons of old English families, schooled early in life by elderly, dignified keepers and stablemen, and were accustomed to proud servants. Themselves untamed, with fresh hearts, they were capable of forming a Hawkeye-Chingachgook fellowship with a dark, untamed nomad or hunter; they accepted and trusted the Somali, as the Somali accepted and trusted them.

During the war, and the first years after it, no new settlers landed. But in the following years an energetic advertising of the colony of Kenya as a country of unique economic possibilities was started in England, and "Closer Settlement" was made the catchword. It brought out a new class of settlers people who had grown up and lived in one town or one community in England, and who were strangely provincial compared with the African natives, who were at any time prepared for anything. Plots of land were also given out as rewards to British noncommissioned officers, most of whom were city people, who in the loneliness of the great landscapes felt that they had been promised more than they were given.

To these later arrivals to the country the Somali, her earliest immigrants, seemed haughty and unmanageable and were, I believe, on the whole as intolerable as to me and my friends they were indispensable. So it came about that our particular clan of early settlers—arrogantly looking upon ourselves as *Mayflower* people—might be characterized as those Europeans who kept Somali servants and to whom a house without a Somali would be like a house without a lamp. Here were Lord Delamere and Hassan, Berkeley Cole and Jama, Denys Finch-Hatton and Bilea, and I myself and Farah. We were the people who, wherever we met, were followed, at a distance of five feet, by those noble, vigilant and mysterious shadows.

Berkeley Cole and I, in a private jargon of ours, distinguished between respectability and decency, and divided up our acquaintances, human and animal, in accordance with the doctrine. We put down domestic animals as respectable and wild animals as decent, and held that, though the existence and prestige of the first were decided by their relation to the community, the others stood in direct contact with God. Pigs and poultry, we agreed, were worthy of our respect. We watched them in their sties and yards, perseveringly working at the return of investments made, pleasantly feeding, grunting and quacking. And leaving them there, to their own homely, cozy atmosphere, we turned our eyes to the unrespectable, destructive wild boar on his lonely wanderings, or to the wild geese and duck in their purposeful line of flight across the sky, and we felt their course to have been drawn up by the finger of God.

We registered ourselves with the wild animals, sadly admitting the inadequacy of our return to the community—and to our mortgages—but realizing that we could not possibly, not even in order to obtain the highest approval of our surroundings, give up that direct contact with God which we shared with the hippo and the flamingo. Nine thousand feet up we felt safe, and we laughed at the ambition of the new arrivals, of the missions, the business people and the government itself, to make the continent of Africa respectable. A time came when we began to feel uneasy about the matter. The Protestant missions gave much time, energy and money to make the natives put on trousers—in which they looked like giraffes in harness. The French fathers were in better understanding with the children of the land, but they did not have—as they ought to have had—Saint Francis of Assisi at their mission station. The government, turning the great wild plains into game reserves, seemed to succeed in making the lions themselves take on the look of kindly

Ready money is Aladdin's lamp.
BYRON

patresfamilias—times might come when our old feline friends would have their regular meals served them from Game Department canteens. It was doubtful whether then the kongoni would still keep their lonely watcher silhouetted on top of a hill, the eland their silky skin swaying in the dewlap as they trotted along, and their moist eyes, the impala their flying leap. Must there then, even in Africa, be no live creature standing in direct contact with God?

Aye, but there will be, I consoled myself, *as long as I have Farah with me.* For Farah, although gravely posing as a highly respectable major-domo, Malvolio himself, was a wild animal, and nothing in the world would ever stand between him and God. Unfailingly loyal, he was still at heart a wild animal, a cheetah noiselessly following me about at a distance of five feet, or a falcon holding on to my finger with strong talons and turning his head right and left. The qualities with which he served me were cheetah or falcon qualities.

When Farah first took service in my house, or first took my house into possession—for from that day he spoke of "our house," "our horses," "our guests"—it was no common contract which was set up, but a covenant established between him and me *ad majorem domus gloriam*, to the ever-greater glory of the house. My well-being was not his concern, and was hardly of real importance to him, but for my good name and prestige he did, I believe, hold himself responsible before God.

Farah was a highly picturesque figure in my house as he stepped forth on its threshold. In his relations with my native servants he was unwaveringly fair and impartial, and he had a deeper knowledge of them and their course of thought than I could well account for, for I hardly ever saw him converse with them. Farah spoke English correctly, and French as well, for he had in his young days been cabin boy on a French man of war, but he had a few expressions of his own which I ought to have set him right about, but which instead in our talks together I took to using myself. He said "exactly" for "except": "All the cows have come home exactly the gray cow," and I still at times find myself making use of the word in the same way.

Farah had the typical Somali voice, recognizable among all voices of the world, low guttural, with a twofold ring to it, for it was friendly but lent itself excellently well to particular contempt or scorn. He said of an ambitious English friend of the house, "He never get Sir," meaning that he would never obtain the honor of being knighted. At the time when the locusts came upon us the natives roasted and ate them; I had a mind to try them myself, but, still somehow doubtful, asked Farah what they tasted like. "I know not, *mem-sahib*," he answered; "I eat not such small birds." He had a partiality for the demonstrative adjective: "This Arab horse dealer offers you this horse at this price," and rarely spoke about his fellow men but in the same way: "this Kamante," "this Prince of Wales." Thomas Mann in his book *Joseph in Egypt* tells us that the ancient Egyptians had the same usage, and that Joseph taught himself to speak according to their taste: "As we came to this fortress this good old man said to the officer." It may be a particular African inclination.

Farah strictly saw to it that our native servants groomed the horses and polished the silver of the house till they shone. He drove my old Ford car as if it had been a Rothschild's Rolls-Royce. He was a highly expensive functionary in the house, not only because his salary was disproportionately larger than that of my other servants, but because he demanded without mercy demand my house to be run in grand style.

Farah was my cashier; he had charge of the money I took home from the bank and of my keys. He never drew up any accounts for me and would hardly have been able to do so, nor would it ever have occurred to me to demand it from him. I never doubted but that he did to the best of his ability spend my money in the interest of my house. Only there always remained to me a strong exciting element of suspense as to his views of the interests of the house.

I once asked him, "Farah, can you give me five rupees?" and he asked me in return "What do you want them for, *mem-sahib?*" "I want to buy a new pair of slacks," I said. Farah shook his head. "We cannot afford that this month, *mem-sahib*," he said. He told me: "I pray to God that your old riding boots may last till your new ones arrive out from London." Farah had good knowledge of riding boots and felt it to be below my dignity to walk about in boots made by the Indians in Nairobi.

To make up for it he was liberal in other matters. He decreed: "We must have champagne for dinner tonight, *mem-sahib*." My English friends who in between their long safaris stayed in my house kept it in wine of very high standard, but when they were away for a long time I ran short. "We have got a little champagne left, Farah," I said. "We must have champagne," Farah said again. "Have you forgotten, *mem-sahib*, that there is a *mem-sahib* coming for dinner?" My guests as a rule were men.

When Prince Wilhelm of Sweden was coming for tea to the farm, in his honor I wanted to make a kind of Swedish cake called *Klejn* for which you need a little bit, what the cookery books call a pinch, of cardamom. As Farah was going to Nairobi I added the cardamom to his shopping list. "I do not know," I said, "whether the white grocers will have it. But if you cannot get it from them you must go to the Indians." The great Indian traders, Suleiman Virjee and Allidina Visram, were personal friends of Farah's and owned more than half of the native trade quarter which was called the Bazaar.

Farah came back late in the evening and reported: "This precious spice, *mem-sahib*, which other Europeans do not know, but which we must have, was very difficult to get. First I went to these white grocers, but they had not got it. Then I went to Suleiman Virjee and he had it. And then I bought for five hundred rupees." A rupee was two shillings. "You are crazy, Farah," I said. "I meant you to buy for ten cents." "You did not tell me so," said Farah. "No, I did not tell you so,"



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toddler talk

Talk tip. It's all right to indulge in a certain amount of gurgle and coo talk when baby is very young. It encourages baby to make sounds, the first step to real speech. But once he reaches the year mark, it's a good idea to use proper words, speak slowly and clearly, and point to objects as you talk.

Feeding findings. Most toddler feeding problems fall into two classes. One is that baby does not eat enough or what the mother thinks is enough. The other is a child's refusal to eat foods mother thinks he should have. Usually these foods are milk, meat and vegetables. It's important to remember a child's appetite is a good guide to how much he should eat and there is no one food he must eat.

Disguise tactics. Toddlers often go through an anti-milk stage. You can see that your tyke gets a fair share with these disguises:

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said. "I thought you had human intelligence. But in any case I have no use for five hundred rupees' worth of cardamom, and you will have to give it back to Suleiman Virjee where you got it." I at once realized that it would be impossible to make Farah carry out my order. It was not the inconvenience that he feared, for no kind of inconvenience means anything to a Somali. But he would not allow Suleiman Virjee to believe that a house like ours could do with less than five hundred rupees' worth of cardamom.

He thought the matter over and said, "No. No, that would not be good, *mem-sahib*. But I will tell you what we will do. I shall take over this lot." So we left it at that, and the Somali are such furious tradespeople that Farah at once got the hitherto unknown article introduced on the farm, so that soon every self-esteeming Kikuyu went about chewing cardamom and dashingly spitting out the capsules. I tried it myself and it was not bad. I feel that Farah made a handsome profit on the transaction.

Farah's knowledge of native mentality came in useful to me.

Once, at the end of a month, when I had been paying out their wages to my people on the farm, in going through my accounts I found that a hundred-rupee note was missing and must have been stolen. I passed on the sad news to Farah, and he at once very calmly declared that he would get me my money back. "But how?" I asked him. "There have been more than a thousand people up here, and we have no idea at all as to who may be the thief."

"Nay, but I will get you your money back," said Farah.

He walked away, and toward evening returned carrying with him a human skull. This may sound highly dramatic, but was in itself nothing out of the normal. For centuries the natives had not buried their dead but had laid them out on the plain where jackals and vultures would take care of them. One might at any time, riding or walking there, in the long grass knock against an amber-colored thighbone or a honey-brown skull.

Farah rammed down a pole outside my door and nailed the skull to the top of it. I stood by and watched him without enthusiasm. "What is the good of that, Farah?" I asked him. "The thief will already be far away. And must I now have that skull of yours set up just outside my door?" Farah did not answer, he took a step back to survey his work and laughed. But next morning by the foot of the pole a stone was lying, and underneath it a hundred-rupee note. By what dark, crooked paths it had got there I was not told, and now shall never know.

Farah, as already told, was a strict Mohammedan, burning in the spirit.

Of Mohammedan philosophy or theology I know nothing; all the same, I feel that you cannot live for a long time among Mohammedans without your own view of life being in some way influenced by theirs.

I have been told that the word "Islam" in itself means submission; the creed may be defined as the religion which ordains acceptance. And the follower of the Prophet does not accept with reluctance or with regret but with rapture. There is in his preaching, as I know it from his unlearned disciples, a tremendous erotic element.

"Sweet scents, incense and perfumes are dear to my heart," says the Prophet. "But the glory of women is dearer. The glory of women is dear to my heart. But the glory of prayer is dearer."

In contrast to many modern Christian ideologies, Islam does not occupy itself with justifying the ways of God to man; its Yes is universal and unconditional.

They rush forth, these warriors of the great fantasias, to meet the will of God—His adorable will—as the Jews rush forth to meet the Sabbath: "Get thee up, brethren, to welcome the bride!" Or David, King of Israel, in his Psalm 119: "O how love I thy law!" They are a communion of yes-sayers, they are in love with danger, with death and with God.

As Job's laments are not silenced by expositions of the justice and mercy of God, but it is before the revelation of God's greatness that the complainer surrenders and consents, the Prophet surrenders and consents: "God is great." In the same way did Farah cons
when after three weeks' hard tracking we c
up close to a herd of elephants and I shot
missed, and the elephants marched awa
that we never saw them again. In the s
way did he consent when in a year of dro
news was brought him from Somaliland
half his camels had perished, and when I
him of Denys Finch-Hatton's death: "G
great."

It is a general notion among Christians
Mohammedanism is more intolerant t
Christianity, but such is not my own
perience. There were three great prophe
Nebbes—Farah told me: Mohammed, J
and Moses. He would not recognize Chri
the Son of God, for God could have no sc
the flesh, but he would agree that He
no human father. He named Him Isa
Mariammo. About Mariammo he
much, praising her beauty and virginity—
had, he said, been walking in her moth
garden when an angel had brushed her sh
der with his wing; through this she had
ceived. He smacked his own small son S
because he repeated some words of a
about the Virgin which naughty Kikuyu
from the Scotch mission had taught him.

When in the 'thirties I was staying in
south of England with the Earl of Winchi
the painter John Philpot came down to p
the portrait of my hostess, who was very lo
He had traveled much in North Africa,
on an afternoon when we were walking
gether in the park he recounted to me a
perience of his from there.

> **Friendship is the highest degree of perfection in society.** MONTAIGNE

In the First World War, he said, he had
a shell shock or a nervous breakdown
would never feel sure that he was doing
he ought to do.

"When I was painting a picture," he
plained, "I felt that I ought to make up
bank account. When I was making up
bank account, I felt that I ought to go f
walk. And when, in a long walk, I had got
miles away from home, I realized that I o
to be, at this very moment, in front of
easel. I was constantly in flight, an exile ev
where.

"It happened that I and my African ser
in our travels came to a small North Afr
village. It stood in a flat plain, and was not
but a number of mud-built huts with an
broad mud-built wall round it. The only
ticular thing that I remember about it
great multitude of storks, a stork's nest o
most every house. But at the moment wh
had come through the gate in the wall I
that this was a place of refuge. There c
upon me a strange, blissful calm, a happi
like what you feel when a high fever le
you. 'Here,' I thought, 'one can remain.'

"I stayed in the village for a fortnight
the time in that same sweet peace of soul
giving no thought to the past or the future
a day when I was painting a picture, an
man, a priest, came up and spoke to m
hear from your servant,' he said, 'that
have finished your wanderings and will
with us, since here you have found
I answered him that it was as he said,
that I could not explain to myself why it sh
be so.

" 'Master,' said the old man, 'I shall exp
it to you. There is something special a
our village, things have happened here
have happened nowhere else. It came ab
not when I was a boy myself but when
father was a boy of twelve, and he has rel
it to me as it happened. Turn your eyes t
gate in the wall behind us. Above it you
see a ledge, where two men can sit, for in
days watchmen were here looking out for
that might approach across the plain. To
very ledge above the gate came the Pro
himself and your prophet, Jesus Christ.
met here to talk together of man's lot on e
and of the means by which the people of

CONTINUED ON PAGE

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"IT POURS LIKE A PITCHER"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

earth might be helped. Those standing down below could not hear what they said to each other. But they could see the Prophet, as he explained his thoughts, striking his hand against his knee, and thereupon Jesus Christ lifting His hand and answering him. They sat there, deep in talk, till night fell and the people could no longer see them. And it is from that time, master, that our village has got peace of heart to give away.'

"I wonder," said Mr. Philpot, "whether a clergyman of the Church of England would have told that tale."

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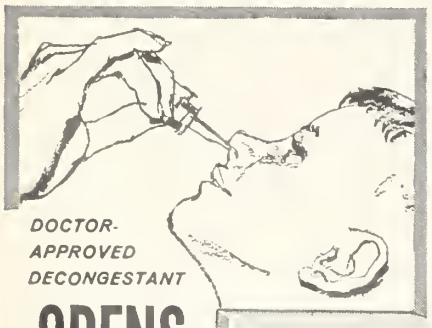
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From the makers of St. Joseph Aspirin For Children

Like all Mohammedans, Farah was without fear. Europeans call the Islamitic view of life fatalism. I myself do not think that the Prophet's followers see the happenings of life as predestined and therefore inescapable. They are fearless because confident that what happens is the best thing.

Farah, in one of my first years in Africa, stood beside me when a wounded lion charged—"charged home," as hunters say, meaning that now only death will stop him. Farah had no rifle with him, and at that time, I believe, but slight faith in my marksmanship. But he did not move, I do not think that he winced. Good luck had it that with my second shot I hit the lion so that he rolled over like a hare, then Farah very quietly walked up to him and inspected him.

At a later time, though, to my surprise I heard Farah speak in deep admiration of my skill with a rifle. During one of our long safaris, when in the morning after a night's shooting I was still in bed in my tent, a young Englishman who had his camp some miles south of ours, and who had heard about us from the natives, came over to inquire about water and game and to have company. He and Farah were talking together outside the tent, and I could follow their conversation through the canvas. "What kind of *bwana* are you out with?" the Englishman asked. "Is he a good shot, and are you getting anything?" "I am with no *bwana*," Farah answered, "but with a *mem-sahib* from a distant country. And she never misses a thing."

On this occasion Farah seemed to enjoy talking about me. Generally the Somali will not discuss women and you cannot make them tell you of their wives and daughters.

It is a strange thing that I should have this taboo in me still. At times, when people speak or write about me, I feel that I am breaking my covenant with Farah.

When the Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor, in 1928 came on his first visit to Kenya, I had been invited by my friend Joanie Grigg, the governor's wife, to stay for a week at Government House. I felt that this was an opportunity of bringing the cause of the natives, in the matter of their taxation, before the prince, and was happy about this chance of getting the ear of the future King of England. *Only*, I said to myself, *it will have to be done in a pleasant manner. For if it does not amuse him he will do nothing about it.*

As I sat beside the prince at dinner I cautiously tried to turn his interest the way I wanted. I had been describing the big *ngomas* on the farm, and as he said good night to me he added, "I should like to dine with you on Friday and to see such a *ngoma*." This was Tuesday night, and for the next two days the prince would be up at Nanyuky for the races.

When I came up to my rooms in Government House I found Farah there waiting for orders for the morrow, for you always bring your own servant with you when staying in the houses of your friends. I said to him, "Something terrible has happened to us, Farah. The prince is coming out on Friday to dine and to see our people dance. And you know that they will not dance at this time of the year." For these *ngomas* were ritual dances connected with the harvest, and all settlers knew well enough that in this matter the natives would rather die than break with a sacred law of a thousand years.

Farah was as deeply shaken by the news as I myself. For a few minutes he was struck dumb and turned into stone. In the end he spoke. "If it be indeed so, *mem-sahib*," he said, "to my mind there is only one thing for us to do. I shall take the car and go round to the big chiefs. I shall speak to them and tell them that now they must come to help you. I shall remind them that three months ago you helped them." I had had the luck to be able to assist the natives in a matter between them and the government concerning salt rocks to which they had formerly brought their cattle to lick salt. "But then," Farah added with some misgiving, "I can do nothing about this dinner. You will have to look after that, with Kamante, *mem-sahib*." There was some distance and hardly any roads between the *manyattas* of the great chiefs, and the old men would seize this opportunity to talk. I answered, "Nay, give no thought to that. I and Kamante will be able to look after it. For I think that you are right and that this is the best thing we can do."

I returned to the farm to make preparations for Friday with a somewhat heavy heart, and Farah drove out from it, an ambassador on a tricky mission. When on the morning of Friday he was not back, the entire household, preparing the lobster up from Mombasa, the spur fowl brought in by Masai Morani, and Kamante's Cumberland sauce for the ham, was dead silent. It would be a dark, eternal shame to our house and to all of us, were the prince to come out to see a *ngoma*, and we to have no *ngoma* to show him.

But already at eight or nine o'clock our own young men and girls of the farm began to hang round the house, in the mysterious way of the natives aware that great things were about to happen. During the next few hours dance-loving young people from farms farther away followed, coming up the long avenue in small groups. Kamante, for once taking an optimistic view of a situation, remarked to me that this was like the time when the locusts came: one by one, then a number together, then in the end more than we would be able to count. At eleven o'clock we heard the car coming up the drive asthmatically. She was all plastered in mud and dust and Farah himself as he stepped out of her seemed to have faded, in the way of dark people when thoroughly exhausted. I felt that all through these two nights he must have sat up in unceasing palaver with the old chiefs. Yet at the very first glance we all knew him to have come back victorious.

"*Mem-sahib*," he said in a voice almost as hoarse as that of the car, "they are coming. They are coming all of them, and they are bringing their young men and their virgins."

They did indeed follow close on the track of the car, swarming, as Kamante had predicted, locustlike, a stream of supple, fiery young people of both sexes, set on dancing, should ... cost them their lives. The small groups of ... old chief and his aged counselors, in ric... heavy monkeyskin cloaks, advanced in stat... isolated from the common crowd by ten fe... of empty space before and after them.

That night there were between two and thr... thousand dancers at the dancing place by ... house. The moon was full, and there was ... breath of wind; the circle of small fires blaz... and glowed a long way into the woods a... sent up thin columns of smoke toward the sk... It was a fine *ngoma;* I have seen no finer an... where.

The prince made the tour of the forest ba... room, stopping to speak to the old chiefs o... after the other. He spoke to them in Swahi... and they, hanging on to their sticks, gave h... their answers keenly from smiling, toothl... mouths, after which, for obvious reasons, ... conversation ceased. He made an impressi... on the ancients; afterward they liked to spe... about him. Africans laugh for reasons differe... from those of Europeans, most often fro... sheer spite but often also from mere content... for a long time they laughed when they spol... of the prince, as if we had been discussing ... very precious baby. I believe that the prin... himself was pleased with his *ngoma*.

A fortnight later I again sent for the Kiku... chiefs. I had, I said to them, on the day of t... *ngoma* found myself in a difficult position... had asked them to help me and they h... helped me, now I wanted to thank them. ... handed over a present to each of them, but ... now I do not remember whether of a p... ticularly fine rug or a goat.

A very old man, after they had had a f... minutes to let my message sink into the... came up and spoke to me. "Now you ha... told us, *msabu*," he said, "that on the day ... the great *ngoma* you found yourself in diffic... position, and you asked us to help you and ...

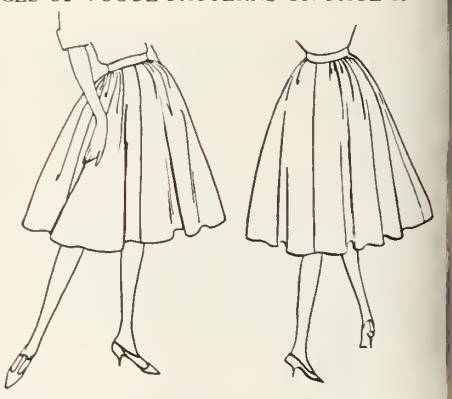
CONTINUED ON PAGE 1...

Holiday Separates

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 69

Vogue Design No. 9810. Blouse; 10–18 (31–38); 75c. Version shown requires ¾ yard of 54″ fabric without nap, size 14.







Vogue Design No. 9185. "Easy to Make" blouse; 10–20 (31–40); 60c. Version shown requires 1⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 9925. "Very Easy to Make" skirts; 24–30 waist measure; 60c. Either version shown requires 2⅝ yards of 45″ fabric without nap or 2 yards of 54″ fabric without nap, size 26 waist.





"...to keep Ruthie going all morning long

I usually give her a good hot oatmeal breakfast... oatmeal's easy enough to fix and it seems to stay with her 'til lunch...I do think it makes us both feel better..."

(from a taped interview with a Buffalo, N.Y. housewife)



YOU KNOW YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST_WITH HOT QUAKER OATS OR MOTHER'S OATS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

helped you. Now you wanted to thank us, so you have given each of us a present. May we now say something to you?" This is a common address with natives; you cannot well refuse the request, but after it you will have to be prepared for anything. I told the old man that he was free to say to me what he liked. "*Msabu*," he said with much weight and satisfaction, "I shall, then, like to tell you something of which among ourselves we have talked much, and about which we are happy. We think that on the night when the *Toto a Soldani* came here to see our young men and virgins dance, among the *msabus* present you had on the nicest frock. It pleased our hearts, *msabu*, it still pleases our hearts when we think about it. For we all think that here, every day on the farm, you are terribly badly dressed."

I did not contradict him. Generally on the farm I wore old khaki slacks stained with oil, mud and fouling. My people had dreaded, on a historical occasion on the farm and at a moment when I had called upon them to do their utmost, to see me let them down.

For the sake of my female readers I shall here insert that at the time of the prince's visit I had not been to Europe for four years and could have no real idea as to what fashions there were like. So I asked the house in Paris which had my measures and was to make my frock to follow their own notions about what would be truly chic. They had had the good sense to make me, in the heyday of the chemise frock, a so-called robe-de-style not likely to go out of fashion, with a hooped skirt of great fullness, in silver brocade. I think it pleased my people to see me, among the lank women of the dinner party, suddenly swell out to an unexpected voluminousness.

As now the old chiefs and I in our talk together had got on to that very pleasant theme of my frock, I wanted to hear more of what they thought about it. But at this moment Farah stepped onto the stage, followed by Kamante carrying a wooden bowl that contained tombacco—snuff—for my guests. He looked approving but stern. He was not insensitive to popularity, but he was resolved on keeping the Kikuyu in their place, and me in mine.

"Wait a little, Farah," I said. "I am talking with the old people, they are talking with me."

"No, *mem-sahib*," said Farah. "No. Now these Kikuyus have said enough about this frock. Now it is time that they have this tombacco."

Then came the hard times on the farm, and my certainty that I could not keep it. And then began my ever-repeated travels to Nairobi with such sorry aims as keeping my creditors quiet, obtaining a better price for the farm and, at the very end, after I had in reality lost the farm and become, so to say, a tenant in my own house, securing for my squatters the piece of land in the reserve where according to their wish they could remain together. It took a long time before I could make the government consent to my scheme. On these expeditions Farah was always with me.

And now it happened that he unlocked and opened chests of which till then I had not known, and displayed a truly royal splendor. He brought out silk robes, gold-embroidered waistcoats, and turbans in glowing and burning reds and blues, or all white—which is a rare thing to see and must be the real gala headdress of the Somali—heavy gold rings and knives in silver and ivory-mounted sheaths, with a riding whip of giraffe hide inlaid with gold, and in these things he looked like the Caliph Harun al-Rashid's own bodyguard. He followed me, very erect, at a distance of five feet, where I walked, in my old slacks and patched shoes, up and down Nairobi streets. There he and I became a true unity, as picturesque, I believe, as that of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. There he lifted up me and himself to a classic plane, such as that of which the Norwegian poet Wergeland speaks:

Death follows the happy man like a stern master,
The unfortunate like a servant,
Who is ever ready to receive his master's cloak and mask.

When I had sold all the contents of my house, my paneled rooms became sounding boards. If I sat down on one of the packing cases containing things to be sent off, now my only furniture, voices and tunes of old rang through the nobly bare room intensified, clear. When during these months a visitor came to the farm, Farah stood forth, holding open the door to the empty rooms as if he had been doorkeeper to an imperial palace.

No friend, brother or lover, no nabob suddenly presenting me with the amount of money needed to keep the farm, could have done for me what my servant Farah then did. Even if I had nothing else for which to be grateful to him—but that I have got, and more than I can set down here—I should still for the sake of these months, now, thirty years after, and as long as I live, be in debt to him. END

The best men in any profession are essentially teachers.
CURTIS BOK
I TOO NICODEMUS
(PUBLISHED BY ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.)



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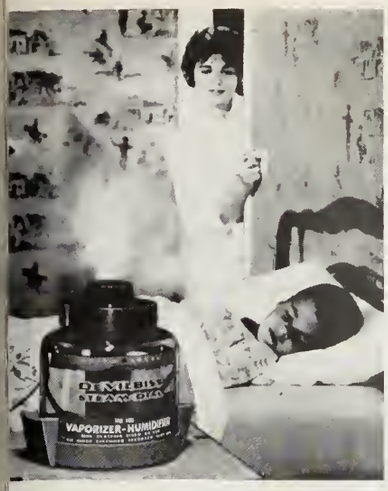
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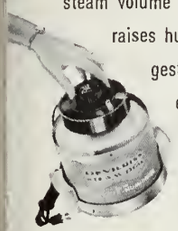
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COMMENDED PARENTS MAGAZINE

CELEBRITY SLIM-DOWN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71

"Your *health?*" we asked in a last-ditch attempt to find the sunny side of calorie counting.

"Health? Oh, much, much better," he replied, "I can tell, and my doctor confirms my belief. But ——"

"Thank you very *much*," we said, concluding the interview in the knowledge we mustn't press our luck too far.

"The times I really have to watch my weight are after the babies are born," says beautiful Ursula Thiess, wife of Robert Taylor and mother of four children ranging in ages from 17 years to 1 year. Ursula, who is 5'7" tall, "big-boned," and who generally maintains a weight of 127 pounds, admits to postnatal hip and waist expansion. To counteract it, she immediately cuts down on calories after each baby, and within weeks after they are born she enrolls in a gym course. "I sign up for a two-month course," she says, "go three days a week for a 30-to-45-minute exercise session. And I really *work out*, doing exercises to cover the entire body with emphasis on my weak spots." For standing exercises (bends and stretches) Ursula accelerates their effectiveness by holding two-pound weights in each hand. (At home, two-pound salt boxes do the trick.) However, the two exercises Ursula has found to help her most are ones she can do lying down. They are:

For a flatter, firmer abdomen: Lie flat on back, arms relaxed at sides, legs and feet together. Without using arms for support, s-l-o-w-l-y lift legs, knees straight, as high as possible (work up to a 90° angle to floor), then s-l-o-w-l-y lower legs to floor. Repeat 3 or 4 times in beginning, gradually work up to 10 or 15 or as many as you can do comfortably and without fatigue.

For tinier waist, trimmer hips and thighs: Lie flat on back, arms stretched overhead, hands grasping something (legs of chair or table) for help in holding upper body still. Knees flexed. Keeping shoulders and back as flat against floor as possible, swing flexed knees first over and down to touch right side of floor, then over and down to touch left side of floor. Repeat 3 times each side, gradually work up to as many "swings" as you can do comfortably and without fatigue.

"With all that exercising, Ursula gets so strong I have to stop her!" exclaims Robert Taylor, whose own weight-consciousness has kept him at a trim "175 pounds for the past twenty years." How does he do it? All husbands take note: "Ursula and I both love good food—and that includes rich food—but neither of us eats a *lot*. If we have mashed potatoes and gravy, or chili and beans, or pie or cake, we relish it, but in small amounts." In addition, the Taylors run two large ranches, one in California, one in Wyoming, each demanding quite strenuous physical activity on both their parts. "Monday through Friday we are up at 6:15 A.M. In addition to keeping our hands in the actual running of the ranches, we ride horseback regularly," says the man of the house, "while Ursula takes on the main charge of the children and gets plenty of gardening in to boot."

In other words, the Taylors practice what all knowledgeable figure experts preach: "Eat well, but in moderation, and get plenty of physical exercise."

"Keep physically active every day and you're bound to stay slim," says Ginger Rogers, whose fabulous figure is as pretty today as it was 20, even 30, years ago.

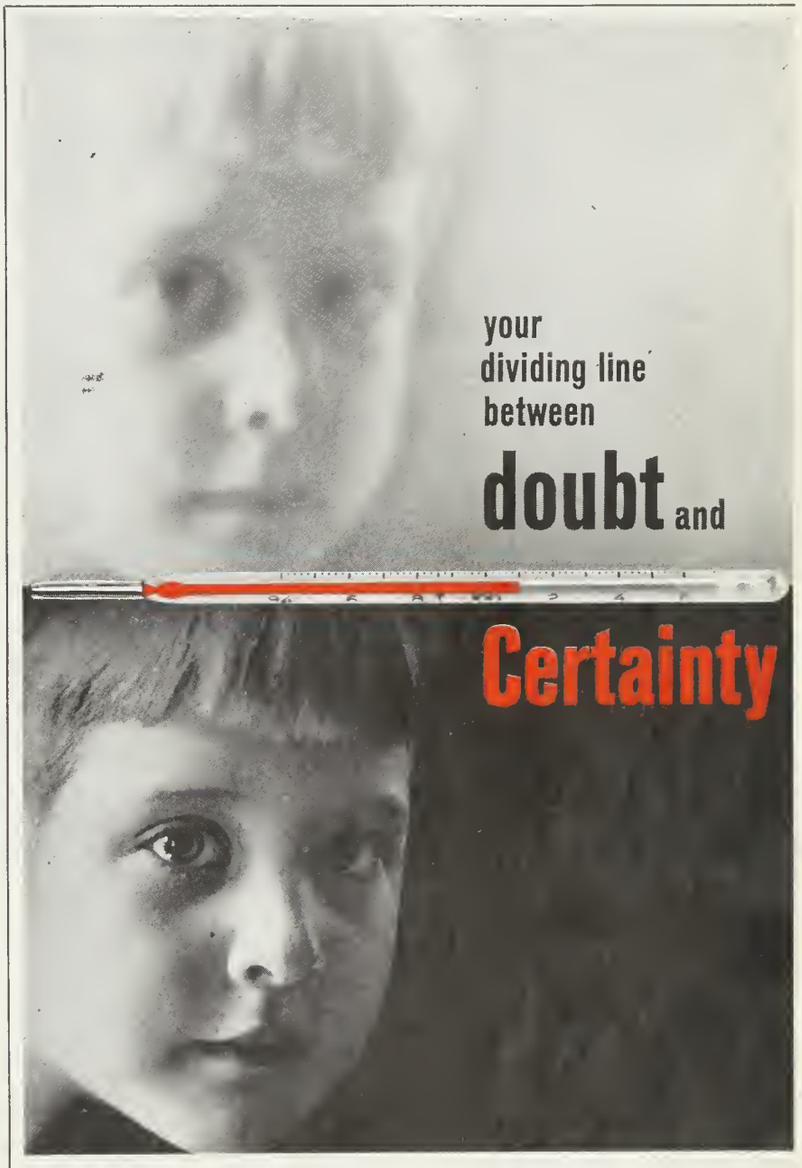
Ginger is 5'4½" tall, weighs 121 pounds—"117 when I'm working hard"—and has these measurements: bust, 37"; waist, 23¼"; hips, 37".

Her secret? "I'm a sports bum. I love tennis and play three times a week, even when I'm exhausted after a day's work. Physical activity refreshes me, and gives me new energy. I swim, I walk, I dance, I *work*. I have to keep busy to keep happy. Slowing down during the day is not in my nature, any more than eating is a hobby.

"To me, a leisurely lunch is the most boring meal in the world. I couldn't possibly be happy taking one or two hours to sit over a meal in the middle of the day when there are so many more interesting things to do—places to go, people to see. Of course I do eat lunch, but quickly. I pick up a bite from the refrigerator—cold meat, a lovely whole tomato, fresh fruit juice, skim milk."

In view of Ginger's emphasis on physical activity, she is able to eat heartily without gaining weight. For instance, for breakfast she might have orange juice, soft-cooked eggs, toast with jam, coffee with cream. Dinner, California style, is always prefaced with a "huge mixed salad tossed lightly with dressing." (Having a salad *before* a main course is an appetite appeaser for any figure-minded woman.) After the salad comes a steak or chops, calf's liver or brook trout, a fresh vegetable, and usually a light dessert. "But I adore ice cream and eat it often," Ginger says. "When I *do* eat the so-called 'fattening foods,' I more than make up for them with exercise. They never have a chance to work into fat for me.

"Maybe I was born to be busy. But I think all women can acquire a taste for physical activity. I know one thing: I'll never take time to sit down and become a vegetable!" END



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HER DEAREST WISH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

've known that for years," I told her. e got everything a woman wants."

he raised her tiny eyebrows and rolled her at me in exasperation. "Suppose I start all : You are today the most fabulously lucky an in the world. I am a fairy, blue suit and have appeared in ectoplasmic form so that can see me. Every hundred years I do this one person. Can you figure out what I am ing up to?"

he stopped and looked at me expectantly. 'm not sure," I said, sort of feeling my along. "But if there is anything I can do you, I'd be awfully glad to do it. I never a fairy around before, you know. Would like something to eat or drink? The coffee esh and hot—it always is around here."

he threw back her head and laughed, and sound was lovely, like those glass chimes her used to hang on the porch for the ze to tinkle.

People are not usually concerned with g a fairy a favor, young lady," she said. ked that "young lady.") "They are usually ty quick to figure the other way around. ay, this very hour—*you are to have any granted.*"

could only sit there and look stupid. (You understand by this time, can't you, why I hesitated to tell any of my friends what pened to me? I have sat with them through ral bridge sessions since and never said word. They probably think Bill and I found a new vitamin pill. I can't even Bill or the children. But I'm having a ball, mmy expresses it, just writing it all down.)

Take your time." She smiled patiently. n't rush at it and then perhaps later wish rently. Just remember, this is a big deal. nce-in-a-lifetime thing. You make a wish I make it come true."

couldn't stand that expectant look any er. "I wouldn't know what to wish for."

here are lots of things to want," she ted out. "Money, power, health—the abil- o paint, or sing, or dance like Pavlova? last woman I talked to wanted four chil- and felt she couldn't wait to have them at a time. I gave her two sets of twins. It seemed such a ridiculous thing to want that I never did go back to check on how she got along. She probably thought they were wonderful."

"You sent her twins? How? I mean, did you leave them on her doorstep in baskets?"

"Don't be ridiculous. The whole matter went through regular channels and looked perfectly normal to the public. Even her husband didn't know there was any hanky-panky. Nine months, and a double bundle from heaven. Ten months later, another double-header. Probably the woman herself thought I was just brought on by indigestion and that the cause of it all was in the other side of the bed. Oh, well, you'll probably rationalize me right out of existence too."

"Well, I wouldn't want four more children. I have three already and I'm awfully fond of them."

"How about money? Lots of money. Enough to buy anything in the world you want. An air-conditioned limousine, the biggest and best. Nassau or Jamaica in the winter. Maids to do your bidding. Fabulous furs."

She reached back on the hassock and picked up a tiny fur coat, so soft and smooth it might have been made of spun honey. She stroked it and held it to her chin. I itched to touch it, too, but I do not envy women who stroke furs and croon to them. I think how lucky are we who have held a baby's head up under our chin and crooned a little from pure happiness over its softness.

"I really don't want furs very much," I told her. "I couldn't go to Jamaica or Nassau in the winter, because the children have to be in school. A new car would be nice, but our old station wagon will haul a whole Scout troop with no worry about damage and when I scrape the white side walls on the curb as I park no one says anything because they aren't white any more anyway."

"What about jewels?"

"My engagement ring is a pearl, but it was Bill's mother's and it means more to me than a new diamond would."

"Far be it from me to talk you into anything," said the fairy, carefully considering her manicure. "Health?"

I crossed my fingers carefully, as I always do before I brag. "We're so healthy. Look," I hedged, "how about that coffee? We could drink it here by the fire. Maybe if I had a cup of coffee I could figure out what I want to wish for."

She gave me a sharp glance, and then she smiled and agreed that she would like a small amount, very hot and very black.

I flew to the kitchen, leaving her sitting there on the hassock, apparently getting ready to light a cigarette. I didn't stop to make sure, for I had had about all I could take for a little while. (If I were reading a story like this, right about here I would conclude that in the last paragraph the human would stretch her arms and find she had gone to sleep over her brass andirons. This time I'd be wrong. No one had been asleep.)

I looked around my kitchen, so calm and peaceful, and no fairies sitting around. I almost patted my silver cooky tray as I got it out for some brownies. I reached for two of my best cups and saucers, for it isn't every day you serve a fairy.

Then I remembered a few weeks before Ann had brought down the fragile china doll-size tea set which Bill, that long-ago Christmas, had said wasn't fair to give such a little girl but which I held out for because I wanted her to know what beautiful things were like even if some broke. So now I reached around and found a cup and saucer small enough and pretty enough for that very sophisticated fairy who was sitting on the edge of my red velvet hassock, smoking a cigarette.

I paused to wonder a moment if the cigarette had a filter tip, and the amusement I got out of the notion braced me up enough to pour the coffee, put it on a tray with the cookies, take a deep breath and one last look at that quiet, normal kitchen of mine, then push on through the swinging doors to the living room and my visitor.

There she sat, her hands clasped about the knee of one crossed leg and her foot swinging. She was obviously pleased with the tiny cup and saucer, and seemed to get real pleasure out of the coffee. She picked up a crumb of a cooky.

"This is the first time I ever tried mortal food. It always looked mortal dull to me. But people seem to get a great deal of pleasure out of consuming it. You must be considered a pretty good cook."

"Thank you. My family thinks so, but I'm not, really. If it weren't for those magic mixes ——"

"Magic?" asked the fairy.

"Well, not real magic like you have. They mix up stuff in great barrels and shovel it into little boxes, and when we put water with it and beat hard it turns out cakes and cookies like the ones mother used to wish she could make. It saves a lot of time."

"And what do you do with the time you save?" She really seemed to want to know. "Anything that really inspires you? What takes hold of your heart and mind and makes you feel that everything is worth the effort?"

You can't explain to someone like her that what really makes you happy is having your husband come in in the evening and act as if home is the mirage in the desert and you are the queen. Or how you felt yesterday having your daughter put on the aqua-blue dress you had designed just for her and, on her way to a fifth-grade party, stop long enough to say, "It will be the prettiest dress there." You can't tell her how you feel when the children are all asleep for the night and the dog settles down on your feet in such trust that you let numbness set in rather than disturb his sleep.

Said the fairy, "I'm sure you must be happy in your own way; it's just that I don't understand it. Let's get back to this wish business."

"I'd like to talk to Bill about it," I told her.

"Well, you can't," said the fairy. "This is strictly between us girls. Come on now. I've got to fade out of here very shortly. You surely aren't completely satisfied, are you?"

"It's not that I think I have it made," I explained. "It is just that what I lack is sort of basic, and fairy or no fairy, my problem is here to stay."

"Nonsense!" she replied briskly. "Come now. I can do anything. Let's have it."

"What I really want and have always wanted," I began, trying to think this through carefully so that I wouldn't make a mistake, "is hard to put into a single wish, unless you might say that what I wish for is Basic Improvement. Is that possible?"

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCELENE COX

Adolescent: someone who doesn't mind being driven unless he's in the family car.

It's amazing how voluble a shy child becomes with potential buyers to whom his parents anticipate selling their house.

A wise young couple once resolved that when arguments arose they would pitch in and clean up the house *before* saying a word. Just as they had anticipated, working together eased their tempers and hastened their forgiveness. And they always lived happily . . . in the neighborhood's most immaculate house.

Experience: the alphabet for reading life.

In a well-managed house, some things should be allowed to wear out . . . unless you want to *buy* your cleaning cloths.

Overheard: "She thinks the stove won't work unless she's there to turn it on."

The clothes dryer has eliminated an important line of information on a new neighbor.

A mother's day is a constant mound of activity.

One thing that never can be replaced once it is lost: wonder.

The older one grows, the younger older people seem.

In family life, it isn't the dawn that comes up like thunder, but the children.

The brand-new parents in our neighborhood had indigestion the other day; their baby was off its diet.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when all colors of a flower came in *one* package.

"It is putting things back on things other people leave off that takes my time," opined one mother; "top off the tooth paste, top off the milk bottle, lid from the peanut-butter jar, lid from the ——"

Unless a wife places value upon herself, a husband will regard her casually as part of himself and his equipment.

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"It is possible," she replied.

"Well then, I would like to be brighter but not enough so to offend anyone. Just bright enough so that the checkbook comes out right each month and I don't get panicky when they ask me for an opinion in a committee meeting. I don't want to rewrite Einstein's theory or know as much about making pictures as Bill does; I just want to be able to do more than be sympathetic and motherly when Jim gets into high school and brings home his schoolwork."

I was beginning to get warmed up to the subject and she looked so interested that I kept going.

"I would like to be more skillful. I'd like to be able to fix my ironing cord myself and drive a nail straight if the boys aren't home. I don't want to do gourmet cooking, but I do wish I could roast a beef without worrying and bake pies like the ones Bill's mother makes. And I wish I were a better mother. Bill says the children will have lots worse than an impatient mother to put up with, and they should learn early."

"Very interesting," said the fairy. "And not impossible at all. Is that all you had in mind?"

"No," I admitted. "I'm coming to the most important part of it all. I wish I were more nearly beautiful."

"Which kind of beauty do you favor?" she asked. "The classic madonna type, the fiery Latin, the doll-faced blonde, or—heaven forbid—do you have some multimeasured, open-mouthed, panting movie siren in mind?"

"Oh, no," I exclaimed quickly, for fear she might wave some sort of magic wand and make me over right then and there. I didn't want Bill coming home that night and taking Marilyn Monroe in his arms. I didn't want her hanging over Jim's bed to tuck in his covers either. Not at that in-between stage he is in. And goodness knows what a woman like that might do to Ann and Billy, even though it was really me in disguise. Probably none of the stuff they say about those sy movie stars is really true, but all the sam I am me. I surely couldn't still be me and l k that different, could I? You see my probl ?

The fairy seemed to sense my confus n. "Take your time," she said. "Now, just w beautiful would you like to be?"

"I still want to be me," I explained. o we can't go too far."

"Where shall we start?" she asked.

"At the top. With my hair," I said. "Le e it the color it is but make it do something o that when I wash it, it will lie the way yo s does and I won't look as if I just came in ou f a windstorm. Brighten up my eyes and ta e away these shadows that keep getting dar r. Pull my facial muscles tighter, but not b k to the way they were at eighteen. Bill says it I'd look pretty silly with the face of a gir f eighteen after all the living we've done. o you see what I mean?"

"I think so," said the fairy. "Go on."

"I'd like to be a couple of inches taller, it I can't ask for that—Bill would never get o r that much of a change. I think women l k so smart in their clothes when they are ab t five-six or five-eight, don't you?"

"I never thought about it that way," d the fairy, glancing down the full length of r six inches.

"If you were a woman, instead of a fairy ——"

"God forbid!" She shuddered.

"I'd expect you to be about that height d like to have arms a little fuller and ankl a

> It is often said by the heedless that we are a conservative species, impervious to new ideas. I have not found it so. I am often appalled at the avidity and credulity with which new ideas are snatched at and adapted without a scrap of sound evidence. People will believe anything that amuses them, gratifies them or promises them some sort of profit.
>
> G. B. SHAW

little smaller. I'd like to be just enough i proved to impress my husband and o enough to look really different."

"That is a fine point you are drawi there," she said. "How much does it take o impress your husband?"

What does impress Bill? We never go a party that he doesn't tell me I'm the prett one there. Every time he comes home he gu s me and tells me that I'm the best thing s seen all day. Even when other women te him aside or come to see him about pictu s, he conveys such pleasant-natured, impersol l interest that only a dope would think she is getting any place with him. Oh, I knew wh impressed Bill; it was just that I have alw s felt a photographer of his ability should l e married a gorgeous model with a real br l.

"It doesn't take much for me to imp s Bill," I tried to explain. "What I want i or offer him more. Last, but most of all, I w t my middle section improved."

"Something like thirty-six–twenty-fo thirty-six? I do get around this world, u know, and I have noticed this positive ob sion you people have for these central-a measurements."

"It's all mixed up with something we l sex appeal," I tried to explain. "A wo n who has those kinds of measurements is m h admired, especially by men."

"I see," said the fairy. "In fact, this bu y creature is about all I do see when I look at the billboards, magazines and newspap s that you people produce in such quan . Personally, I think she is repulsive."

"So do I," I told her. "Bill makes lo y pictures for all kinds of ads and his girls ne r turn out like that. He says a bathing suit s no business trying to sell a typewriter. Bi s a real artist. You should see some of e things he does."

"I'm beginning to think he is quite a ma ," she said, and laughed. I laughed too, tho h it's really the truth. He is quite a man I understand what you want," said the fa y

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● *Shrimp Dip*—Blend chopped shrimp, Worcestershire sauce, catsup, salt, with creamy Borden's Sour Cream. ● *Celery Olive Dip*—Dice stuffed olives, chop celery—add Worcestershire sauce, horse-radish to sour cream. ● *Chutney Dip*—Simply wonderful. Just mix chutney, salt, curry powder with sour cream. ● *Chipped Beef Dip*—Chop chipped beef, pimiento, green pepper—add horse-radish and fold them all into luscious Borden's Sour Cream.

Available in Canada in Quebec and Ontario provinces

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"It's only fair to tell you, though, that you aren't asking very much of a fairy who only comes into sight once a century. Ah, the wishes I have granted! I think I'll just add a diamond ring. You ought to have something to hold in your hand to remember me by."

"Goodness! What would Bill think if he came home and there I was with a great big diamond?"

"I don't operate that way any more," said the fairy. "It created too much shock. I learned better hundreds of years ago. Just remember the lady and her two sets of twins when you find yourself wearing a diamond." She flipped open a magazine on the table. "Here," she said. "If anyone asks, you can tell them you are following this do-it-yourself beauty plan. See—here it says you should brush your hair a hundred strokes a night, here it tells you how to bend to reduce your middle, here is an article on eye care and make-up."

"I've tried those things before," I protested. "I never can make it past two or three days."

"This time you can," said the fairy. "I will be producing the results. You will just be going through the motions to make it look reasonable. Now let's see—your mind. This has to look reasonable too."

I know she would rather just have waved her wand and finished the whole deal in one afternoon, rather than figure out how to accomplish my transformation unnoticed. Suddenly she arose and sort of floated over to the bookcase. About a dozen books appeared on the table beside me.

"There," she said. "If people know that this winter you have actually read all these books through, they will expect you to show signs of intellectual achievement."

"I don't get much time to read any more." I flipped open the books and every one of them I had meant to read but never had. "When the children came along and the ironing got heavy and the house needed dusting, I just about quit. Bill reads a great deal and I sort of depend on him. And then I've got to watching TV, because I'm tired in the evening."

"You'll find that tonight you are not tired. Your wish will start working as soon as I leave and you will read—and understand—all these."

She explained that if I felt the magic was dimming—in fact, she said, if the reading were not pure pleasure—I should rub the diamond ring I would be wearing and everything would be all right.

"One other thing," she said, her face screwed up thoughtfully, her finger to her forehead. "You are going to be a master of languages."

"All at once?"

"Oh, no. Let's see. H'm. Tomorrow morning in the paper you will find a story to the effect that a group of people are going to start learning French together as a social activity. You join them. Later on, you tackle another language, and I will be there too."

She rose, gathered up her little hat and adjusted it properly. She threw her fur about her shoulders in a most elegant way, drew on her gloves, and picked up her purse and umbrella. Every movement was graceful and I was fascinated.

She turned and saw the look on my face. She laughed.

"It's all pure swank. I don't really need a fur any more than I need an umbrella, but I like the total effect. I went through that gauzy-wing, pastel-cobweb period you were referring to, but I got no charge out of that. You should have seen my tunics during the Roman Empire ——"

Her mind came back to me across hundreds of years and thousands of miles. She came over quite close to where I sat on the floor and put her hands one on either side of my face.

"Are you quite sure," she said gently, "that you wouldn't like a lot of money? Or power? Or a golden voice?"

I shook my head no. I was too disturbed to give her my thanks.

"Be happy with your wish."

"I will," I said, but she was gone and I was alone in the living room.

I sat there quite a while, fingering our own books that she had laid at my side, and trying to decide whether I could still get a whiff of her perfume. My polish can was right there by me, so I finished the second cherub, then got to my feet and put my cleaning tools away. I remembered to gather up the cups and wash them and put them away. The children would think I had slipped a cog if they came in and found a doll cup with a drop of coffee still in the bottom.

They were late getting home, according to the arrangements they had made at noon. Billy came in first, and I couldn't help wondering if he would notice anything. Six isn't very old, but Billy is very perceptive. And what were his first words?

"Hey, good-lookin', what's cookin'?" And he gave me a big hug.

I could feel the fairy's magic at work and my heart pounded at my prospects. The years of knowing—and trying to keep secret—that I was really inadequate were all over. I could face my family and the whole world with confidence.

I was feeling mighty gay by the time my two others came in. Ann had a hug for me and Jimmy discussed a problem! I had been of the opinion that he thought eighth-grade arithmetic was not my field, but he asked me what I thought and I found myself telling him. Not only that; what I thought turned out to be exactly right.

"What a brain!" He whistled, and left me mixing my batter in a rosy cloud.

If you have stayed with me this long, you aren't going to be much surprised at anything I tell you at this point. I had just put the blueberry muffins in to bake when I heard the back door open and there was Bill. He is so big and tall and redheaded—so are all three of the children—that he almost fills the doorway, and that is as nice a doorway decoration as I ever hope to see.

He was holding something high above his head, and as I walked over to him he caught me with one arm and with a great, sweeping gesture handed me a ring that had obviously been on muddy ground.

"Jewels beyond compare!" he intoned in a dramatic spoof. "And all for my Beautiful Blond Bride!"

I knew right away what it was.

I took it over to the sink and cleaned it with my vegetable brush. "Bill, this is valuable."

"So are you. You are worth more to me than a king's ransom."

I love Bill's kidding, but I had to know. "Where did you get it?"

"Fact or fiction?" he asked. "Shall I tell you about the pirates I met on the way home? Or the good little fairy? Or shall I admit that I found it on the ground close to our sidewalk?"

The setting was lovely, the center stone huge, and there were two smaller ones on each side. Even Bill opened his eyes a little wider when I held it out for him to look at again.

"It is mighty gorgeous, doll," he said. "So don't get too attached to it. The owner will be looking for it. We will advertise and see what happens."

I knew nothing would. It was the ring the fairy meant me to have.

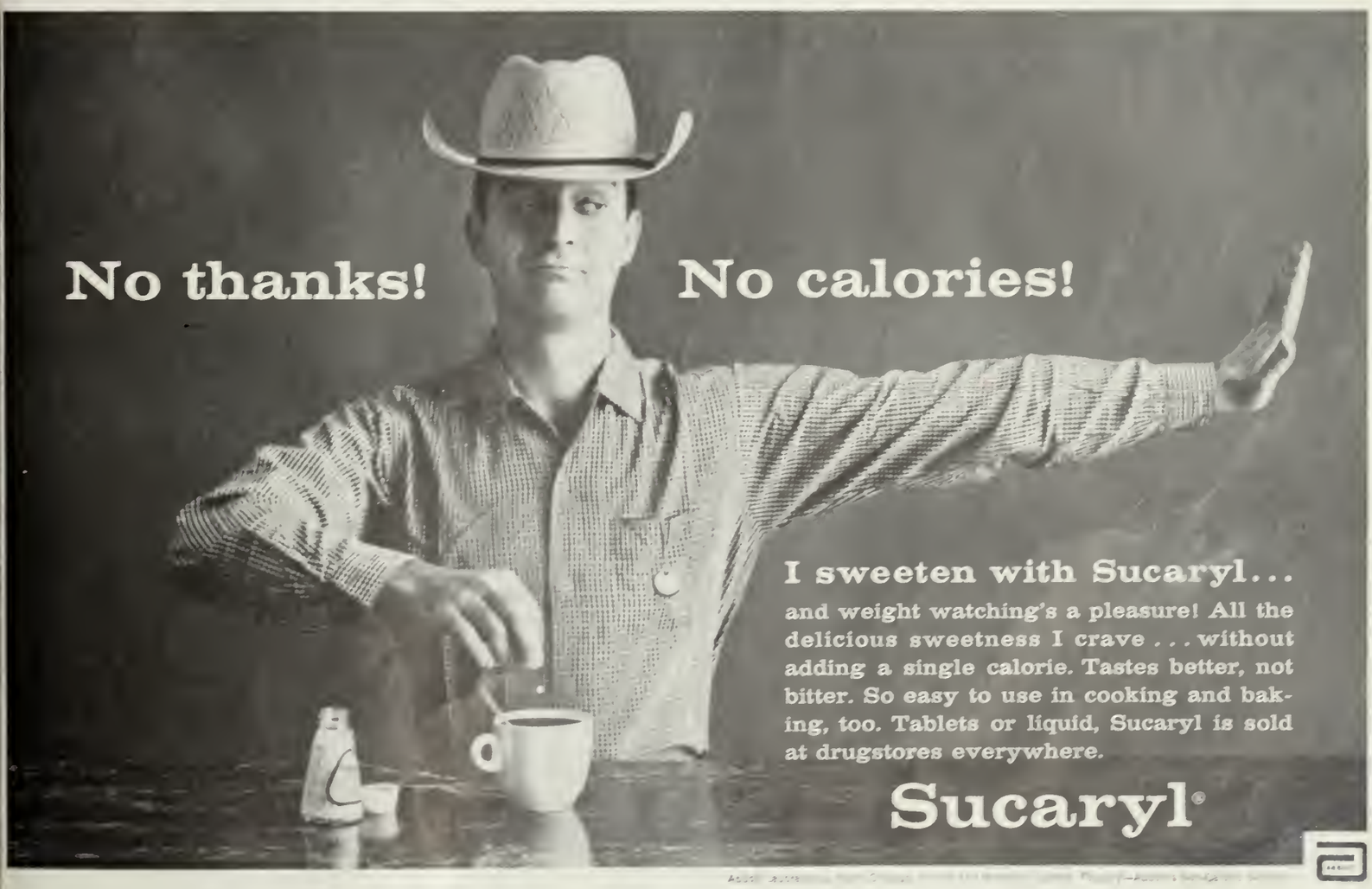
If we went somewhere and I felt that all the other women had more style, I had only to give my ring a turn and suddenly I knew I was all right. When my French lessons seemed a little difficult, I had only to glance at my finger.

Everything the fairy promised me came true. I made a great show of exercises, reading and such, and there never was a time when anyone seemed astonished or puzzled at the changes in me. It has worked out beautifully.

I often wondered if the fairy ever came back to check on me. I had a feeling she was around yesterday. Bill asked me to come down to the studio and let him start a series of pictures. First he just teased me and said beauty was only relative and that I was a relative of his by marriage. Then he got sort of solemn, and I felt a little prick on my arm that could have been from a small red umbrella.

He said, "I want an honest picture of you. My camera is my eye and beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

END





FIRE!
FIRE!

The Frank Perrons, of New Canaan, Connecticut,

didn't know how much they had until they lost it.

Then they discovered the riches of what they had left—

courage, friends, family strength.

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART • Photographs by ABBOT MILLS

HOW AMERICA LIVES

On the night of January 5, 1959, an old dog that lives in a house on a wooded country road on the outskirts of New Canaan, Connecticut, began walking uneasily about the living room, barking and behaving altogether oddly. Kimmy, half chow, half Husky, is battered from twelve years of dogfighting. But he has a wide acquaintance up and down Ponus Ridge Road because, as one resident put it, "He *loves* people." The grown married children of Kimmy's house happened to be at home visiting, nobody was in bed yet, and one of them opened the door to look out.

Across the road, in a big red converted barn that they had bought eight years before, the Frank Perron family were comfortably oblivious of the stir Kimmy was creating at their neighbor's. The four Perron children, all school age, were upstairs in bed. Their father, Frank, had just finished listening to the 11-o'clock news and gone to bed himself, which placed the time at not quite 11:30. His wife, Judy, was feeding her two aged Siamese cats in the kitchen, and in the living room her seventeen-year-old nephew, Andy Briggs, who was visiting the Perrons, was typing a high-school paper. The weather outside was vile. A hard, cold gale had been blowing for several days, with gusts of up to seventy-five miles an hour, and the temperature was five above zero. Suddenly, over the rattling of the windows, came a buffeting at the front door. The Perrons' own dog began to bark. Judy says, "It scared the wits out of me. I don't know why. I called Frank." While Frank emerged from the bedroom wearing only a pajama top, Judy opened the door. She recognized Bob Callanan, the son-in-law of the family across the road. "Your garage is on fire," he told them.

Judy says, "Everybody thought of the children first—their bedrooms were at the garage end. We all three charged up the stairs, getting in each other's way, and I said, '*I'll* get them.' Frank went down to the cellar to get the fire extinguisher he kept there—he'd been worrying about our furnace being overworked in the cold weather that very evening—and I brought the children down. They were in their night clothes; the only one who had anything on his

Fire started outdoors during night of gale winds, left no evidence of cause. Probable explanation: a silent, deadly spark from a wind-broken wire.





Fire ate away third and most of second floors, sparing only unlived-in basement.



New two-story house has downstairs living area, back yard is much more accessible.

feet was Peter, who wore sleepers." The son of their neighbors, John McKernan, had stayed behind his brother-in-law to telephone New Canaan's volunteer fire company, but he arrived just as Judy was shepherding her children out the door. As they went by the coat closet she paused to put a coat on each one, then turned them over to John, who led them across to the safety of his mother's house.

Judy's next thought was the cats, and while she persisted in looking vainly for her cat carrier (it was out on loan), and while Bob Callanan, who was standing by, urged her to concentrate on more valuable objects (they could hear a "tremendous crackling" by now), Frank and Andy were at the garage. The blaze was at the corner nearest the house, where a switch box was located. Frank turned his extinguisher on the flames, but forty-five-year-old walls burned merrily. (He later found his chemical extinguisher was a kind that doesn't work well out-of-doors anyway.) Car-conscious Andy slipped boldly past Frank and backed out the Perrons' '48 station wagon (the paint around the gas tank was later found to have blistered). When Andy reappeared Frank forbade him to rescue the jeep still in the garage (it exploded a few minutes later). Sick at heart, he saw the flames leap in the wind across four feet of space to the house. Andy ran next door to get a length of garden hose, but the outside water was turned off for the winter. Anyway, "no little hose was going to do the trick at *all*." Just as Frank was facing the fact that the fire was beyond him, the first fire truck rolled into the driveway. Together he and Andy ran back into the house to see what they could do.

The enormous structure that the Perrons lived in had been built as a carriage house on a large estate in 1913. A hundred



When friend told Peter that he might have burned in his bed, Peter said, "Oh no, daddy wouldn't have let <u>that</u> happen to us." Frank still smelled of smoke two days after the fire.

feet by thirty-five, it had been converted into a dwelling by the New Canaan builder who had sold it to the Perrons. The old barn made a house of grand design, with a thirty-five-foot living room, great reaches of unusable space, and a fuel bill of over $1000 a year, but the Perrons loved it. Built on a bank, it had three levels. The lowest level faced backward, across three acres of meadowland to the Mill River. The second was at street level and contained most of the family rooms. The third story had two bedrooms and a bath that didn't even fill up one end. The rest of the third floor was great, drafty emptiness—what Judy called "my seventy-five-foot haymow."

It was this empty space—plus the weather—that proved decisive. The first firemen, working inside the house, hoped to control the fire on the second floor. But at a critical moment water pressure in their hose dropped away. Precious minutes went by before it was discovered a hose coupling had frozen. The flames rose to the dry third floor, went through the bedrooms from which the children had been removed, and swept into the storage area. From there they began to consume the house from the third floor down. This meant that for a while the second floor was safe. Judy stayed for about fifteen minutes, and Frank and a growing body of men were in and out for about half an hour. But it also meant there was no longer any hope of saving the house. It was a question of saving anything.

After Judy had finally stuffed her cats into a picnic hamper, she began to listen to Bob Callanan, who, being a lawyer, wanted her to rescue family papers. They emptied desk drawers, then she ran into her and Frank's bedroom, took out two armloads of clothes from the closet. She remembers seeing Bob throw loose objects into a sheet, and John McKernan (who had come back) cleverly sweep objects from dresser tops (including her perfume, Frank's wallet) into a drawer, which he used as a tray. He also rescued their silverware. Judy was taking another armload from a downstairs closet belonging to her daughter Lucy when Frank and Andy came in. She took a horrified look at Frank, still in his pajama top, and gasped, "Go get some clothes on!"

Frank had been totally oblivious of the cold, but he put on a cotton bathrobe and bedroom slippers. Firemen were now tramping through the house. All the lights went out. Judy brought him a pair of pants in the dark, but they turned out to be slender Andy's, which he could not fasten around his 34″ waist, and which kept sliding down. Frank ordered Judy out of the house, then he and Andy carried out the desk, which went apparently like thistledown, although weeks later, when they tried lifting it again, they found they could hardly budge it. Frank remembers Andy's asking brightly at his elbow "What next?" and he answered, "We have the desk and ourselves. Next, I don't want anybody hurt!"

Meanwhile, neighbors were arriving. Typical of the way they were aroused was the experience of Binel Kehm, the builder who



Perrons are proud of pieces saved from original carriage house—old lamps and door.

had sold the Perrons the house, and his wife Rowena, now the Perrons' near neighbors and friends. Mrs. Kehm awakened with the explosion of the jeep's gas tank, saw a glow through the bedroom curtains, and thought, "Oh, the Russians are bombing us!" She wakened her husband, and when they looked out the window and saw the flames, Mr. Kehm started running into the frigid night in his pajamas, until his wife called him back. He says, "You don't stop to think, you want to *do* something." He, too, had loved that big red landmark of New Canaan's past.

A great many people wanted to *do* something. One woman walked into the now-dangerous living room, with the sounds of fire crackling overhead the entire length of the house, and removed all the family photographs she saw. The first group of men carried out the TV set, piano, freezer and refrigerator before the inferno closed in. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Warnk, close friends, arrived, and while he stayed at the fire she went to the McKernans' and told stories to the four Perron children (who knew her as Aunt Irene) until another neighbor, Mrs. Brandes, took them off to her house for the night. Mrs. Warnk then walked the half mile home through the freezing night lugging the picnic basket full of heavy cats. Later her husband came home with the car and Andy, to whom she had offered a bed, and she sat up and let Andy talk for hours about his tremendous, nerve-racking experiences.

Judy, too, had run across to see her children; but once she knew they were in excellent hands, she returned to the fire. More fire engines kept roaring up. The efforts of the local firemen were Herculean, but they were handicapped by the howling, bitter weather. The sirens summoning volunteers hadn't carried far in the high wind, and many had had to be called by telephone. Water turned into sheets of ice. Before the night was done, four fire companies turned out from New Canaan and surrounding communities—at least a hundred men, almost all volunteers roused from warm beds.

The little road was choked with traffic. The police were there. Neighbors offered Judy a total of fifty beds. The Red Cross came with a mobile coffee canteen for firemen with icicles forming on their clothes. But Judy's main concern was Frank. When there was no longer anything he could do, she had suggested they go to the McKernans', but he had turned to her with a glittering eye and said, "No I will not." A little later she persuaded him to sit with her in a car with a heater. Someone handed him a coat, which turned out to be a woman's coat. His ridiculously thin bathrobe and slippers were soaking wet, and he was trembling. She said to him, "Don't worry. You've always provided for us before. All we've lost are just *things*." Frank says, "I've never forgotten those words."

It was half past one when they finally went to the McKernans', hospitable rallying point. There the family gave Frank a pair of dry pants (size-50 waist this time!), gave both stiff drinks and sedatives. They eventually went home with the Kehms, who were to be their hosts for the next five days. Talking helped, and they didn't go to bed until half past four. Judy says, "I don't think Frank ever did sleep that night." Back at the site the last of the firemen were also up, wetting down the ruins.

The house that had burned down was only one symbol of the happy and prosperous life that Frank and Judy had built in thirteen years of marriage. Judy has dimples, green eyes and a light brown pony tail. She is forty-two now, but her complexion is fresh, her devotion to causes such as good schools or the League of Women Voters is earnest, and her taste in clothes relaxed (shorts and sneakers, or tweed skirts). She looks, as she ferries her children to riding lessons or goes to a League meeting or bakes a cake, exactly like what she is—an appealing, intelligent, rather serious-minded suburban housewife.

Frank, of Italian parentage, is dark-haired, boyishly handsome, and on weekdays, by necessity, a beautiful dresser, for he is in the men's clothing business. A New York City boy, he had put himself through the University of Kansas (led there by an English teacher he admired) through the worst of the depression, took a "temporary" Christmas job at Macy's to help raise money to go back for his master's degree. Frank radiates an enthusiasm for people, and Macy's evidently knew a good man when they had one. They asked him to stay, and he was soon moving forward so fast that he gave up all thought of that degree.

Judy had lived several years abroad with her family, had considered becoming an actress but decided "I just didn't have the ego for it." Home with the outbreak of war in Europe, twenty-two years old, she, too had ended up at Macy's. It was several years before they became conscious of each other in the huge store. Frank tried twice to enlist, was prevented by an old football injury to his shoulders. But by then Judy was married to a young man overseas. The brief marriage was already in trouble, for he had refused to have children. It was annulled when he returned and in February of 1946 she and Frank were married. Judy stopped working that same year, for she and Frank were in perfect accord on the subject of children: they wanted six.

Judy says cheerfully now, "I'll settle for the four I've got." Lucy was born in 1948, Michael a year and a half later. They lived in a Manhattan apartment, and Judy wheeled the babies in a little patch of ground behind the Princeton Club, of which Frank was not a member. Frank, by now a full buyer, left Macy's to join a manufacturer of men's clothing. Soon Deborah was on the way, and they began to house-hunt. They moved into the New Canaan house in the spring of 1951, two months before Deborah was born. Like a proper new householder, Frank took out fire insurance at once. By the time of the fire he had upped his coverage to $35,000 on the house (a little less than the purchase price), $15,000 on the contents. He says now, "Like everybody else, I blissfully believed this would cover any loss we'd actually have."

They had put down roots quickly in the fast-growing residential community. Judy says, "I could never join a bridge club—I'm just not built that way. But the League and the Town Players helped me meet people with the same interests—both *wonderful* groups. I love them." Frank has taken precious evening time (his commuting day is "at *least*" twelve hours long) to become production manager of a Town Players' play. They were charter members of a group of young couples who founded the New Field Club, less expensive than New Canaan's one country club, and geared mainly for children's summer activities. By the time of the fire, Lucy, ten, wore a pony tail like her mother's; Deborah, seven, had dark curly hair and a face like a rose. Nine-year-old Michael, a picturesquely handsome boy with his father's black hair, had just received his first football helmet for Christmas, and large-eyed Peter, born in New Canaan in 1952, had just entered first grade. Judy says, of Peter's attaining school age, "This was *heaven*," but the Perrons are a close-knit family, and when Peter swarms on her lap her typical reaction is to tuck him under her arm and give him a kiss on the top of his head.

The morning after the fire, Frank called his insurance agent and his New York office. (He reached his office two days later in borrowed shoes four sizes too big for him.) Later that morning, he and Judy visited the site. A lone fireman stood guard over what Judy calls "a big black mess." The top floor was gone. The charred skeleton of the living-room floor stood under the open sky. The glittering fringe of ice on everything did not soften the scene for Here and there in the rubble was an odd s burned book (Judy had had a library of volumes), a blackened bathtub filled wit The big old trees on the down-wind side house were blasted. The cold north win still blowing.

But another wind was stirring too—a one, a healing, openhanded rush of neig liness. Frank and Judy are still shaken they speak of it. Judy says, "After a weren't destitute. We had our insu Frank still had his job. Yet this was a when the Perron family needed human ness, and that is certainly what we were Way, way beyond anything we ever dre of." Frank says, waving his hand and s ing excited, "Right over the hill there, over in Poundridge, lives one of these who writes best sellers about New Yo urban life—you know, infidelities, bore backbiting and so forth. I think he makes I don't believe a word of it. The only Judy and I know around here—and we a lot—are good, normal citizens who are ested in raising their children right, se minded about their community and lo their friends. The outpouring of real h spirit after our misfortune was simply ing. *This* is suburbia—the real heart of ica!" Even while Frank and Judy were ing around the ruins, a Mrs. Garrett Mo consulting by telephone with Mrs. Br who had the children. The subject of thei versation was shoes. By lunchtime Mrs. had produced something for the four F children to put on their feet. All over Canaan, similar telephone conversation making wires hum.

The Perrons needed almost everything had come out best in those armloads of snatched from the closet, and she ha rescued several of Frank's suits, but lo almost everything not on hangers, from to summer wardrobes. The children ha to nothing. Over the next few days neig brought some thirty boxes of clothing Kehms, where Frank and Judy were ho bly urged to stay. Mr. Kehm says, "We Red Cross collection depot!" and Judy "They came from all sides, from peop hardly knew." Word went out that the Perrons had lost *all* their Christmas pre and toys came too. Classmates took collections, neighbors brought more. says feelingly, "The *little* children who g

Goodheartedness did not stop there friend arranged a "clothes-altering party took care of the clothes that didn't fit. A went downtown and came back with supply of hairbrushes, toothbrushes and Still another called up and said, "I've p

CONTINUED ON PAG

HOW THE PERRONS SPEND THEIR MONEY EACH MONTH

Frank's regular monthly salary is $1300. Deductions (which do not cover all his income tax) take this down to $1140.50. At year's end Frank gets a bonus, varying in amount, out of which comes the rest of his income tax, annual property tax ($90) and large unbudgeted items—such as new furniture.

The Perrons' most extravagant routine expenses are laundry, dry cleaning and house cleaning. Frank's shirts are sent out, his suits must be impeccable. Judy has help twice a week for ironing and house cleaning, also pays firm $18 a week to keep picture windows, floors and woodwork spick-and-span.

Food (including milk)	$255.00	Commuting costs	37.50
Clothing	50.00	Laundry	34.00
Mortgage	165.00	Dry cleaning, shoe repair	15.00
Fuel	72.00	House cleaning	92.00
Electricity	25.00	Garbage removal	4.00
Telephone	11.00	Children's riding and dancing lessons	57.50
Insurance (hospital, life and fire)	110.00	Club dues	13.50
Medical and dental	15.00	Periodicals	12.00
Church (building fund, etc.; donations come from bonus)	10.00	Cigarettes	10.00
Cars (including insurance)	80.00	Miscellaneous	12.00
		Total	$1,140.50

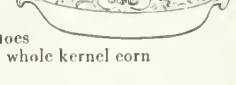
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Send in your favorite recipe using *G. Washington's Seasoning and Broth.* We pay $50 for every recipe published. Every entrant receives a *free* recipe booklet containing delicious low-calorie recipes. This month's award goes to Jean P. Blair, Springfield, Mass., for her Potato-Corn Casserole.

★ ★

POTATO-CORN CASSEROLE



4 baking potatoes
1 (16 oz.) can whole kernel corn
2¾ cups milk
3 tablespoons flour
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 diced green pepper or 3 pimientos chopped fine
Bread Crumbs
2 packets G. Washington's "Golden" Seasoning

Pare potatoes, cut into ¼" slices. Place about ⅓ potatoes into greased deep baking dish. Add half corn (drained) and pimiento or green pepper. Sprinkle layer with 1 tablespoon flour. Alternate layers until all ingredients are used. Top with bread crumbs. Heat milk, butter and G. Washington's until milk simmers. Pour over potato-corn mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F) about 1 hour.

★ ★

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

my store bills. Won't you please use my charge accounts for anything you need?" Invitations to dinner poured in. One of the calls that touched them most came from a well-known television writer who called up Frank and said rather brusquely, "I don't know how you're fixed, and you don't need to tell me. But I can let you have five thousand dollars in cash immediately, to be paid back when you can." Frank, who turned down the offer with thanks, says, "We didn't know him awfully well, we'd just met him at parties. At that point he couldn't have known whether we had any insurance or not, or even whether we were people who paid our debts."

By sheer luck, a house right up Ponus Ridge Road had just become available for rent, although it was ten days before the former tenants could move out and the Perrons in. For the first five the Kehms, the Brandeses, and another near neighbor, Mrs. Fish, divided up the family. The children remember this as a time of extra-special breakfasts of pancakes and hot chocolate at Mrs. Fish's, of afternoons with their mother at the Kehms', where Mr. Kehm would "put them around this big seven-foot coffee table I have and set them to drawing pictures of houses they would like to live in. We wanted them to do something constructive about their loss." Then other friends called to say they would be in New York for a week. Could the Perrons use their empty house? The Perrons could and did gladly for the last five days. Judy says, "It wasn't until later that we found they had really stayed with relatives in Norwalk. They had moved out just for us. It was as though people thought of the nicest things they could do, and then did them—no matter how inconvenient."

Friends arrived with complete meals for six, others helped them move. One husband got together a working party armed with wrenches and drained all the pipes and radiators at the fire site. The rented house, which was to be their home for close to a year, was a large modern one, fully furnished, but Judy kept missing odd items. "Clocks! Scissors! Needle and thread!" She was given a beautiful sewing box, a linen shower. The Town Players started a collection of used books, League friends gave a party to which guests brought anything useful. Frank and Judy went home with a mattress, half an extension ladder, a brace and bit and other oddments that fill a normal home.

The fire had come just as Frank, now sales manager for a company making luxury sports shirts and ties, was about to leave for one of his three annual trips across the country visiting his salesmen. Before he left (two weeks late) he tried to be very practical about plans, had already got estimates of what he could sell his land for. His thought was to buy a new house for under $50,000, come close to staying within his insurance money.

But emotions were at work. Judy says, "I was trying *not* to be practical," and Mr. Kehm went quietly ahead with sketches to show Frank on his return. They couldn't have chosen an easier prey than Frank. Both he and Judy had been proud of their huge old house. Frank is a family man who says, "After all, a man's home is the most important investment of his life. We already loved the neighborhood. So we made an emotional decision." They decided to rebuild on the sturdy, outsize foundations of the old.

The year 1959, then, was the year of the Perrons' two headaches: the complications of being burned out and the complications of being homebuilders. No amount of personal kindnesses could alter the fact that the aftermath of their fire was expensive. So was building the kind of house they wanted.

If Frank ended the year a shaken man, this was partly because he had always taken pride in living within his income. His basic salary is $15,600 a year—not unlimited wealth for a man with four children and an old house of hundred-foot dimensions to maintain. If the family needed a new car or the house a coat of paint, he waited until his year-end bonus to get it. The house had always consumed quantities of money, and the Perrons had lived simply on what was left. The children go to public school. They stay home during Frank's summer vacation (he says, "A hotel room is no treat to *me*"), enjoying the New Field Club and local family trips. Both Judy and Frank fail miserably to live up to the reputation of hard-drinking New York suburbanites. They keep a liquor supply for guests, drink milk with the children by choice. Frank tells the sad outcome of the only time he broke his "cardinal rule" against buying anything on time. In a weak moment he had signed for an encyclopedia which burned in the fire. "Those payments kept coming for *months* afterward." But during the year of building, his careful habits had rough going. "I reached a point of being numb. If we needed anything I'd say 'Get it.'"

At the start, Frank's assets were $50,000 from the insurance company (negotiations sailed through; there was no question about the loss), and the unburnable parts of his property: foundations, old stone chimney, driveway, and water and septic tanks. He had another asset as well: a "dislocation of living" clause which meant the insurance company would pick up the tab for increased living expenses due to the fire—for a time considered reasonable for rebuilding or resettling. Thus it paid the rent of their temporary house for six and a half months, even paid for rented linen service. Before the "reasonable time" ran out, the company paid some $4000 in extra expenses. Frank says earnestly, "It a clause I recommend."

But out-of-pocket expenses began almo fast as Frank could reach for his checkb The wreckage had to be removed—prom because it was highly unsafe. Wrecking $1200. There were large items like piano freezer to haul away. But the two big th that melted his assets were the new house and the march of time.

Mr. Kehm had designed a house "to r the dignity of what *was* there," and this what the Perrons wanted too. They plann vastly more livable house, with only two fl instead of three, and turning the formerly used lower floor (the one looking back across open country) into dining room, kit and big playroom. Living room and bedro were at street level. But plans still include imposing roof line (Judy says, "Right of bat, Frank and I said we didn't want a roof"), three bathrooms, *two* dens (after they had a hundred feet of length to fill) a second-floor flagstone veranda overhangi back. Final bids amounted to $56,000. included a carport, but it left all the furn to put *into* the new house still to go.

Frank raised the money by increasing mortgage on the property by $12,000 (ne ating fee: $250) and adding $4000 of his savings. (He had had the mortgage on th down to $13,000 with eleven years to go; he is mortgaged for the next twenty-five ye By adding these sums to his insurance m he had $66,000. This would pay for the h and allow $10,000 for clothes and furnish As an indication of how far this $10,000 w stretch, insurance adjusters had estimate value of the family's burned possessions most $35,000. (Frank had been amazed says, "I would have underestimated their by fifty per cent." In all he could have coll over $100,000 worth of insurance.)

Frank didn't get back from his Weste until February. Mr. Kehm was busy. bids didn't go out until May. After that was a period of corner cutting to brin price down to its final figure, and bui didn't start until July. Rain delayed the ing. In mid-July the insurance compan Frank on his own financially, and he ha start paying $350 a month rent. Target slipped by—October, Thanksgiving Day Judy says, "It was fun too. It was the first for me really starting from scratch w house." Toward the end there was the e ment of selecting wallpapers, picking up rics that were just right.

The Perrons moved in officially on De ber 5, 1959—just eleven months to the after the fire. Eleven brand-new Holly beds (the children each have two in rooms) and eight mattresses had to b crated before they could go to bed. Th draped bedroom windows had to be s over if the family were not to appear like fish in a bowl from the road. Their dini ble was a huge piece of plywood on sawh Not a rug was in the great house.

Ahead of Judy were yards of mater sew, hours of refinishing, with Frank, t sic chairs, tables and dressers she had b secondhand, years of careful investme furniture before they would be back to they once had. But they had already put round sum for the "perfect" living-room c for handsome brass chandeliers for the hall. The massive old carriage-house do been refinished and rehung at the front and outside the two old carriage lamps it were polished.

The carriage lamps shone a special wel last Christmas Eve, for the Perrons wer to give their annual Christmas Eve par schedule. Somehow in those weeks be the 5th and the 24th of December Jud coped with the bustle of moving in, sh eyes to bare spaces and unpacked ca Christmas-shopped for the family, cut u or three thousand raisins for her s Christmas fruitcake (with everybody i family helping) and sent out 200 invitati friends and neighbors. It didn't matt there wouldn't be enough chairs to go ar or that soap was still on some of the win She and Frank wanted the world to kno they were home.



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WHAT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE POOR TV BETTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

to have been passed, but it wasn't. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, trumpeted that this was Government regulation and that the newspapers would come next. This is hogwash. Newspapers are private business. Television is a public utility. It has to be regulated just as the telephone, the telegraph, the electric companies and the railroads have to be regulated, because they are in a privileged position to affect the public or to service it. The question is not whether or not television will be regulated—of course it will be regulated—but whether it will be well or badly regulated.

The Federal Communications Commission, which theoretically regulates broadcasting, is an overburdened, largely passive body of lawyers and radio experts who have no experience with, liking for or knowledge of programs. What the FCC needs badly is an Advisory Board composed of respected citizens of unimpeachable virtue and a wide range of interests who would recommend changes to the FCC after reviewing the programing of the networks. Let's say the Board might be composed of Herbert Hoover, Harry Truman, Pearl Buck, Mrs. Vincent McIntosh, Mary Lord, Walter Lippmann, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Nathan Pusey, president of Harvard University; Clare Booth Luce, ex-Senator William Benton, Leonard Bernstein, Adlai Stevenson and Harry Scherman, chairman of the board of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

The Advisory Board would review—as the FCC is supposed to review but rarely does—the promises of each station and, if networks get licensed, each network. **After all, these stations operate on public frequencies, some of them valued at $20,000,000. To get the exclusive use of these valuable bits of public property, the operators made large promises, few of which they have kept.**

The Advisory Board plan will be widely denounced as Government censorship. It is no such thing. When railroads don't provide decent service they are called on the carpet by the Interstate Commerce Commission, many times at the demand of a group of disgruntled passengers interested in service. Why not television? One of the promises all stations solemnly make before getting their licenses is to provide a balanced schedule of information, education for all tastes. It takes no great wisdom to point out that thirty-five Westerns in prime evening time are too many Westerns, that no education at all is too little education, that one adult library drama which appears only sporadically isn't enough.

This Advisory Board should have the power to have Oliver Treyz, president of A.B.C., called on the carpet and told his program schedule is a disgrace and to fix it. It would hardly require explanation. Treyz knows what's the matter with his schedule. Every network should be asked what it is doing for children, for scientists, for the church, for music, for drama, for education, for experiment. If a law were passed, preventing sponsors from influencing programing, Mr. Treyz could adjust his programing to a true conception of the public welfare.

It should take only two hours a year to check up on the performance of every network. Just the threat of such a review would make a tremendous difference in the planning of a program schedule. **The motive—to use Mr. Lippmann's cogent word—would be: what are we doing for the minds and hearts and dignity and honor of our nation, rather than what are we doing to sell goods?**

Of course the commercial networks are always going to strive for popularity, and rightly so. A few powerful voices have asked whether this is enough, whether a country as rich and powerful as ours cannot afford to have its own B.B.C. **Walter Lippmann and William H. Stringer, Washington bureau chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*, two of the most conservative and respected newsmen in Washington, have both advanced the idea of a national, publicly supported network solely dedicated to the pursuit of excellence rather than profit.**

"In seeking great mass audiences," Mr. Lippmann has written, "the industry has decided that the taste of a great mass audience is a low one, and that to succeed in the competition it must pander to this low taste. The alternative, which is practiced in one form or another in almost every civilized country, is competition—competition

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not for private profit but for public service. The best line for us to take, I am convinced, is to devise a way by which one network can be run as a public service, with the criterion not what is popular, but what is good. No doubt this network would not attract the largest mass audience. But if it enlisted the great talents which are available in the industry but are now throttled and frustrated by present policies, it might well attract an audience which would make up in influence what it lacked in numbers."

That is important. Television has already lost—as radio ahead of it lost—the nation's top 5 per cent on a cultural level. Though these folk are scorned by the advertiser as of small purchasing power, they are nevertheless the people who write all the books and plays that are worth while, publish and edit all the newspapers, own most of the banks and industry and largely run the country. Their loss is a terrible one.

We should not shrink from the idea of subsidizing the National Network, as the B.B.C. is subsidized. After all, the schools, the universities, medical research, libraries, even the churches are all subsidized. Why not this great means of communication?

It would take very little money. Today forty-seven educational TV stations are already built and operating on a nonprofit basis, and another six are being built. To tie this group together into a National Network where *Don Giovanni* could be heard, uninterrupted by please-to-send-flowers-on-Mother's-Day (as it was broadcast this year on N.B.C.) or some other commercial, would cost very little.

Think of it! A national network to help educate our children, to act as a communications link between our greatest minds, to air mankind's noblest aspirations, to propagate the latest in science and philosophy, to enrich our culture and widen our horizons, to give a forum to young dramatists and composers, to invent new dramatic forms, to revive interest in classics, to awaken the intellectual curiosity our young, and just possibly to shame the commercial networks out of their incessant preoccupation with sex, mayhem and triviality. could get all that for less than it costs to supp the Coast Guard.

I most emphatically do not want to leave impression that there are no good and dec people left in television. There are many no idealistic, terribly talented men like Edw R. Murrow and his producer and side-k Fred Friendly; producers like Fred C George Schaefer and David Susskind, v have fought hard to bring quality to tel sion. There are sponsors like Hallmark (wh has done nothing but great plays) and Be Howell cameras and Goodrich tires, wh support *C.B.S. Reports*. There are executi like Frank Stanton, who has fought har present balance and quality and to live up TV's responsibilities. There are many, m more.

But the system, as it is, penalizes—i doesn't drive out altogether—the men of h ideals, the men of vision. What remai Warner Brothers now has ten horse ope

DIANE

By GEORGE LIVINGSTONE

When Diane was five, we told her
Never open the door to strangers.
But we found that the innocent
world
of childhood is slow to distrust,
and more than once overheard her
asking a new milkman, mailman,
or others who called: Are you a
burglar?
A guileless directness that had us
nonplused.

Now, at seven, she's still unshaken
of wonderful trust, and we are
usually
undismayed at meeting people who
know Diane—but don't know us.

and shoot-'em-ups on the air, and a vice p dent of the company once said to me Warner Brothers was aiming at the twe year-old mentality which, he said, is "actu aiming over the heads of most of us."

Close behind are Four Star with ten sho all awful; Desilu with eight; and Gooc and Todman, the quiz kings, whose *The H Is Right* panders to greed as Warner Brot to sadism. Such shows aim at the lowest stincts of the greatest numbers. Such pro ers use this great public medium solely their own gain.

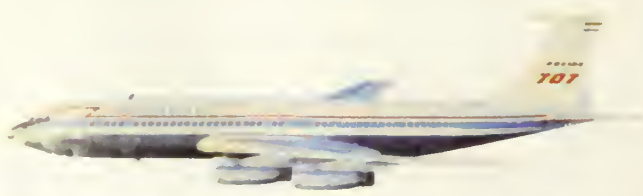
Edward R. Murrow, expressing alarm the direction television is taking, summe up very well: "If these devices [radio and vision] are used in an effort to entertain al people all the time, then we have come ilously close to discovering the real opiat the people. . . . **It is not enough to entertain greatest numbers; there must also be full ap ciation of our historic heritage, wise un standing of our institutions and tradi familiarity with our classics in literature and arts, and persistent attention to our ethi principles.**"

That's a noble utterance. To bring it ab we have to bring pandering and looting un some sort of public control, supporting not controlling the editorial content of medium.

Above all, we have to reorient our thin about television. We have to stop thin of it as simply a box designed to dist us until it's time to turn the lights out. have to look on it as one of the greates struments ever devised for information education and the propagation of the l life, an instrument meant to civilize us, n debase us.



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LET'S MAKE IT SAFE TO SEND OUR CHILDREN TO BIG CITY SCHOOLS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

Pa made some abortive attempts at friendships w several of the other girls. When all these er ed in failure (these girls now studiously av d her), she withdrew completely. Her life be inside and outside school appears to be ot of unbelievable loneliness.

In class she occupies the last seat in the last ro next to that other isolate, Mark. There, w ring her little smile, she reads voraciously, w es poetry and draws. Sometimes she cries. Sh never raises her hand or enters into the cla discussion. The only time I get a response fro her is when I make a statement such as, "Th e next person who calls out will be pun- ish d." Then Patricia immediately calls out.

Puzzled by this perversity, I tried keeping he n as punishment. I hoped I could draw her ou perhaps reach her and in some way give he a little guidance. As a friendly opening ga bit I ventured, "Your work is excellent, Pa icia. But somehow I don't think you really lik school. Tell me, isn't there something you lik about it?"

Her suspicious eyes studied me for a min- ut her real feelings carefully concealed be- ne h her Sphinxlike half-smile. Finally she dr vled, "Oh, yes. I like it when you pun- ish me."

Although principals frown on teachers' dis- cu ing psychological problems with parents, I fir ly decided to discuss Pat's problems with he mother. Pat's mother confirmed the bare fa of the girl's history, but could see no pr blem at all. Patricia was a beautifully ad- ju d child in every way, she informed me. Sh was a quiet, well-mannered, even-tem- pe d girl, always smiling, spent her spare time in braries. Where was the problem?

Children like Renata or Patricia, though pa etic, are only part of the reason so many te hers feel their lot is intolerable. The largest po ion of the fault lies with children who are tr menaces to themselves and others and do t belong in a normal classroom at all.

Take Dan, for instance. And to repeat an ol joke, I would gladly have paid someone ha my year's salary to do so.

In a school where we rated our children as or ulcer and two-ulcer types, Dan was in a ca gory by himself.

Dan had been the major factor in the nerv- ou breakdowns of both his second- and th l-grade teachers. One afternoon I saw his fo th-grade teacher, a normally poised and se te matron, chasing him down the corridor br dishing an umbrella. "So help me," she wa screaming, "if I ever catch you in my ro n again, I'll murder you!" Soon after this sh quit her job. The principal felt that the in- ex rienced substitute who took her place was no match for Dan, so he was added to my al- re y long list of problem children.

Dan is a husky, brawny Negro boy of eleven. He's about 5'5" and weighs 190 (80 pounds more than I). He has licked just about every boy in the school, and several of the girls. Psychologically, however, poor Dan feels he is really a girl. He minces around the room in earrings and bracelets. Once he came to school wearing high heels, another time his mother's hat with a veil.

Dan is obsessed with sex in all its forms. He uses lewd language, makes lascivious drawings in his notebook and, if I am momentarily out of the room, on the blackboard. His mildest epithet for me is "big white whore." The rest of his language is unprintable. Needless to say, he is a corrupting influence on the other children.

Several times Dan has attacked little girls in the hall (so far without harmful results), among them, of course, Renata. Possessed of an inquiring mind, Dan spends a good part of his time on the floor, face up, looking up into my dress or that of any girl who happens to pass by. On other occasions he sidles up to me at the blackboard and sort of rubs up against me when my back is turned. "Dan," I say, with the aplomb of a Supreme Court justice, "you're out of your seat. Please sit down."

Dan snickers, "I don' wanna siddown."

"Please sit down, Dan."

Dan gets as close to me as he can. "I dare yah try and make me. I dare yah to hit me!"

He then prances away, waving his hips.

Dan has wrecked at least temporarily and perhaps permanently the health of every teacher he has ever had. He has created a completely intolerable atmosphere in every classroom he has entered. Yet Dan is still in the school system and he will probably stay there until he is seventeen. The school psychologist does not consider him sufficiently delinquent to be suspended. "The boy has problems. We must be patient," is his verdict.

A boy I'll call Warner ran the school extortion racket. It was not just a child's-play

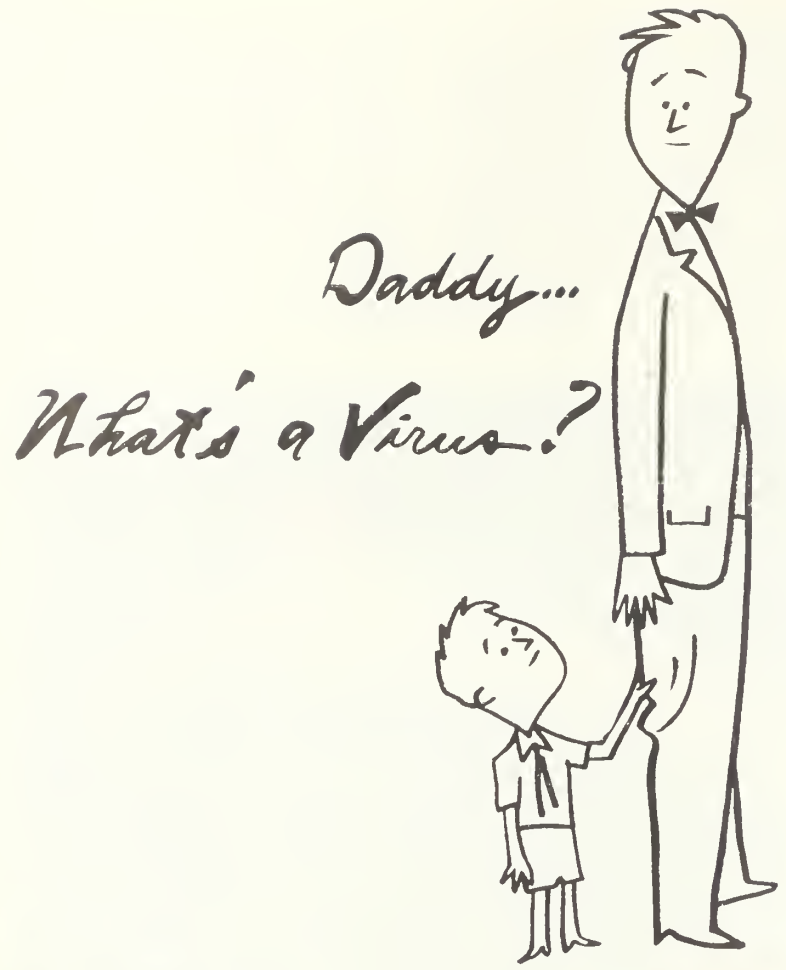
We believe that the purpose of education is to inform the mind and develop the intelligence. . . . Skimping academic subjects, lowering standards, confuses and retards the whole educational process. A democratic society cannot survive without an educated electorate and thoughtful, highly trained leaders.

From the Report of the San Francisco Curriculum Survey Committee

One of our senior medical students reports the situation in many of the school districts in his city is worse than this article says. He said he personally knew a number of teachers who were actually fearful of their lives.

From the report of a special reader.





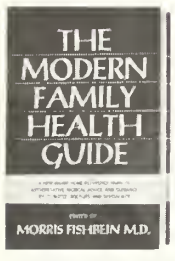


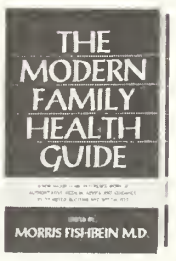
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make-believe extortion racket, but an honest-to-goodness efficient businesslike enterprise.

When we uncovered it we found in Warner's possession a complete bookkeeping system which listed over 100 children and *their estimated allowances.* Under the heading for each week there were two columns with the names of children in each. Each child was expected to pay as much as he could afford each week for the privilege of not getting beaten up. A red star in the little book indicated the children due to "get it" this week.

With fascinated horror I helplessly watched Warner's followers increase during the year. He had started with just one henchman. By the end of the term he had several dozen. Like a magnet he attracted the opportunistic, the weak, the shallow in search of an idol, the hostile seeking a channel for their aggressions. About two years older than the other children in his class, he always looked poised, neat, dignified. Only when you got close did you see the brutal expression in his beady eyes.

The savage beatings took place after school and off school property. As the year wore on, more and more mothers took to picking up their children after school as protection. Children stopped playing in the street and were afraid to leave their homes. As with adult criminal gangs, the victims were so petrified that for months it was impossible to pinpoint the ringleader. Only in April, when one of them was about to move to Florida, did a victim appear in school, flanked by both parents, to tip us off. Although the principal did everything she could to break up this gang, and although Warner's parents co-operated as much as possible, it was still flourishing at the end of the year. Warner's parents were well-meaning, kindly Europeans who had pulled up stakes in the old country so their son could "have a better life in America." And now, as his father told me with tears in his eyes, they simply couldn't understand what had happened to the boy. For now that Warner had an independent income, they had lost control of him.

I have often read about the importance of spotting potential criminals when they are young. Why isn't there some plan or organization that can nip a Warner in the bud? Is it cheaper for society to allow him to grow into an adult extortioner? I have always been able to spot serious troublemakers and I know most experienced teachers can. Why is it that neither the school system nor any other city or state agency does anything to weed these children out of the schools? Lack of money can't be the answer. Jailing them as adults is far more expensive.

I think that by now every reader of this article will realize that there is no such thing as a good class with six or eight disturbed or seriously delinquent children in it. Nearly every child affects and is affected by every other child. The number of seriously disturbed children in any one classroom is small, but the danger is great. They infect at least half of the class with the virus of antisocial behavior. How can any teacher teach, or a child absorb anything, in this atmosphere?

In a typical class of mine, there were at le 20 well-adjusted children, eager for kno edge. They were perforce neglected becaus my mandatory preoccupation with the pr lem children. Although I did my utmost work with them, we could proceed only in brief interludes between interruptions. best, these children became bored and rest from the lack of continuity, or they beca minor behavior problems on their own. worst, they were exposed to most unsavory havior that was not only morally corrupti but brought out all their inner tensions t

Horace is an example of the type of c that in a more wholesome class climate mi have functioned fairly well. A talented boy, has a nervous blink, several twitches and a concerting way of nodding as he speaks.

"Horace, have you done your homewo I ask.

"No," nods Horace. "I forgot my book."

Horace is one of the children who are ing extortion money for "protection," an lies awake nights worrying about "the gan At the age of nine, he has become a confirm insomniac, a habitual user of doctor-p scribed tranquilizers.

Terribly worried that Horace might get glasses broken in a fight, his mother picks h up after school every day. "I can't imag why Horace is so nervous," she says shri "Both his father and I are so relaxed and home is such a happy one. It must be this t rible class."

Horace's basic anxieties, I'm sure, spr from sources closer to home, but I had to ag with her that a class of this sort was likely increase anyone's tensions.

There is no solution for the Horaces. Of seven fourth-grade classes in the school, o one, with a register of 42, was for super children. Five of the others were very m like mine. One was worse. One boy in t class, a constant menace to himself and eve one else, had been declared legally insane. a week later he was back in class. The board education declared it had no place to put h and could not let him roam the streets. So after his return the boy gave a little girl a "l foot" that kept her in bed for weeks.

In January of one year, a school psych ogist did put in an appearance. He said he h time for therapy for one child in each cl Did I have any problem children? I spent next twenty minutes enumerating them, a we made the decision that Dan most nee treatment. Dan began playing hooky on th apy days and in June the psychologist's rep was that he did not consider Dan sufficien delinquent to be suspended.

The next fall the board of education cided that our school did not have suffici problem children to warrant a school psych ogist. He was therefore transferred to a wo

CONTINUED ON PAGE



"You're afraid of the principal, the principal is afraid of the superintendent, the superintendent is afraid of the school board, the school board is afraid of the voters. I'm not afraid of anybody!"



This bedspread was washed in blue Cheer*

*When whites are this white, you know your whole laundry is perfect. Try Cheer with the Blue Magic Whitener. See the difference yourself.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

school. Since this was the school to which I was originally appointed (and left after my three-year probationary period), I am qualified to describe it. I will call it School B.

School B is in a slum. The parents are either unemployed or unemployable. Some are mentally or physically ill and unable to hold jobs. Many are on relief. Some are in jail.

In School A, which I've just described, 10 per cent of the pupils were seriously disturbed, 30 per cent mildly disturbed. In School B the figure for seriously disturbed children ran as high as 20 per cent. Many of these children had violent criminal tendencies and no concept of right and wrong. I have described how in School A, with perhaps 10 per cent aggressively delinquent children, these aggressively delinquent children can infect at least half the total enrollment. In School B the infection reached epidemic proportions. For mere survival, well-adjusted children were forced to appear as tough as the others and soon became indistinguishable from them.

When I taught in School B, nearly every boy had a switchblade knife. The hour teachers dreaded most here was the lunch hour. Three women teachers (there were no male teachers in this school) were placed in charge of about 1000 children, half of them boys with knives. The job was nothing more nor less than to keep them from murdering one another.

These children's only concept of play was fighting. All about you in the congested yard were clusters of boys in little piles wrestling. After yard duty, during which by superhuman alertness you succeeded in averting scores of catastrophes, your emotions were so utterly wrung out that your hands shook and your knees were limp. Yet without a moment's respite you were required to proceed directly to your regular classroom to face yet two more hours of frustration and tension.

You might have thought, conditions being what they were, that the principal would do everything he could to help the teachers. However, although I know there must be wide variations in the personality of principals, this is too rarely so. The principal of School B was a charming man, provided you never asked for help. If you even consulted him about a hard-to-handle child, you were labeled that worst of all things: "a teacher who cannot handle her class." It was, of course, impossible for him to fire an appointed teacher, but he could find ways of making you so unhappy that after teachers had "done" their three years in his school, they invariably left of their own accord.

When I started at School B, I was a novice with no real prior experience. In my first year there I had a second grade of 36 disturbed youngsters, among them a boy named Johnny. Johnny alone had more things wrong with him than any nonteacher can imagine. To begin with, he never sat in his seat. Wearing his hat, gloves and overshoes, he spent his days pacing up and down the room. Any request on my part that he sit down only reinforced this behavior. One day, after months of trial and error, I had an inspiration. I said, "Johnny, you keep walking until I tell you to stop." Johnny, stunned, sat down.

But pacing was the least of Johnny's difficulties. About once a day, for reasons I never could trace, he would start howling in a voice that could be heard at the state line. This crying jag went on for hours. Removing him from the room so the rest of the class could continue with their work was out of the question, for Johnny had still another problem—the worst one of all. He had a peculiar mulelike obstinacy about leaving the room for any reason during the day. Any attempt to coerce him brought on howls and tantrums. Fire drills were a crisis. I was forced to carry this screaming, struggling seven-year-old down three flights of stairs twice a month. When, after several months, my stomach began to sag I braced myself and consulted the principal. I explained what a disrupting influence Johnny's behavior was on the class and stressed the impossible fire-drill situation. I was met with only an unsympathetic stare.

In my third, and happily last, year at this school there was a boy in my class so retarded that he could not learn to read and he was hardly able to speak. In a well-organized school where the pupils were tested regularly, he would have been weeded out and sent to a class for retarded youngsters. Here he sat in a sort of stupor day after day, his mouth hanging open. The other children dubbed him Dopey Dicky. One afternoon I found a wildly hysterical woman waiting for me in the yard. She was Dicky's mother. Her boy, she informed me, was being beaten up by his classmates on the street outside her home after school. What was I going to do about it? I promised sympathetically that I would certainly speak to the children involved, but that much as I hated to know her boy was suffering, I had no jurisdiction about what went on after school off school property. I suggested she speak to the principal about having him transferred to another class.

At that Mrs. K. became even more violent. She accused me of inciting the beatings to get him out of my class, of refusing to protect him because he was Negro. I tried to hurry away from her by getting on my bus, but she followed me. In the bus she kept hurling imprecations at me all the way. She claimed she had a right to protection and if I did not give it to her son she would get her husband to kill me. Then she turned to her boy. "Dicky," she said, "you see how you can depend on no one. But don't worry. No one will ever beat you up again. Here's a knife. If anybody starts up with you, you just stick it in them. And don't you worry. Mommy will always back you up." The bus driver and many passengers offered to testify in my behalf, but I didn't want to get involved with the mother.

However, after a sleepless night, I found myself in the principal's office at 8 the next morning. This woman was dangerous and something must be done about her immediately, I felt. I hoped he would offer to speak to her and calm her down. At 8:40 the principal sauntered in. Smiling blandly, he listened to my story, shrugged his shoulders and suggested it was time I go up to my class. In this same school a mother tried to strangle a teacher. A substitute was knocked down by two sixth-grade boys while conducting a gym class in the basement. She suffered a severely bruised face and lost a front tooth. The principal refused to take any action.

Yet there are logical remedies for relieving many of the problems in both these schools.

In School A the relatively well-adjusted three fourths of my class should have been skimmed off to be taught at an accelerated rate. The emotionally maladjusted segment (numbering perhaps eight) could then have been divided into two categories, hard-core delinquents and children with lesser neuroses.

Since these hard-core delinquents (Dan, Kelly and Warner) were the chief source of destructive behavior in the class, their transfer to a school for delinquents would have caused most of the tensions among the rest of the class to evaporate.

The law permitting the transfer of pupils to such schools is surrounded by so many legal hurdles that principals and school psychologists discourage teachers' attempts to have any child, short of a rapist, committed. I would say it is imperative that we seriously reconsider our definition of "delinquency." A delinquent is not a child who has already committed murder. My definition of a delinquent would be any pupil who so seriously upsets a classroom and sabotages the efforts of the teacher and the other students that learning is at a standstill. If there are not enough schools to absorb all the children who fall into this category, then schools should be created. Their removal from regular classes would create for the first time a livable atmosphere for the other 90 per cent of the school population. By retaining these delinquent children in the class, we compel boys and girls of good potential to fritter away the most valuable learning years of their lives. Parents of normal and gifted children now have just one recourse. They remove their children from the city system.

As for the second category—"children with lesser neuroses"—I felt I could have reached and helped every one of them if the class were smaller. With a register of 12 to 15 I could have given them the individual attention they needed so badly and shown them the affection I felt for them. This came to me with startling impact when, following my resignation from the city system, I began to teach in a private school. There are maladjusted children in private schools. But with only 12 children to teach, I can build warm relationships with each individual. The results have been truly gratifying. For best results, however, these children should be taught by what I call a "teacher-psychologist," an experienced warm-hearted teacher who has had special psychological training.

The appalling playground situation in School B could have been vastly improved by the simple expedient of staggering the lunch hour, with the lower and upper grades using the yard in consecutive shifts. The yard would then be less congested, enabling each teacher to supervise more closely the smaller group, and younger pupils would thus be protected from attacks by the older.

However, to obtain his superintendent's permission to institute these "radical" changes (provided they occurred to him) the principal would be compelled to disclose the true state of affairs in his school. And past experience has taught him that this would permanently stigmatize him as an ineffectual principal.

But I have yet to describe my experiences in School C, a so-called "good" school, in a well-to-do neighborhood. Whenever I think of this school it brings to mind an experience I once had when I asked a class to use the words "possible" and "impossible" in a sentence. One little girl came up with, "My brother is impossible, but I am possible."

If the other school was "impossible," then this one was possible. Barely. That is, it would have been had it not been for the supervision. Not that there weren't problems here. There were. And serious ones. It's just that their over-all number was fewer.

Many of these so-called "good" schools are harder to work in than one might think. Why? Well, many principals who have "good" schools feel they have a right to ask you to "produce." Now people don't enter teaching to get rich. Most teachers feel a very strong calling for their work and are extremely conscientious. Their greatest satisfaction comes from "producing," if that means helping growing minds develop and turning their pupils into as constructive citizens as possible. But your principal doesn't want that kind of producing. He wants "show"—something to impress the superintendent.

Conditions in big-city schools are obviously deplorable. And they are so because no one will admit to them. The boards of education are too busy defending themselves ("We cannot possibly do any better until we have more money with which to pay more and better teachers") to have time for self-criticism. As they are finding it impossible to get "more and better teachers," they feel they are perfectly justified in making no further attempts to save the crumbling school systems. Not having answers, they want no complaints. They occupy their time sweeping problems under rugs and demand that superintendents and principals do the same.

The teacher who never draws her principal's attention to the behavior of children who are a potential menace is applauded as the best of all possible teachers. The principal who never attempts to get at the root of the chaos in his school, or in any way bring it to the attention of the superintendent, is hailed as the best of all possible principals. Teachers and principals never assemble in order to make an honest appraisal of pressing problems; to suggest constructive solutions; to profit by one another's experiences. It is taboo for a teacher to introduce a pertinent topic of her own for general discussion.

Many supervisors may have been idealists at the outset of their careers, but by the time they become principals these ideals have often ossified into opportunism. Principals are almost never people with maturity, insight, flexibility and courage. Their aim is not "How can I make mine a better school?" or "How can I help my teachers produce better-adjusted pupils?" but "How can I put up a good front?"

I am afraid it is also true that many teache seek to become supervisors because they a unsuccessful as teachers. A short time ago met a number of teachers who had taken t examination for assistant principal. I disco ered that most did it "to get out of the clas room—the discipline was killing me." I lea it to you to imagine how effective these peop will be as principals.

Almost any teacher will tell you th teacher-education courses are for the mo part taught by ivory-tower instructors who a parently have not set foot in an elementa school since graduation. These courses a useless in preparing the teacher for the actu day-by-day job of teaching in difficult schoo The qualifying exam is often an excellent or and in studying for it one does acquire a th ough grounding in teaching methods. But it usually out of touch with reality. These teaching methods that are applicable to t normal, bright class only; 95 per cent the teachers passing this exam are appoint to "difficult" schools where they never ag have the opportunity to practice these theori On the other hand, they have learned nothi of the kinds of difficulties they will be c countering daily for the rest of their liv Clearly, no matter how excellent the teach are, they will not stay in teaching long, un the conditions I have described, even if s aries are doubled.

This is, indeed, the case. That is the tragec Each fall the board of education announce has filled every teaching position. Each spri the board finds that teachers are leaving a has to admit, "There is a critical shortage teachers." I hope I have helped you to und stand why this will continue to be the c until something is done to meet the situati intelligently, and fully. E

The author of this article is a highly qualif and experienced teacher. She describes some the "emotionally disturbed" and seriously del quent children in her city-school classrooms. S tells why such troublesome pupils ruin the edu tion of others, often corrupt their morals. In dents similar to those she reports have been scribed by other devoted teachers, witnessed many observers, including *Journal* editors. As says, "There is no such thing as a good class w six or eight disturbed or seriously delinqu children in it. Nearly every child affects and affected by every other child. The number seriously disturbed children in any one classro is small, but the danger to the class is great."

Shocking as this fact is, it is hardly more than the efforts of certain school administrat to gloss over and conceal the problem. Ma principals fear they will be branded as failures their profession if they attempt to exclude a troublemakers. Teachers fear to complain principals lest they be told they "can't hand their pupils. A superintendent says, "Of cours know there are pupils in the schools who sho not be there, but there is no other place for ther Mentally ill, criminal and degenerate child are, therefore, to be found in many crowded c classrooms.

Immoral, irrational and often violent havior of such children forced to attend regu classes jeopardizes the character and educatior all normal children in those classes. In more t one city it has resulted also in physical inju even death, to pupils or teachers. Does the nothing attitude of teachers and principals lo the "moral climate" of our schools still furt by *seeming* to tolerate bad conditions?

Teachers do not feel free to speak until a they have resigned their positions, as this teac has done (to accept a position in a private scho Many principals have a distaste for disciplin problems and full power to penalize teachers w "fail to co-operate." Yet many corrective mc ures can be taken, some of which this writer s gests, by individual principals if they have necessary courage and intelligence. They can do this without the wholehearted support and derstanding of public opinion.

Since the *Ladies' Home Journal* printed novel, *Blackboard Jungle*, with its backgrounc the seamy side of city high schools, actual co terparts of its fictional incidents have been posed to the daily press. Drastic steps have b taken to improve conditions in New York scho which originally protested the *Blackboard Jur* exposé as unethical. Look into your pul schools yourself. Avoid taking only the word persons whose interest it might be to conceal facts. The public schools are open to the view all responsible adults, and the most successful ministrators solicit the interest and inquiries parents. We invite teachers and parents to w to us about their experiences.—*The Editors*



COOKIN' COUSINS

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1. SKILLET SUNDAE SAUCE

In ¼ c. butter, lightly brown 1 c. coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts. Remove from heat. Add one 6-oz. pkg. (1 c.) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels. Stir till melted and smooth. Serve warm over ice cream or warm cake squares. Yield: 1¼ c.

2. MARSHMALLOW CREAM FUDGE

The quick directions are on both Nestlé's Chocolate and Diamond Walnut packages.

3. TOLL HOUSE® MARBLE SQUARES

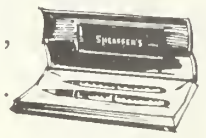
Preheat oven to 375° F. Sift together 1 c. plus 2 tbs. sifted flour, ½ tsp. baking soda, ½ tsp. salt—set aside. Blend ½ c. soft butter (or shortening), 6 tbs. granulated sugar, 6 tbs. brown sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. water. Beat in 1 egg. Add flour mixture—mix well. Stir in ½ c. coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts. Spread in greased 13″x9″x2″ pan. Sprinkle one 6-oz. pkg. (1 c.) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels over top of dough. Place in oven 1 min. Remove from oven and run knife through dough to marbleize. Return to oven and continue to bake. BAKE at: 375°F. TIME: 12-14 min. Cool. Cut in 2″ sqs. Yield: 2 doz.

4. CHOCO-WALNUT WHIZZERS

Preheat oven to 375° F. Melt two 6-oz. pkgs. or one 12-oz. Jumbo pkg. (2c.) Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels over hot (not boiling) water. Remove from water. Stir in ⅔ c. sweetened condensed milk, 1 tbs. water, 1 tsp. vanilla—DO NOT BEAT. Stir in 1 c. finely chopped Diamond Walnuts. Drop by rounded tablespoonfuls, 2″ apart, on ungreased cookie sheet. BAKE at: 375° F. TIME: 10 min. Remove from oven. Press 1 after-dinner mint into top of each. Top with Diamond Walnut half. Cool thoroughly. Remove from cookie sheet. Yield: 2 doz.

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MIRROR on the wall

Are you suffering from that tousled, straight-from-the-haystack look? Are you letting other women look chic and gorgeous, while you match your husband's beige raincoat? Aren't we all?

I'm tired of all this nonsense about beauty being only skin deep. That's deep enough. What do you want—an adorable pancreas? Personally, I find that it's work, work, work just trying to keep this top half inch in shape. And while I'm on the subject, the first rumor I want to scotch is that I don't *care* how I look. Care? Why, I haven't even read *The House of Intellect*, I've been so busy reading every single one of those articles which insist that I can be a younger, lovelier me this autumn. Actually, I intended to be a lovelier, younger me last winter, but what with one thing and another (we had to put in new linoleum around the kitchen sink, and the oil burner broke down), I never got around to it. But from now on there will be no more excuses. I am going to mend my fences and learn the trick of artful make-up.

I think I ought to make it clear that I am not primarily concerned with my social appearance. If I turn up at dinner parties with that tousled, straight-from-the-haystack look that is so unaccountably attractive in Italian movie actresses, I don't think it matters, because I happen to have this little trick which always endears me to hostesses. I invariably ask the young children who pass the stuffed celery what grade they are in. Of course one does have to look right at the children or, at the very least, keep in mind that they push on and age just like the rest of us. Last week I asked a young man who was urging a sixth deviled egg upon me, "And what grade are you in, dear?" only to learn that he was in Harvard Law.

Nevertheless, I feel I am rather sweet at dinner parties; let other women be chic and gorgeous. The one place I have simply got to look better is the department store, when I go in there to buy face powder. It has been my practice in the past to double-park the car and dash into the store with the air of one arriving at Radio City Music Hall two minutes before the prices change. (I always leave the motor running so the policeman can feel pretty sure I'm going to be right back.)

Now it's a curious fact that I can go into Housewares and stand among the pots for thirty-five minutes without attracting the attention of a single salesgirl, all of whom appear to be working out long-division problems on their little pads. But in Cosmetics I get attention, immediate attention. The salesgirls as far away as Perfume drop everything and gather about me making little clucking sounds. They really respond with the amiable ferocity and instinctive good will of a bevy of well-trained St. Bernards coming upon a stiffened form in an Alpine pass. At last—here is someone they can *help*.

May they suggest a blossom-pink make-up base? Do I need an herbal facial mask? What about a rich skin food for those fine lines? It is fruitless in these circumstances to explain that I already have enough cosmetics in my bathroom to make up every single extra in *The Ten Commandments*. They see what they see. And what they see is a pale beige face that blends, in a way that is almost uncanny, with the raincoat I'm wearing which happens to belong to my husband. As I can plainly see for myself in the large mirror on the counter, I look exactly like a peeled grape—a condition which is not really appetizing even in a grape.

Of *course* I need an herbal facial mask, and a cream to give new life and luxuriance to my eyelashes, and a lotion to remove those telltale signs of age. And it's nice that I'm going to have something for those signs of age, because I have definitely aged in the last five minutes and those fine lines are now becoming furrows as I realize—with mounting panic—that I have just spent $38 on assorted cosmetics when what I really need is a box of face powder, and a raincoat of my own.

As I tear myself away from these ministering maidens (I know they think I am returning to my coal barge) I keep wishing I could somehow convey to them that, all appearances to the contrary, I do have a conscience—style and

MIRROR

beauty wise. If they but knew that before the discovery of the hydrogen bomb I used to spend *all* my time worrying about my dry skin. Anyway, the next time I go into that store I will be wearing three layers of make-up all exquisitely applied. And the salesgirl will no more think of urging an extra product upon me than an art-supply dealer would dream of pressing Picasso into trying a new burnt umber.

Unlike some women, I can tell if a cream is an absolute necessity merely by reading the advertising. I can also tell if it's intended for me. For instance, if the ad begins: "*At last*—an entirely new concept of skin care intended for

I don't want to hear

you who are tired of trying every new skin cream that comes on the market," it has to mean me because I am tired of trying every new skin cream that comes on the market.

Now, fully alerted, I read on to discover that "After four years of careful laboratory experimentation, Mildred Rosnick announces 'Formula 22,' a cream made exclusively from the lungs of young goldfish."

There, don't you just know that will help? I mean, you have only to pause and consider how clear-eyed and spruce even middle-aged goldfish look to

one Word out of

realize Mildred Rosnick has stumbled onto something pretty important.

My husband has a different angle altogether. He is always trying to explain to me that dermatologists have proved that lard, or even bacon drippings, will do just as much or just as little to lubricate the human skin as any cosmetic ever invented. Now I ask you, if dermatologists had really proved anything as ridiculous as that, wouldn't we all know about it?

you

By Jean Kerr

Of course the thing about my husband is that he is not really on this planet. He's the kind of man who will come home from a cocktail party and tell you about the fascinating conversation he had with a new editor at Simon and Schuster who feels that all these new beat-generation authors are merely a reflection of the mass protest against the thermonuclear potential. I mean, that's his idea of a gossipy titbit. Later, I will hear that *she* was one of the guests, and I will fly at him accusingly: "Listen, Peggy says that Marilyn Monroe was at that party," and he will say, "That's right, I guess she was." And a man like that will presume to give advice.

I'm sure it would be a help in any program of beauty to set oneself a simple goal. Personally, I concentrate on keeping myself in a state of repair just sufficient to stop people asking me if I remember how charming Ethel Barrymore was on the opening night of *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.*

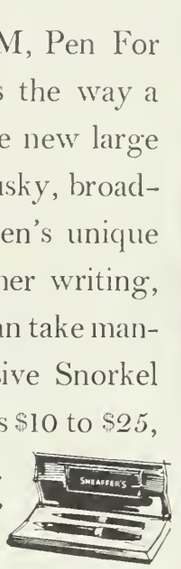
But one can set one's sights too high. Just last week, in the beauty parlor, I witnessed a poignant example of this very thing. A rather mousy matron handed the hairdresser a picture of Suzy Parker, her lovely profile glimmering beneath a mass of titian curls. "See," the lady explained rather ingenuously, "this is the way I want to look." Honey, we all do. But a mountaineer doesn't *start* with Everest.

I try to pick a model closer at hand, like any one of those young women who appear on the society pages handing each other checks for the Milk Fund. What an elegant crew they are—so svelte in black, so chaste in that solitary strand of pearls. "Lovely Mrs. Philip van Renssaeler Skylark III," I read, quite consumed with envy, "is celebrated for her candlelight suppers. Though Mrs. Skylark is the proud possessor of two young daughters, three whippets and a myna bird, she still finds time

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161

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LIBRARY ON A SHOESTRING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

higher than the station wagon, or in early summer when the slopes are alive with mountain laurel and wild columbine.

Next stop is a small country store and post office.

"My, how they do read in Rockoak!" says Ruth Baker proudly. "Emma Eckstein reads *every* book we bring, and so does twelve-year-old Kenny Miller."

A check of the 30 books left last month reveals that 75 persons read them; yet in driving by one sees only the store, a couple of isolated farms, and noisy Waterlick Run beside the narrow road. Many regular readers live back in the hills or in the sudden small lovely valleys that momentarily flash into view around sharp curves.

There are no librarians at Needmore, Frosty Hollow, Lost River, or any of the other rural areas served. From 20 to 40 books are left at each stop; during the next month readers will check out and return their own selections. They may also leave requests for specific books—at Mathias a woman asks for *Mein Kampf*.

Swinging back across the mountain by another road, the women exchange smiles as they pass the bend where once they were stopped by a wildcat in the road. They have driven almost 150 miles by the time they return to Moorefield. Ruth remarks, "Well, we couldn't have had a nicer day—but we say that every time! See you next Tuesday for the school run."

From its inception, the library has subsisted by volunteer effort. Started by the Moorefield Woman's Club nearly forty years ago, with three shelves of books, it expanded in a year to more than 1200 volumes. Finally able to stand on its own feet, it was incorporated in 1939 as the Hardy County Public Library, with both men and women on the board.

The library was for the whole county, and its sponsors realized that the more they could bring people to feel identification with it, the more books would be used—and the more donations might be forthcoming. They talked "library" at every opportunity, to everybody they met (they still do!); Margaret Allen, former newspaperwoman, found intriguing news stories (always with names) in every smallest library activity. The Moorefield *Examiner* has always been generous with news space and editorial drumbeating in the library's behalf.

Originally housed in the clubroom, later in rented upstairs space, the library (now with 6000 books available for readers) was overflowing its quarters; but a new building seemed at that time an impossible dream. Then a $5000 bequest from a long-time volunteer and another $2000 raised by community effort, plus hard work and careful planning, made the dream come true.

Plans were home-drawn, with, advice from the architect husband of a friendly librarian in another state; businessmen and school officials furnished supervision and supplies, many at cost; local labor built the 30′x60′ brick structure. And when the governor of West Virginia dedicated the library, in October, 1952, the handsome program gave credit to every person who had had a part, from board chairman Mrs. H. S. Pownall to laborer Tom Barnes.

Memorial gifts, such as the low, round oak table in the children's section, helped to furnish the library. The Woman's Club equipped a small kitchenette. The club now meets in the library, as do the 4-H Club and the Community Council. School exhibits are displayed there, and on election day the library is a polling place—$30 rent is garnered from *that* activity.

Library funds come from many sources: individual contributions; memorial gifts of books or money; donations from the Farm Women's Clubs, whose reading lists are consulted in selecting books; school children hold Library Tag Day; the Friends of the Library give solid support; and a House and Garden Tour of the several lovely old postcolonial homes in the valley nets from $200 to $300 annually.

The library has no tax base, but the town, county court and the school board each votes allocations on a yearly contingency basis. (Last year: town, $300; county, $400; school district, $100.) Thus tax-supported, it qualifies for help under the Federal Library Service act.

But since West Virginia is unable fully to provide matching funds, the State Library Commission has never received all the Federal money it might—regional library service is now provided to only 10 of the state's 55 counties. Furthermore, state law stipulates that the commission may give help, books and guidance—but *not* money—to individual libraries; for financing, Hardy County must help itself. The library has received, on "permanent loan" from the state commission, a welcome $1300 worth of standard reference books; and a consultant drops by at intervals to help, when possible, on particular questions which have arisen.

One big problem seemed insoluble: making the library more easily accessible to people who live miles from town. "If we only had a bookmobile," they dreamed—but bookmobiles cost $6000 and up. Impossible.

Then the state commission declared surplus the old truck with which it had started regional demonstrations. Unlicensed, uninspected, bad rubber—and 240 miles away in the state capital. The board met hurriedly, voted, mailed a $100 check—and owned a bookmobile. The commission added a loan of 500 books, and three Hardy Countians volunteered to go to Charleston and bring the truck home the long way, avoiding mountains it couldn't negotiate.

One Moorefield garageman repaired and inspected the vehicle as his library contribution; another garaged it for the winter; a third provided new tires at less than cost; and the county court appropriated its first $200 for county library service.

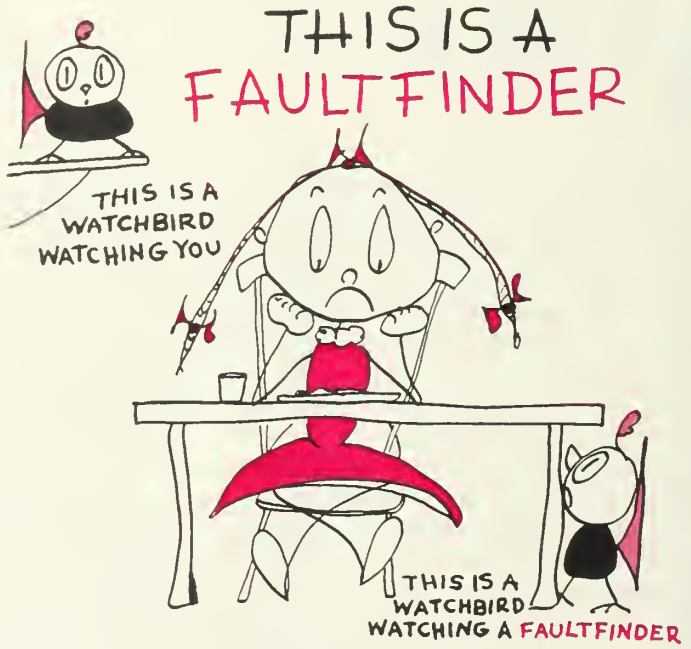
Pleasure in the "new" bookmobile was somewhat diluted by the fact that the balky, top-heavy vehicle, with its complicated gearshift, was almost impossible for a woman to handle. A high-school honor student "won" the privilege of driving; when Billy went on to college in the fall his place was taken by one of the school janitors—no reader, but a deft double clutcher and inordinately proud of "our book wagon."

The old truck gulped huge quantities of gas but still crept over the mountain roads so slowly that "*everything* passed us on the up grade—even heavily loaded coal trucks." Little time was left for checking books off the steel shelves at each stop, and many potential readers could not be there at the right moment. "If you could leave a few books, we'd clear off a shelf," offered a grocer's wife 40 miles across the mountain.

That was the beginning of the deposit stations. With the board's approval, Ruth and Margaret added more country stores. And they thought aloud: If we could do this exclusively, people could check out books for themselves . . . they wouldn't have to wait for us in the cold . . . they could get books any time . . . and *maybe* we could trade the bookmobile on something we could drive!

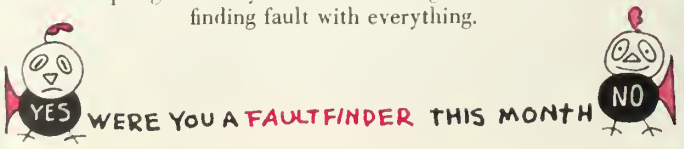
They worked and waited and talked about the need. Soon a dealer found a dairy farmer who had a secondhand station wagon and needed a delivery truck. They needed boxes in which to transport books for each station; the local hatchery gave sturdy cartons with covers and handholds, in which hatching eggs had been shipped—"just right for a couple of women to load and tote." Now they gaily pass the coal trucks and the drivers wave and smile because the station wagon has HARDY COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY lettered on its sides, and everybody knows its errand.

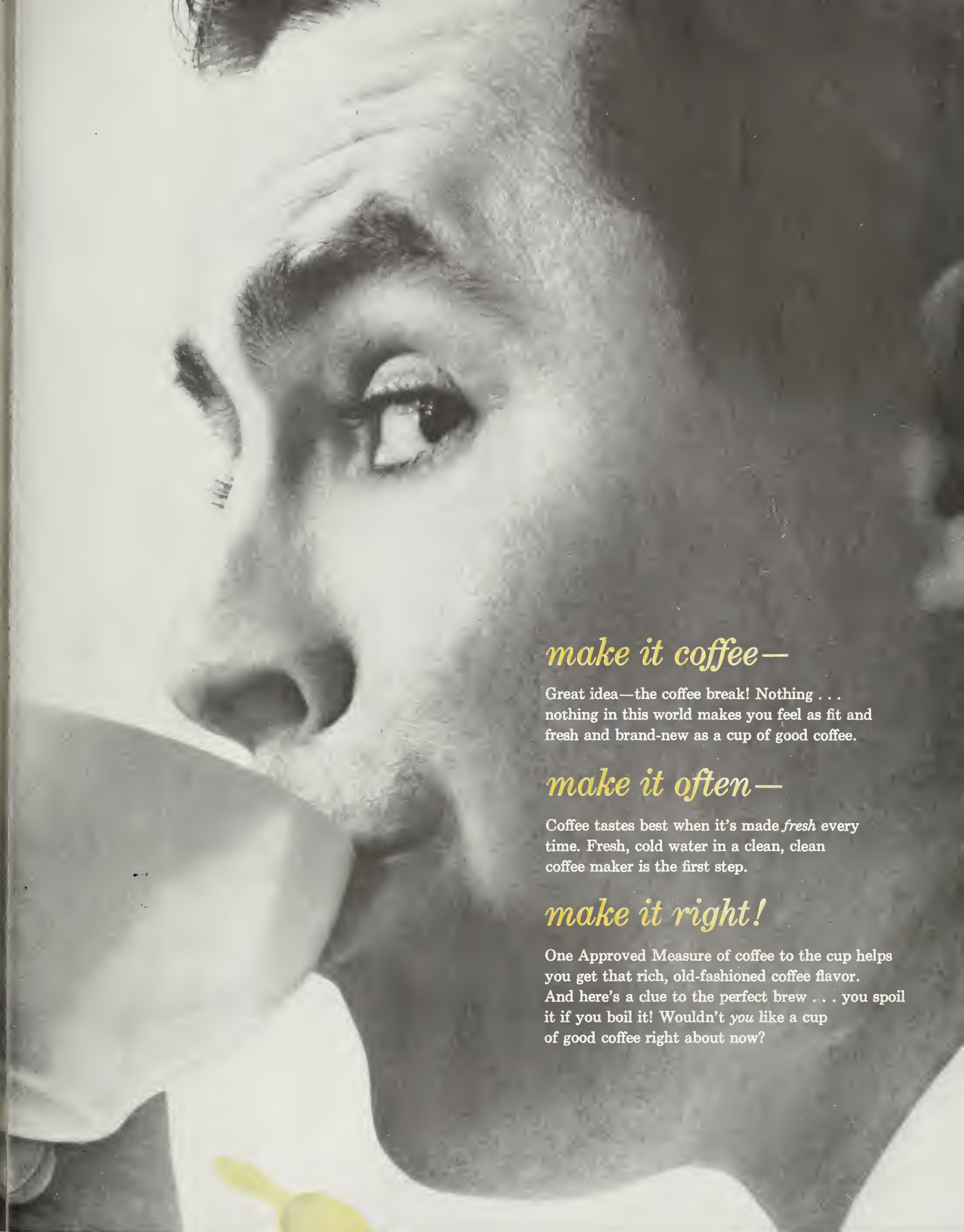
Current need is for a full-time, paid library worker, "Not a librarian with a degree but an intelligent girl who will learn simple library techniques and take over the increasing heavy job of running the library and bookmobile." This will raise the budget to around $4000, and will require more tax support and more community commitment. As yet they do not have the funds in hand, but they have already hopefully hired pretty Joyce William for the post. "We'll find the money somehow," cheerfully says Mrs. Vernon Welton, present board chairman. "We are working, as we always have, in the faith that if the distaff is ready, the Lord will provide the flax." E



By MUNRO LEAF

This very unpleasant creature is a painful thing to have in any house. It is a Faultfinder. No matter what its mother gives it to eat, it finds fault with it. It moans that things are too hot, too cold, too sour, too sweet, too hard, too soft—too, too anything at all. People get awfully tired of listening to Faultfinders finding fault with everything.





make it coffee—

Great idea—the coffee break! Nothing . . . nothing in this world makes you feel as fit and fresh and brand-new as a cup of good coffee.

make it often—

Coffee tastes best when it's made *fresh* every time. Fresh, cold water in a clean, clean coffee maker is the first step.

make it right!

One Approved Measure of coffee to the cup helps you get that rich, old-fashioned coffee flavor. And here's a clue to the perfect brew . . . you spoil it if you boil it! Wouldn't *you* like a cup of good coffee right about now?

For your *Coffee Brewing Institute* Approved Measure in bright red, yellow or blue plastic, with a folder of coffee-making suggestions, send ten cents to PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, P.O. Box 33, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y.



Sun pours in the large window, complementing warmth of color scheme, based on orange, yellow and white printed cotton. "Big" purchases were sofa, rug, two chairs. Other pieces, such as Windsor chairs, lamp table and chest, are secondhand, either repainted or refinished. Flooring and fireplace remain from before the fire. The standard hibiscus, upper right in picture, is thirdhand, blooms almost continuously.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

A GRACIOUS ROOM FOR ADULT LIVING

Frank and Judy Perron's new living room, built on the remains of their burned-down house, is casual, roomy and very much for adults. Most of the big house is given over to the four children and their activities, but the living room is definitely to be for grown-up entertaining, relaxing, and enjoying together as a family. This decision, which was arrived at by the parents when they planned the new house, was strengthened the night the children toasted marshmallows over all the cigarette lighters.

A big room, thirty-five feet long, it lends itself to planned "areas." Informal groups of friends tend to gather around the huge, warming fireplace, bringing up lightweight ottomans for extra seating. In front of the sliding glass windows onto the deck, a small game table accommodates two or four for playing cards or just plain chatting. A perfect spot for reading or study is the long desk along the bookcase wall, and the re-covered studio couch at that end of the room just asks you to curl up on it to knit, read or listen to music. By H. T. WILLIAMS

PETER NYHOLM



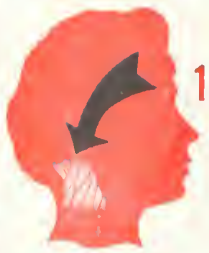
Length of slab desk between bookcases allows ordered clutter and provides large work surface. The Siamese cats enjoy comfort of buttoned foam-rubber pad on old re-covered studio couch. Some of the pictures were salvaged from the fire, some collected since, as were the books, many of these given to them at their "shower."

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Tension puts painful pressure on nerves and tiny blood vessels in the head.



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FOR *FAST--FAST--FAST* RELIEF →



THE CANCER NOBODY TALKS ABOUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

erations—removal of a diseased rectum, eation of a substitute opening in the abdo-n, called a colostomy—was forbidding. tients who survived the operation were her dreadfully handicapped.

Today all this is changed. Cancer of the lon and rectum is considered one of the sier cancers to cure—if caught in time. Re-ntly scientists in the departments of gastro-terology and surgery of the Graduate Hos-al, University of Pennsylvania, reported: he over-all cure rate of colonic cancer ex-eds that of cancer of any other site in the mentary canal. A large proportion of cancers the colon and rectum are curable if removed er the appearance of the first symptoms." far larger proportion would be curable if tected and removed before unmistakable mptoms have appeared

The methods employed today for cure of tal cancer no longer have the horrors of the rly ones. Surgeons now can operate so skill-ly, patients can be taught to care for the w waste arrangement so cleverly, that even noval of the rectum need no longer be a ndicap. A surprising number of men and omen are carrying on full business and social es after a colostomy.

It is still better news that surgeons more and ore are curing rectal cancer without having make a substitute opening. Unless the ease has progressed too far, in many cases ey can remove the diseased portion of the ctum, but leave the sphincter muscle and dy outlet intact. The severed parts of the tal tube are joined together; there is no dis-bance of natural function at all.

The same process can be carried out even ore easily with cancer higher up in the colon. ie diseased portion of the intestine is re-oved, the organ joined together; the colon rries on its work as though nothing had hap-ned. But to effect cures of this type, it is cessary to detect the cancer before it has read to adjacent organs; before its deadly ls have been carried to other body regions. Could Secretary Dulles' cancer have been ught at an earlier stage if the public had been structed about this cancer, its first symp-ms stressed, men and women without symp-ms examined for it routinely as they have ng been examined for the more socially ac-ptable forms of cancer?

Not all cancers of colon and rectum can be tected early enough for cure, even by the st diagnostic methods now available. But a very large percentage can be. Provided, that is, the silence that has protected this cancer up to now is done away with. Provided the public and the medical profession alike will face the facts about it as resolutely as they have faced unpleasant facts about cancers in other body sites.

The facts in themselves are not essentially different from those about cancers in general. What has put cancer of the colon and rectum in a different category heretofore is the peculiar nature of the organ in which it occurs and the body function this organ performs.

The colon and rectum together form the main conduit for removal of wastes from the digestive processes. The colon is around four and a half to five feet long in a woman of average size. The colon, also called the "large bowel" and "large intestine," rises clear over on the right-hand side of the body, out of the caecum, a pouchlike organ into which the appendix and small intestine, or ileum also open. The colon travels upward, crosses the abdomen, travels upward again a short distance then starts downward along the left side of the abdomen. In the lower left pelvis it veers over to the middle of the body, thence straight downward to the body opening. It is much wider than the small intestine and has a notable capacity for expanding and contracting. Its elastic, "accordion-pleated" sides also offer an ideal hiding place for growths of various kinds.

For the sake of convenience and more accurate description, anatomists have marked off this great canal into sections, giving each section a name: such as ascending, transverse and descending colon; sigmoid colon—the part of the tube which connects the descending colon, coming down on the left side of the abdomen, with the rectum; upper and lower rectum, and the like. But it is all part of the same system, and the system is the same in men and women. The two sexes are affected in the same way when cancer appears.

What causes cancer in the organ is not known. Theories attributing it to anything eaten or drunk have not been proved. There seems to be no connection with sex, for men and women get it in about equal measure. For some reason also unknown, women are more prone to cancer of the colon, men to cancer of the rectum. But both sexes can get either type. (Secretary Dulles' cancer, for instance, was reported as cancer of the colon.) As with most other cancer forms, much the highest incidence is in people over forty. But it can appear at any age.

It is not inherited, in the sense that parents transmit it to their children in the form of cancer. But a disease from which many cancers of colon and rectum arise does run in some families. Called "acquired intestinal polyposis," it is characterized by the formation of polyps in this part of the intestinal tract.

Ordinarily polyps are benign, and the great majority remain that way. Many persons have a few polyps or other type of harmless growth in the organ which never make any trouble at all. But the more polyps one harbors in the colon or rectum, the greater the likelihood that cancer cells will develop in one or more. The longer the polyps have been in the tract, the greater the chance of malignancy. Most cancers of the colon and rectum originate in polyps. Yet how many women know that polyps in this area should be searched for, and watched, as sedulously as lumps in the breast?

It is true that several symptoms of cancer of the colon and rectum have been included in the lists of cancer danger signals for years. But they have not been pinpointed as signs of a particularly horrid disease. Since the chance for cure depends primarily on the victim's alertness in seeking medical help at the first sign of something amiss, they must be pinpointed.

In rectal cancer, bleeding in the stool is often the first thing noticed. Second in order of significance may be a sensation of incomplete evacuation and a change in bowel habit. Stools may become more frequent or less frequent; looser or more constipated. At first the change is intermittent. If it is cancer, gradually the condition becomes worse and more persistent. Another symptom is pain in the rectum, with painful and often ineffectual straining.

When the cancer is situated higher up, change in bowel pattern may be the first significant symptom. Next comes a feeling of discomfort in the lower abdomen. Sometimes this takes the form of a sharp pain, as with rectal cancer. More usually it is a vague feeling of cramping, difficult for the victim to pin down. Vagueness, in fact, is characteristic of all the early symptoms of cancer of the colon. Often what brings the alert patient to the doctor is merely an awareness that something is wrong, rather than any pronounced and alarming manifestation.

As cancer of the colon progresses, the first vague symptoms become more definite. There is increasing discomfort from gas, perhaps to the point of actual ache. Next bleeding begins, as normal tissues are replaced by cancer cells—though the first bleeding may be very minor, perhaps nothing more than bloody mucus.

If the victim of colonic cancer is lucky, the malignancy will grow on the inside of the tube, causing bowel blockage. That will drive the sufferer to the doctor immediately. If unlucky, the cancer will grow into and along the wall of the bowel, destroying it over a wide area before any obstruction occurs. In such a case, bleeding may be the only warning sign given until the cancer is far advanced.

Moreover, in around one third of colonic-cancer cases, the bleeding is internal. There may be no evidence of it to the victim. But these persons do often develop anemia. Hence anemia may be a symptom of cancer of the colon and rectum. Sudden weight loss, for which there is no explanation, may be another.

Should these signs go unheeded, the cancer may spread into adjacent organs and loops of bowel. In a woman, it may move into the uterus or other female organs; in a man, into the prostate or bladder. In either sex the cancer may drop seedlets, which can be disseminated throughout the body.

The picture may easily become confused when a man or woman suffers from another bodily condition which produces some of these same symptoms. Hemorrhoids, to name a very common condition, also cause bleeding. There is no connection between cancer and hemorrhoids. But the two can exist together. The patient and even the doctor may be thrown off the track, unless the possibility of cancer is always kept in mind in any cases of bleeding, change in bowel pattern or persistent abdominal discomfort.

But there is a bright side to the picture too: the ease with which most malignancies in the tract can be discovered when diligent search for them is made. Though polyps and other types of abnormal growth can and do occur anywhere in the long meandering reaches of

BEST I EVER ATE

HOLIDAY MACAROON PIE

CRUST:

2 dozen macaroons
½ cup soft butter or margarine

FILLING:

½ cup milk
2 eggs, slightly beaten
⅓ cup sugar
Pinch salt
½ envelope unflavored gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1 cup heavy cream whipped
¼ cup finely chopped pecans
4 regular-size marshmallows cut small
1 slice canned pineapple, cut into small pieces
2 ounces candied cherries, chopped
Whipped cream (garnish)
Chopped candied cherries (garnish)

Crust:

Three or four days before you make the pie, buy the macaroons and let them dry out thoroughly. Then roll to fine crumbs. Mix the crumbs with soft butter or margarine. Press evenly into a 9" pie plate. Chill. Fill with fruit pudding and chill overnight. It is an advantage to get the dessert out of the way the day before Thanksgiving.

For the filling:

Make a custard in the double boiler of the milk, eggs, sugar and salt, cooking and stirring until custard coats the spoon. Remove from heat. Soften gelatin in cold water and stir into hot custard. Stir until dissolved. Chill. Fold in whipped cream, pecans, marshmallows, pineapple and candied cherries. If fruit sinks to bottom, put pudding in refrigerator—stir now and then until it is beginning to set. Pour into pie shell. Chill overnight. Garnish with fluffs of whipped cream and chopped candied cherries. Makes 6–8 servings.

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the colon, the great majority of malignancies grow rather close to the outer opening. One major cancer clinic reports that 90 per cent of the cancers of this organ were found within the last twenty-five centimeters (a little less than ten inches); 50 per cent in the last five inches. This is in contrast to benign growths, of which 34.5 per cent were located higher up.

According to the American Cancer Society, *60 per cent of the cancers of colon and reetum are within reach of the doctor's finger in a rectal digital examination; 70 per cent can be revealed by sigmoidoseopy.* This word—accented on the next-to-the-last *o*—should become as familiar as "atherosclerosis" and "ileitis" became after President Eisenhower's two major illnesses. For it is today's best hope for detecting cancer of the colon and rectum in time for cure. The sigmoidoscope is a tube, with an electric light at its tip, which gently expands the sides of the rectum, and enables the doctor to see the inside of the rectum and colon as far up as twelve inches—well above the area where most cancers are found.

Many times the sigmoidoscope will also reveal a condition which indicates that there may be trouble higher up in the colon. The next step then is a barium enema, with X ray. The barium solution is opaque under the X ray. It shows up defects throughout the length of the colon, revealing deformities or abnormal growths if they are present. (The barium-enema-and-X-ray technique is used today only when there is cause to suspect an abnormal condition. Doctors are being chary of X ray except when it is definitely needed.)

Before long it is hoped that another potent technique may be available for early detection of cancer in remoter parts of the organ. A smear test, of the kind that has proved so lifesaving for women with unsuspected cancer of the cervix or uterus, has been worked out. But there are special difficulties in its use with rectal secretions. It is still so complicated that it is seldom employed except when there is reason to suspect cancer very high up in the colon. Scientists are engaged in an effort to perfect and simplify this technique. It would be invaluable in indicating persons who should have further, more searching examinations; perhaps reach the point where it can be used in mass screening, as is done now in some places for cancer of the cervix and uterus.

At time of writing, sigmoidoscopy at regular intervals remains the best protection against cancer of the colon and rectum. And it is particularly valuable for women, since women are more prone to malignancies in remoter parts of the organ.

Admittedly sigmoidoscopic examination has some features that set it apart from the routine examination techniques we are accustomed to. It must be prepared for in advance. The first time or two it may be something of an ordeal. (Though doctors say patients don't mind it when they get used to it.) There is no getting around the fact that sigmoidoscopy is more of a bother and discomfort than a routine examination for breast lumps; than a Papanicolaou smear for uterine cancer.

But let us go back now to the some 69,000 American men and women in whose colon or rectum, it has been authoritatively forecast, malignant cells will appear during 1960. Medical experience with this cancer indicates that around one fourth will be saved because, through either alertness or good luck, the cancer will be discovered in time. One half could be saved if they would go to their doctors as soon as they first realize that something is wrong. *The cure rate could go as high as 75 per cent or higher if every adult would recognize the danger of cancer of colon and reetum; would submit to routine examination for it as for other types of cancer.* Instead of 20,000 lives, 52,000 could be saved out of this year's new victims alone.

The first call to save these lives was issued on March 31, 1959, by Dr. I. S. Ravdin, director-at-large of the American Cancer Society, and surgical consultant to President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. Addressing the American Cancer Society's second Cured Cancer Congress in Washington, he cited the cancer deaths of numerous senators, mentioning in particular Senators Vandenberg, Taft, McMahon, Neely, Wadsworth, Holt and Bilbo. He suggested that from now on members of Congress and other national leaders "accept the responsibility, as a condition of the office to which they were elected or appointed, of having regular physical checkups, including a sigmoidoscopic examination. I'd like senators and representatives to announce routinely, in any news letter to constituents, that they have just had such an examination."

Dr. Ravdin noted that Congress has not been indifferent to cancer. It has increased the Government's share in cancer-research funds from a few hundred thousand dollars, a decade ago, to $111,000,000 last year. What is needed now, Dr. Ravdin stressed, is the realization on the part of individuals that "it can happen to me." This applies to private citizens equally with Government officials.

The American Cancer Society is planning a vigorous attack on cancer of the colon and rectum. The lifesaving effort will center upon a sigmoidoscopic examination as part of an annual thorough physical for American adults, an examination which will survey other cancer areas as well. This is considered adequate for persons who have had no symptoms of cancer and who have no polyps. As an extra cautionary measure, persons who have had polyps removed from the tract, whether or not the growths prove to be malignant, might well be examined more often than once a year; and have a barium-X-ray examination in addition to the sigmoidoscopy. This is to detect any new polyps that may have formed. Blood in the stool; change of bowel pattern that continues for more than a short time; any persistent pain in the abdomen—these call for immediate intensive investigation.

Persons who suffer from chronic ulcerative colitis are also in a special danger area. Like polyposis, this disease is often a precursor of cancer of the colon and rectum. A mild or moderate case of ulcerative colitis is less likely to turn into a malignancy. But anyone who has had severe, chronic ulcerative colitis for six years or more should be checked at once for cancer; and should be checked frequently thereafter.

Members of families which have a record of deaths from cancer of the colon and rectum should be examined for the presence of polyps beginning with early adulthood. For in these families, cancer is likely to occur at younger ages than in the general population. And polyps found should be either removed or watched carefully for the first signs of cancer.

The Cured Cancer Congress, recently instituted by the American Cancer Society, offers inspiring proof that awareness and alertness can defeat this most dreaded of diseases. Cancer of the colon and rectum can be defeated, too, in the great majority of cases. It will be, when the mistaken squeamishness which has protected it up to now is done away with.

EN

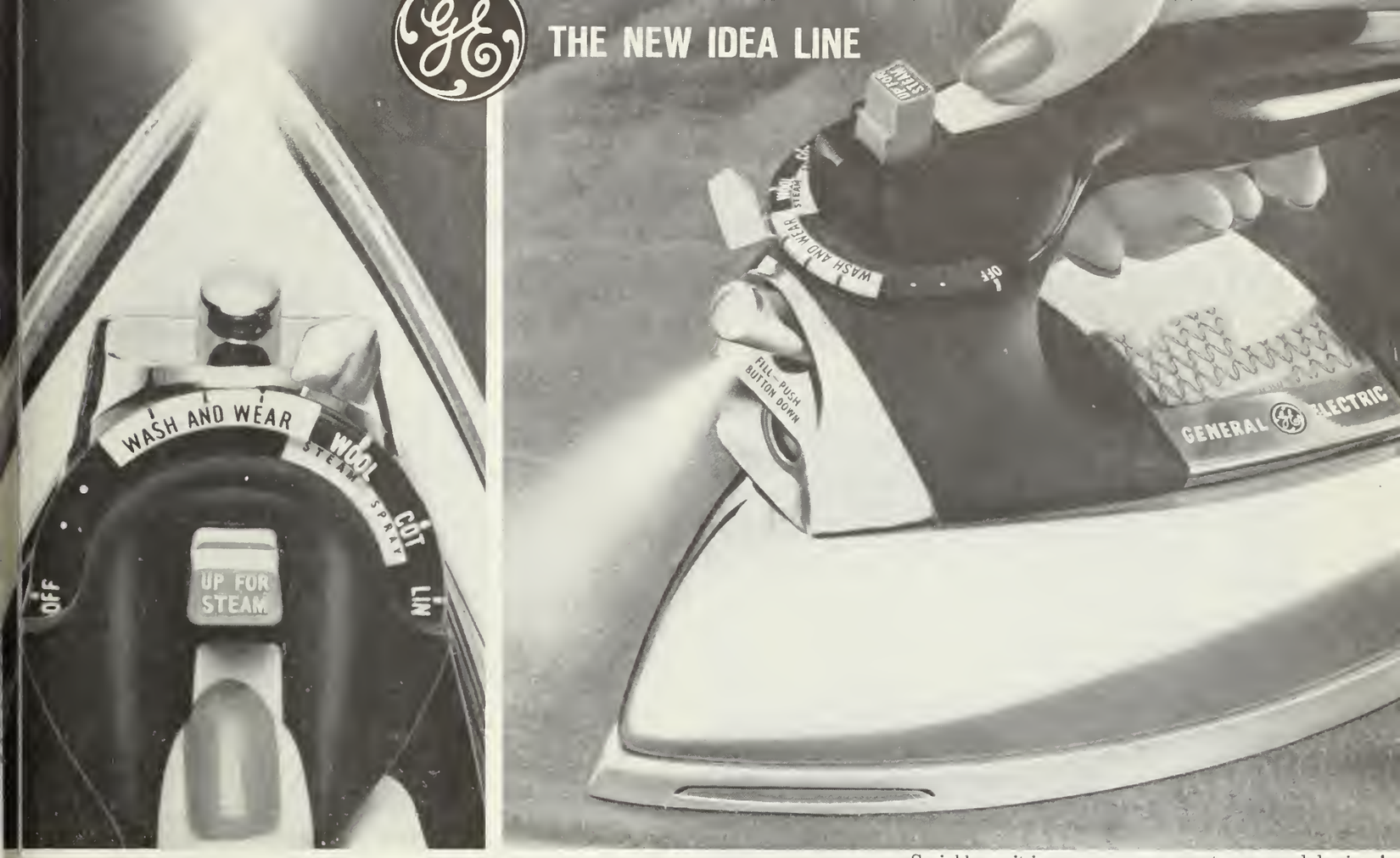
NEXT MONTH

Emily came home from school and, with scarcely time to unpack, plunged into two weeks of partying—eight luncheons, five dinner parties, eight dances, three receptions. For this is Emily Tyler's year—the year of her debut in Richmond, Virginia, society. She has spent most of her nineteen years anticipating it, and will remember it always.

DEBUTANTE IN THE STATELY TRADITION

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN

HOW AMERICA LIVES
in the December Journal



Sprinkles as it irons . . . new spray . . . steam . . . and dry iron!

New...three wash and wear settings!

Now . . . *all* of your ironing problems are solved by a *single* iron . . . The new General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron.

It sprinkles as you iron. Press a button and even the heaviest wrinkles are sprayed damp—ironed flat in a shake.

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We seriously doubt whether any dry, steam, 2-way or 10-way iron can match this one in versatility . . . See for yourself at your General Electric dealer's.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

*Trademark of General Electric Co.



A toaster and "oven", too! General Electric Toast-R-Oven* makes toast on top—makes melted cheese sandwiches in "oven" below.



Beats, whips, mixes drinks—now sharpens knives! New General Electric Portable Mixer has optional knife-sharpener accessory.



Reheats without reperking! Automatic Coffee Maker has special reheat setting. Easy-to-clean stainless steel protects flavor.

Built upon ashes, the Perrons' new kitchen is prettier, performs better than the old one.

Mother–Daughter KITCHEN

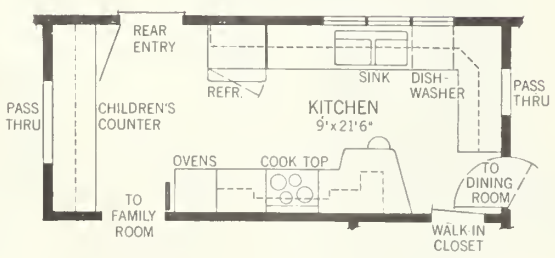
By MARGARET DAVIDSON *Homemaking Editor*

ABBOT MILLS



It's lunchtime and there is buzzing activity as Judy Perron tends hot dogs in the electric-range broiler. Daughter Lucy (twelve years old) sets out the dishes and son Michael (who is ten and hungry) reaches for a snack.

HOW AMERICA LIVES



It's an easy step across the long kitchen from sink to range to refrigerator—and fortunately passers-by do not interrupt any of the activity.

A yellow refrigerator, a stainless-steel sink, nine feet of counter, all smoke-smeared and water-drenched—these were salvaged from the charred ruins of the Perrons' kitchen after the fire. So much was lost, they considered these like gold at the end of a rainbow. Experts pronounced the counters and sink sound. With an $80 reconditioning, the refrigerator was ready for service.

The new kitchen was designed around these recoveries. But the Perrons saw to it that there was a practical approach to family fun and convenience for the cooks. Mrs. Perron looked at her schedule, full of notations about choir and play rehearsals and political meetings and such. She remembered that as the children grew older their interests would diversify. So flexibility was important. She listed her ideas—38 of them—for her dream kitchen. As is the way when turning dreams into reality, a few had to give way. But the kitchen is the result of down-to-earth planning.

"I'd rather not have an audience when I cook," Mrs. Perron said. On the other hand, daughters Lucy and Debbie are starting to cook. "I'm all for encouraging them, they learn best now. So we must have a place for the girls too."

A room that served mother and daughters was worked out by a plan that is rather long and narrow, with a basic cooking area at each end. The girls' end of the room has a lower counter (30″ high) where the girls can stir up their own concoctions without being in the way. There are outlets here for the electric cookers and fry pans in which most of their cooking is done.

The Perrons have planned so the youngsters can have their own brand of party, while the parents dine more quietly. A family room, with a big table for eating, leads from the children's end of the kitchen. The opposite end of the room opens into the dining room with a wide view of the terrace and patio. The influence of the old kitchen lingers, for the sunny scheme is planned around the yellow refrigerator and the white counter with aqua-and-green design that stood the test of fire. Against yellow walls are wood cabinets with a white, rubbed finish and great talent for storing things properly. Washable dress material makes curtains as gay as the good times the family has here.



"Most important are counters around the sink—on both sides if possible," Judy Perron said emphatically and truly. The plastic ones here, plus the stainless sink and yellow refrigerator, were all salvaged from the ruins after the fire and the new kitchen which you see here was shaped around them.



Via the pass-through, the family-room table is just an arm's reach away. The counter, table height, is handy for amateur cooks Lucy and Debbie (8). Their mother likes the low-height surface when using the electric frypan or griddle.

"I've always wanted a double oven, space for spices by the stove and a wastebasket you can get to without opening something." Mrs. Perron's new kitchen provides these—and more. The stainless electric cooktop fits between counters, has its own back panel with clock and timer. Her favorite blues and greens are in the vinyl-asbestos floor.

GUERRERO





"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

CARMEL QUINN
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"An entertainer learns to love bright spotlights, smoky rooms and excitement. But my eyes will never get used to the life. That's why I use Murine. Just a couple of drops soothe my eyes, and I feel refreshed, revived and relaxed completely." Try Murine yourself—to soothe your eyes and so relax tension. Keep a bottle handy—at home, in your office, in your car.

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CROOKED THING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

as I remember him, remarkably stupid. However, that's how it was.

Tony was not part of my bunch or any bunch. As children we had teased him; later, we simply forgot him. A few girls giggled when he went out for football in our sophomore year, but he was underweight and he remained a sub, warming the beneh at games, and they forgot him again.

Tony's parents were dead. He lived next door to us with his uncle and aunt, a dim little man and a ponderous woman to whom my father referred, blasphemously, as Mrs. God. I shall never understand what made that woman tick. When Tony was small, she seemed to take downright pride in his isolation. "I make it a law," she would say, "that Anthony does not associate with boys who are rough."

Sometimes, back then, another boy would try to pick a fight with him in tentative friendship. But it never came to anything. He could dodge and run like the wind. He was a handsome, fair child, but we just put that down against him along with the way he got Excellent in deportment. Mostly, though, we had more important things to think about. In fact, I remember only one time in my childhood when I was sharply, vividly aware of him.

We were in the sixth grade, and the principal had come to our room on a prowl of inspection. Naturally, the teacher led with her ace. She shuffled through the arithmetic papers that had just been handed in, and passed one to him.

He examined it. He exhaled in admiration.

"Miss Ardley," he said, "your Anthony is a little gem."

I caught my breath in pity. I tried not to look, but in spite of myself my eyes turned to see how a child would bear such public shame. And Tony was smiling; smiling gently as he looked around the room in happiness, in trust.

Good glory, I thought, staggered, *he thinks we're going to like him for it!*

But after that, somehow, I never joined in when people said mean things about him, and once or twice I even defended him: "You'd be a nut, too, if you had his aunt for a mother. Believe you me, I live next door!"

And we got to the age where the outsider is no longer mocked or tormented, only forgotten. And then I had big, fluffy cootie garages and wore a butterfly locket, and I was Beth Collins, a vamp, part of the best bunch.

We were in math class. I was terrible at math, but I was also a spoiled only child. I took it cheerfully for granted that math was beneath me, the province of artistic and spiritual illiterates. Until that year, and Mr. McIntosh.

Mr. McIntosh was not, by my family's standards, a gentleman. He wore flashy clothes and a big garnet ring and he mispronounced words: "Y'arrange these roots in a colyoom, see?" He was new to the school, and on the first day I assumed that he taught math because he was too common to learn anything else but had to teach something so that he could coach football.

On the first day, no longer. For Mr. McIntosh had quality. As he stood before us, explaining, his features would kindle to light. The hand with the garnet ring would pull at the long chin, and the light would shine. "Y'see? Get it?"

And looking at that light, I made a discovery: math was not memorized mumbo-jumbo, it was *reasoning*. I had found out too late, but I knew what it was. After that, I would sit in his class like a deaf girl at a symphony concert, tantalized and oddly excited.

I was sitting there so one morning in late September: deaf, tantalized, watching the maestro. The windows were all open, though the air was cool. The sun shone through autumn haze with a diffused brilliance. A wide shaft of light came down from one of the windows, and dust motes wavered across it on the draft.

The lean, keen face was very much alive. The hand with the ring pulled at the long chin

"Questions? Last chance."

The silence was, in effect, the swelling of his applause. Clearly he had made something evident to everybody but me. He dusted his hands together and smiled, the conductor taking his bow.

"Go ahead, then." And then, abruptly, "No, all but Abbott."

Beneath the first line he set down another, shorter.

"Crack that, Abbott. Present from the management."

I turned and looked at Tony.

The swath of light fell full upon his desk. His dark blue eyes were not upon the board. Rather, they appeared to examine something that an invisible hand held close for his inspection: something elegant, fine. His chin was squared out, but his lips curved as if in response to a subtle joke. He sat so, unmoving, for about ten seconds.

And in those seconds my heart started and slowed. A strange, melting softness went all through me. I saw his face, which I had seen so often and never seen before. I saw the clean hair fallen over his forehead. I saw his smile, beautiful, lost in its alien, masculine world of abstract thought.

Tony. Tony Abbott. Tony. As if it had been a stranger's name, my mind said it over. *Tony.*

He lifted his hand, pushed back the loose hair and began to write. I began to copy down the incomprehensible symbols from the board. It must have been a hard problem, for Dave Rogers uttered a comedy groan. By one of our articles of faith, Dave was a sketch. A few

> Success comes in cans. Failure comes in can't's. FRED SEELEY

dutiful giggles rose. The sounds made me startle, flush; as if it were a gesture of concealment, I added my giggle to the rest.

Mr. McIntosh tapped the bell. Then he took a stride down the aisle and covered Tony's paper with his hand. He swiveled it about, and bent his head to read it where it lay.

"Yep. Yep. Wanna keep it?"

They were alone in the world. I thought, *They don't know we're alive.*

Then I saw Tony's hands. They rested on the desk, neither beautiful nor ugly; only squarish, ordinary hands. Yet as I looked at them the strange, sweet, faint feeling went through my body again. I tried to push it away.

Phyllis was whispering to Ellie, Daisy was sneaking a glance in the mirror of her compact, Dick was whistling under his breath, Dave was stretching. They were the bunch, the real world, a world where Tony Abbott had no place.

"That dope," I whispered. "That drip. Tony Abbott. I'm nuts."

I was the loudest of the bunch, laughing and jostling, when we got out into the hall.

Emotions for which we are unprepared do not simply walk in and take their place. Before that day I had entertained strong phantasies about men in the Foreign Legion, actors, aviators: "*Beth . . . Elisabeth . . . do you know how beautiful you are?*" But actual boys I cared about as one cares about money; they were vastly to be desired, yes, but as means, as security. When school let out, I had almost forgotten that new, strange amazement of the heart.

Phyllis walked home with me. She was one of the bunch, but she was also my oldest friend.

"You'll die," she said, "when you see me at Ellie's tonight."

"Spare me! I'm too young!"

"Wait! I *forced* mother to buy me that black chenille, the one she said would look *out of place*."

We had both brooded over it in the window of Rogers' Department Store. Her triumph was mine, shared without jealousy.

"Out of place!" I exclaimed. "Aren't they incredible?"

"This time of year you never know. I nearly froze in math. Those windows!"

I started as if a torn dress had fallen apart. She did not notice.

"They say he's a swell coach," she said, "but isn't it peculiar, anybody so sort of uneducated, teaching in high? And I thought it was awful, him and Wonder Boy, this morning."

"What—what do you mean?"

"Well, of course a drip like Tony Abbott, it didn't matter. But how was a new teacher to know that? It was so *underbred*, making a kid conspicuous that way!"

"I didn't notice," I said. "Listen, what records should I bring tonight?"

She laughed. "You and math! Do you just pass out at the door, coming in? Bring 'em all, why don't you? Except *Whispering*. Everybody'll bring that."

"Boy, won't they!"

And I was safe until I could leave her at our corner. But I knew now, and I knew hopelessly. I did love Tony, and he didn't know I was alive. And if he did, what could it mean but outer darkness?

It was, of course, a wholly dated problem. In these days the issue would have been simple: could I make him notice me, want to go steady? But in the 'twenties, nobody went steady until she was old enough to be formally engaged. The phrase itself was used only by the kind of people my mother called "common." A crush, a beau, yes—but within the bunch.

But members of a bunch conformed; beaux were to be accepted by no rash individual standards. I had forgotten, quickly and joyfully, what it was like not to be part of the bunch. But when I left Phyllis that afternoon I remembered. I remembered the empty feeling of being a ghost on the periphery of all that was real, alive.

My mother was out. I went into our kitchen and opened a root beer and took it into the wisteria arbor. The sun had gone behind the clouds just as I got home, the air felt unfriendly; but I sat there, hidden by the dusty, drying, still unfallen leaves. I sat and looked at Tony Abbott's house.

The root beer was gone and I was cold and telling myself that I was acting like a drip when his back door opened and he came out into the yard, with a football in his hands.

His hair had fallen over his forehead again and I remember how I suddenly thought, *He knew it looked wrong and sissy when he was little and had to keep it slicked down; and now everybody's trying to look snaky like Valentino, he's got it wrong again.*

He did not glance toward our house. He walked to the far corner of his yard and began to practice drop kicks. Secretly, I was bored by football; I scarcely knew a goal post from a left end. But so far as I could tell, he was good. His motions were awkward, but the ball traveled. Only his face was tense as if—yes, that was it—as if people were watching him waiting for him to miss. *They* were watching, waiting.

After a few minutes his aunt came around the corner of the house. She was a large, flat-faced woman who never went out without a hat and gloves, even to mail a letter. She had got nearly to the door when she saw him.

She spoke in a large, cold voice. "Since you are set on making yourself a laughing stock, Anthony, with this game to which you are wholly unsuited, I cannot stop you. But I still ask you to *practice*"—she made the word sound foolish—"*practice* elsewhere and not flaunt your defiance here."

I wished that I had not seen his face as he heard her. It was not beautiful then, shut into its sullen, icy mask of hate. She waited for him to go into the house, and then she followed him. As soon as the door closed on them, I rushed out of my hiding place and ran to my room and shut myself in.

I told myself that I was crazy, wasting my time even thinking about that drip and his dopey aunt. Yet all the time my hands were moving as if they touched his face, as if the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

NEW
BETTY CROCKER
MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE MIX

There's real milk chocolate in it!





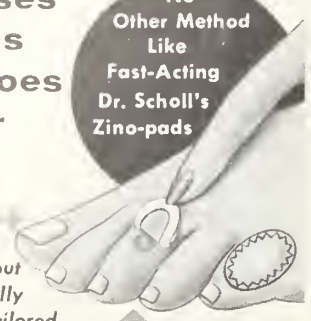


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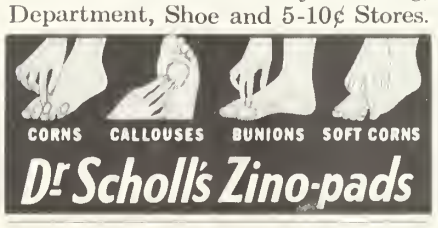
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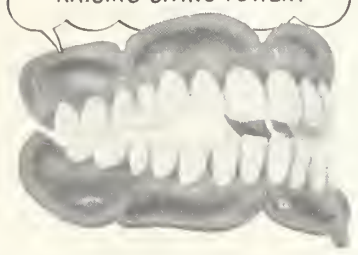
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Multiple-acting Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads do more for you by far than any other method. Zino-pads not only stop pain of these foot troubles in a jiffy . . . not only stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop . . . not only remove them one of the quickest ways known to medical science—but also ease new or tight shoes! Get this wonderful relief of Dr. Scholl's today. At Drug, Department, Shoe and 5-10¢ Stores.



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When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special FASTEETH powder. It helps hold teeth in place—helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. FASTEETH cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. FASTEETH helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. FASTEETH is alkaline (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters – money back guarantee.

melted away that icy mask of hate and made it again the way it had been that morning.

After a while, I tried to think about Ellie's party. But the right feelings wouldn't come back. It was as if everything I felt about Tony made me like him, an unwanted one and an outsider again, the girl I had been before I became the popular Beth Collins, the vamp.

It frightened me; I was frightened all through supper, and all the time I was getting dressed and waiting for Dave.

"I can't make my hair go right," I kept whispering. "I hate this dress."

But as soon as he had come, and I stood facing him in our hall, with mother smiling at us both, the automatic right words began. And they kept on, all the way to Ellie's and when we joined the bunch.

"Oh, Dave, you're ter-rible! Isn't he terrible? . . . Oh, Jim, what a line!"

It was all right, it was still all right. I was Beth the popular girl, the popular member of the best bunch.

We danced, we drank grape juice and Moxie, we ate Eskimo Pies. It was nearly eleven, and I was standing by the phonograph with Jim Hunt when Dick Whiteside came up.

"Listen, powerhouse, what about Crockett's bum knee?"

"Real bad," Jim told him. "Guess he's out for the season."

"Gollies. A quarterback like that. Who's the replacement?"

"Search me. It could even be Abbott."

"Aw, you're kidding."

"I am not. Mr. Mac's new, all he sees is how fast Squirrels can run home to mamma. I told Mr. Mac a real tackle could finish him with one arm and he just said, 'Listen, to be murdered you gotta be there.'"

"Well, he could have a point. There's been some real scrawny little backs in history."

"Not scrawny *and* screwy. No wonder they call him Squirrels. He gets ideas, like it was checkers, like you could tell ahead where people are going to be."

A group had formed around us. Daisy, the only one of the girls who really knew about football, not just faking, said, "Listen, Jimmy boy, ideas is what they call strategy."

"Listen yourself, bright girl, there ain't no one-man strategy."

"I missed the start of this. Who are we talking about?"

"Squirrels. Abbott."

She screamed and covered her face. "Excuse *me!*"

Everyone laughed very hard. I threw back my head and started to laugh with them, and I felt my throat harden. The laughter shouted, breaking over me like surf. I tried once more to join in and be noisy and merciless and part of their unquestionable rightness. And instead I heard my voice shrill up, high and sudden over all the noise of the room:

"You're all a bunch of dopes! I think ——"

They stared at me, almost as if I had materialized in their midst out of nothing.

Then Jim said, "She can think! Lookit who's thinkin'!"

They laughed again, but the laughter was not quite certain, and Dave looked distinctly unfriendly. After all, he'd brought me. Anything I did reflected on him.

"What do you mean, dopes?" he said. "What's so dopey?"

"Yeah," said Daisy, "did you ever *look* at Abbott?"

And what could I do?

"Abbott?" I said. "I just meant, I think Mr. Mac is swell. He's a swell teacher and a swell coach."

Their laughter was a shout of relief. I had not been out of line. I had only been absurd in an acceptable, cute way.

Jim waved his Moxie bottle above my head. "Ladies and gentlemen, our football strategist and mathematical brain!"

Somebody began to play *Whispering*. I put my right hand in Dave's thick, hot hand, I laid my left on his shoulder and rested my cheek against it in the style that our mothers most disapproved of. I made myself forget, as they had, that I so nearly stepped out of line.

and Dave and I took a long walk up Highland Road. Whenever I started to think of Tony, I would snap it off like a light.

The break-through did not come until late Sunday afternoon. I was in my room doing homework when, without warning, the physical sensation of melting, fainting, stinging sweetness ran through my body again.

I closed my eyes, to feel it better, as if it had nothing to do with anything but itself, pure bodily sensation and nothing more. At once, with hallucinatory sharpness, I saw Tony's hands on his desk. One of them lay in the full shaft of the sunlight, the other, the fingers curled slightly under, rested just outside of it.

I got up and went down to the sunroom. It was on the other side of the house, the side that faced Tony's. I stood there, staring out at the house he lived in.

Suddenly, more than anything else, I longed for sympathy; not for the false, false facts as the world would see them, but for my truth, Tony's truth. I went back upstairs and took the telephone into my room on its long cord.

"Phyl? I'm so blue. Are you alone, can you talk?"

"Why, Beth, darling, you sound awful."

"Do I?" I shut my eyes, feeling the first dim shape of the necessary lie. "Phyl, I never meant to tell anybody. But I . . . last summer I fell in love. It's—well—it's hopeless. We're both just trying to forget it."

Her voice was low, awed. "Oh, Beth." And then, hushed, "Is he *married?*"

"No. I can't talk about it, Phyl, it's better if we never speak of it again. I just needed to

"Oh, Beth. I'll never speak of it again. Oh, Beth."

"Thank you, Phyl. It—it helped Thank you. I guess I'd better just hang up now."

"Yes." Every drippy movie, every cheap novel we'd ever shared squeezed into that whispered, ecstatic—oh, and envious—syllable. "Yes."

I slammed the phone down on the floor and ran to the bureau. I pulled out my hairpins.

Sickening, sickening. I hated her, I hated the world.

I yanked the brush fiercely through the ratted-out sides of my hair.

Math class was the first hour. I let myself look at him only twice. He was everything that I had remembered, but the strange bodily response did not come back.

I was glad of that. I looked at him quietly and the moment was sufficient to itself. That morning, that one morning, I did not look ahead. I was even glad in an odd way of the world's blindness: perhaps because it is the essence of romantic love to believe that it knows a secret too rare for the world's understanding.

I thought that now I had made my full admission to myself, now that my heart was open, I would find ways to begin to know him. But a fortnight went by and nothing happened. He went to school and came back on his bicycle. I walked, and I had seldom gone more than a block or two before I was part of the bunch once more.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

NEXT MONTH

We Couldn't Give You Anything Better!

Best loved, most praised novel of 1961—that's what we prophesy for Rumer Godden's heart-enriching "China Court." It's the story of an English country house and the generations whose voices still echo within its walls. "No one goes in or out of China Court who isn't seen—seen and talked about," Cecily once said, thinking of all the gaudy and pitiful, tragic and strange, lovely, lovely life there. And Mrs. Quin mused happily, "He invited me in. I never went away again." Neither will you, so be sure to save your next four *Journals*.

Sweetest Christmas Ever Tasted

If visions of sugarplum strawberries dance through your head, we can supply the recipe. Delectable morsels, crimson and plump, they are made with almond paste and *Journal* know-how. Your family will be delighted, too, with your Holly Tree Cake or (even *more* impressive and just as easy) a chestnut-mocha roll shaped like ye olde yule log. Add our festive cookies, candies for long-lasting pleasure, and this Christmas will be most sweetly remembered.

Richmond Debutante—Admission to Her Home: $1.00

England is not the only country where aristocrats stop up the chinks in ancestral walls with tourist dollars. When clear-eyed Emily Tyler, direct descendant of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, made her bow to Virginia society this summer, many more well-wishers than the 200 invited guests were familiar with "Sherwood Forest." These were people who at one time or another had paid to enter the family estate. But what of the *private* life lived there? Next month's "How America Lives" takes you directly into the whirl of parties, clothes, hair-dos, dances and delights that make the debutante season what it is for Emily—the prettiest year in a girl's life.

What's in a Handclasp?

Twenty-six-year-old Mrs. Foster's hand was pudgy, with the flesh bulging around her rings. It felt limp and lethargic. The doctor also noted a heavier than usual growth of fine hair on her upper lip and forearms. Even before she spoke, he had a pretty good idea of what her trouble was. "Tell Me, Doctor" is a regular *Journal* public service.

Also, beauty and fashion views to give any girl that debutante lift; a leave-you-breathless suspense condensed novel by Margaret Summerton; Christmas stories by Elizabeth Goudge and Neal Gilkyson Stuart; recipes for a Tidewater-style Christmas dinner, your old friend Dr. Spock; "Making Marriage Work"; and more besides in the December *Journal*

There's no other dog in the world like yours:



For 8" x 10" print of picture alone, send 25¢ in coin to Dog Picture 10, Box 7366, Chicago 77, Ill.

There's no other dog food like Ken-L-Ration with Lean Red Meat*

Here's what Ken-L-Ration does for your dog. It provides the kind of *quality* meat he is known to need most—Lean Red Meat—*steaks, chops and roasts of Gov't. Inspected Horsemeat. This high-protein diet plus other essential ingredients helps to keep your dog fit, not fat . . . in continued good health and good spirits. It's so wholesome the Dept. of Agriculture Seal appears on every can. So good that it's America's largest selling dog food. **PUT YOUR TRUST IN KEN-L-RATION...MORE PEOPLE DO!**

Packed Under Continuous Inspection of U.S. Dept. of Agr.

And every day he looked more beautiful to me; and every day I knew more and more surely that he and the bunch would never mix.

On the Friday of the second week I walked home with Phyllis

"They've started asking," she said. "Dick asked Daisy."

I knew, of course, that she was speaking of the dance after the first game. A year ago we would have avoided the subject painfully. Now I said, "I guess Jim will ask you."

"Let's pray. Now you've got Dave really sewed up."

She said it with respect. She took this year's Beth for granted; but Dave was luck beyond luck. Yet my voice was dull as I answered, "I guess so."

She took my hand. She pressed it softly. "I know you don't care, dear. But try to care."

For an instant I was baffled. Then I remembered my senseless lie. An unjust fury shook me. "Skip it, will you!"

And she bowed her head, ashamed of her forgotten promise, humble before my suffering and my courage.

When I got into the house I ran up to my room before my mother could get at me and flung myself on my bed, face down. I whispered, "Tony. Tony."

It was perhaps half an hour later when I sprung up in a senseless frenzy of desire to go out, to go anywhere. I ran down the stairs. My mother was reading by the living-room fire. She glanced up, startled.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "Where are you going?"

"To walk! For heaven's sake, do I have to account for every breath I draw in this house?"

I covered the first block almost at a run. And at the corner I met Tony. He had just come around it; we bumped together, shoulder to shoulder.

He jerked back: "Excuse me. Guess I wasn't looking."

He looked blank. "I don't smoke."

I said, "It's an advertisement. People say it when somebody spills something, or something."

"I see." It was clear that he did not.

He was standing badly, in his embarrassment. The dark blue eyes avoided my face. His clothes were wrong; he did not understand the necessary language of the bunch. I stared at him. He was beautiful, beautiful; but I could still close my heart to him and run away.

The silence between us grew awkward.

"Well," he said, "I mustn't keep you." And without having given one direct look into my face, he started to walk on.

I hesitated. I looked after his retreating figure and the balance still hung poised. Then I called out, "Tony! Wait!" and I ran and caught up with him.

I began to talk very fast.

"I'm dippy. What do you know? I ran out to mail a letter and left it behind me in the hall."

"Anybody can be absent-minded."

I had expected him at least to laugh. But he didn't laugh, or say, "Wouldn't you just!" or "Well, what's on *your* mind?" or anything I could respond to, in the way a girl is supposed to respond to a boy. It left me at a loss, but I labored on.

"But I'm the limit! I leave all my things all over the school."

"I've noticed that."

I wrinkled my nose, the way Dave thought was cute. "Oh, you've never noticed a thing about me!"

"I—I'm sorry to have made that impression."

It was a dead end. *Oh, Tony, what a line, you're a sketch.* Still, I snatched at words, any words at all.

"Isn't it funny, us living next door and hardly knowing each other at all?"

"Yes. I've often wished that we . . . were better acquainted."

"Oh, I bet! I guess you noticed how bright I am in math."

"No. But I admire your themes in English."

He was beautiful, beautiful. And everything that he said was wrong, stuffy. And everything I said came out sounding cheap and silly.

Suddenly my disappointment, my frustration turned to a pointless anger. I wanted to hurt him.

"You wouldn't be so bad in English if you could talk like people."

"I know. That's just the skill I can't acquire."

"Get!" I shouted the word. "Not acquire, for Pete's sake. Get!"

And I saw his face freeze to an icy mask. I was frightened.

"I beg your pardon, Tony."

"You were quite right. I got your point."

It was clear that he had, and that he hated me. I would have known him a long time before I understood how much he feared the angry hypersensitivity that came from a childhood of much blame and little praise. But strangely and suddenly, even as I looked at that icy mask and was sick with my own fright, I knew what I must do.

The thing had not happened, that was all. He did not want an apology that he could not force himself to accept. For both of us, it must simply never have happened.

"I was kidding about my math," I said, "but Mr. Mac is a wonderful teacher, isn't he?"

"Yes"—gravely—"he's a very remarkable person."

And it had not happened. I had not wanted to hurt him, he had not wanted to hate me, and it had not happened. We walked along quietly, side by side.

"He's going to put me on the squad," he said suddenly. "To replace Crockett. He told me today."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" And then, blushing, "I mean, it's fine for the school."

I looked as knowing as I could. "Well weight has its place. But somctimes speed counts more, speed and brains."

"I . . . that's what I'm banking on." Then he smiled. "They all admit one thing, I'm quick. Do you know what they call me Squirrels."

I could feel my face go perfectly blank. He had lived on his desert island so long that he did not even understand a slang insult. Had I imagined when I ran after him that he would be grateful to me? He would never be grateful because he would never know anything about the other world, the mainland.

I looked at him. His dark blue eyes were determined, his lips smiled, his chin was proud. There was more than physical beauty in his face, there was a human importance. I had not imagined it, he had some kind of genius. It was only people that he was stupid about.

I knew it; but once more I felt the rise of frustration, of confusion like anger. I had not wanted to fall in love with him. I had fought even in those daydreams where he said simple nice things and understood me so easily. And the fact was nothing, nothing like the dream. I did not want to be angry again; I wanted to get away.

"We're back," I said. "Nice running into you, no joke intended." And I turned and ran toward my door.

But now he ran after me. Before he had reached me he had begun to recite what was clearly an overrehearsed speech.

"I'm a very bad dancer but I wondered if you would let me escort you to the dance after the first game?"

I turned back, stammering. "I . . . we sort of thought of going in a bunch . . . you know . . . our bunch all together, sort of ——"

He looked at the ground. "Well, I guess nothing ventured nothing gained." Then he pushed back his shoulders and smiled. "Anyway," he said, "it was nice talking to you."

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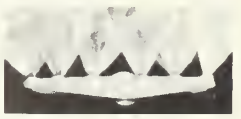
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"But it will be all right," I said. "I can go
th you."
His hand touched mine quickly and dropped
ck. His eyes came full upon my face. I knew
en that he had been thinking about me for a
ng time; longer than I had been thinking
out him.
It was a moment for quietness, but I was
o young to know it. I wanted to give him
mething in return for the gift of that look,
e look that told me I, too, was beautiful.
"I'm thrilled you asked me," I said. "This
ll be the first time I ever went to a dance
th a member of the squad."
The caressing wonder went out of his
es. They looked shrewd and a little sad.
"That was sort of what I was banking on,"
said. And he nodded and walked away.
My mother was in the hall, smiling and
rious.
"What in the world were you and that poor
le Abbott boy talking about?"
I said flatly, "He just asked me to the dance.
n going with him."
"But, dear ——" She broke off. "Well,"
e said, brightly and without conviction,
ow nice."
snapped, "Thanks a lot. And if it makes
u feel any better, Tony Abbott is *on the*
m."
turned my head from her and walked up
stairs to my room. I sat on the edge of the

TRY-ON

By MAY RICHSTONE

This is the gown no shoppe should
sell me,
Priced at a fortune I lack.
So get thee behind me, Satan, and
tell me—
Is it becoming in back?

, working a fold of the spread between
fingers. I wanted to remember his face
king at me as if I was beautiful. But it kept
ning back shrewd and sad as it was when
said, "That was sort of what I was bank-
on."
sat there on the edge of the bed, fighting
self and the world and waiting to begin to
happy.

Dave called me after supper. I babbled:
Oh, Dave, I'm so sorry, but I promised
nebody else. Isn't that just awful? That's
t you get for being so popular, nobody
dares hang around and wait!"
worked at it hard, and he sounded quite
red to his normal self-satisfaction so that
s about to hang up at last when he said,
, who beat me to it?"
Tony Abbott."
Aw, don't kid me. Come clean, who is it?"
I told you. And I fail to see what is pe-
r about it."
nd bewilderingly Dave, Dave of all people,
nded humble, uncertain.
guess you got sore when I took you
g that night at Ellie's," he said. "I guess I
retty bossy sometimes."
said, "I don't know what you mean," and
ng up.
called Phyl right away to get it over with.
in a voice of profound meaning she said,
e, I see, dear"; and then began at once to
of other things.
had begun.
morrow, I thought, *I'll be talking to him*
e halls and eating lunch with him and the
h will be whispering and trying to figure it
Tomorrow everything will be diffierent.

nly nothing was different, except that
e was morose and Phyllis uncomfortably
er. I don't know what they'd all decided,
it made no change. Tony rode his bike to
ool, and the bunch closed around me as
where the oddballs always sat singly or in pairs.

I said, "Hi, Tony," as I passed.

He looked up and smiled, but his eyes went back to his book and I was carried past him on the swirl and eddy of the bunch.

There were two weeks before the day of the game, and during them I was two people. When I was looking at Tony, when I was alone, I was a young girl in love for the first time. When I was with the bunch, I clung to it with a panic greed. And except that he would nod and smile when we passed in the halls, Tony ignored me. I began to wonder why he had asked me to the dance, and think that I had only imagined that he had looked at me as if I was beautiful.

I had started to school on the day before the game when I heard footsteps behind me and found him at my side.

"Chain came off my bike." He did not know how to lie; the words jerked out defensively.

He did not offer to take my books. He walked stiffly, looking before him; and when he spoke, once more the words had clearly been rehearsed.

"When you accepted my invitation," he said, "I hope you understood that I am very light and if tackled I should not do well."

I looked at his face, but he was staring straight before him.

I said, "What do you take me for? Do you think I took you on because I think you're headed for fame?"

"I just hope you won't have to be humiliated, that's all."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! How do you get that way?"

"I'm not really built for the game; and these last two weeks my aunt has often pointed out that I might be putting you in a position that you'd—well—resent."

It was humble and it was insulting, and it filled me with an impotent, aching tenderness. Didn't he know that people could just *like* people, without reasons?

I snapped, "You and your aunt! What makes you think she knows so much about me?"

He looked at me then. "You're very popular," he said simply. "When you're popular, it makes a big difference what people think."

The wholly unexpected insight struck to my heart. But I had not yet learned that boys, too, can be treated honestly.

I laughed. "Oh, Tony! Look, why don't you even notice me in school, why don't you eat at our table?" I asked. "You're the one that won't mix in!"

He answered slowly, with an odd kind of dignity, "It would be hard to join your group without seeming to intrude."

I wanted to be honest then, but I could not. "You're crazy! You imagine things."

"No, you're wrong. But—but ——" Then he stopped walking and checked me with his hand. He faced me, his look both sober and excited. "Beth, I didn't mean to belittle your kindness. I just wanted you to know that this game means more to me than it ever could to you." He paused for a moment, he swallowed, and then he smiled. "You see," he said, "if I do really well, I won't have to feel that I'm intruding any more."

His deep voice was controlled, but like his face it spoke of an almost unbearable excitement. I could not answer.

I saw his beauty lit by that cruel, unfounded happiness. I had been wrong about him; he knew there was a mainland, he wanted desperately to live upon it. In Miss Ardley's room, he had thought we'd like him for getting marks and being praised. Now it was winning games. He thought that acceptance, friendship were earned, paid out for accomplishment. Hadn't anyone, even his dim little uncle, loved him no matter what he did?

I think he interpreted my silence as a shyness like his own.

"Well," he said, "better get going or we'll be late."

And though we did not talk any more, he appeared to find the quiet natural, as we walked on, and be happy in it.

How's for tomorrow, Jim?"

"No worries. Westville's got a crumby team."

Dave asked, "Mr. Mac still cheerful about Abbott?"

Jim liked the game too much to remember I was there.

"Guess so. Anyway, we'll last through tomorrow. But I still say, put him up against real opposition and it will be murder. He'd just . . . agh, I don't know."

"Pl-ease!" It was Daisy. "Some of us are *eating!*"

I shut off my mind, tight.

that mother had let me get for the dance. It was bright cherry-red malines, and by any maternal standards of that time the neck was too low.

"Oh!" Phyllis was reverent. "Oh, how did you *manage* her?"

And I heard myself say, in a voice that closed the subject, "I guess she thought I'd need it."

That night I prayed, "Make him do something. And make it make a difference."

But I woke from my first sleep in the sweat of a nightmare. There was a crowd on the field, something terrible had happened; and

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I was so small.

The girls whose beaux were on the team had arranged to meet at Daisy's house and go to the game together. I was the last to get there. As I came into the room, everyone stopped talking, and when they began again all their remarks were addressed to me. I tried to ignore it, but I knew what it meant. And suddenly, just as I had been when I woke from my bad dream, I was frightened.

The fear was too great to bear. I began to laugh, and in a voice exactly like Daisy's I said, "Well, I sure hope that Abbott gets through this one alive at least."

An almost audible sigh of relaxation went through the room. All the frozen smiles went away and everybody drew closer.

"Yeah," said Daisy, "we were just saying that."

The girls started pulling on their coats. As she started out to the hall closet for her own, she beckoned me after her. She cleared her throat and hesitated then, and finally spoke in a bossy, big-sisterish voice.

"Maybe this is out of turn, Beth, and of course I never heard your side, but don't you think you rubbed it into Dave pretty hard? Squirrels!"

For one moment I felt completely helpless. And then, in the most amazing way, I was strong and quiet in myself as I had never been before.

"I haven't got anything against Dave," I said. "I just happen to like Tony, that's all."

"Baby!" she exclaimed. "Are you ever playing it tough!" Then she shrugged and laughed. "Oh, heck, maybe you're right. Dave's been pretty stuck on himself this year, I will say."

I smiled at her and let it go. The strong, quiet feeling was still there. I had told the truth, and she would find out that I meant it.

"Well, come on," I said. "What are we waiting for? Let's get a wiggle on, the gang's all here."

In the stands I found myself between Phyllis and Daisy. The teams came on, and

"Nothing like a sure walkaway to start them off feeling good."

Her knowledge of the game put no strain on us. All she expected was that from time to time one of us would say, "You bet!" or "Ain't it the truth!"

"Ain't it the truth!" I said.

The teams lined up for the kickoff. I saw Tony take his position. His head was down and his padded shoulders looked big. I wondered why I had been afraid.

The whistle blew. I thought, *I'll have to listen to Daisy, so he won't be disappointed, my not knowing what he did.*

> All progress is made by men of faith who believe in what is right and, what is more important, actually do what is right in their own private affairs. THOMAS DREIER

What happened to Tony happened almost at once.

Daisy began to scream, "Yeah! Yeah!" and I realized that Tony had the ball and was running. And then she was saying, "Oh, jeepers, oh, my world, what does he think he's doing?" And then the whistle blew, and he was lying on the field, hidden by the players crowded around him.

It was my dream, and Daisy's voice was part of the dream.

"Well, at least he got himself knocked out in the first five minutes. Now we can play." And then, "Oh, heaven help us, no. Back on his feet." And finally, with a sigh, "No, we're saved. Look at that limp!"

I opened my eyes and stared at my hands. Tony told me, weeks later, what happened. The center of the field looked wide open, and he knew it was where they would expect him. He veered to one side, but a moment too soon;

He was unconscious only for seconds, but his ankle was sprained. I saw his face just before they got him off the field. It was white and there was no expression in it but one of physical pain.

That was when Phyllis put her arm around me.

"Look," she said. "You come to the dance anyway. Lots of boys are going stag."

"Sure," I said. "I'll be there with bells on."

Daisy, who had heard, said, "Atta girl!"

I sat through the rest of the game without seeing any of it.

I had to see Tony, to make him feel that it didn't matter. They might have taken him to a hospital, but probably not. Probably I would have to make Mrs. Abbott let me in.

She would not welcome me, that was certain. Everything had worked out according to her predictions. She would not want me there to take the edge off. But I had to be there. I could not work it out ahead, but I would know what to say when I saw her.

I sat still, waiting until everyone was shouting around me and it was over. We had won.

The bunch stopped off at Ellie's and I got away from them there. When I got to my corner, I ran the half block to Tony's house. My hand was firm as I rang the bell.

Mrs. Abbott opened the door. She looked at me as if I were a stranger.

I said, "Is he all right?"

Her answering voice was pleasantly satisfied. "The doctor says it's a very bad sprain. It will mean his losing too much practice to stay on the team."

I swallowed, waiting for words that did not come.

"I told him not to worry about the dance," she said. "I said you'd doubtless get there and enjoy yourself."

I have said before that I never knew what made that woman tick, and it is true. I looked at her face then and the purpose went out of me; I was weak with a small child's fear and hate.

Was it that last bland lick that saved me? do not know, but in that instant she remind me of Daisy. And at once I felt as indiffere to her as I had felt to Daisy when I sai "You see, I happen to like Tony."

I had come to see Tony, and she stood in r way. I measured my strength against he

She'd let me see him fast enough, I thoug *if I'd just come to rub it in. Pretend I was sor but really rub it in.* And I laughed and a swered in Daisy's voice: "Oh, you bet! A we won the game, too, easy. It didn't mak bit of difference. I just thought I'd take t load off his mind." Then as she still hesitat I shrugged. "Or you can. Jim made a couple touchdowns that were *super!*"

I felt both strong and matter-of-fact and was without surprise that I heard her lau with an ugly echo of my own.

"Come in and tell him yourself. He's in t sunroom." And then, lifting her voice, "Be has stopped by, Anthony, to tell you about t game. It went splendidly."

In her anxiety to be no check on my tongu she left me in the hall. I stood where I w until she had started upstairs. I called o "Tough luck, Tony, but don't let it eat yo We won, all right, all right." After that I sh my eyes for a second. Then I walked throu the living room, and to the sunroom door.

He sat sidewise on a wicker settee. His l with the swollen, bandaged ankle, was e tended before him. His face was white a shut in. He had a book in his hands, and a came in he pretended to finish the page.

I looked at him, and all the curious co petence of those last minutes was gone.

My voice faltered, small: "I . . . does it h much?"

"I had a pill." He kept his eyes on the bo

"I . . . did you get knocked out?"

"I guess so. Your corsage is in the iceb You can get it from Aunt Alice."

"I'm not going to the dance."

His face shut tighter. "I get you. It m have been pretty embarrassing. I'm sorry

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1960 Shulton, Inc., Pharmaceutical Div., Clifton, N. J.



"I can imagine." As if he did not know why vas lying and cared less.

I blundered on. "We—we can go to the next e."

He looked at me then. It was an old look, happy and yet oddly patient. He spoke as I were a stupid, greedy child.

"You heard Aunt Alice. If the doc is right, n off the team."

I began to shake. "Tony, I had to talk to her e that because she wouldn't want—wouldn't ——"

But it was not a thing that could decently put into words, and I broke off. Then I oked at his face and I knew that I had to ake him understand me. I loved him.

"I had to talk like that so she'd let me in. ny, I'm so sorry."

"Well, so am I. Don't rub it in." And he ned his head sharply away and stared out window.

His blind, deaf rejection of the love, the w-found courage I had come to offer him uck my body like a blow. I caught my ath, and without warning I was whirled by h a fury as I had never imagined. My voice ook, but the words came fast, fast.

"You make me sick. No wonder you haven't any friends, no wonder everyone thinks nuts going out with you as if it mattered being on your wonderful old team. You're rse than your aunt, worse. Once I used to sorry for you. Then I got to like you. I was zy both times. You stink."

Then I fell silent and we stared at each er.

"I'm sorry," I said wearily, "you can't help knowing anything about people's feel- s."

He said, "Beth?"

"What?" I was turned from him, my head ging.

"Beth, I—I'm not asking you to change r mind about me. I—I just got the wrong a. Beth, would you tell me why I'm so . . . on't know . . . the way you said?"

The anger was gone. And still I was com- tely hopeless. I sat down in the chair near- the door.

"You won't get it," I said. "You don't know w people can like people for anything but ff, football or being good at something. e the way you never noticed me till this r when I got to be popular."

He did not answer, and I just felt hopeless l tired out.

"Anyhow, I learned something," I said. "ou couldn't get this, either, but I don't nk I'm ever going to be afraid to like people in just because they don't fit in with some ch."

heard his voice, deep and young, and at variance with the funny formality of his speech. "You—you have made a justified criticism, Beth. It is true that I—I don't always value people for the right things."

I looked at him then. I don't know what I expected, but it was not what I saw: not his face as it had been on that morning in Mr. McIntosh's class, composed and beautiful, the eyes absorbed, the lips lifted, as if he saw something both subtle and self-evident, both lovely and impersonal.

I held my breath. But after a few seconds, the look changed and his lips worked.

"Only you were wrong about one thing," he said. "Not that it makes any more difference, but I want you to know. I wanted to ask you out all last year. But I'm a bad dancer and I—well—I hadn't done anything to earn it."

Yes, he had understood me, but only with his mind; he still had understood nothing. And I still wonder at my next words, for I was not yet old or wise enough to know that they were the only sufficient thing to say.

"Did you like me back then because I'd earned it?"

He looked at me. For a single moment his face was once more the face of an intellectual angel, beautiful in abstract, impersonal thought. Then he smiled, and he was looking at me as no one would again for many years, though young men would say and believe that they loved me. He looked at me as I like to think that in time he looked at the woman who would be his wife.

"I get it," he said softly. "I get it."

We sat quiet, looking at each other as if we were looking at the first morning of the world.

It was not going to be easy; the bunch was real, my mother was real, and I knew it and knew he would never know it. It did not matter. Love and joy do not ask for easiness.

We looked at each other in wonder, quietly.

At last he said, "You'll take the flowers home, won't you?"

I whispered, "Yes, I will."

He smiled into my face. Then he spoke abruptly, urgently. "Aunt Alice will be back here any minute. Will you go now?"

"Yes. Yes, now."

I got up and moved close to him.

"Tony, will you come over as soon as you can?"

He nodded, his face still raised to mine. And suddenly I, who had never let a boy kiss me, bent my head; and lightly, timidly, yet in the promise of every kiss that I would ever give, I kissed him full upon the lips.

And at once, as if it had not happened, I said, "I'll get the flowers," and ran from the room.

MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

elp the North Shore Hospital." Well, that's way I'm going to look even if it means I have to help the North Shore Hospital. ooking back over these paragraphs, I sense absence of that one piece of constructive ice that might save this from being simply ther self-reproaching sermon entitled ice I Was Considered Plain—Today I Am a s." Luckily, I have just remembered not , but two definite rituals for Beauty that e been *known to work*.

How to Be Adorable, Though Pregnant. ually, this is much simpler than it seems. mother-to-be should get her hair set, apply sy-pink make-up, put on her most becom- maternity frock, and—here we get to the portant part—climb into bed and pull the ers up under her arms. In this position she feel chic. Overheated, perhaps, but chic. s a matter of fact, I have never been able ollow this prescription to the letter be- e I wear a size 18, and, as you may know, practically impossible to buy a maternity s, becoming or otherwise, in size 18. The ufacturers seem to operate on the un- tionably sound premise that a woman who takes a size 18 is already in sufficient trouble, and has no business getting pregnant. Having made this mistake, she ought to have the simple decency to remain indoors in her bathrobe where she will not depress the entire community with the spectacle of her bulky contours.

2. How to Keep Your Husband Believing That You Are Still the Same Enchanting Girl He Married. First you set aside a half hour in the late afternoon to put your hair up in pin curls and —— No, this is ridiculous. I don't believe one word of it. Of course you're not the enchanting girl he married. How could you be—with those kids, and that dog racing through the house, and practically no help, and a washer that's always on the blink? And don't tell me about Mrs. Skylark; that woman probably *lives* at a beauty salon.

Besides, why should *you* be all that enchanting? How does *he* look these days? Is *he* still the lean and handsome athlete that first swept you off your feet? And was he even embarrassed when you had to take back all those size-40 shorts and get size 42? Do you catch him poring over articles instructing him how to look younger and sprucer so he can make your little heart palpitate? Boy, that'll be the day!

This is an excerpt from the new Jean Kerr book, THE SNAKE HAS ALL THE LINES, recently published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.



"What to do" is a booklet of funeral facts that everyone should know — *prior* to bereavement when emotional strain makes decisions on unfamiliar problems difficult. Since the first publication of this booklet, over two million copies have been distributed to people who wanted guidance.

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Keep in touch by Long Distance

"Fashion is not only new clothes;
it's the way you wear the ones you have."

CONTINUED FROM PAGES 56 AND 57



Bright green silk damask is a favorite Washington dress for evening. Mrs. Johnson wears the costume complete in the afternoon, the dress alone for evening.

A short black silk is a frequent choice of Mrs. Lodge's for evening. With it, she wears her short "fake fur" jacket. "I like to add a large jewel" (make-believe too) "to the collar."



Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson

"Washington favorites for evening" is her brilliant green jacket dress shown in the photograph above.

Most of Mrs. Johnson's costumes have slim skirts "because my husband likes them best." There is one exception to this. Her most loved costume "for travel and to wear all day long" is a lightweight black-and-white jacket dress. The skirt has flat box pleats and gives the necessary width for "taking big steps and for getting on and off planes."

Mrs. Johnson's accessories are small in number, but are as carefully chosen as her wardrobe. She never adds scarves or large pieces of jewelry to a costume. Her "look" is completely "uncluttered" and fits perfectly with her tiny, 5'4" figure. Her handbags are chosen to carry out the color scheme of what she has on. Although she prefers not to wear a hat, she has several for "occasions when I must wear one." Shoes "are always simple pumps, usually the same style over and over again because my foot is narrow and hard to fit."

Jewelry is "mainly a matter of sentiment." One of her special favorites is her single strand of real pearls given to her by her husband. These she wears for "good," and for everyday she always has on hand an inexpensive set of pearl earrings and a pearl necklace.

Mrs. Johnson loves things that are gay. In her clothes she achieves this through color; many times it is red. One type of costume she especially enjoys wearing is a long hostess gown. "I like to put something comfortable and pretty on when I come home in the evening." Although she bought a new red one not long ago, she still finds it hard to part with her red silk one which she bought eight years ago. Another favorite is her coat from last season in a clear, vivid red. Typical of Mrs. Johnson's fashion philosophy—"It will brighten up any costume, any day." END

Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge

evenings. In summer she likes a simple linen sheath or a navy or black linen skirt. "With the skirts I can wear different tops and blouses." For winter, suits and basic dresses have been her standbys. "I love something I can change around."

To a suit, she often adds a scarf or ascot. "The skirt alone I like to wear with different tops." This might be a sweater for more casual wear in the country, satin blouse to add elegance in town.

Using a pretty accessory or adding a special touch goes into practically all her costumes. "A flower on an old dress makes it *look* new." Her green silk evening dress she changes with either a white or a soft pink stole, always adds a flower or two at the neckline. For the convention—"One of the exciting times I shall never forget"—Mrs. Lodge wore a mauve sheath with a linen coat in a deeper shade. She took along a simple black sheath and an organdy cover-up her husband had given her. "But I never had a chance to put these on." To the mauve costume she finally added a bunch of violets "which were rather wilted," but the effect was very good.

Mrs. Lodge says she is "lazy about clothes" because she does not enjoy shopping. One of her favorite means of finding clothes is "looking at the ads in the Sunday papers." Although she may not enjoy shopping, Mrs. Lodge is exuberant about finding something that looks just right on her and that she knows she can depend on for a long time.

One such buy was her red coat bought at a greatly reduced price. "I have worn it constantly for four years and have even slept in it when traveling." Another favorite is a mauve tweed suit which "I have had for ten years. The hem has gone up and down with fashion changes. It is still in good condition and I like it so much I don't think I shall *ever* part with it." END

Printed in U.S.A.

JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In

December
1960 · 35c

Ladies' Home

TO BE POPULAR
give 6 easy rules

ELINA COURT
A new novel by
Rumer Godden

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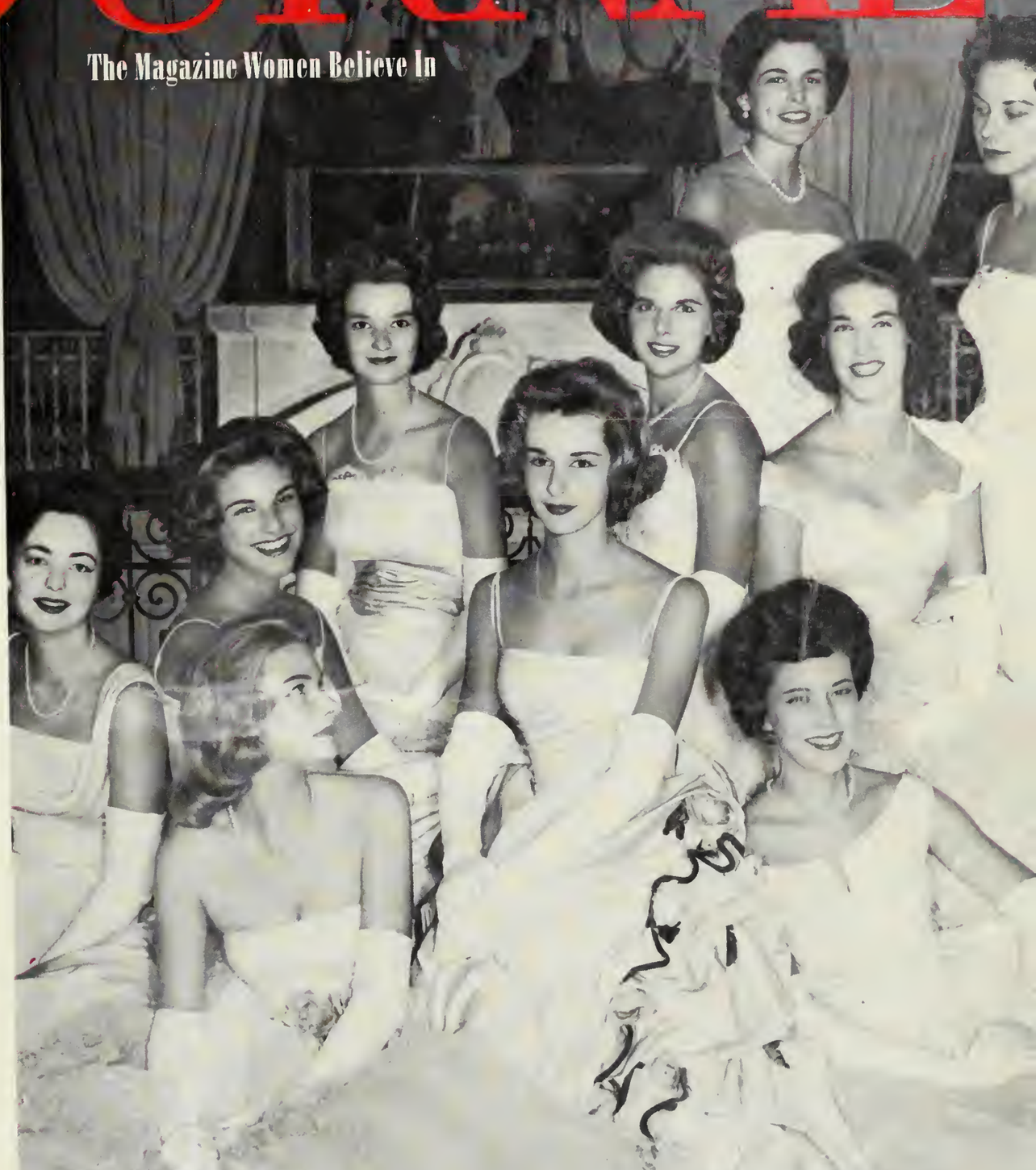
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CANNON

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

VOL. LXXVII NO. 12

December 1960

Journalities



Rumer Godden

"Announce it with trumpets and cymbals," one of our editors says of RUMER GODDEN's *China Court* (beginning page 42). Appropriate, but we must be content with the warmth and pleasure it stirs in the hearts of readers. Rumer Godden, novelist supreme, a Sussex-born, India-reared mother of two daughters, now lives in Buckinghamshire, England. A personal note: "Things I like best are books, china, flowers and Pekingese. Things I hate worst are parties."



Jean Muir

The way to get a story is to stop into the Spanish National Tourist Office in San Francisco, as JEAN MUIR did, and BENJAMIN REGUERA FERNANDEZ will tell you one. If you then add a little of the creative artistry *My Uncle Pepe* had (see page 78), as Jean Muir did, you will have a story almost as charming as the women Uncle Pepe created (by a device any man can learn but few can do really well).



Margaret Summerton

MARGARET SUMMERTON says her first job was "as a dogsbody with book publishers in London and Paris." (No lady can say *that* without arousing curiosity. What's a "dogsbody"?*) At the moment she lives in a 200-year-old stone cottage in Sussex, writing with her face to a wall so as not to be distracted by the view. Not long ago, she enjoyed the remarkable view from *Journal* Workshop windows. "My most exciting morning in New York," she says. *The Sea House* (page 74) is her fourth novel.

**An unskilled and undistinguished person required for menial tasks." —Ed.*

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LETTERS
OUR READERS WRITE US

DID SOMEONE MENTION A MRS. CRABTREE?

CALIFORNIA

You know, dear editors, the world is short on humor and long on sadness; and when at 6:30 my husband woke me with "Come on, Mrs. Crabtree, start bouncing," we both laughed ourselves awake and into the kitchen. My husband was still chuckling away as he shaved, and when he finally left for work, I thanked Mrs. Crahtree and your October "How America Lives" for a very good conversational piece so early in the morning!
Pomona SOPHIA GRAY

OKLAHOMA

So this is what I've been living in for sixteen years—perpetual squalor! Do you know I have even been cooking three meals a day for this bunch around here because I thought it was expected of me? In fact, I must really be dumb because I didn't know that after the dishes, beds and floors were done I didn't have to do anything else. I thought I had to go to the grocery, P.T.A., help with homework, read bedtime stories, go to 4-H and Mothers' Club. Not to mention sitting up nights with sick boys and pregnant ewes. Why, I'll bet there are *thousands* of women who don't realize their condition. What a surprise my husband will have tonight when he comes home!
Burlington MRS. IVAN DIEL

OHIO

Spurred on by Mrs. Crabtree, I too managed to get my housework done by 8:30 in the morning. How did I accomplish this *without* a dishwasher, laundry or helpful husband? Why, I got up at 2 A.M.!
Columbus MARGARET H. RUSSELL

SOMEWHERE ON THE WEST COAST

We used to read the kids' *Mad* magazine for laughs, but now we read the *Journal*.
TWO STUPID HOUSEWIVES

FLORIDA

It is surprising and heartening to read about a family which doesn't follow all the rules in the marriage manual. I never thought I would meet in your pages a woman who is a terrible cook, sends out her laundry, spends six hours a day playing bridge—*or* a husband who goes off on weekends to hunt and fish by himself, without feeling it necessary to take the whole family along. The Crabtrees *suit each other*—and that is what counts. If you have managed to show any frustrated young couple that every marriage doesn't have to be like every other one, I think you've done a pretty fine thing.
Sarasota LOIS CARDOZO

OREGON

Before I got around to feeling sorry for Billy Crabtree, I realized that he is happy with the situation and loves and cherishes Janice. Apparently she is admired by relatives and friends, and she herself is grateful and happy. So, I'll say it—I'm a little envious, but I'm glad that someone has got it so good!
Eugene MRS. MERL NICOLSON

KANSAS

RE YOUR OCTOBER HOW AMERICA LIVES—CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?
Wichita JAMES C. HARRIS

PENNSYLVANIA

I wish you would tell me if Mrs. Crabtree really exists.
Bethlehem LUCILLE ANN MEYERS

• *Yes, and though we can't give personal answers, we'll be reading our Crabtree mail right through 1961. ED.*

NEW YORK

HELP FOR PSYCHOTIC CHILDREN

Dear Sirs: Thank you for your most interesting and elucidating "Scream in the Night" (September *Journal*). I should also like to thank the Sheldon Paul family for their courage and wisdom in wanting to be identified. Only with the help of intelligent people who recognize and face the agonizing problem of childhood psychosis can we fight it, can we combat prejudices, can we see to it that these children get their birthright, an education suitable to their needs.
Jamaica *Sincerely,*
RUTH TUTEUR, *Corresp. Secretary*
National Organization for Mentally Ill Children, Inc., Queens Chapter

PEACEABLE LANE

VIRGINIA

Whether you print this or not (and I'm betting you won't), I wish to register my complete disgust with the *Journal* for the new low you have achieved. The revolting story "Peaceable Lane" is nothing more than Negro propaganda. Why don't you just merge with *Ebony?*
Alexandria MRS. J. E. MORGAN

ARIZONA

The *Journal* has matured and modernized beyond most women's magazines, as evidenced by the October issue. It takes a lot of courage to publish a story like "Peaceable Lane," and I can imagine you will receive complaints. I, for one, think Keith Wheeler did a wonderful job.
Phoenix ANN HARPER

MINNESOTA

Do you suppose we Americans will *ever* reach the day when we will judge one another as individuals, rather than by one characteristic such as race, color or creed?
Minneapolis MRS. J. B. ANDERSON

NEBRASKA

LET YOUR HEART SPEAK

Dear Journal readers: When was the last time you said to someone, "I love you very much"? If you can answer quickly, you are one of the warmhearted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



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NESTLÉ'S MAKES THE COZIEST COCOA

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Nestlé's is the only instant cocoa with whole milk and sugar—made expressly to be enjoyed hot. It's the only instant cocoa you can make perfectly with water. And it's the only one with all these extra nutrients: Vitamins C, B_1, D_3 and Iron. Light up late afternoons and evenings with the special chocolate flavor and cozy warmth of Nestlé's® EverReady®—the deluxe instant cocoa in the bright red package. Get some today!





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NEVER BEFORE a dishwasher that combines such convenience, capacity and wash-ability—the new KitchenAid Superba VariCycle.

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2 OTHER NEW DISHWASHER SERIES available in many models

NEW IMPERIAL Every "full cycle" feature of the Superba is found in this model—including king-size capacity.

NEW CUSTOM Real value for the economy-minded. Same superior KitchenAid wash-and-dry system. Capacity for ten.

there's a quality KitchenAid
for every kitchen...every budget

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

few who are not afraid to express what is in their hearts. Most of us are different

But there are times when these are the only words which should be said. Last fall my daughter with her two small girls came home to visit. It was a most satisfying two weeks, but at the end I was exhausted. The temperature was over 95° and I was probably looking grim when four-year-old Jenny spoke up:

"Anyway, grandmother," she said, "I love you."

What a beautiful sound those words made! My eyes full of tears, I sat down on the floor and hugged her. "What a lucky little girl," I thought. "A lot of people are going to love *you!*"

Sometimes, of course, those three words only need to be implied. I know a middle-aged couple who run their own lumber business. "In the mornings," she told me, "we're both horribly grumpy, so we try to get along without talking. But driving down to the office, we have a sort of routine. Sometime during the trip one or the other will say, 'Well, good morning, sweetheart,' and the day will be all right."

When you are young and in love, putting feelings into words is such a blissful thing that it comes easily. But as the years pass, you stiffen and grow more reticent. (One of my own moments *not* to remember is when I met an old friend's outstretched arms with a conventional handshake.)

In keeping the wholehearted gesture, the tender words to yourself, you are short-changing yourself and those dear to you. Let your heart speak out!

Sincerely,
Omaha ELEANORE MOOBERRY

MISSOURI

OUR 1954 CHRISTMAS STORY

Dear Journal: It has been six years since our story ("Ten Angels for Christmas," December, 1954) appeared in



Yes, one family.

your "How America Lives," but we think of you often. Our family statistics have also changed somewhat—with number fourteen due to arrive this summer. If we get a little girl, it will make it even with seven sons and seven daughters; but the boys are all pulling for another brother "so the boys will keep ahead"!

Do hope all is well for you,
Independence MARVEL CROOKSTON

• *The boys won. Douglas Arthur. 8 pounds. arrived July 13. ED.*

DELAWARE

HOW WOULD YOU ANSWER?

Dear Editors: Can you, or any of your readers, help me understand what is the matter with me?

I love my husband, my teenage children and my home. I have a satisfying hobby and many friends. I take part in community activities, and often serve as chairman of various charitable drives. I worship God in my heart and in my church.

Yet every day round about four o'clock, when my busy day is slowing down, I find myself wondering: what is the purpose of life?

My husband says the purpose of life is to glorify God, and while I agree with him, somehow this doesn't seem enough answer. I can't ask my friends, because they'd think I was crazy. So now I ask you: what *is* the purpose of life?

Hopefully yours,
Name Withheld

NEW YORK CITY

NOON TO NINE WOULD BE FINE

Dear Editors: Must working people be deprived of the cultural benefits of our museums and historical societies? Why can't museums open at noon and stay open after 5 P.M. so more people can enjoy them? *Sincerely yours,*
A.L.A.

SOMEWHERE IN MICHIGAN

LET'S POLL TEACHERS THEMSELVES

Dear Sir: I am not saying that all administrators are bad, or that professors be allowed to "run" our colleges. But I am firmly convinced that faculty voices must be heard and heeded if we are to effect the sweeping reforms in educational policy upon which our national survival may depend. Public opinion can never make a wise choice in conflicting educational ideologies so long as one side is denied expression—too often through the fear of reprisal which prompts me, regretfully, to ask that my name be withheld.

Associate Professor of English

MASSACHUSETTS

CAN'T EVEN BOIL AN EGG?

Dear Journal: Recently two girls who are college sophomores visited us. Since I had to leave early for work the next morning, I made preliminary preparations for breakfast and suggested that they "sleep in." Later, I discovered they had eaten only toast—not because they weren't hungry but because neither of them knew how to cook bacon and eggs!

Both girls are intelligent and attractive, but their lack of any home skills distressed me. Is this typical of today's teenagers?

Sincerely,
Boston ALICE GARDNER

CONNECTICUT

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS MORE DOGHOUSES

Dear Editor: You show lovely houses in your magazine for all sorts of people—but nothing for our four-legged friends. I would like to see a small Alhambra with keyhole-shaped doors and windows for cats' and dogs' whiskers to slip through, or Greek-revival houses with a "widow's walk" for dogs to watch from. Or that modern house you ran with a hole and a tree in the overhanging roof would make an ideal house for a cat.

Are architects never animal lovers?

Sincerely yours,
Stonington MRS. B. MARKOFF

NEW JERSEY

JUST FOR YOU

Dear Editors: One year my son redid my telephone and address book. A daughter showed up with all the summer furniture repainted in *rustless* white. A son-in-law bore a laundry hamper full of new pots and pans into my kitchen from which all the old had been removed on Christmas Eve.

This is Christmas! This is love.

The present which says "This could only be for you and could only come from me" makes the wonderful day.

I'd better get started. *Sincerely,*
Hopewell HELEN EVERITT



When the frenzy
holiday chores traps
into serving family meal
in minutes, remember... just
a few more seconds can
add a bright gourmet touch
to the simplest menu.
You'll find cling peaches
make all the difference!

Look what you can do with cling peaches quick!



Here below are only a
few of so many reasons
why we say canned
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The necessity and function of an opposition

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

The national election is over, we have a new President-elect, there will be changes in the next Congress, and a partly new Administration will take over next January. I say "partly" because the enormous Federal and state bureaucracies change only in fundamental policymaking positions with changes in Administration. The workers in these bureaus, numbering millions, are under civil service and can be removed only with great difficulty, even for incompetence.

Since the prestige and rating of a bureau depend to a large extent on its size, every bureau head tries to extend his empire, and every department is thus invariably overstaffed. The theory that the more employees one has the more efficient will be the performance of the whole has been disproved time and again in both public and private business. But the number of employees keeps on growing. This proliferation of bureaucracies is universal in all countries, but in few countries, if any, is government bureaucracy more of a leviathan than in the United States. The Federal Government *alone* employs 7 per cent of the nation's labor force. The unremitting increase in state, municipal and local government expenditures and staff is known to everybody who pays tax bills, whether state income tax, on a home he owns, on other real estate, and on nearly everything he consumes, including travel, telegrams and telephone calls.

In following the recent presidential campaign we have been struck by the fact that no real presentation of issues has been made at all. The "outs" have accused the "ins" of failures or inadequacies at home and abroad. The "ins" have defended Administration policies while promising changes or modifications. But neither side has recommended any fundamentally new considerations or approaches.

In foreign affairs both parties are equally committed to the U.N., without raising a single question about the way its structure, composition, membership, functions and powers have been developing.

Both parties, likewise, are committed to continuing foreign aid in the form of grants, loans and outright gifts to governments, but the candidates of neither unrolled, specifically, what such government-to-government aid has been doing to the countries that receive it, and to their popular reactions toward the United States.

Each side promised increased aid to "the farmer," without defining who "the farmer" is or revealing what the effect of the policies of the Eisenhower Administration and its predecessors has been on the farm and national economy as a whole.

Both sides have promised increased Federal aid to education in the form of grants to the states for school-construction purposes, to free funds for raising teachers' salaries, together with other educational aid, such as scholarships or direct aid to teachers' salaries. But no candidates have set forth, 1—the actual condition of public education in the United States and how, if at all, it should be changed; 2—what school-construction costs actually are, state by state per classroom CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

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London Broil

One flank steak top-quality, surface scored on both sides

MARINATING SAUCE

- 1 clove garlic
- 1 cup Mazola Corn Oil
- ½ cup vinegar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- Dash cayenne
- Few drops Tabasco sauce

Slice garlic into large shallow pan. Add remaining ingredients, stir until blended.

Place steak in pan, and pour marinade over it. Let stand at least 3 hours, overnight if possible. Remove from marinade.

Preheat broiler. Broil steak 2 to 3 inches below heat, allowing 3 to 4 minutes for each side. Carve diagonally across grain into thin slices.

Refrigerate and reuse left-over marinade for meat, fish or poultry; or as dressing for tossed salads.

NTINUED FROM PAGE 11

d other units of space; how these construc-n costs compare with those of private ilding, and if they vastly exceed them, why; iat proportion of these costs is invested in ssroom space and libraries, and what in mnasiums, swimming pools, recreation oms, elaborately equipped home-economics aboratories," cafeterias, kitchens, playing ounds and other things that are secondary to ential education; or whether, and in what ions or communities, the salaries of teach-, most of whom are women, lag behind the el of the incomes of equally educated per-ns not engaged in profit-making enterprises. In short, the electorate during the recent mpaign heard no fundamental discussion of ues and policies or the *facts* pertinent to em. Again, the appeal was, not to the indi-tual and his mind and reasoning faculties,

WINTER SONG

By CAROLINE NEILSON

Now frost bejewels every weed,
No motion stirs the cruel air,
The bird is frozen to the branch,
The rabbit stiffens in the snare.

Beneath the foot, the ringing
ground
Forbids the spade, or upward shoot.
The juiceless stems unchanging
stand;
The cold has seized the shallow root.

Now nothing alters, nothing mars
The outlines bare, of trees, hills,
stones,
The basic structure summer hid—
The permanent shape, the earth's
great bones.

t to mass organizations or groups, with their bies—organized labor, organized business, mers, ethnic and national groups, and local liticians who presumably "delivered" votes. Now, American democracy (and "democ-y," like every other political idea, requires nstant definition, or open redefinition) was nded on the assumption that man is a rea-ning animal. If confronted by choices fairly cisely defined and put in possession of facts t assembled by special pleaders paid by the nerican people), he will be able to make a re or less educated decision, always with his n interests in mind, man being what he *is* d not what he *should* be), but also with a triotic view to the security, justice and gen-l welfare of the American people, and the eservation of liberty for themselves and their sterity.

(The preamble to the Constitution of the ited States which defines the national pur-se should be lettered on the wall of every ssroom in America, and learned by heart every child in elementary school. And the ention of each student should be called to e listing of *priorities* in purpose.)

Since March, 1933, when F. D. Roosevelt gan his first term, until this moment, a riod of twenty-eight years, there has never en an effective opposition in this country. oosevelt for twelve years had a completely cile Congress. The only reversal of his licies came from a few decisions of the preme Court.

Truman, during his second term, had a publican Congress, but the Republican nks were divided.

Eisenhower has governed in his second rm with a Democratic Congress, but the mocrats have been so divided that he has t from it nearly all he wanted.

The Democratic Party holds within its ranks members who should properly belong to a Labor-Socialist Party, and extreme conservatives, largely from the South. The Republican Party, since it rejected Senator Taft in the 1952 convention, has become a liberal party, vying with the Northern Democrats in its appeals to organized masses.

The normal division between parties is liberal-conservative along lines of basic approach and principle. This no longer exists. The conservative element in the combined electorate is effectively disfranchised for lack of choice. Yet there are certainly hundreds of thousands of thoughtful American citizens who now feel at home in neither party, and who, however they may cast their votes, do so without confidence or enthusiasm. The outstanding characteristic of such individuals is that they do *not* belong to "organized man," do *not* wish to vote according to the position taken by group leaders of special interests, and *do* feel a strong concern and responsibility for the future of their children and the fate of the republic.

Since so many words have lost or changed their meanings, it is necessary for any writer to describe what he means by "liberal" and "conservative."

The "liberal" has always been favorable to democratic reforms and the abolition of privilege. He has wished to equalize opportunity within the limits of natural endowment over which nobody has control. But he has always been, and in the nature of the word itself, for the widest freedom for the individual within the limits of statute law. Historically, the liberal has always opposed great concentrations of political or economic power, whether in the hands of great corporations, in our own day monopolistic unions, and/or governments. He has distrusted the power of the state, knowing the obvious: that the state is the police and the punitive power, and that the power to tax is the power to destroy.

This was most notably true of the founders of this country. The American Revolution was essentially against the interference of the British power in the lives of Americans at every level, a bill of grievances on these matters being incorporated in the Declaration of Independence. In revolting and starting a new national government, the founders had not the slightest intention of substituting an omnipotent American government for a British one, and designed a constitution precisely to prevent a consolidation of national governmental power.

Today such a definition of "liberal" is meaningless. In practice "liberal" could much better be defined as "socialist": namely, the belief that individual freedom should be wholly or largely subordinated to the interests of the community (as judged by men as fallible as the rest of us); that the ownership (*or regulation and control*) of the means of production should be in the hands of the state and its bureaucracies; and that it is the duty of the state to care for its citizens from the cradle to the grave. The essential, perhaps, of this neo-liberal view is that the state and its employees and "experts" are better judges of what the individual needs (or should want) than he is. That the state, of itself, creates no wealth whatever, and can only distribute what it forces (under heavy penalties) out of the pockets, profits and pay checks of the people or borrows on the account of future generations, is never emphasized—or even mentioned—by these liberals, who are always promising to give away, via government, what they neither create nor possess except by compulsion. Socialism, whether it comes gradually, or suddenly in a revolutionary way, has so far invariably led to the extinction of liberty: economic, social and political.

The word "conservative" has become a term of reproach, and today is usually called "reactionary."

It is nothing of the kind. The conservative is one who is disposed to maintain existing institutions and change them cautiously, only with much deliberation. The conservative believes in *experience*—the experience of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

nation, the value of its tried and tested traditions, and the experiences of history, within any given civilization.

The conservative, who is the least Utopian and most commonsensical of political minds, is the one most disposed to exercise foresight and to weigh alternative policies in the light of their probable consequences. He does this from what is known of previous experiences in his own civilization and others, and what is known of human nature, which has changed far less in centuries than have the external factors of life. He feels at home only in dealing with realities. Before he makes judgments he wants to know facts, and not just the "facts" as set forth by the "information" officers of bureaus, sub-bureaus and official committees, who are not pure information sources, but are engaged in justifying the policies their chiefs represent.

Even at the risk of being called "inhumanitarian," he wants to know what policies have cost, will cost, what the results have been, and by logical deduction will be, and who profits and loses.

The intelligent conservative, whose judgments are based on fact and reason rather than on instinctive reactions, is not opposed to change. If he were, he would not be intelligent. For change is a law of life and implicit in the evolution of this century, which has seen *more* enormous changes in the way men and women earn their livings than in any comparable period of human history. But he wants to know *what* changes are necessary or advisable, at what pace, and why. He is, perhaps, less interested in "know-how" than in know *why*.

In a democracy, based on representative government, the function of a political opposition is to be the watchdog and gadfly of the party and Administration in power. Its purpose is to work to supply what wants supplying and check what wants checking, with a view to securing that the basic principles it represents should eventually prevail.

Normally speaking, this is the business of a party out of power. But with party lines at present so unclear, it seems to me that a new "loyal opposition" must begin to form itself outside either party. Acting as critic-guide, and exerting pressure on both, it would involve the coalescence of forces outside the great organizations, public and private, that now, through their leaders, lawyers, public-relations counselors, and so on, largely determine the policies of the United States.

It must begin by associating people at the grass roots, in every community, initiated by those who take the lead under their own steam. It should not be a movement that goes into action only at the time of elections, but act as a continuing force, unremittingly raising questions, demanding answers and suggesting alternatives.

Uncounted thousands of intelligent, patriotic and dissatisfied Americans are, at present, intimidated by their belief in and fear of their aloneness. There are, for instance, devoted and experienced classroom teachers who, as I have learned from their letters, are more dissatisfied than anyone else about the status of education in the United States, and whose complaints are *not* about their salaries but about their incapacity to apply their experience, the diffusion of their time and energies to activities that are extraneous to real teaching, the pressures of school boards, principals, parents and educational theorists who prevent them from exercising reasonable classroom disciplines, and the theories under which they must work, invented for the most part by people who have never taught a classroom in their lives.

There are, for instance, individual critics of "foreign aid" as at present administered (including a great many foreign correspondents) who are not opposed in principle to a large and rich country's generously helping the poor ones, but who have observed on the spot many evil political, social and economic results of the projects and policies as actually applied.

At present the voices of these largely disinterested observers and recorders are muffled out by the vast official propaganda t emerges unceasingly from hacks paid by American taxpayer, or self-interested perso and nowhere are the critical views assembl checked and analyzed.

This, as I see it, and under existing con tions, cannot be satisfactorily done except citizens who have no axes to grind, are immediately seeking power, but are genuin and devotedly concerned for this republic. general there is a cynical notion abroad toc that every man has his price and is motiva only by self-interest.

I *know* this is not true. In every class society, not least among workmen, acc tomed as they are to face and deal with hard facts of life, are such persons. A la (and perhaps disproportionate) number women are among them; and I am not thi ing chiefly of professional women, but intelligent, responsible housewives and mo ers. Women are the least organized-for-s interest group in America, if half of the po lation can be classified as a "group." Th

LULLABY

By CHAD WALSH

Why are your eyes so far away,
Little one, little one?
What are your lips shaped to say,
My son, my son?

A breast for your lips and milk fo
your need,
I offer my little one.
But where do your eyes steadily
feed,
Jesus, my little son?

The sun in the sky, a fleece of a
cloud,
I see, and my little one,
And a lark sings soft, and my hear
sings loud
To carol a new-born son.

Take what I have, the milk and th
breast,
Close your eyes, little one,
See when you must, but sleep is
best
This hour, Jesus, my son.

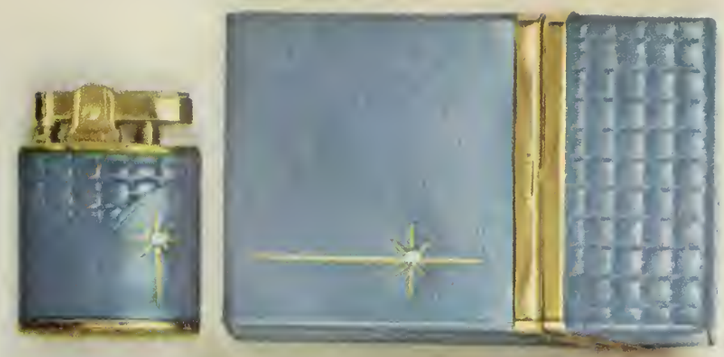
nature, lives and experience tie them to future generation, confront them with realit rather than theories, and compel them to rec nize common sense as a basic standard judgment and action. But they, too, suffer fr a sense of inferiority toward women w "careers."

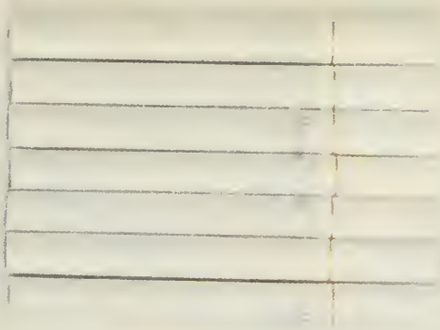
The real governor of the world today public opinion. And public opinion is *not* result of counting heads. It is created natural leaders, in newspapers, other pul cations and media of communication, pulp and in all social groups where people gat together spontaneously. Although there few general stores left, there are still thousa of cracker barrels even in metropolises.

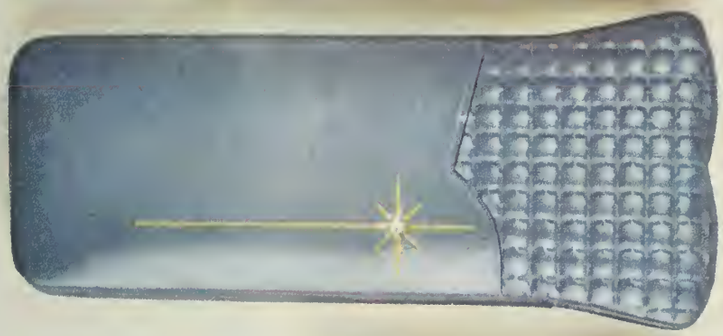
A source of active aid in such a moveni for the republic will be found, I am sure, men and women who have been forcibly tired long before their mental and even phy cal powers have approached exhaustion.

In succeeding articles in this space I sh try to elucidate on some now widely accep policies, which require the presentation facts and evaluations. I wish to do this a stimulus to fresh, independent and disint ested thinking. If I am wrong in my facts shall certainly be corrected.

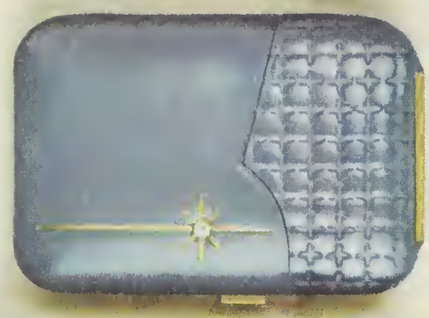
Nevertheless, when policies are *palpably* fa ing there is always a reason. And the cur not to be found in changing the administ tions of the policy for others bent on do more or less of the same thing. E



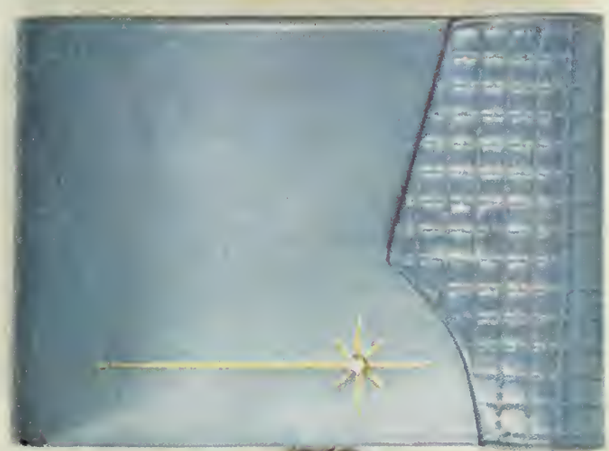


















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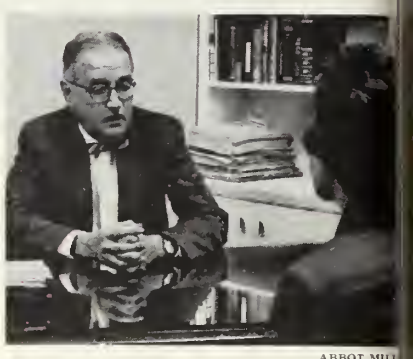
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There are many questions which wome would like to ask a trusted physician, bu there is not always the opportunity. I this series, *Tell Me, Doctor*, Docto Schauffler will discuss some of the prol lems which have been sent to him b readers. The situations are all real, bu all the names which are used are fictitious

TELL ME, DOCTOR

By GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"I've known since I was eighteen that I'm low on thyroid, and have been taking medication. My old symptoms have returned with this pregnancy. Will my baby be affected?"



ABBOT MILL

The doctor always shook hands when a new patient entered his consult ing room. He felt the handclasp told him something about the woman's personality, sometimes even about her physical state. In the present case twenty-six-year-old Mrs. Foster had a pudgy hand, the flesh bulging around her rings, and it felt limp and lethargic in his. At the same time he noted a little enlargement of the lower neck area, and a heavier-than-usual growth of fine dark hair on Mrs. Foster's upper lip and forearms. Also he caught an apprehensive glance at the scales standing in a corner.

"I can see you don't like to weigh yourself, Mrs. Foster," he remarked with a quizzical smile.

She looked up, startled. "I'm pregnant now, Doctor, about five months along. That makes me look fat. But fat *is* one of my big problems."

"And do you find yourself low on pep a good deal of the time?"

This time it was Mrs. Foster who smiled. "You've spotted that I'm hypothyroid! The answer is yes, and most of the symptoms seem to be worse when I'm pregnant, especially the weight. I've had other kinds of trouble, too, about pregnancy."

"Suppose we start with your weight and pregnancy difficulties. Tell me more about them."

Mrs. Foster settled herself comfortably in the patient's chair. "When I was as young as twelve or thirteen, I began having to fight excessive weight. The puberty hair appeared early, and mostly in the wrong places. Menstruation didn't become regular and normal until after I began taking thyroid, when I was eighteen. My blood pressure was always low too.

"I did better all the way round after I was put on thyroid, especially in my schoolwork. But after I married and we moved here, I began to lose ground almost immediately. I had no pep at all. My blood pressure got low again and even my pulse slowed up. It was quite a while before I became pregnant."

The doctor nodded. "All that is a rather common experience hereabouts with women who are low in natural thyroid. You see, this region is a so-called goiter belt. There is little or no iodine in the water, therefore there is little in the fresh vegetables and other foods. This seems to produce special difficulties with the reproductive mechanism for a good many women. We know now that the trouble is with the thyroid."

"I wish you would explain to me about this thyroid and goiter and iodine business, Doctor. I know of course about the thyroid gland, and that there are people who haven't enough thyroid and are called hypothyroid, and other people who have too much and get goiters. Then there is the thyroid we take for medicine, and somehow or other iodine seems to be mixed up with the whole thing. I never have understood it very clearly."

"It's not too complicated, really. The thyroid gland furnishes a natural secretion, or hormone. As you said, either too little or too much secretion can cause difficulties. The best understood part of this hormone is a substance called thyroxine, which appears to carry the bulk of the thyroid's work. The gland's effectiveness, however, operates through its iodine content. The thyroid medicine

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

that you spoke of is simply a refined extract of the dried and pulverized thyroid glands of animals. It was the first thyroid medication available and is still our stock in trade for thyroid difficulties. There are more refined, and theoretically more potent and exact, thyroid derivatives, but thyroid extract remains the least expensive and is probably just as effective as the others. Incidentally, it was the very first of the hormone medications and is still probably the most reliable. Finally, because of the part iodine appears to play in the chemistry of thyroid functioning, it, too, is used in the treatment of thyroid troubles in a number of ways.

"But I'd like to know more about *you*, Mrs. Foster, and the difficulties you had after you moved into our low-iodine area. You said you had trouble getting pregnant."

"Yes, and when I finally did get pregnant, I had what my doctor called a spontaneous abortion around the second month. He said that's a fairly common complaint in low-thyroid conditions."

"Infertility is common enough. And strangely enough, it is also common in *hyper*thyroid states. Spontaneous abortion in early months, and even miscarriage later on, are thought to occur more often than usual in hypothyroid states. In true hyperthyroidism, what we doctors call exophthalmic or toxic goiter—also Graves' disease—fertility is affected so adversely that pregnancy seldom occurs, so there isn't so much opportunity for accidents related to it. Incidentally, the drug Thiouricil, which is extensively used in nonpregnant hyperthyroid patients, is dangerous in pregnancy.

"It seems as though in pregnancy the thyroid gland must definitely stay in the middle of the road. Too little or too much of its hormone is apt to cause trouble all along the line. Doubtless the amount of thyroid extract you were using where you lived before was not enough to fill your requirements in this region. And in pregnancy there is normally an extra demand on the thyroid."

"After the spontaneous abortion, my doctor gave me basal-metabolism tests and raised my thyroid dosage up to two grains a day, got pregnant again right away and carried my little girl to term—she's three years old now. Even so, I felt dull and listless during the pregnancy and I gained forty pounds. I feel listless now, with this pregnancy, and my weight is getting away from me again."

"A great many women in the goiter area need extra thyroid," the doctor commented, "and they may need to have the dosage stepped up during pregnancy. This is true, too, of many women who don't live in goiter areas. Many doctors nowadays routinely give small doses of either thyroid or iodine—in ordinary cases either seems to give the necessary boost—to all pregnant patients who aren't hyperthyroid. But the women should be tested carefully first, to make sure they aren't hyperthyroid, or sensitized to thyroid.

"Whosoever on ye nighte of ye nativity of ye young Lord Jesus, in ye greate snows, shall fare forth bearing a succulent bone for ye loste and lamenting hounde, a wisp of hay for ye shivering horse, a cloak of warm raiment for ye twittering crone, a flagon of red wine for him whose marrow withers, a garland of bright berries for one who has worn chains, gay arias of lute and harp for all huddled birds who thought that song was dead, and divers lush sweetmeats for such babes' faces as peer from lonely windows,

Unto him shall be proffered and returned gifts of such an astonishment as will rival the hues of the peacock and the harmonies of heaven, so that though he live to ye greate age when man goes stooping and querulous because of the nothing that is left in him, yet shall he walk upright and remembering, as one whose heart shines like a greate star in his breaste."

"YE GREATE ASTONISHMENT"
FROM "YE MIRACLE OF YE SEASONS"

It can be very dangerous, in fact, for someone low in thyroid, like you, to try to regulate her own dosage."

"In what way?"

"You might be oversusceptible, and in that case you could go into true hyperthyroidism. That's the exophthalmic goiter or Graves' disease I mentioned. The thyroid gland enlarges and the eyes may bulge, get glassy-looking. The heart is overworked and may be damaged. Also, there is a type of thyroid nodule, an irregular small tumor, that can start growing wild—become overactivated, as we doctors say."

Mrs. Foster confessed, "Ever since my nice doctor moved away, I've been going along on the two grains a day that brought me through my second pregnancy. I hate to take a basal-metabolism test! It always made me so breathless and scared that half the time my tests were no good."

"Many doctors would agree with you, Mrs. Foster, that the old basal-metabolism test had disadvantages. We have more modern tests now, such as the Protein Bound Iodine test—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

called P.B.I. for short. There's another one, called the B.E.I.—Butyl Extractible Iodine—that will probably take precedence over the P.B.I. in time. Some laboratories are not yet properly set up to interpret it, however, and on that account I'm going to give you the Protein Bound Iodine test. You don't have to prepare for it in advance. All we do is get some blood from a vein. By the way, have you been taking thyroid within the last few days?"

"Yes, I take it every day."

"In that case I'll examine you now, but we won't do the thyroid test, for the thyroid medication might alter the results. I'd like you to stop the thyroid extract for four days and then come in for your P.B.I. test."

After examining Mrs. Foster, the doctor told her that generally speaking she and the baby were in good shape. "Of course you are overweight, but that is to be expected. I don't think you have myxedema—that's when the thyroid secretion is really low—but a great deal can be done by using a diuretic and putting you on a strict diet. You must get bathroom scales and weigh every day. It is quite possible you may need even more thyroid—I will know more about that after the P.B.I. test. But don't forget that too much salt and too much fattening food constitute the biggest part of the permanent overweight problem with anyone, regardless of the way the thyroid is functioning."

"One thing has worried me since the old symptoms came back with this pregnancy. Could the baby be a dwarf or cretin, because my thyroid hasn't been functioning right? I've read that can happen."

"You haven't the slightest need to worry about any such thing as that, Mrs. Foster. It is true that a good many children were born physically stunted, or possibly seriously retarded mentally, before we knew what we now know about the need the thyroid gland has for iodine, and the implications of iodine lack. There are regions of the world where there is scarcely any iodine at all in the water and food. In such regions, serious things could and did happen before doctors learned to supply the missing substances. If the mother's thyroid lack is greatly exaggerated, especially in early pregnancy, there could be irregularities in the baby's development. Even nowadays this happens occasionally.

"But there is absolutely no necessity for this to happen if every mother will put herself under medical supervision as soon as she suspects she is pregnant. Doctors today understand these matters clearly, and the thyroid can generally be brought into balance quite easily. Unless, that is, it has been irreparably damaged before help is available.

"We have even found that the thyroid gland can be removed as safely during pregnancy as at any other time, when it is so overactive that it threatens the welfare of mother or baby."

"Would you clear up another point? I was taught that the function of the thyroid gland is to control metabolism. How does it get mixed up with menstruation and pregnancy?"

"We don't know exactly, Mrs. Foster. Certainly metabolism—transforming food into energy and elements from which the body can build its tissues—is the most obvious function of the thyroid, and probably its most important. But there appears to be a subtle connection between the thyroid and the reproductive organs in both sexes. There is certainly a connection between the thyroid and the ovary. How it operates hasn't been worked out clearly, but it's conjectured that the thyroid acts on the pituitary and that both the pituitary and the thyroid act on the ovary. Some scientists think the thyroid has some components of a sex hormone, in addition to its metabolic function. At any rate, today it is part of the obstetrician's duty to check every patient's thyroid functioning. If it is not working in a way to insure a good outcome for the pregnancy, there are many medicines, even surgery, that can help avoid complications.

"But there are still great gaps in our knowledge of thyroid chemistry, even though it is our oldest and best-known hormone. But we do know enough to avoid many of the tragedies that used to happen—when our patients give us the chance to avoid them. I guess that's the really important thing, isn't it?"

Next month Dr. Schauffler discusses the prevention of toxemia.

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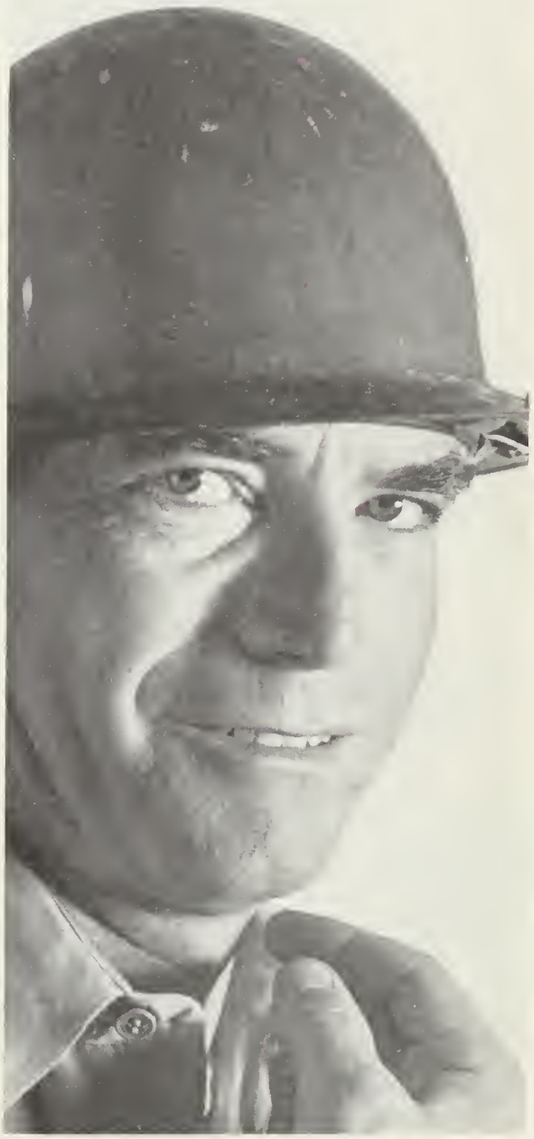
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"I don't know if we will come or not, Verna—
I haven't conducted the growl test yet!"

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

My shopping for Noel is accomplished; I've found a magic kaleidoscope, ideal gift for any child of 6 to 66. I'm ordering nineteen of 'em sent from the shop; and no gift wrapping by my Dream Girl.

I've told my favorite restaurant man he can put up to fifteen kinds of meat in a mixed grill à la Chile, from sweetbreads to tenderloin tips. Men love meat, and so do women, though more elegantly.

With help from Freud and John Dewey, we've bewitched our teenagers into an unearthly blend of Queen Guinevere and Borgia, Don Quixote and the Marquis de Sade. I think they're still like Tarkington kids.

"I've dreamed up a marvelous Christmas gift for my husband to give me," murmurs Betty Comfort dreamily, chopping her Christmas-greeting list. "A dreamy pair of diamond earrings! A wise investment, too, because inflation makes 'em worth more every year!"

"I'm a self-educated man," confides our town's most vociferous Ivy League college grad, in a rare moment of humility. "Since I graduated from college I've secretly looked up in dictionary or encyclopedia everything I pretended to know all about."

As a carver of Thanksgiving turkey, I get more brazen. They used to demand seconds before I'd filled my plate. Now I chew ceremonially at titbits and slivers while I slice for twenty.

Our town's deadpan cynic speaks up strongly for polygamy for rich men who can afford it. "Up to five wives and a marriage counselor," he says. "And I favor polyandry for rich women too."

We agreed at our bridge-table symposium on marriage that the wrong tone of voice rasps more husband-wife quarrels than what's said. "Husbands are sensitive to voices," our dummy-moderator said. "The tone hurts 'em more than the words."

Our town's most dominant wife concedes it's useless to whip up her husband's career by calling him stupid. "If I tell him he's a genius," she admits, "darned if he doesn't scintillate for the boss."

Maybe my wife's entirely too perceptive. If I put on my Hong Kong jacket for a party, with my Roman pants I had remodeled in Tokyo, she asks, "Now which girl are you impressing tonight?"

I hope they hurry this paste "space food" in tubes for home consumption. What a variety you could keep in a small fridge! And your wife can't tell how much you've squeezed out of each tube.

Even in our remote back yard the glare of the city illuminates the night sky. For a look at all the stars bright and dim we drive out to a country road where it's dark.

"Years of gladness, days of glee, like torrents of spring, they flee, they flee!"—From an old folk song immortalized by Ivan Turgenev for the Russians: they can't be *all* bad.

My wife is a flatterer: she tells me I look wonderful in almost any costume, especially if it's a dark suit with a white shirt.

As I've long threatened, I've evolved a masterly dish I can prepare in five minutes: tinned beef Stroganoff on quickie semi-tame wild rice. "This," I tell my guests, "would cost you nine dollars à la carte at the Colony."

I've just read a classic love tragedy, in which the hero's supreme indiscretion with a woman not the heroine is described by three asterisks. (And the next paragraph begins mystically "Four hours later . . .")

For six or seven months never-baggy Bermuda shorts have been our relaxing garb around the house. We've resolved to wear 'em all day the first blizzard and sunbathe under a lamp in the living room.

Our town's most wife-eclipsed husband confides his brave-new-world Minerva is never quite so subdued or humble as when her zipper's stuck and he extricates her.

Maybe it's our suburb's most fragrant romance: the marriage between the husband who brings home two or three flowers several times a week and his wife who has a single flower put on his desk daily. (They're married to each other.)

Even the most gorgeous woman in your little coterie can make you forget her beauty if she babbles and prattles on and on and on and on.

They flew me over to an air base on Lake Huron to watch our National Guard fighter interceptors shoot their rockets, and slept us in a long barracks with fifty cots. Brave-new-world acoustics: nobody heard a snore.

Our town's stingiest millionaire brags he can wear his college son's narrow pants. "I not only can, but I do," he boasts. "He buys new clothes all the time; my newest suit is seven years old."

Dauntlessly our clique of aging athletes walk to their offices. They complain the scenery gets tedious. One day a pretty girl of memorable physique walked downtown just ahead of 'em: they may hire such a girl to adorn their landscape.

When Aunt Daisy was a girl, etiquette required a man to remain standing if his lady on a walk became fatigued and sat down. (To sit down alongside would be "flagrantly indecorous and insulting.") Today he sits down first.

In her dual role as mother and mother-in-law, my Dream Princess interchanges recipes between our West Coast daughter and our East Coast daughter-in-law. (And she gleans quite a few tasty dishes!)

. . . When our daughter puts her gramp's gold cycling medal on her bracelet,
. . . And our son scrounges our old golf clubs so he and his wife can both play,
. . . Or our youngest lectures his prof's class on T. S. Eliot, whom he admires more'n I ever did,
. . . And our son-in-law transforms an old rowboat into a craft faintly resembling a yacht,
. . . Or my Dream Girl begins to outcook the chefs of the "12 Caesars,"
Then I begrudge the unmarried years I wasted in my twenties.

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UNDER COVER

I have personally been Under Cover for the past ten weeks. I find a coronary thrombosis is something akin to a spiritual experience. After the first few days, pain, shock and apprehension are left behind. For weeks you lie in bed, quite still—with your thoughts. An inner calm pervades you. Contentment such as I at least had never known before, and which I hope will never leave me, takes over your whole being. This is not, I have learned, unusual. You are out of the world. Life, though remote, seems far lovelier than you'd ever imagined. It was a small hospital I was in, and out of the 200 patients there at the time I was carried in, 30 were heart cases, 20 of which were coronaries. So I had no call for self-importance or self-pity, nor did I feel any. From my bed I could see the treetops and blue sky, and hear katydids at night. And the busy details of hospital life (quite new to me) never ceased to please: the good cooked cereal for breakfast; the small carts that rumbled along the corridors carrying everything from newspapers to blood; the Leonardo face of my night nurse and the camaraderie of my day nurses, all dedicated women, I found.

It was the goodness of people that I thought about most as I lay there—their natural kindness and genuine desire to be of help. Busy friends with a thousand other things to worry about wrote letters, not once but many times. Old, old friends who'd almost lost a pal, but *not quite*, avowed their warm affection in letters that brought their personalities right into the room. The bonds that united us became firmer. It was heartening, too, in this rather offhand day, that so many wrote of praying. Prayer—like love—is a private word among most of the people I know—one that doesn't come easily.

Then there were the literary folk, the reading of whose books has long been my business in life. They added the light amiable touch.

William Shirer's **The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich** is probably the most spectacular book of the year. It is a big book, of 1200 pages. "I hope you will have a look at my *Third Reich*," he wrote, "but before you read it you have to be able to *lift* it!"

"I understand that you must lie still in one spot for a long period of time," wrote Bennett Cerf. "I hope you will bear it more patiently than I will when Cerf gets wheeled in one of these days!"

Tom Costain, whose lean fingers are never off the typewriter except when they're holding a hand of cards, said, "There will be some consolation in all this if you begin now to reserve more time for the pleasant and easy things in life, like playing cards and writing books." (I was at the card table, in the late evening, when I got this attack, and was also engulfed in writing a book.)

"I'd be more sympathetic," wrote Helen Papashvily (of the *Anything Can Happen* Papashvilys), "if it were not for the fact that several of our friends have had the same thing and I have come to see that it is a passport to a long life of ease and pleasure where you can do everything you like but nothing you don't!"

When I finally became able to lift *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (Simon and Schuster, $10.00) I found a devastating step-by-step disclosure of the inhuman career of a madman who was also a kind of fiendish genius. A whole generation has grown up that knows comparatively little of Adolf Hitler, and we, who know too much, never till now could know all. We didn't know that his own generals were conspiring against him from the beginning to the end; we could never have believed—in those innocent days of comparative truthfulness—how continuous and deliberate was the web of lies that he wove through European politics; we didn't know that Ribbentrop had 50,000,000 Swiss francs ready to bribe the Duke of Windsor to come over into the Nazi camp; or that one of Hitler's last orders was to destroy Paris by heavy artillery and V-1 bombs. The mosaic of evil and corruption is unending. It is a history of outstanding importance. Yet it reads like a thriller.

In **Khrushchev's Russia** (Penguin, 85c) Edward Crankshaw gives an enlightened objective analysis of that country today. He is an English journalist who has spent long periods in Russia and knows the language. He gives Stalin his due in his general background. But his focus is on Nikita Sergeievich Khrushchev. Khrushchev is an old aristocratic name in the Ukraine, where serfs frequently took their master's name, so Nikita is quite likely a descendant of serfs. His ambition to rise high was personal. The devious methods used to attain his end the world knows well—cruelty and ruthlessness, deceit and deliberate confusion.

But back to happier thoughts. **Times Three: Selected Verse from Three Decades,** with 70 new poems, by Phyllis McGinley (Viking, $5.00) is a lovely book, tender and understanding, with complaints enough to be normal. It is a book to give a woman confidence in herself.

Two charming books by Frenchmen (translated), both with many fine pictures and characteristic illustrations, are **Paris in the Twenties,** by Armand Lanoux, and **Paris, Fin de Siècle,** by Jean Roman (Arts, Inc., $6.50 each). "For the collector, the historian and every admirer of Paris," says the publisher modestly. And this time it's true.

And now, to say good-by; for though I have recovered from my attack, and am feeling fine again, I have decided to get out from Under Cover, at least for the time being, see a lot of my friends and, in general, enjoy life. Thanks to you all for listening. And Merry Christmas.

BY BERNARDINE KIELTY

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"I'm still immature"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS, Ph.D.
Pennsylvania State University, Department of Psychology

DO YOU AGREE?

Does the average husband give his wife more help around the home if she holds an outside job?

Yes; about 40 per cent more than if his wife doesn't work.

ASK YOURSELF:

Is My Husband Thoughtful?

Except for the basically selfish and warped husband, most men show a sense of duty to their wives and want to be considerate of them. Occasionally a wife does not give her husband credit, either because she is too harried to think beyond herself or has no yardstick by which to measure him. By answering these questions "Yes" or "No," she can get some idea of how her man compares with other husbands. (Give him the benefit of any doubt.)

Does your husband:

1. ***Seem interested in what you say?***
2. ***Usually come to meals on time?***
3. ***Appreciate your efforts to please him?***
4. ***Notice when you wear something new?***
5. ***Help you with heavy chores?***
6. ***Put away his personal belongings?***
7. ***Co-operate when you are under pressure?***
8. ***Share the car for your convenience?***
9. ***Telephone when he is delayed?***
10. ***Treat you kindly in public?***
11. ***Often praise and compliment you?***
12. ***Keep his temper under control?***
13. ***Get along well with your relatives?***
14. ***Respect your personal privacy?***

In marriages of less than four years, the average wife scores her husband with 11 or 12 "Yes" answers. The total drops to 10 or 11 in marriages of five to eight years, and may be only 9 or 10 for marriages of longer duration. If your husband scores low, part of the reason may be that *you* are not very thoughtful of him.

"EVENINGS I'M LIMP AND EXHAUSTED WITH A STILL-MESSY HOUSE"

"At twenty-two, I've been married five years, and we have boys of four and three and a girl of eighteen months. Ed is a wonderful husband and we have a lovely home. I have all I've ever wanted, yet I'm not the kind of wife I want to be. I'm too drained to give of myself. Though I've tried hard to grow up, I'm still immature. Too often I think first of myself, and I get upset about almost everything except my in-laws—thank goodness Ed's parents are wise, wonderful people.

"The biggest thing is I never feel very good. The doctor says there's nothing wrong with me and I try to eat and sleep properly, but I feel exhausted when I wake in the mornings and often have tension headaches. When I feel good, I fly around and get caught up with the housework, but many evenings I'm limp and exhausted with a still-messy house. I'm a great one for making schedules, but I don't stick to them very well.

"I crave adult conversation in the evenings, but Ed isn't much of a talker and this drives me batty. There are differences in our personalities. He is steady, methodical, rather quiet, easygoing and slow to anger. I'm impulsive, quick-tempered, talkative and love people. But we do love each other, and I do want to be a better wife.

"Another thing that worries me is that I'm not responsive as I should be. I'm naturally warm and affectionate and I love for him to hold me and be tender, but he seldom shows affection unless he wants to make love. Too often he doesn't give me satisfaction, and this must be shattering to his ego."

With three children before she was twenty-one, no wonder this young woman sometimes feels unable to cope with her responsibilities. And no wonder she gets tired and dissatisfied with her performance (which actually is very good).

Obviously she is carrying too heavy a load. Though her doctor says she is physically well, the care of three small children is a twenty-four-hour-a-day job and a constant drain on her strength. Moreover, she is taking a psychological beating from the constant pressure, frustration and feeling of inadequacy. It may help her to remember that when the older children enter school, the pressure on her will lighten. But meanwhile she can take steps not only to become a better wife (we think her performance commendable now) but also to become happier and more relaxed.

Seek his help, first of all by telling him frankly how she feels. Since they have not formed the habit of talking things over, Ed probably has no idea of his wife's burden of tension, frustration and anxiety. She says he loves her and is dependable; if so, she can count on his understanding and support. The mere fact of sharing her problem with him will give her more strength to deal with it.

Ask for practical suggestions. She indicates that she is not a very good manager; perhaps he can suggest short cuts or more efficient methods. (Time and again in talking to wives, I discover little ways of making their daily routines easier.) Quite likely he will volunteer to take over certain tasks to relieve her—supervising the children's baths, emptying the trash, even doing the marketing. By devoting a Saturday to relocating equipment and perhaps building shelves, he may be able to make the kitchen more convenient. He may urge her to omit tasks now performed for his benefit, which cost her more in energy than they are worth to him in comfort.

Follow a schedule. In planning her work, she must be realistic; the best plan is useless if it cannot be carried out. Her time and energy are limited; she must provide for necessary tasks, but eliminate or postpone time-consuming extras. Better to let the best silver go unpolished (or to pack it away) than to end the day exhausted and depressed.

Break the day with rest and recreation. With planning, this is possible for even the busy young mother. She should set definite intervals during the day when she will sit for fifteen minutes with a cup of coffee, a glimpse of the newspaper or a telephone call to a friend. Instead of catching up on extra chores during the children's naps, she should plan to rest or do something she herself enjoys.

This young wife's only complaint on her account concerns lack of sharing, companionship and communication with her husband. At present she is too emotionally and physically fatigued to take the lead in initiating the kind of association she longs for. But the simple program we have outlined should help to relieve the fatigue, and taking her husband into her confidence is a step toward sharing. From that beginning, together they can build up interests and activities in which both can take part.

As these things are accomplished, she will almost certainly find herself becoming more responsive. And as she learns to find satisfaction in physical intimacy, her tension and anxiety will be further decreased.

From all indications, Ed is satisfied with his marriage. Perhaps this young wife expects too much, not of her husband or of marriage, but of herself.

CREATE CHRISTMAS MEMORIES TO CHERISH

Most adults cherish memories of childhood Christmases: often these memories are passed on to their children and become traditions in the next generation. Probably no other recurring holiday so profoundly affects personality, so effectively promotes family sharing.

For the essence of Christmas is sharing, the wholehearted participation of every member not only in the observance of the day, but in the days and weeks of preparation. Even preschool children take pleasure in making gaudy paper chains for the tree. Mother might decorate the house more artistically without their lopsided contributions, but her goal is a happy, festive home, not a shopwindow.

By the same token, Christmas provides an opportunity for children to learn the joy of giving. It is not enough for the mother to provide trinkets to be passed along in their names; instead, even young children should be encouraged to save their spending money to buy gifts, and should be allowed to make their own selections. One young mother says despairingly that each year, just as she thinks she has finished her Christmas preparations, she is confronted with the demands of the children to be taken on *their* shopping trip to the ten-cent store! But she does it, and this is one of the high points of the holiday season to her children.

In some households, the observance of Christmas is actually rather mechanical and materialistic, because the various rites are arranged rather than celebrated and shared. For instance, if the mother simply has the tree delivered, the children have little sense of participation. Our family used to go to the woods and cut the tree. This is no longer possible, but instead we make choosing the tree a family expedition, taking the grandchildren with us.

Over the years, most families who truly share Christmas will surround each aspect of the Christmas observance with their own special customs. Gradually these become cherished tradition. To the tired mother, with a long night and a busy day still ahead, it may be a temptation on Christmas Eve to forgo reading *A Christmas Carol* or *The Night Before Christmas.* But let her remember that in observing this custom, she is building enduring memories.

In our household, the day begins with a tradition begun by my mother—fried oysters for breakfast. To some families, this would be an unpalatable choice—to us, it is an inseparable part of Christmas.

So is the grab bag which ends the exchange of gifts. The grandchildren open their trinket-filled stockings first of all. Then come the tree and the general distribution of presents. When the last package is opened, comes a respite—and perhaps a letdown. Then I drag in a carton filled with lumpy paper bags, two or three for everyone. The "gifts" may be useful trifles, like a plastic apron, ball-point pen or a deck of cards, or they may be sheer nonsense, like a jack-in-the-box for my son-in-law or a fake shrunken head for my daughter. Whatever they are, they provide laughter and fun before we gather round the table for the turkey dinner.

The essence of Christmas is family unity and sharing. I have never liked to attend or to give large parties on Christmas, for it is a family day. The gifts may be forgotten, but the memory of giving will endure.



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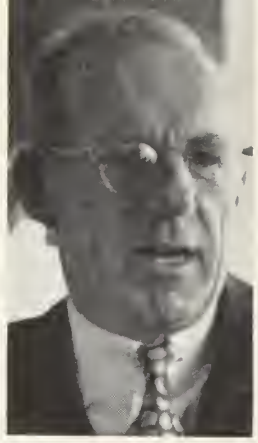
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CAN YOU SPOT A DELINQUENT IN THE MAKING?



"Delinquencies are caused by various kinds of disturbances—either in the child's spirit or in the family or in the neighborhood or in the times. To think of them as if they all had one cause is misleading."

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

It worries parents to keep reading about the increase in juvenile delinquency that has occurred in the 1940's and 1950's. And when they see in the paper that a shocking crime has been committed by a group of boys who come from "good families," they wonder whether this epidemic might not eventually infect *anybody*—even one of their own supposedly wholesome children. In this article I'd like to try to shed a little light on the meaning of delinquency, so that parents won't feel quite so baffled and threatened by it.

The first point to make is that juvenile delinquency is a broad legal term which covers all the misbehavior for which children under eighteen can be brought to court—from truancy to murder. It is as if every adult wrong, from parking by a hydrant to starting a revolution, were labeled "adult turpitude" in the daily papers, and viewed as an epidemic.

The next point is that various delinquencies are caused by quite different kinds of disturbances—either in the child's spirit, or in the family or in the neighborhood, or in the times. To think of them as if they had one cause is as misleading as it would be to consider all physical ailments such as cancer, contagious diseases, malnutrition, broken bones as having only one cause. So I want to discuss some of the types of misbehavior, and the psychological and sociological factors that are believed to cause them.

In two different cities in which I've lived I've served on temporary citizens' committees on delinquency. After a meeting had been going for an hour it was noticeable that a number of the committeemen, all responsible citizens, were whispering with their neighbors and chuckling. They were admitting—a bit boastfully—that they did some of these things themselves in their youth.

In fact, studies based on interviews with hundreds of ordinary male citizens have shown that as many as nine out of ten of them committed acts during adolescence which were definitely illegal and would have got them into trouble if they had been caught.

One form of mild delinquency which is commonly engaged in by boys from all social levels is malicious mischief—dumping the garbage cans of unpopular neighbors, marking the walls of schools, letting air out of tires. Another is petty thievery—stealing food from stores, or building materials from neighborhood construction projects. Offenses like these express only mild destructiveness and defiance of property rights. They do not necessarily imply any serious emotional disturbance in the individuals who participate only occasionally, especially in neighborhoods where the standards are not strict.

A considerable majority of the delinquents who come to the attention of the courts are from families of lower economic and educational levels. But it is common knowledge that when a middle-class child causes trouble, the complaining citizen is more apt to turn to the child's parents than to the police, on the assumption that the parents will pay damages and make every effort to prevent recurrence. And when a complaint of not too

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Many childish offenses do not imply serious emotional disturbance, especially in neighborhoods where standards of child behavior are not strict.

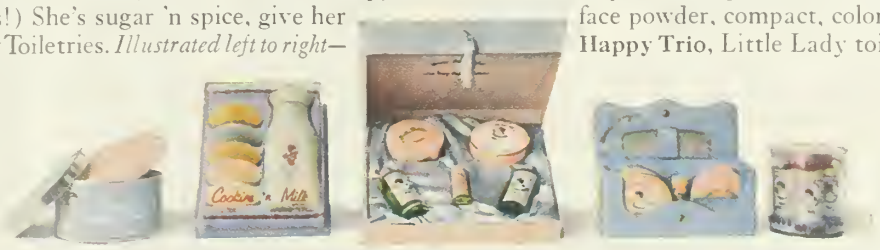


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ious a degree is brought to the police, it their custom to attempt to deal with it di-tly with the parents, rather than make a rec-d of it, if the parents promise to cope with the uation. In cases actually brought to court, the dge is more inclined to dismiss them when e parents volunteer to make compensation d to deal with the child by either home pun-ment or psychiatric treatment. So many ddle-class youths manage to evade being ted in the delinquency statistics.

But it is probably true that a larger propor-n of children of lower-income families com-t delinquent acts. However, this does not an that low income and little education in emselves necessarily mean lower morals. In ny stable communities there is good evi-nce that there is no such association. But in ge cities the lowest-income families are usu-y compelled to live in the most crowded, n-down parts of town, with the poorest fa-ities for fostering good family living.

It is also true that some groups and indi-duals of limited education and income have

BEAUTIFUL IS HER SEEMING

By KATE BARNES

Beautiful is her seeming.
Her being more beautiful than her seeming;
Early her rising, quiet her going,
She is a green tree that is always flowering.

Beautiful is her singing.
Her talking more beautiful than her singing;
Her hands are never in her lap.
She is a spring of love that is always welling.

ot yet acquired the strong middle-class be-fs in the importance of education, planning r the future, the channeling of aggression to competition and advancement. When eir sons feel the rebelliousness of adolescence ey are much more tempted to tangle with e authorities or to refuse flatly to continue school.

Street gangs have sprung up most often mong the children of newcomers to Amer-an cities, recently the Puerto Ricans, Mexi-ans, Negroes from the south. But in earlier enerations they were from many other parts f the world, showing that this phenomenon is ot due to the traditions or characteristics of ny one ethnic or racial group but to the con-itions under which these families have had to ve at first. They have had to take the most enial jobs, occupy the poorest housing. hey have been looked down on because of eir poverty and "ignorance," been discrim-nated against and called names. The adoles-ents have felt scorned by other groups and et, because they were taking on American at-tudes, they could not believe wholeheartedly n their parents' "old-fashioned ideas." So ey have responded by forming tight-knit angs with their own kind. Into these they ave channeled their loyalty and bravery. To-ard rival gangs they have channeled their ccumulated hostility.

Needless to say, the great majority of fam-ies immigrating from European countries nd Puerto Rico, and those moving from the outh to Northern cities, have proved to be w-abiding and productive people. When amilies from far away move into a commu-ity where there are already relatives and riends and compatriots from the old country, nd where there are strong religious institu-ons and traditions of neighborhood leader-ship, they have the least trouble keeping their youth in line. There has been almost no delinquency, for instance, from the Chinese community in New York City, which is tightly knit. And individual families in which the parents are high-principled, adaptable and have good relationships with their children can move anywhere without much fear of trouble.

Up to this point we have been discussing types of delinquency in which sociological factors play a considerable part. From here on we'll deal with types largely the result of disturbances in the parent-child relationship.

A good proportion of the delinquents who *repeatedly* commit offenses of mild to moderate degree (a majority of the cases of chronic truancy, running away, theft, burglary, stealing of cars for an evening's fun, sexual promiscuity and prostitution on the part of girls) can be thought of as having defects of conscience. A traditional label is psychopathic personality. Psychopaths are defined by psychiatrists as individuals who are irresponsible, impulsive, emotionally shallow, and who don't learn from experience. Past histories of many of them show clearly they were unappreciated and neglected in early childhood.

In some cases a parent died or deserted, and the child was turned over to a relative or neighbor who showed him no love and little attention. Perhaps he spent periods in understaffed orphanages. This is the kind of broken home that really produces delinquency, where the parents are not only separated (by death or divorce or desertion) but where the remaining parent makes poor provision for the child, perhaps visits him irregularly, goes back on promises, and in general leaves him with the feeling of being unwanted anywhere.

(The simple fact that a home is broken does not mean psychopathic personalities or delinquents will be produced. Most widowed and divorced mothers—and divorced fathers too—show adequate devotion to their children and make suitable provision for their care so that the children feel well loved.)

Never having been loved, psychopaths have no devotion to give to others. Never having known the satisfying security of being approved of, they don't dread the loss of approval that comes from misbehavior. Punishment doesn't make them feel contrite, only resentful. The emptiness of their childhoods makes them crave attention and pleasures and possessions, so they grab them when the opportunity arises. They take little interest in schoolwork because they have no model of a fond parent to emulate, no particular ambitions, no capacity to devote themselves to projects or work.

Though most psychopaths come from underprivileged families, it's important to remember that some children from comfortable or prominent families are also brought up without deep affection or devotion. The neglect may be less obvious because of the conventional front that the family maintains. In some cases the parents, out of a vague sense of guilt, try to make up for their lack of love by heaping possessions and privileges on the child. The good-for-nothing teenager who has been given an expensive car is a dramatic example of this.

There is another common form of chronic delinquency in which the parents are reasonably devoted. The child has a fairly sound conscience in most respects, but persists in committing one particular offense which is out of keeping with the ostensible standards of the family. This form of delinquency was studied intensively by Dr. Adelaide Johnson and Dr. Stanislaus Szurek. They noticed that a parent, with whom they would be discussing the child's problem, would show indirect evidence of a suppressed impulse to indulge in the same kind of misbehavior. A mother suspects that the jackknife her son is playing with was stolen from a store. When with a little grilling she gets him to confess, her next impulsive question is: "Did anyone see you?" Of course this is not the line of thought of a moral parent, who should be entirely concerned at this point with correcting the child and helping him make amends. Instead it shows a degree of identification with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



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e thief, and tips him off that the parent gives least partial permission if the theft is successful. A father is complaining about the fact at his small son, who is present, has run way from home a half dozen times. Then, as describes the ingenuity of the boy in covering vast distances each trip before he is caught, e father's tone becomes increasingly proud. his show of approval, of which the father is ot aware, more than offsets his official disapoval. A mother is haranguing her daughter bout staying out late with a boy and ends up declaring that she knows the girl has opped at nothing. It so happens that this is ot true—it's the mother's fantasy. But it is an dication to the girl of what her mother exects and thus is a kind of permission. Drs.

CHRISTMAS SYMBOLS

By ANTOINETTE ADAM

Raise to the holy Carpenter the tree
Memorial to Him Who rebuilds still.
Transforming stalls and yokes and human will.
Whose touch the image in dead wood sets free.
Hang high the star, unfathomed mystery.
A lone pinpoint that pierced the night until
Its light the sapphire void begins to fill.
Light of all lights, for waiting worlds to see.
Let stagnant silences awake and sing.
Speak the unspeakable in fragile sphere,
Then the old echoes, lost awhile, will ring
Praise to Immanuel, God with us here—
Of time and world without an end the King,
And sovereign in all worlds yet to appear.

ohnson and Szurek pointed out that in such ases as these the defect in the child's conience really corresponds to and is caused by ie defect in the parent's conscience.

It's also a sign of potential trouble ahead which calls for expert help) when parents ay—not jokingly—that they think their child heading for delinquency or that they are elpless in controlling him. Such statements idicate either that the parents, without realizig it, are giving the child permission, or have ome intense guiltiness toward him which is locking normal discipline and will continue o do so.

Next I want to mention a couple of much nore serious types of distorted character. hey are infrequent, but they cause consternaon. For example, three boys murder in cold lood a person who has not harmed them, who fact means nothing to them. Yet they do ot appear crazy in the usual sense. Their only xplanation is that they did it for the thrill. ne can be quite certain that a cruel, perverse ct like this is never committed by individuals ho are emotionally or morally normal, even nough they may have seemed like ordinary eople to casual acquaintances. Anybody ho had known one of them well would be ble to give evidences of unusual meanness nd coldness going back to early childhood. urthermore, long familiarity with the family, r psychiatric investigation, would reveal that the parents, no matter how "respectable" they seemed, had treated this boy with the lack of human kindness that he shows toward others. Not necessarily beatings or other crude forms of cruelty. Meanness can be carried out with velvet gloves.

Another somewhat different example of severe character distortion is the youth who commits a gruesome crime, perhaps a "sex murder." Yet it is reported that he had not only never been a bad boy before but had established a reputation for unusual virtue in terms of attendance at Sunday school or Scout meetings. However, one should not be fooled by the newspaper reporter's desire for drama and contrast. It may well be true that such a boy had not previously got into any scrapes, but you can be sure that he was not the usual warmhearted, outgoing American boy. He probably had noticeable peculiarities in his personality throughout childhood but was able to conform to the requirements of school and the neighborhood. Then the inner tensions of adolescence broke through his fragile self-control, in somewhat the same way that they push other maladjusted adolescents over the brink into insanity. Here, too, one would have been able to see, all along, an atypical parent-child relationship.

To show how broad is the variety of delinquency, I'll now refer briefly to three examples of nonvicious disturbances which might be grouped under the heading of "mixed-up unconscious attitudes." These are caused by hidden conflicts in the unconscious levels of the mind. But there is no gross distortion of the character, no inhumanness. Kleptomaniacs have an irresistible compulsion, which they cannot explain, to steal certain objects which have no realistic usefulness to them. They are usually girls or women and they may have quite respectable reputations in other respects. A kleptomaniac may steal dozens and dozens of fountain pens, for instance, even though she may have plenty of money to buy as many as she needs. Through psychoanalysis it is usually possible to discover what the fountain pens stand for symbolically. It is some other forbidden thing which the girl craves. But the true nature of the desire is deeply repressed and hidden from her.

Psychiatrists dealing with court cases recognize a type of adolescent or adult who commits thefts, for instance, in such a way that he leaves clues all over the place, which invariably lead to his detection and punishment. Psychiatric investigation shows that he is not a conscienceless criminal at all. Perhaps he has a neurotic sense of guilt about something quite different, and unconsciously wants to be punished. Or perhaps he is angry at his parents and wants to hurt them; so he brings shame on them but pays for it by hurting himself too.

Most Peeping Toms have no impulse to do harm to anyone and are, in other respects, lawabiding boys. But because of certain aspects of their upbringing they are too inhibited to approach girls in the usual teen-age ways, and all their intensifying sexual interests during adolescence become concentrated into a craving to look. There are other disturbances of sexual interest which belong in the same category, in the sense that there is no cruelty, no impulse to take advantage of another person by force. It is important to make this point because when a community becomes alarmed by a violent sex crime there is an inclination to deal drastically with every Peeping Tom or other mild deviant as if he were a fiend too.

Can we draw any general or positive conclusion from this array of disturbances? I think the main one is that if a child receives warm love and guidance from his parents—even though they get mad at him or discouraged with him at times—he will acquire a sense of belonging and a conscience which will keep him from committing any serious offense in adolescence and will make him in adulthood a good citizen.

Later I want to discuss the relationship between adolescence and misbehavior, some possible reason why delinquency has increased so much since the war, and the treatment and prevention of delinquency.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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SOLD IN TINS ON THE WEST COAST

9 nourishing 100% Meats . . . and 6 hearty High Meat Dinners . . also Egg Yolks, and Egg Yolks & Bacon



We gather together...

and in the very gathering, there is renewal and strength. There is remembering — and rejoicing. There is laughter, there is love. There is joy, and there is peace. The festive holiday dinner has been part of our American heritage for more than three centuries. And we growers who raise cranberries for Ocean Spray are immensely proud of having been a part of the American family feast for most of those years. To add zest, color and extra flavor to your holiday dinners, be sure to serve plenty of Ocean Spray Cranberries . . . thick, juicy slices of tangy jellied cranberry sauce; big "help-yourself-to-more" bowls of juicy, whole-cranberry sauce! It's a great tradition! Happy holidays to you — and those you hold dear. And may our land continue to be blessed — and to be strengthened — through its families — *your family.*







So hallow'd & so gracious is the time

Christ is born today! That is the message of Christmas. Christ is born! There is a joy in the season not made in the hearts of men. There is a mystery stronger than life that even love cannot explain. On this day it swells triumphantly in chorales of exultation. Good Christians, rejoice!

Ancient legends say that as the sun turns on its course each year, for one brief moment the sun stands still. Strange, wonderful and weird instant! Mountains open to reveal their treasures; the water of springs turns into wine; silver mists arise, gentle as fragrance. But all these miraculous happenings, according to ancient belief, are too fleeting for mortal eyes to see.

The Christian legends are still more wonderful. On this holy night, in the birth moments of the Light of the World, sunken bells ring, caverns are mysteriously lighted, bees sing, cattle kneel in their stables and sheep march in procession in commemoration of the glad tidings brought to the shepherds in the hills of old Judea.

All the old stories of Christ's birth are a part of us today—the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, the singing of the angels, the bright new star that guided the wise men to the Child's home. Such is the magic, such is the divine gift of life to us all. If for one moment we feel the hush and solemnity that pervaded all nature when Christ was born, in the miracle of our awareness of God's grace Christ is born again.

Who can be angry with oneself or others when the great themes of exultation and reverence surround us? We "get the Christmas spirit," so we say, but the spirit has us always and no one can, or would, escape it. We expect Christmas to be a time for loving and giving, a time of gentle thoughts and tender greetings; and because we expect it, we help it to become so. "Merry Christmas!" we say, smiling, even to strangers in the bustle of city streets, and we mean, "May God be with you this day." Our hearts reveal their treasures; our world is suffused with light and warmth; we have a glimpse of that glory which ordinarily only saints and poets can see. "The bird of dawning singeth all night long." Shakespeare says in *Hamlet*. "So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Exultation we know—in the eyes and exuberance of children and in the child in us. Have you seen blue eyes and a red sweater skimming down a snow-covered slope? A mother's exultation may sometimes be thinly spread over the days, but joy is there—too much to realize in a passing moment. My children, my children—all children with lilting eyes and freshly dirtied faces—may you live forever in the knowledge of love! Blessed are those moments of unspoken but ecstatic prayer. But it is too much to know, too much to feel at all times. Who dares to probe the depth of a happy moment? Lightly and quickly over the time of our lives each of us moves on the surface of eternity. Only this day. Only this day.

Reverence for life and for God we know. So hallow'd and so gracious is the time that moments of spontaneous worship come, even to those who do not seek them. In our homes, in our churches, in solitude or crowds, peace fills our hearts and we are grateful to our Creator for His World and for the life we share with His Son.

Love life this day! Love life! That is the meaning of Christmas. The present is both the past and the future. Live joyfully, live lovingly, live honorably and well—that is the Christmas message. We cannot go backward to our Creator. Time leads nowhere in a backward direction. Time does not flow forward from a Creator Who made the world, but backward, like the tail of a comet, from a Creator Who makes the world—and makes it now. We look forward to our God. And where selfless love is, Christ is born, every moment.

—The Editors

Illustration from A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: CUPIDS. Detail from a painting by Jacob De Wit, 1695–1754.

Her real name proved to be Deborah, but
"Ripsie" she stayed. From the first moment she saw it,
she was entranced by China Court.



She was Ripsie—without a father, without fortune, with only her own spirit, unafraid and independent, to match against the world. He was the charmed and charming Boro. Theirs is the story of two enchanted by an attraction as strong as the barriers separating them. . . . And can love then be "deathless"?

CHINA COURT

By RUMER GODDEN

This is the Journal's Christmas present to our readers. Save the four installments if you want to read this serial as a book, all at one marvelous gulp.

Old Mrs. Quin died in her sleep in the early hours of an August morning. The sound of the bell came into the house but did not disturb it; it was quite used to death, and birth, and life. The usual house sounds went on, but muted; footsteps upstairs. Dr. Taft's, though he did not stay long. "Cause of death: stopped living," wrote Dr. Taft on the certificate. Then Mrs. Abel's steps as, quietly, she did what she had to do, and downstairs Cecily's as she carried in the coal and made up the kitchen fire, while August, the young poodle, rushed to the front door, back door, upstairs and down, barking, anguished by he knew not what. The postman dropped letters into the letter box. Trill, the canary, sang. Moses, the cat, miaowed for his morning milk. Groundsel, the gardener, had come at eight o'clock as usual. The sound of his shears, as he clipped a box hedge, came in from outside. With all these other sounds, mingling with them, came the bell.

"In the midst of life we are in death" was the message of the bell. The house seemed to answer, "In the midst of death we are in life."

"Shouldn' us pull the blinds down?" asked Mrs. Abel.

"She wouldn't like it," said Cecily. "She always says, 'Don't shut out the garden.'"

Neither Cecily nor Mrs. Abel whispered, nor did they speak of Mrs. Quin as if she were not there; but all the same, things were muted. There was no early-morning firing of explosives from the quarry, which had stopped work when the news was heard, and the men had been sent home as a mark of respect. "But the news will be in the village before the men," said Cecily.

Of course Dr. Taft's car would have been seen, and Cecily knew the vicar would be here at any moment. "No one goes in or out of China Court who isn't seen," complained Cecily often. "Seen and talked about." She bent down to push the damper of the range. "You have enough hot water, haven't you?" she called to Mrs. Abel. "I must get the oven hot."

It is, as it always has been, an Eagle range, with shining steel hinges and handles.

"Everything in this house is hopelessly old-fashioned," Mrs. Quin's eldest daughter, Bella, always cries when she has to come to stay. The Eagle has flues that Bella cannot wrestle with, but Cecily understands it. "I ought to; I have known it for nearly fifty years." It is the same great old range and now it burns red. "I shall have to bake," said Cecily. "Eighty-one strokes," and as she straightened herself a tear sizzled across the iron plate.

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CHINA COURT

CONTINUED

"It seems so dreadful, only the two of us," said Mrs. Abel, but, if Mrs. Quin could have been asked, this was as she would have preferred it. Cecily was her long familiar and neither of them could remember the time when they had not known Mrs. Abel, who was the unofficial nurse of the village and its layer-out of the dead.

She and Cecily conferred together. "The best linen sheets?"

"Certainly," said Cecily.

"One pillow?"

"She always had one."

Cecily helped to make the bed and when they moved the pillow they found a book tucked under it. "Her prayer book," said Mrs. Abel approvingly. Then, as she looked more closely, "It id'n a prayer book."

"It is," said Cecily and had to resist an impulse to snatch it out of Mrs. Abel's hand.

All these last years the book has been kept by Mrs. Quin's bed, on the table with "mother's old clutter," as Bella calls it. There is certainly a clutter on the table and most of Mrs. Quin's possessions are old. There are, too, always flowers, not often a vaseful, but a bouquet of the smallest wild ones in a miniature Venetian glass, sharp at one side where it has been dropped and chipped; or else there is a rose or a single flower in a specimen glass. A candlestick,



"Gran wouldn't have let them."
Tracy whispered because she couldn't trust herself to speak.
Must she love and lose China Court—
this tall young man as well?

matches, a bottle of indigestion pills are part of the clutter with, usually, a paper-bound detective novel and the two books that never change: the one in Mrs. Abel's hand, shabby now and bound in black leather; the other, a very old and dumpy book, bound in rubbed pink velvet with a silver clasp, and always carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief, so old that it is nearly rotten.

"*The Day Hours.*" said Mrs. Abel, reading the title of the black book. "Day hours; whatever be they?"

"Prayers for the hours of the day," said Cecily.

"I didn' knaw Mrs. Quin was religious."

"She wasn't," said Cecily, but when the bed was made and Mrs. Abel had carried her basins out of the room, Cecily put the book back under Mrs. Quin's pillow. Then she smoothed the bed and began to clean the room. Next she carried in a vase of the small pink Damascus roses Mrs. Quin had loved the best and put them on the bedside table. She set the window a little open and came out and then, as gently as if Mrs. Quin could have heard it, closed the door.

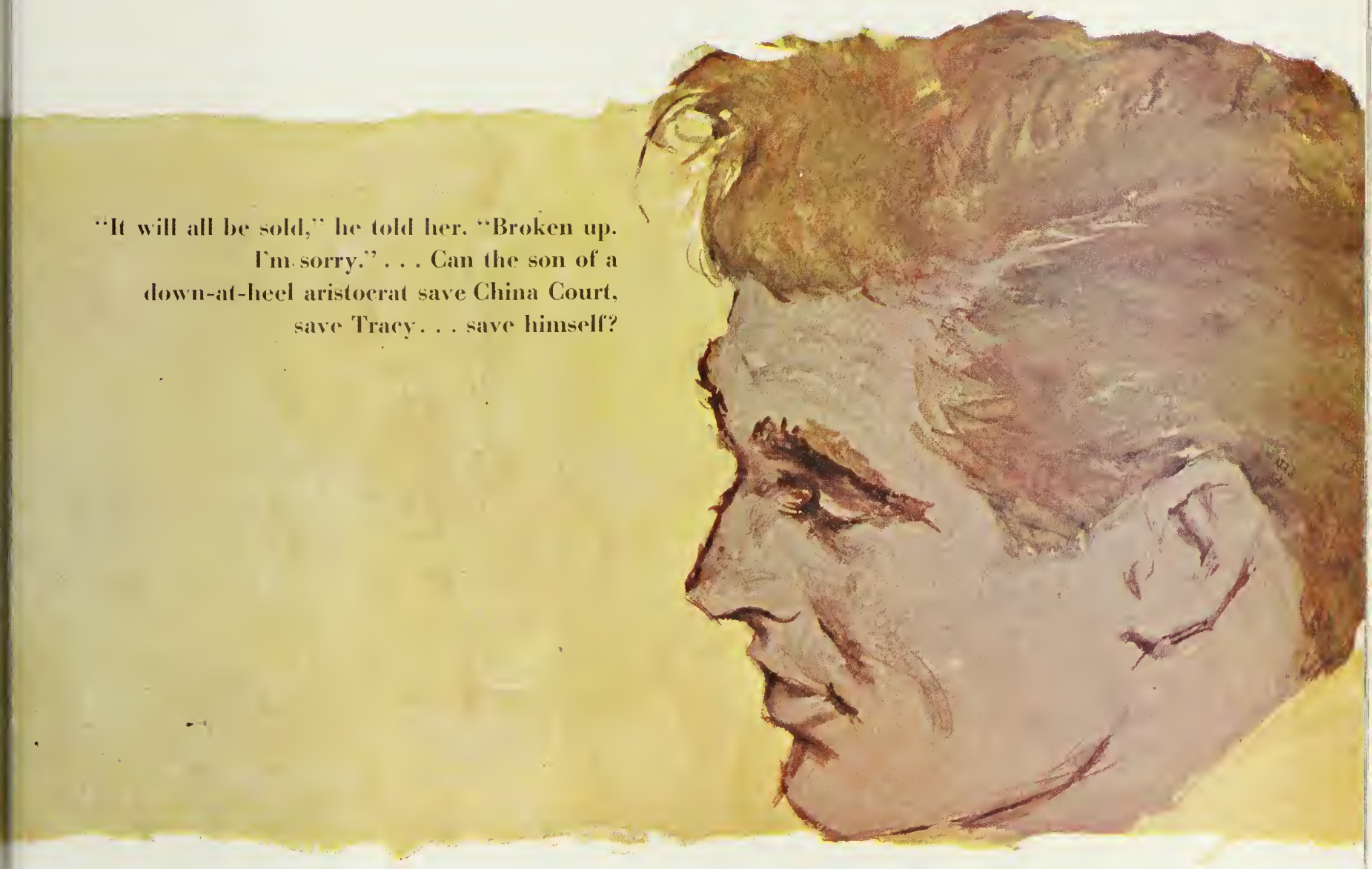
"Shouldn' us watch?" asked Mrs. Abel. "Some of the women 'ud be glad to come and sit with us for a bit."

Cecily shook her head. "She always liked to be alone," she told her companion. But in an old house, a family house, one is never alone.

The motes of dust that Cecily had disturbed glittered and spun in the sun that came through the window. A tiny fly whirred in the roses. As they grew warm, their scent filled the room. As if, like the dust, they had been disturbed, the house voices seemed to rise:

"You can have my egg collection." . . . "Hester will show you the different rooms." . . . "I thought Latin was battles. Roman wars." . . . "Tracy, if you poke that fire again I swear I shall hit you." . . . "You will be grown up. Then you can come back." . . . "That whacking great allowance ——" . . . "It is papa's place, my dear," and, like a cry, a single name: *Boro! Borowis!"*

Tracy, Mrs. Quin's grandchild, loves to go back from herself through the family tree written in India ink and gold on the pages at the beginning of the big Bible that has a table to itself in the hall. "Funny names," says Tracy, creasing her forehead as she tries to spell them out. "Enstace. Adza. Jared. Borowis. I have never heard of them."



"It will all be sold," he told her. "Broken up. I'm sorry." . . . Can the son of a down-at-heel aristocrat save China Court, save Tracy . . . save himself?

"You have heard of Enstace," says Mrs. Quin. Tracy has heard of Eustace because his name is like her father's, Stace, and her own, Tracy. Eustace's name is the first on the family tree, hers is the last. Some of the names are ordinary, names everybody knows: Eliza, Ann, John Henry, Mary; but there is a Lady Mary.

"She wasn't called that. She was always called Lady Patrick."

This is more confusing still. "Patrick is a boy's name."

"She was called Lady Patrick because she came from Ireland. Irish people are sometimes called Patricks." And, "Poor tragic, exaggerated, silly Lady Patrick," says Mrs. Quin.

"Why *Lady* Mary?" asks Tracy.

"Tragic" and "exaggerated" are too difficult for Tracy, but, "Why was she silly?" she asks. She likes Mrs. Quin to tell these stories over and over again and Mrs. Quin is willing. "As far as I know them," says Mrs. Quin. Stories, she knows, can never be really told, so much of them is hidden, and she often says that when

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80

The Way Angels Are





HAROLD HALMA

Oh, angel—you, there, big angel with the red hair—how old are you? Ten? And this is your last year to be an angel? Well, that's the way it is with angels. They don't last long. The amazing thing is that you are here at all—all of you! Heaven has been populated with a completely new set of angels in the last five years—a completely new set of angels.

Thank you, darling. Merry Christmas to you too. Your wings are fine, fine. Don't go flapping against one another now. And *don't* lean against the wall, crush your wings. *Stop* talking. Who needs a pin? I have a pin. What's your name. honey? Can't you talk? Everybody *stop* yelling! Line up. Line up, angels. Are *you* chewing gum? How many are chewing gum? Get rid of the gum, please. No, *don't* swallow it. Oh, well.

No chewing, please, and no talking! It's about time to go into the sanctuary. Sally, your wings are crooked. No—not you—yours are fine. Say, you're kind of little, aren't you? Now, line up. Who's the leader? Who's the lead angel? Oh, you, the big one. Of course. Now. we're about ready. Everyone please be quiet. *Whose* wings fell off? Well, don't pull on your wings. Don't pull anybody's wings. Do you all hear me? Let your wings alone! Let everybody's wings alone! Try to remember you are *angels.*

All right. Line up according to your height—tall angels in front, little angels in the rear. Hurry, hurry. There's *only* a minute now. Are all the angels ready? I said, *are all the angels ready?* Please hush. The audience will hear you. Imagine—gabbling, noisy angels! Ready now? No talking. I'm going to open the door. You *must* not even whisper after I open the door. Not a word. Shush. Shush. No. No! It's too late now. You can just wait. The trumpets are sounding—that's your cue. I'll open the door. All right, go. No pushing. Keep three feet apart. Shush. *Shush! I'll whisper, but you don't need to whisper anything. Just—go, go! Be angels now, be angels. That's right, that's splendid now. You look lovely, lovely. . . . No, I am not crying. You're the last—hurry up. Of course I'm not crying! Why should there be tears in my eyes?*

the lighting of the candles

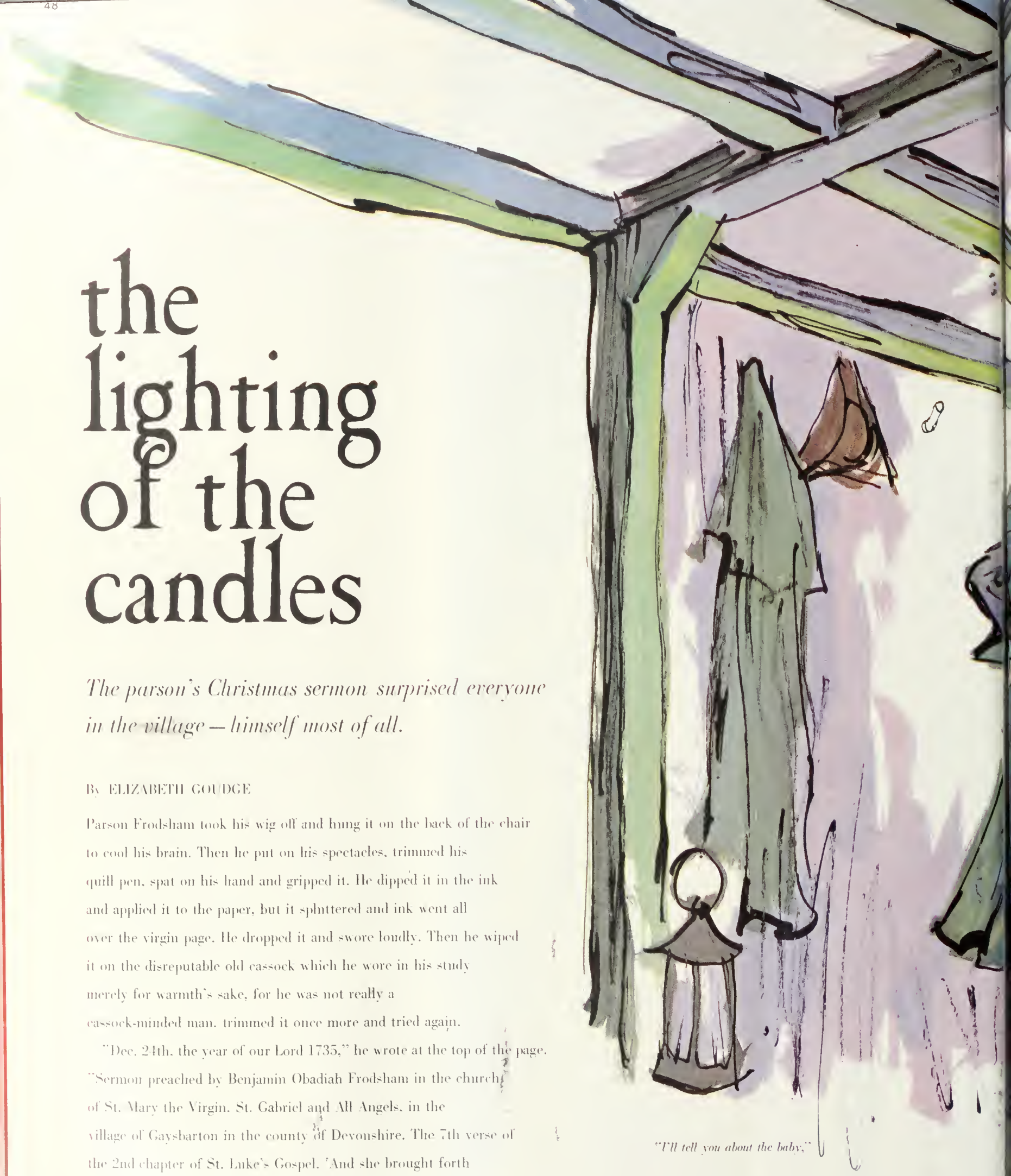
The parson's Christmas sermon surprised everyone in the village — himself most of all.

By ELIZABETH GOUDGE

Parson Frodsham took his wig off and hung it on the back of the chair to cool his brain. Then he put on his spectacles, trimmed his quill pen, spat on his hand and gripped it. He dipped it in the ink and applied it to the paper, but it spluttered and ink went all over the virgin page. He dropped it and swore loudly. Then he wiped it on the disreputable old cassock which he wore in his study merely for warmth's sake, for he was not really a cassock-minded man, trimmed it once more and tried again.

"Dec. 24th, the year of our Lord 1735," he wrote at the top of the page. "Sermon preached by Benjamin Obadiah Frodsham in the church of St. Mary the Virgin, St. Gabriel and All Angels, in the village of Gaysbarton in the county of Devonshire. The 7th verse of the 2nd chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. 'And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger.'" So far so good. Parson Frodsham had a fine flowing handwriting with enormous *s*'s and *f*'s, and CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

1958 by Elizabeth



"I'll tell you about the baby,"

the girl said, and began to relate the

usual story of love and betrayal.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND





The small family dining room in the White House, the warm white room where the first family gathers together for its private dinners, is aglow with Christmas decorations.

The Eisenhowers' *Farewell to the White House* Holiday Dinner

I pray heaven to bestow
the best of blessings on
THIS HOUSE
and on all that shall hereafter inhabit it.
May none but honest and wise men
ever rule under this roof.

This beautiful prayer, written by John Adams in a letter to his wife, is cut into the marble mantel of the White House State Dining Room. President and Mrs. Eisenhower ordered it placed there at the time of the 1955 renovation. Since then it has graced many state and family dinners and will again, this year, be a lovely part of our First Family's festivities.

Holiday entertaining at the White House begins early in December and lasts almost into the middle of January, but Christmas and New Year's themselves are private, family times. Mrs. Eisenhower loves gay flower arrangements. The house will be bright with holly and poinsettias, probably matched in seasonal spirit by Mamie's dress—red tulle, for example.

Everything in the small family dining room, which looks across Pennsylvania Avenue, must pass the affectionate inspection of the First Lady. As custodian of the national shrine, Mrs. Eisenhower can be an exacting housewife. Not even her adored grandchildren dare to smudge the historic walls.

It's the children who bring Christmas to the White House. They will gather around their grandmother at the organ for carols: Barbara Anne, quite the young lady now; baseball-happy David; impish Susie, who has to be *watched;* and little Mary Jean. Everybody sings. Voices may waver, but not the youthful spirits.

In the family dining room white-and-gold china glistens on linen place mats. Large napkins (initialed U.S.) sometimes slip from little laps onto the deep red carpet. The broad red-and-white-striped chairs seem made for Christmas. Each child must have a chance to sit next to "Mimi" and Granddad, so there is an "Alice in Wonderland" quality to the constantly shifting order of seating. Quite a change from State Dinner protocol!

The President, who likes anything as long as it's very rare beef, skillfully carves the Rare Roast Beef. Dolores, the Eisenhowers' own cook, has also made holiday-red Tomatoes Provençal, Green Beans Amandine and Baked Stuffed Potatoes, all presidential favorites. Mrs. Eisenhower doesn't like to cook, so after planning the food and decoration she leaves dinner in Dolores's good hands.

When the Eisenhowers are alone, they usually eat on trays in the sitting room of their second-floor private quarters. Both are weight watchers. Sometimes the President likes to broil a steak just for two.

But the holidays are different. Then the family draws together. The Gordon Moores (she is Mrs. Eisenhower's sister) will probably be there, and Dr. Milton Eisenhower and his daughter, Ruth. All will bow heads with the children in the private dining room downstairs. The best of blessings on this and on every house.

RECIPES ON PAGE 125

WIDE WORLD



President and Mrs. Eisenhower, "Mimi" and Granddad, celebrate the holidays with their most immediate family.

UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL



Barbara and John Eisenhower, David, Barbara Anne, Susan and Mary Jean together make happy holidays for President and Mrs. Eisenhower.

STUART-FOWLER



Rare Roast Beef, holiday-red Tomatoes Provençal, Stuffed Potatoes and Green Beans Amandine are Eisenhower favorites—and creamy Devil's Food Cake for the children and Frosted Mint Delight.





STUART-FOWLER

Wonderful, Wonderful Christmas Sweets

Joyous in the holiday season, gifts happily remembered: ***golden taffy nuggets*** *sweetly flavored with molasses, pulled till tawny gold;* ***white velvet creams*** *piled high with flaky coconut;* ***chocolate cream fudge*** *crunchy with Brazil nuts.* ***Sugarplum strawberries*** *are crimson, plump, delicate with almondy flavor.* ***Christmas sugar mints*** *are gay with red poinsettias—and easy, easy to make!*

Golden Taffy Nuggets

½ *cup butter*
2 *cups sugar*
1¼ *cups light molasses*
1½ *cups water*

Select a large heavy kettle. In this melt the butter and then add the remaining ingredients. Stir well and heat slowly until the sugar is dissolved. Cook rapidly at first, lowering the heat as the mixture thickens, to prevent burning. When the syrup makes a hard ball in cold water, or the candy thermometer registers 258° F., pour the mixture into three greased pie plates. As the edges cool, turn the taffy toward the center with a spatula, or the edges will be hard before the center is cool enough to pull. When cool enough to handle, butter the hands slightly, and with the tips of the fingers pull the candy until light in color and too hard to pull farther. Stretch out and twist into a rope about ¾″ thick. Cut with scissors into desired lengths and wrap in cellophane twists. Makes about 1½ pounds candy.

White Velvet Coconut Creams

3 *cups sugar*
1½ *cups light cream*
6 *tablespoons butter*
Pinch salt
1 *teaspoon vanilla*
2 (3½-*oz.*) *cans flaked coconut*

In a large heavy saucepan mix together sugar, cream, butter and salt. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Lower heat and continue cooking, without stirring, until candy reaches 234° F. (soft-ball stage) on candy thermometer. Remove pan from heat and let stand about 5 minutes. Then pour onto a large buttered platter. Let cool completely. Add vanilla. Using a wooden spoon, beat candy until thick and creamy. Add 1½ cans of the coconut; mix well and continue beating until candy loses its shine and is very thick. Pour into a buttered 8″x8″x2″ pan. Sprinkle with remaining coconut. Let candy stand, covered, for several hours or overnight in refrigerator. Cut into squares. Makes about 2 pounds candy.

Chocolate Cream Fudge

2 *cups sugar*
1 *cup light cream*
3 *squares unsweetened chocolate*
1 *cup confectioners' sugar*
2 *tablespoons butter*
1 *teaspoon vanilla*
1 *cup coarsely chopped Brazil nuts*

Mix the sugar, cream, chocolate and confectioners' sugar together in a large heavy saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Lower heat and cook without stirring until mixture forms a soft ball in cold water, or candy thermometer reaches 234° F. Add butter and vanilla. Cool until fudge is lukewarm, 110° F. on candy thermometer. Beat by hand until mixture is thick and still glossy. Add ⅔ cup Brazil nuts and continue beating until mixture begins to lose its shine. Pour into an 8″x8″x2″ buttered pan. Top with remaining Brazil nuts. Chill. Cut into squares. Makes about 1½ pounds candy.

Sugarplum Strawberries

1 *can* (8-*oz.*) *almond paste*
Red food coloring
1 *cup sugar*
1 *egg white*
1 *cup confectioners' sugar*
1 *teaspoon soft butter*
Green food coloring

Add a few drops red food coloring to almond paste and knead until color is evenly distributed. Repeat this procedure until desired shade of red is obtained. Form into a long thin roll and cut into about 20 even-sized pieces. Shape into balls and then into a strawberry shape. Add a few drops red food coloring to ½ cup sugar. Work the color evenly into the sugar. Repeat until same shade of red as almond paste is obtained. Roll strawberries in red sugar. Now roll very lightly in remaining uncolored sugar. *For the leaves:* Beat the egg white until frothy. Add confectioners' sugar and continue beating until mixture holds very firm peaks. Add butter and mix well. Add a few drops of green food coloring. Use a leaf tube to decorate each strawberry with the frosting. Makes about 20 strawberries.

Christmas Sugar Mints

5 *cups sugar*
2 *cups water*
Pinch cream of tartar
1 *cups confectioners' sugar*
1 *teaspoon peppermint flavoring*

Combine sugar, water and cream of tartar. Bring to a boil and continue cooking to 230° F. on a candy thermometer, or just below soft-ball stage. While boiling, brush the sides of the kettle with a pastry brush dipped in water to wipe away any sugar crystals. Remove immediately from the heat. Add confectioners' sugar and flavoring. Stir with a hand whip until creamy—about 2–3 minutes. Drop from the tip of a teaspoon onto waxed paper, or use a 2-cup plastic funnel and the handle of a wooden spoon. Insert the spoon handle into the opening in the funnel. Pour in the hot candy syrup and then by raising and lowering the wooden spoon drop the candy onto the waxed paper to any desired size. Keep the unused syrup quite hot but do not boil. The total time for making this candy is 10 minutes. One caution: be sure that all tools are ready where you want them before you start. Store candy in an airtight container for two days. Decorate as desired with Royal Icing. Makes 100 patties.

Royal Icing

1 *egg white*
About 1 *cup confectioners' sugar*
1 *teaspoon soft butter*
Food coloring

Beat the egg white until frothy with an electric mixer. Add the sugar gradually, beating constantly until icing will hold its shape. Stir in butter until well blended. Then divide into separate containers and color as desired. Cover these bowls with a damp cloth until needed. Using a pastry bag and the desired decorating tips, make any patterns you like—poinsettias, Christmas trees—on the mints.

Such Sweets Remembered

These Christmas desserts make your feasts unforgettable

"My palate now anticipates something sugared and evanescent." Welcome and festive hospitality comes to your Christmas table with ***white fruitcake amandine****, glistening with sugary nuts;* ***tutti-frutti date pudding****, in honey-lemon sauce;* ***Christmas snow cake****, frosted with leaf-green meringue;* ***chestnut-mocha roll****, its center luscious chocolate-chestnut cream.*



White Fruitcake Amandine

3½ cups cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup butter
1½ cups sugar
½ cup milk
½ cup candied cherries cut into quarters
1 cup slivered citron
1 cup toasted slivered almonds
1½ cups finely chopped flaked coconut
1 tablespoon almond flavoring
4 teaspoons vanilla
10 egg whites

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together. Cream the butter. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating until the mixture is light and fluffy. Sprinkle ¼ of the flour mixture over the cut fruits and nuts. Work it around them until they are evenly coated and each piece is separate. Then add the remaining flour alternately with the milk to the butter-sugar mixture. Mix well. Add the floured fruits and nuts and the flavorings. Stir thoroughly. Beat the egg whites in a separate bowl until they hold soft peaks. Stir them quickly and thoroughly into the batter. Have ready two 9″x5″x2¾″ loaf pans lined with oiled brown paper. Divide the batter evenly between the two pans. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., 1 hour and 35–40 minutes. Keep a pan of water on the bottom rack of the oven during baking. Remove the cakes from the oven and allow them to stand about 5 minutes before taking them from their pans. Pull off the brown paper and allow to cool. Wrap well in heavy aluminum foil and store in a cool place for several days to bring out the delicate almond flavoring. Two days before serving, top with crunchy Almond Topping.

Almond Topping

4 cups sugar
2 cups water
1⅓ cups light corn syrup
Pinch salt
2 cups toasted shaved almonds

Measure all ingredients, except almonds, into a heavy 2-quart saucepan. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring frequently. Continue boiling, but not stirring, until the

MORE RECIPES ON PAGE 124

STUART-FOWLER



Sweet Treats

Cookies and comfits to pass or hang on the bough

"Glittering stars of colored ice, Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice."
Cookies win their way to a child's heart almost as fast as the speed
of love—and these homemade Christmas cookies are filled with love.
Walnut-fudge brownies *melt tenderly on the tongue, as do*
lemon-butter daisies *crisp with almond halves;* ***confetti shortbread stars*** *glazed with*
tangy sweet orange icing; ***apricot-Brazil-nut rounds*** *glistening with*
apricot jam. ***Butterscotch jewel bars*** *are packed with candied cherries,*
raisins and nuts; ***spicy fruit-nut jumbles*** *are tender, white-frosted.*
Pile ***honey-butter popcorn balls*** *lavishly in a bowl, inviting eager small hands.*

Walnut-Fudge Brownies

- *⅓ cup butter*
- *2 squares unsweetened chocolate*
- *1 cup sugar*
- *2 beaten eggs*
- *½ teaspoon vanilla*
- *¾ cup flour*
- *¼ teaspoon salt*
- *½ cup broken walnuts*

Melt the butter and chocolate together in the top of a double boiler. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into a greased 8″x8″x2″ pan and bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., 25–30 minutes. Remove from the oven and cool a few minutes, then turn out on a cake rack and cool. Makes 20 brownies. Frost with the following Fudge Topping.

Fudge Topping

- *3 cups confectioners' sugar*
- *¼ teaspoon salt*
- *4½ tablespoons cocoa*
- *4½ tablespoons very soft butter*
- *1½ tablespoons warm strong coffee*
- *¾ teaspoon vanilla*
- *¼ cup broken walnuts*

Measure all ingredients except walnuts into a mixing bowl. Stir until very well blended. If too soft to spread, chill slightly. Spread over the cooled brownies and top with the nuts.

Lemon-Butter Daisies

- *2 cups butter*
- *1 cup sugar*
- *2 eggs*
- *1 tablespoon and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind*
- *5 cups flour*
- *1 teaspoon baking powder*
- *2 tablespoons lemon juice*
- *Colored sugar*
- *Almond halves*

Cream the butter; gradually add the sugar and continue beating until light and fluffy. Add the egg yolks which have been slightly beaten, and the lemon rind. Stir in the flour which has been sifted with the baking powder, and last, the lemon juice. Mix well and chill dough several hours. Roll out ¼″ thick and cut with cooky cutter measuring either 1½″ or 3″ in diameter. Brush each cooky with egg white, sprinkle with colored sugar and decorate with almond halves. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10–15 minutes until they begin to turn golden. Makes about 5 dozen 1½″ cookies or 2½ dozen 3″ cookies.

Confetti Shortbread Stars

- *2 cups flour*
- *½ cup superfine sugar*
- *3 hard-cooked egg yolks, rubbed through sieve*
- *1 cup butter*
- *3 tablespoons grated orange rind*
- *Pinch salt*

Put all ingredients for the cookies into a bowl and blend together thoroughly with a pastry blender or fork. Knead slightly and divide dough into 4 parts. Chill for about 3 hours. Roll out on a floured board, keeping dough that is not being rolled in a cool place until needed. Roll ¼″ thick and cut with star cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in a hot oven, 400° F., for 8–10 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen cookies. Let cool a few minutes on baking sheets before removing to racks to cool. When cookies are cool, glaze with following icing and sprinkle heavily with multicolored sugar candies.

Orange Glaze

- *1½ cups confectioners' sugar*
- *½ teaspoon grated orange rind*
- *5–6 teaspoons orange juice*
- *Yellow food coloring*
- *Multicolored sugar candies*

Mix sugar, orange rind and orange juice until smooth and thick. Tint with a little yellow food coloring. Spoon icing over cookies, covering them completely. *Note:* These cookies are also delicious rolled very thin. Bake only 7–8 minutes and serve unglazed. Makes 6 dozen thin cookies.

Honey-Butter Popcorn Balls

- *⅓ cup honey*
- *¼ cup light molasses*
- *¼ cup light corn syrup*
- *½ cup butter*
- *⅔ cup sugar*
- *1 quart popped white corn*
- *1 cup coarse-chopped roasted cashews*

Cook honey, molasses, syrup, butter and sugar slowly until mixture reaches soft-crack stage (260° F. to 270° F. on candy thermometer). Do not overcook. Stir occasionally. Remove from the heat. Pour over corn and cashews. Allow to cool a little. Butter fingers lightly and mold mixture into balls. Cool on a buttered dish. Makes about 11 balls.

Apricot-Brazil-Nut Rounds

- *¾ cup butter*
- *½ cup sugar*
- *1 egg*
- *1½ teaspoons vanilla*
- *2 cups flour*
- *⅛ teaspoon salt*
- *¾ cup very finely chopped Brazil nuts*
- *Apricot jam*
- *Brazil-nut slices*
- *Red and green candied cherries*

Cream butter and sugar together. Add egg and vanilla and cream until fluffy. Blend in flour and salt. Add nuts and mix well. Shape into ¾″ balls. Place on ungreased baking sheets, about 2″ apart. Flatten them with bottom of a glass that has been dipped in flour to prevent sticking. Make indentation in center of each cooky. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., for about 4 minutes. Remove from oven, press center again, fill with a little apricot jam and return to oven. Bake for another 4–6 minutes, until edges are lightly golden. Remove to cooling rack. Decorate each cooky with 3 slices of Brazil nut arranged spoke fashion. In the center, place pieces of red and green cherries. Brazil nuts will slice easily if nuts are boiled in a little water for a few minutes before slicing. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.

Butterscotch Jewel Bars

- *½ cup butter*
- *1 cup brown sugar*
- *3 eggs*
- *2 cups flour*
- *¼ teaspoon salt*
- *¼ teaspoon nutmeg*
- *3 tablespoons milk*
- *1¼ cups skinned filbert halves*
- *¾ cup diced candied pineapple*
- *¾ cup candied red cherries cut into halves*
- *½ cup raisins*
- *1 teaspoon vanilla*
- *1 teaspoon brandy flavoring*
- *¼ cup sugar*

Cream the butter and brown sugar; add 1 egg. Sift the flour, salt and nutmeg together. Add alternately with the milk to the butter mixture. Blend well. Spread mixture in a buttered 15″x10″x1″ pan. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 10 minutes. Meanwhile mix the nuts, fruits, vanilla and brandy flavoring. Beat the remaining 2 eggs very slightly and stir in the sugar; add to the fruit mixture and spread over the hot layer. Bake 20 minutes longer in a moderate oven, 350° F. While still warm, cut into 5 lengthwise strips, 2″ wide. Cut each strip into bars 1½″ long. Makes 50 bars.

Spicy Fruit-Nut Jumbles

- *½ cup butter*
- *1 cup light brown sugar*
- *1 egg, beaten*
- *1¾ cups flour*
- *½ teaspoon baking soda*
- *½ teaspoon salt*
- *⅓ cup commercial sour cream*
- *¾ cup chopped pitted dates*
- *1 cup chopped candied fruit (cherries, pineapple)*
- *¾ cup chopped walnuts*
- *1 teaspoon rum flavoring*

Icing

- *1 egg white*
- *1¼ cups confectioners' sugar*
- *1 teaspoon lemon juice*
- *Red and green candied cherries (decoration)*

Cream together butter and sugar until light. Add beaten egg. Sift together flour, soda and salt. Add to butter-sugar-egg mixture alternately with sour cream. Add fruit, nuts and flavoring and mix well. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheets. Bake 10–12 minutes in a hot oven, 400° F. Transfer cookies to a cooling rack. Ice while still warm. To make icing, beat egg white until foamy. Add sugar a little at a time, beating until icing is thick and glossy. Stir in lemon juice. Drop icing by teaspoons onto the cookies. Decorate with bits of cherries. Makes about 5 dozen cookies.





A MAN A GIRL A DRESS A PARTY

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor

Mary Van Nuys talks with her eyes, but she needn't talk. Her black chiffon trimmed with ostrich is happy talk enough. J. Gordon Douglas III, law student, listens, which for a lawyer is a switch. Designer Guy D. made her what she is tonight.

"We're having a party and we very much want you to be with us." There aren't more exciting words, for a man as well as for a woman. No sooner is the telephone cradled than, instantly, in imagination, the party is struck into being: that marvelous moment when one arrives, and is so carefully introduced to each guest; why— after the first greetings — do holiday affairs begin with such a hushed, breathless quality? But they do, and perhaps it is only to highlight the joy to come as one dances, and talks, and observes.

Joan Delanney is being watched by John D. Cochran, deep-sea diver. Bet he's never seen a green below as pale and subtle as the green in Joan's printed taffeta dress. Anne Klein designed the merry bait, Seaman Schepps the pearl-and-aquamarine bracelet.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT



Sandra Brown twirls toward? away from? the mistletoe in her blue flower-printed silk dress by Betty Carol. Doro provided her, not with her escort, J. Gordon Douglas III, but with her sapphire-blue wool sweater sprinkled with blue sequins.

Partying again, eh, George Plimpton? With Miss Van Nuys on his arm, wearing a gray flannel dress, belted and brocaded with jewels and sequins, Plimpton neglects his writing. The cause of it all is Louis Faurot's creation for David Crystal.



A MAN A GIRL A DRESS A PARTY



For beautiful people and things to see are an important part of the magic of these precious hours. But imagination can go so far. Facts are better than dreams The evening is here; one is rested, one is dressed, one is ready to go — to contribute to the gayest season of the year. in person and proudly, one's own particular magic. And who is to say that at this party the door will not open to admit just that incredible individual with whom one may touch hands, and hearts?

—Image of a Christmas Party
by David Loovis

The rain in Spain never fell on a trench coat like this, a gold one worn by Dodi Lynn, and on her golden arms young escorts Thomas G. Auchineloss and Frederick ("Freddie") Guest. Since it's his design, Bill Smith gets the gold star, but not the one on the top of the tree.

The fashion and style pages are presented to you because they show you the trends of the season and serve as a guide for fall buying. You will find many of them in stores throughout the nation. However, if you do not find identical styles in your local shops, comparable or similar ones will be available.

kinned filbert *flavoring*

A PART

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Edito

Mary Van Nuys talks with her eyes, but she needn't talk. Her black chiff trimmed with ostrich is happy talk enough. — Gordon Douglas III

As crisp and clear and exciting as the first snow of the season, this dress of white chiffon with its glittering sequin top . . . worn by Mary Van Nuys, designed by Anne Klein. Pumps by Mario.



"A soft natural hair-do is what most of us l

Above: Bonnie Trompeter, haven't w[illegible]et before? In a gold-and-white brocade dress designed by Ole Borden, with gold shoes and a gold bag, for the most golden season of the year. Pumps by Ben Sommers.

Left: She's very young, her name is Donna Mitchell, the jacket of her Jonathan Logan printed taffeta dress comes off very prettily to make her dress exactly right for the party. Crepe-de-Chine pumps by Sylvia Fiorentina.



That's a velvet bandeau around Mary Van Nuys' hair, and she brings herself in a beige jersey dress with crystal beads to this gala night. Anne Klein's design.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT

An intricate paisley dress in metal cloth, but as light and as beautiful as Lois Heyl, who wears it. But for Anne Klein's work, the party would not have been so brilliant.

Holiday G

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A GIRL A DRESS A PARTY

For beautiful people and thing
to see are an important part o
the magic of these precious hours
But imagination can go so fa
Facts are better than dreams
The evening is here; one is rested
one is dressed, one is ready to go

dress for me in the morning, and I can wear it that evening," says lovely Richmond debutante Randy Kendig. "By choosing our own fabrics we can have a more individual look," all debs agree. Of all the glorious moments in a girl's life to be adept at "do-it-yourself," the dizzying, dazzling coming-out season takes a top place. Here and on the next pages, a bouquet of Richmond debs show how they love to look. From their JOURNAL-planned dresses to their pink-and-polished finger tips, all glamour is accomplished at home.

Vivacious Greta Gibson says that five formal dresses would be a minimum for a debutante. One of hers, this charming turquoise satin, is Vogue Design No. 4183. Pretty Randy Kendig, a sophomore at Sweet Briar College, will wear this velvet-and-lace dress to holiday parties and to college formals. Vogue Design No. 4181.

FUR BY JULES LEITMAN

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*"A soft natural hairdo is what most of us like," says Emily Tyler. "And that's lucky because we do our own hair. When? Any time we can grab an hour or two between brunches, lunches, dinners or late dances!"**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER PRIGENT



"During the parties we're tempted by so much rich and delicious food we have to make up for it at other meals to protect our figures and complexions," says cameo-fair, tiny-waisted Randy Kendig.



For her glistening pageboy, Melinda Page has a collection of ribbons in different colors. "If a boy brings a flower, we often tuck it in our hair at the side, or some girls use flowers to decorate an upsweep or chignon."



PEARLS BY HATTIE CARNEGIE

Melinda Page is the fourth generation in her family to make her debut at the Richmond German. Her dress for the german will be a copy of the one her mother made her debut in. Here she is wearing a pale pink satin with an overlay of lace on the bodice. Vogue Design No. 1170.

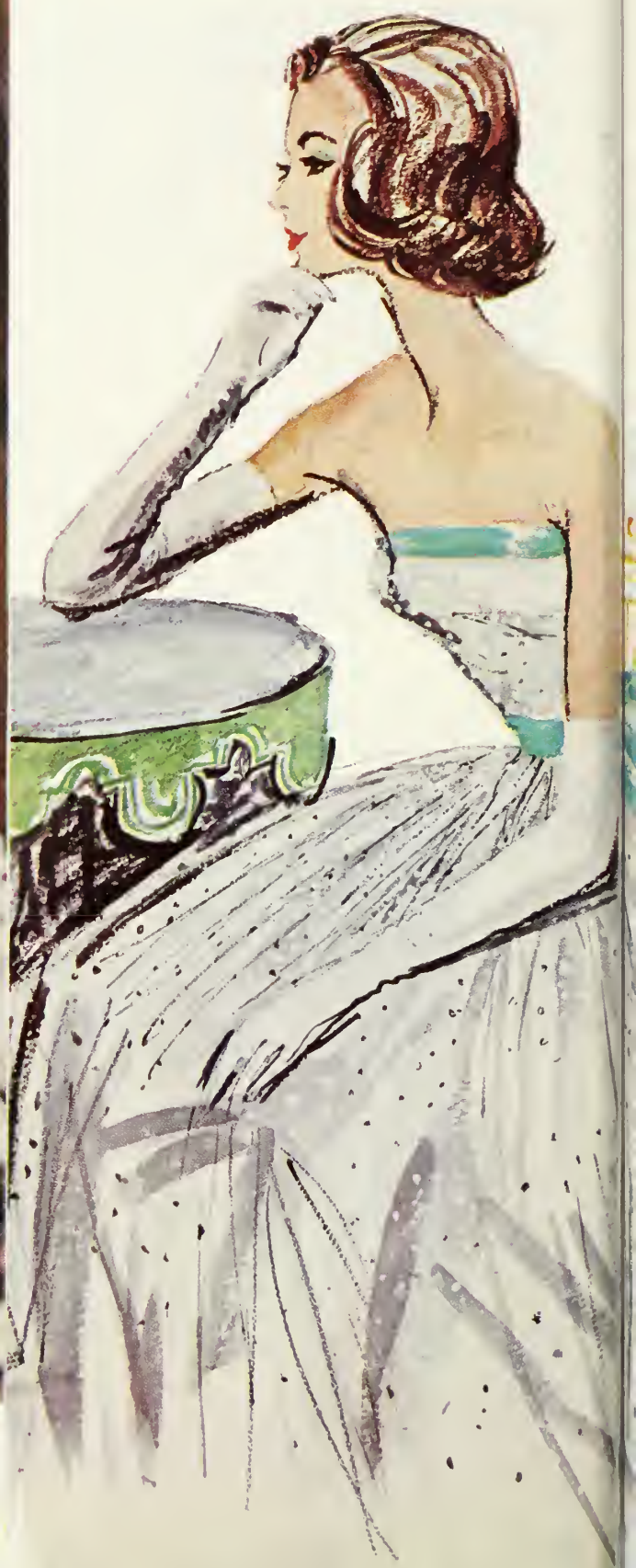
*THE STORY OF EMILY TYLER'S DEBUT IS ON PAGE 127

HOW AMERICA LIVES





To wear in your hair: this bright ribbon cockade has a bobby pin sewn in back. Another decorative use is to pin it at the neckline of a fur or simple gown.



All the Richmond debutantes we interviewed favored the traditional dress over the sophisticated. This was true of Patsy Davis, a Duke University sophomore shown here wearing a white silk ottoman dress banded with white fur. Vogue Design No. 4140.

SKETCHES BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD



"I know boys who come right out and speak their disapproval of too much make-up," says Patsy Davis. The debs' favorite formula: lipstick and powder by day; for evening add a touch of mascara and eye shadow "if it does something for you."

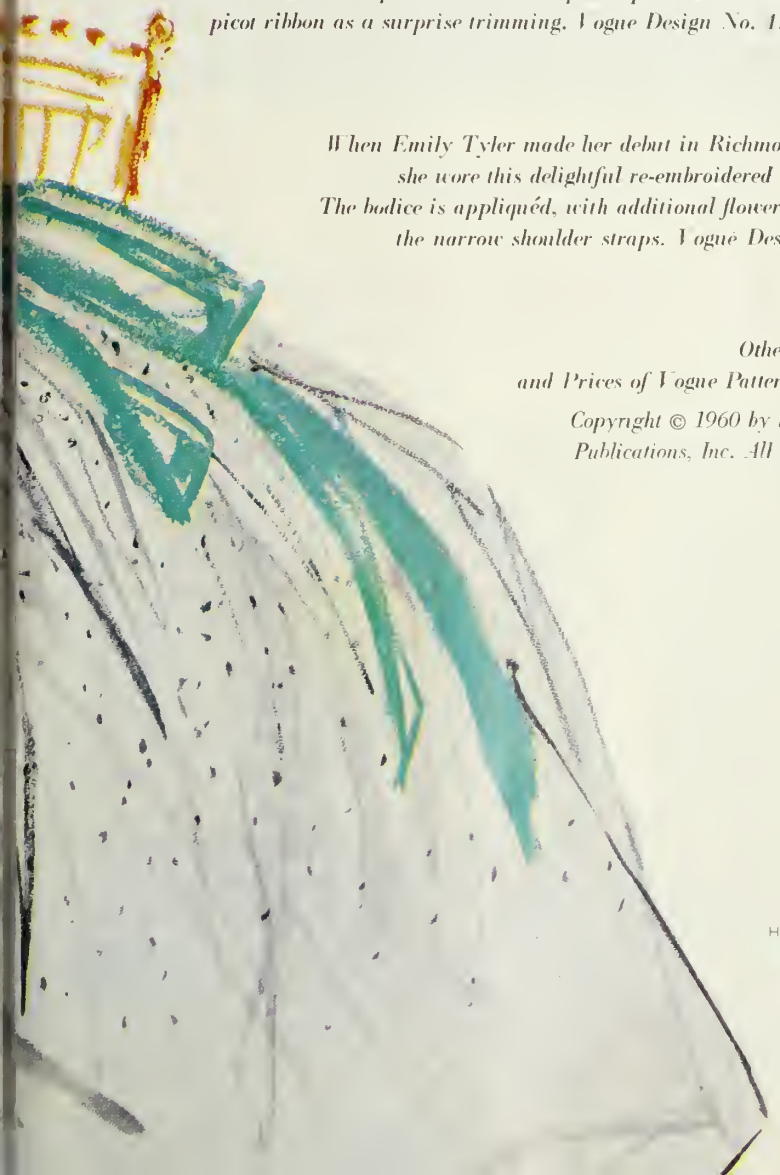


Accessory preferences: something simple. A flower with a circle pin for a wrap or gown is always pretty.



White point d'esprit has long been a favorite fabric for debutante dresses. The secret is to use yards and yards of it in a skirt and to keep the bodice as simple as possible. Use a bright picot ribbon as a surprise trimming. Vogue Design No. 1170.

When Emily Tyler made her debut in Richmond in August, she wore this delightful re-embroidered organdy dress. The bodice is appliquéd, with additional flowers following up the narrow shoulder straps. Vogue Design No. 1175.



Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 86

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HOW AMERICA LIVES

PUBLIC AFFAIRS
EDITED BY
MARGARET HICKEY

Must these little ones grow up homeless?

By MARGARET HICKEY

Throughout our country the "orphans of the living" face an uncertain, even tragic, future. When will we wake up to their needs?

There are some 270,000 children in foster care, according to recent studies conducted for the Child Welfare League of America and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Advisory Council on Child Welfare Services. Most of them are not going to return to their families in a brief time; thousands (roughly 168,000) *never* will, under present circumstances. Some are visited or written to occasionally; a few, frequently—but by parents or relatives who have no plans for their future, who cannot or will not make homes for them. Before them stretch years of prolonged foster care, very often including a psychologically damaging series of moves to and from homes and institutions.

These are the boys and girls, says the Child Welfare League in its study of foster care in nine communities, who "have more than the usual problems in discovering who they are . . . who learn to develop shallow roots in relationships with others, who try to please but cannot trust."

Why are they in this limbo? Why can't they be adopted? Heartbreaking barrier time after time is the one encountered by the "Simpsons" in this month's story: centuries-old, common-law tradition upholding a natural parent's right to legal control of his child even when parental duties and devotion have been abandoned.

"One of the first priorities," says Joseph H. Reid, executive director, in the League's book, *Children in Need of Parents*, "is to clarify each child's legal status and to sever parental rights in all situations where it is obvious that the parents will never take responsibility for the child." Often this will require new laws, such as the one New York State passed last year, which defines the "permanently neglected child" and allows a court to free the child for adoption without consent of a parent.

Because there will always be some who must remain in foster care—those who are "unadoptable," not being infants, average or above-average in intelligence, white, without physical or emotional difficulties—every community must see to it that the service is of high quality.

Greatest responsibility falls on citizens of good will who care about children, but who, often, know next to nothing about children in foster care. If they will start right in their own communities, studying their services, their legal systems, their ways of helping these foster parents and children, they can be the vital "yeast for action."

"Children cannot be their own spokesmen," Mr. Reid points out. "Only as responsible adult citizens make clear to their legislators, to their directors of United Funds and Community Chests, to their county commissioners, to their governors, what it is that children require, and what the price of fulfilling these requirements is, can we eliminate the tragedies of the 'orphans of the living.'"

This is the cry not just of Grace and her little sister Mary
but of thousands of foster children whose mothers do not
take care of them but refuse to let them be adopted.

By ERIC SIMPSON

"You are my real mommy—

Grace is long-legged and just six, with enormous, clear blue eyes. Mary is the minx—tousled and blond and usually dirty. She's four. We call them our "daughters," and they would be except for certain matters of law which we find it difficult to explain. But they are meant to be our daughters.

In 1956 my wife and I were childless. From the first days of our marriage three years before, we had wanted a family, but three successive pregnancies ended unsuccessfully. Karen had helped to raise five younger brothers. Blond, plump, rosy-cheeked and pretty, she is the picture of a perfect wife and mother. She had looked around at the other wives in the seminary community—smocked, most of them—and become increasingly depressed. The "last time" she had been four months along and we had bought baby clothes which, kept tucked away in a bureau drawer, began gradually to mock her.

I graduated, was ordained into the Episcopal Church, and moved to a Western city as curate of a fine old church in the center of town. Life was happy and satisfying, our marriage good. But we continued to hunger for a family, children to care for, to teach, to love.

We finally gave up waiting. Doctors' tests were inconclusive.

The man at the local county welfare department was courteous but discouraging about adoption. "You have been married only three years. It is quite possible you will have a baby of your own at some time."

We were halfway out the door when he said, "Would you be interested in our foster-parent program?" Karen and I looked at each other, remembering that both our parents had taken foster children at different periods in our childhood. At least we would have a child, *some* child, in our home. That in itself would be fulfillment.

There were forms to be filled out and medical examinations to be had. An inspector looked over our house. The weeks dragged on. We heard nothing until one day in February, 1957.

"I have two of the sweetest little girls for you," Mrs. Forrest, of the county probation department, said over the telephone. We had not even been told that we were acceptable foster parents, and now two little girls were coming to live in a four-room duplex, the older three and a half, the younger seventeen



ABBOT MILLS

"Her mother was out of jail and wanted her. . . . Mary did not cry or speak. She simply would not budge. Finally we forced her coat on her and carried her to the car."

don't let them take me away"

months. We had a studio couch; a parishioner offered us a crib. Their room was made ready, ruffly curtains at the windows, a few stuffed toys waiting.

At last it was the day. Hearts pounding, we stayed indoors when Mrs. Forrest's car pulled up. Better not to appear *too* anxious! The door opened. It was love at first sight for me. Grace was dimply, wide-eyed, obviously bright. Mary toddled over, batted her long brown lashes and grabbed me round the knees. Within minutes Mrs. Forrest was gone, promising to return a few days later. The four of us were on our own.

"Those are my sister's toys," Grace said with a lisp, pointing to a large carton. She began unpacking. "Here's sister's night-night ——" Her activity was feverish; she talked incessantly, with perfect composure: no questions; no apparent fears. We were astonished, yet we sensed the insecurity and loneliness that made a tot act older than her age.

For us, parenthood began that first night, about twelve. Mary began screaming and would not be comforted. "Sister wants her bottle," Grace told us sleepily. Mary had tasted her first junior foods at our house. Within a week, however, the bottle was gone, though both girls were plagued by nightmares for several months. Several times each night we went to them or called out, "That's all right, honey. You just had a bad dream. Turn over and go to sleep."

Where did they come from, these two? What was their story? Why were they wards of the court, in the hands of probation officials? All we knew was what Mrs. Forrest had told us. "Mrs. Todd was a good mother. She's a very pretty, intelligent young woman who made a mistake. Beyond that I can tell you nothing, except that she will not be out of prison until 1958."

We were satisfied, or nearly satisfied, with the explanation. It meant steeling ourselves against the day when the girls would be gone; but we looked forward to many, many months of being "mommy" and "daddy."

The duplex proved too small. Fortunately we were able to find a large, comfortable brick house not far away. The young people of the church organized a painting and papering party; the interior had a complete redecoration. A day after we were in I got the flu, Karen and the girls following me. But the girls, tucked in "for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140



Is there anything worse than a little sister plunk in the middle of her brother's romance?

the nice boy

By ANN CHIDESTER

They could bury him here in the supermarket, under the castle of neon-red detergent cans, for he would choose death or torture before he would allow Mary Alice Farnum to see him now. Mary Alice, slim and regal, a vision in pink jeans and a sparkling white blouse, had just floated into the market. Here he was with the entire brood hanging on to him — Baby Kitten bouncing in the wire basket, obscenely smeared with brown concrete from her teething cooky, Billy banging his guns showily in a foolish, backward six-year-old fashion. And Mimi.

"Here we are, Mary Alice! Oh yooo hooo!" she bellowed. Her voice shattered the cold air of the supermarket. He imagined everyone knew it was that Mimi Hall, the midget witch disguised as the four-year-old child of a good, decent family.

"Be quiet! Don't beller," he told her.

Mimi grinned, satisfied that everyone knew she was here. "Mary Alice seen us. Here we are, Mary Alice, honey," she crooned, smirking around the corner.

Mary Alice approached. The earth swayed like a wild ship under him. He heard wind chimes and smelled some kind of perfume that made him hungry for waffles. "Hi, Tom," she said. "Hi, Billy. Hi, Baby Kitten. Oh, hi, Mimi."

"How's it?" Mimi giggled. She stuck out her flat chest and simpered. She had the shape of a baked potato. "Tom's takin' care of us. Ain't you, Thomas?" she purred.

He held his breath as flames scorched his feet and ears. He prayed to die, but he managed to explain that his parents had had a wire saying his grandmother was ill in Denver, and they were trying to catch the evening plane. "Mrs. Gogarty's coming to sit as soon as she finishes putting up her pickled mushrooms." As though Mary Alice

Continued on Page 147

He had been stupid again. He deserved to lose her. "Yah, peasant! Yah, stupid!" he thought.

HOW TO BE POPULAR

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM MEEHAN

MEN GIVE SIX EASY RULES

If you want to be popular with men, you are going to have to learn to like them. Probably you already do, but it is surprising how dense men can be at understanding that they are appreciated. Often they feel ill at ease, inclined to get away from the girl they cannot guess is secretly yearning for friendship. What to do?

Find out how to get the message of your niceness and interest across to them, that's what. The *Journal* has drawn up a list of six easy rules, compiled from interviews with actual subjects (the kind you want to know), that are sure to make a big difference in your life. Perfect yourself in these and it will be like the familiar movie scene, where the star takes off her glasses—and suddenly she has a wonderful figure! Here, then, are the rules:

1. SMILE

The human animal is the only one with smile muscles, a fact many people have thought carried with it an overtone of personal responsibility. Since *they* smile frequently, you will have to, too, or expect to be considered a sourpuss. It's like lipstick; most women wear it, so you, no matter how bonny your natural coloring, know you look drab when caught without some on.

Anyhow, the important thing to remember is that men depend on smiles. The smiles of pretty women (and any woman who smiles warmly seems pretty to them) nourish men, make them glad to be alive. Make them glad to be with you.

2. IN CONVERSATION, HANG ON HIS EYES

Your eyes are your most expressive feature, so you can best show your interest in what he is saying by giving him the full homage of your gaze. Men prefer this sort of rapt attention to a verbal reply any day. Remember Garbo and how little she had to say, even in the subtitles; yet after a typical Garbo tête-à-tête with the leading man, one felt that a tremendous *communication* had taken place.

Never let your glance wander to faraway objects while he is talking. As a matter of fact, a touch of myopia has turned many a merely pretty girl into a sought-after belle. Not that her looks are actually enhanced by the affliction; but, staring nearsightedly at her partner as she must, she presents him with twin shimmering orbs in which he can find his own reflection.

Men are always grateful for this gift, always eager to ascribe beauty, sensitivity, spirituality even, to the giver.

How well we recall the example of Dorothy, whose large brown eyes are notoriously low on kilowatt. After a party recently, where she had made a really smashing impression on one of the most eligible men, Dorothy was not surprised to hear that Tom was going about praising her rare sympathy and intelligence. "Tom?" she said. "You know, I *thought* that's who he was."

3. GET HIM TO TALK ABOUT HIMSELF

This is a good rule for several reasons: (a) he will enjoy the conversation; (b) there is very little work required on your part; (c) what his talk reveals will help you to decide whether or not you *want* to be popular with him.

Nine times out of nine the answer to this last is "yes." Then, from the bit of autobiography he has given you, you are now ready to choose your "delayed reaction" gambit.

Did he mention that he had just returned from skiing in New Hampshire? Send him a newspaper survey on slope and snow conditions around the country. Is music his hobby? Please him with a little note asking which of alternate recordings is the wise one for you to buy. A review of a new play by his favorite playwright may have happy consequences, especially if you can scribble "You were so right!" in the margin. Another fortunate offshoot of the getting-him-to-talk rule is that it presents you with a clearer picture of his tastes. After all, a woman is many different people. She may as well bring into focus that aspect of her personality most likely to enchant.

4. EXPRESS ENJOYMENT IN HIS COMPANY

You might think that any man who had been smiled at, gazed at and listened to skillfully would *know* he was liked; but as we pointed out earlier, men are fantastic. You almost have to spell it out in pebbles dropped at their feet. "It's so good to see you again!" and "I can't tell you how glad I am that you came by!" are phrases they hug to their massive chests. Don't forget, their social antennae are not nearly so delicately attuned as yours. A woman, seeing a man's hand suddenly leap to his tie at her approach, knows she has achieved impact. But a man often does not dream that there is any connection between your date with him and your new hairdo.

5. NEVER MAKE UNKIND REMARKS

"Why can't women be more like men?"

All the men interviewed expressed great dislike for cattiness—a fault to which they feel quite superior. It's true that men, as a sex, tend to stick together. They have a code. Their competitiveness is worked off in argument winning, or in putting across aggressive deals or showing off aggressive ears. This seems to them more "honest" and "direct" than women's little tactics.

Whatever you think of the point of view, just try to imagine a man saying, "George, I've always loved you in that little Homburg," and you will quickly see that things are best the way they are.

Besides, catty comments sometimes have a ruinous side effect. They make the woman attacked appear helpless, in need of a champion. Perhaps the very champion who was, a moment ago, at your side.

6. FORGET YOURSELF

Forget whether you are beautiful or pretty or plain. Do not count upon good looks to win his admiration or, on the other hand, take it for granted that your physical plainness will shut you out.

Some of the handsomest men have been exposed to so many pretty women that they develop the immunity of a male professor in a girls' college. The beauty seems meaningless, anonymous, boring, because there is an oversupply of it. Then along comes an irregularly tilted face to steal the professor's heart with its quirkish charm.

There are all sorts of fascinating men in the world! Some of the most attractive have a strong strain of the explorer in their nature. They seek the fresh, the uncharted. The kind of woman *any*one can appreciate does not interest them. Let such a man see your natural niceness and your interest in *him*, and chances are he will want to be your discoverer.

Then there's the kind of man who responds to the sense of need in a woman. He wants to place his affection where it will do the most good. No party girls for him.

Another man has to prove to himself and the world that of all the many men a popular girl has dated, she likes him best. Of course it is even more likely that another man will adore the same girl simply because she is . . . well, adorable.

There are men who —— But the list is endless. As a manicurist once remarked during a discussion on the subject, "Ah-h, they're all alike. Know what I mean? *Different!*"

What really matters is that there are men.



STUART

MAKE A SUGAR PLUM TREE

Have you ever heard of
the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of
great renown!

It blooms on the shore
of the Lollipop sea

In the garden of
Shut-Eye Town.

EUGENE FIELD

Festive, inexpensive and lots of fun to make—our sugarplum tree. You'll need: paper cups (the cone-shaped kind that you can buy at the drug-store fountain and the more conventional cups in assorted sizes); paper soup bowls; gay cellophane sippers which, stapled together in the center, make glittering stars; lace doilies of snowy white and silver and gold; colored construction paper; slim satin ribbons in Christmas red and green; bright stickers (notary seals are wonderful—come in red, gold and silver at the stationer's); poster paints and, of course, a big pot of glue (rubber cement seems to work best). Clear off a big table, spread out the materials and then let each family member create his own designs to hang on the tree. Variations are as infinite as your imagination. To hang: loop string or heavy thread through the rims of the cups and slip over sturdy boughs. Fill each cup with cookies and confections—your own pet recipes, Christmas canes and rainbow-colored hard candies. An evening's fun for everyone and you have it—a radiant sugarplum tree. What a lovely way for you to say, "Merry Christmas!"



If she loves to entertain...

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Homemaking Editor

Specialist in speed, *a gift any hostess admires, this two-speed blender which in seconds whizzes together soups and sauces, whisks up frosty drinks.*

Fruit-design serving trays, *in useful 11" size, are gay for display too. Set of four includes splashy pear, plum, lemon and apple.*

Stone figures *of fruit stay forever fresh, are always ready to appear as a table centerpiece. These amusingly copy the real thing, a little larger than life.*

Carver's aid *delights those who make serving a ritual, for the wide-prong fork grips roast or fowl with authority and the handle is comfortable.*

Lacquer tray *of emerald green is a jewel, a generous 21" across. Put it to work for serving or for arranging foods on the buffet table.*

Brass bowls, *a nest in the traditional Paul Revere style, are a new stainless finish, tarnishproof so that you can put polishing time to better use.*

Perforated ball and chain *produces perfect rice every time, fluffy and dry.*

Nutcrackers, *individual size, are fun to use when fruit and nuts end the meal or when sampling mixed nuts in front of the fire.*

The JOURNAL's own cookbook *with recipes and menus galore for every woman to explore.*

Electrified skillet *with a "china" look to it. The skillet is ceramic—so is the base which is temperature regulated to cook and keep hot. The 10" cooking dish separates from the base for use on the range and easy washing.*

Coffee mill *custom-grinds beans to make freshest flavor every time and enhance the hostess's reputation for good finale to a good meal.*

Espresso coffee maker *of gleaming copper with its little candle warmer makes after-dinner coffee a romantic ritual.*

Raffia rings *hold napkins and add colorful accents at the table. Their colors are so keyed you can use them to accent a scheme.*

Bun warmer *heats and keeps breads and rolls hot. Gay gingham wrap is removable and washable.*

Dessert tray *with electric insert for keeping coffee hot is handsomely worked of solid walnut.*

Colorful cups and saucers *for espresso brighten the grand finale to a party dinner.*

Indoor-outdoor grill *is electrified and provides new spatter shield to protect both surroundings and people.*



STUART

Glamorous gifts to help the hostess entertain easily and graciously when
"helpers" aren't available. They're pretty, practical and priced right.
Ready to serve upon unwrapping, they'll be used year round by a happier
hostess who will thank you again and again for making party giving more fun.

Ice container, *brass bound, and of pebbly-finished plastic, is 12" high, tall enough to chill soda pop and keep cubes for many an hour.*

White-fronted toaster *is as at home on the table as it is by the range. It's engineered for quick toasting—automatically lowers and pops up slices.*

Candle collection *of graduated sizes, used singly or grouped, adds glamour and color to a gala dinner.*

Urn-type coffee maker *which perks up to 30 cups of coffee (and keeps it hot for "seconds") makes minding the pot passé.*

Leaf-pattern plates *are a "go-with" kind of design, versatile enough to work well with other china when special occasions demand it.*

Plate warmer *holds ten at a time and gently heats them electrically.*

Junior-size hibachi *is the baby sister of the charcoal-brazier family, but a big conversation piece when serving hot skewered hors d'oeuvres.*

Little spreaders *are festive and effective for cheese and spreads with their practical porcelain handles, thin olivewood blades.*

Knife sharpener, *electrically operated, keeps knives in keen cutting condition, includes a special slot for scissors too.*

Ladle of chrome *neatly serves soups and punch and stews: its straightforward design is at home in the kitchen or on the dinner table.*

Folding slicer *cuts meats, breads, cheese or vegetables into uniform pieces, thick or thin as you wish, then can be stored in limited space.*

Seasoning servers, *tall and handsome, include salt shaker and pepper mill.*

Can opener, *electrified, features magnetic holder to keep lid from falling into the opened can and handles all sizes and shapes of containers.*

Grill with rotisserie *is electric heated and powered for grilling, broiling and barbecuing.*

White bowl *in fine china is just right for salads, fruits or flowers, a perfect companion piece for other dishes.*

Gay flower arrangement *—anemones in this vase—won't wilt and are wonderful for a table decoration.*

Herbs and spices, *a gourmet array or a fragrant few, are always welcomed by creative cooks.*

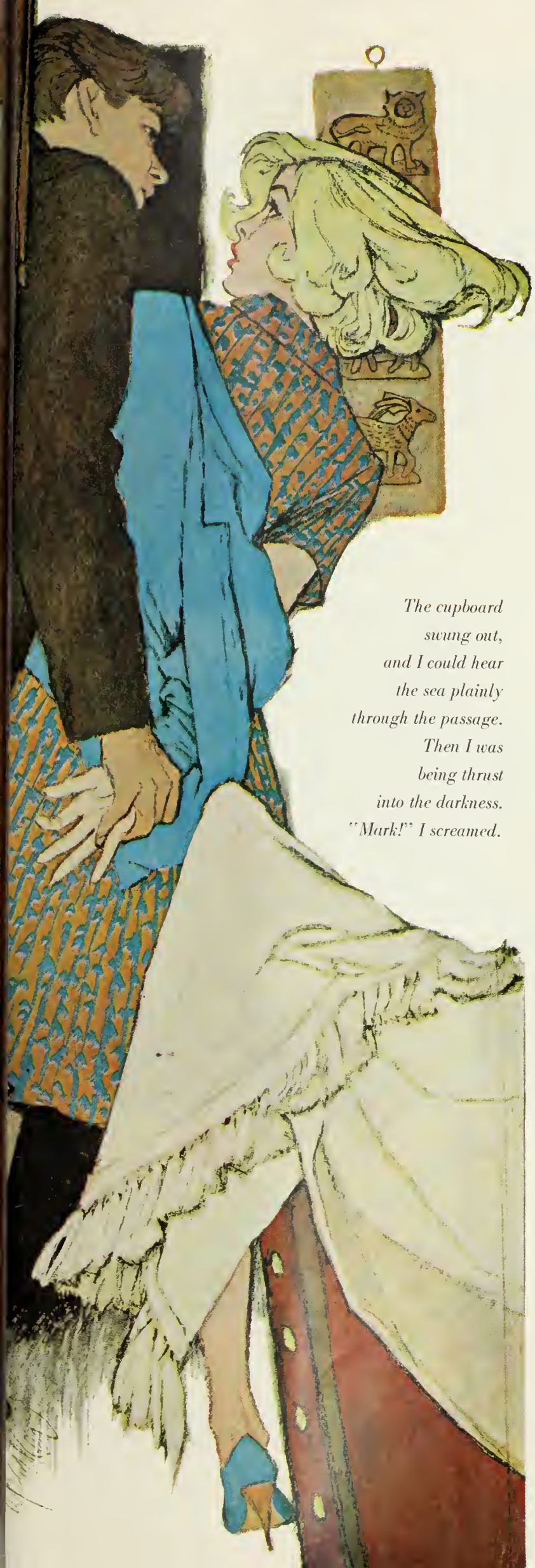
Tile-topped tray *can double as cheese server or hot-plate holder—either way it's decorative as well as useful.*

The Sea house

What strange secret
held these people
in their unwilling
alliance? Charlotte
knew, somehow,
that it concerned her...

By Margaret Summerton





The cupboard swung out, and I could hear the sea plainly through the passage. Then I was being thrust into the darkness. "Mark!" I screamed.

Esmond. It was a name I'd always known, an image engraved in babyhood, waxing into maturity with me: a child, a boy, a man. Yet never glimpsed, not even in a photograph, or built into physical substance by another's words; because no one with whom I'd grown up knew Esmond.

But in the enclosed mind of a lonely child, a shy, often gauche girl, a reticent young woman, he was real; he existed. I believed that one day we would meet to laugh together at the ridiculous skein of events, raveled before our birth, that had parted us. And then, instantly, miraculously, there would develop between us a relationship that would warm and enrich our lives forever.

Esmond, my twin brother, had been left in the care of my paternal grandmother, Edwina Elliot, over a quarter of a century before; my mother, Tamara, had bought her freedom from my father by abandoning her son. Presumably the Elliots, as a matter of form, had claimed the male twin. My sole wonder was that my glamorous green-eyed Russian mother had encumbered herself with me. The likelihood seemed to be that she was given no choice.

My father had died in the Spanish Civil War—killed by a sniper's bullet in the suburbs of Madrid—and it was one of Tamara's many inconsistencies that she always spoke of the event as if it had been his private act of vengeance against herself, though in fact he had divorced her several years before his death. "I could have died, literally starved to death in the gutter, without any of the Elliots caring. And so could you, don't forget that," she often said.

Before I was old enough to temper Tamara's arbitrary opinions on people with my own yardstick, Edwina Elliot, the grandmother I'd never seen, had been established in my mind as a coldhearted archvillainess who had driven her daughter-in-law from the house, and I'd never been sufficiently interested to discover whether or not the label was justified. So, if it had not been for my feeling about Esmond, I would have been only mildly curious when Tamara sent for me one Saturday in London, the autumn I was twenty-six, to tell me that my grandmother wanted to see me. "But what does she want with me?" I asked. "She's got Esmond."

"That's the whole point. She hasn't got Esmond, not any longer." I felt the impact of a dark and fearful dread, but it lasted no more than a second, and then she spoke again, turned the dread into stark fact. "Esmond is dead."

Silence fell between us. I turned my head, so that she couldn't see my face. CONTINUED ON PAGE 103

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL
© 1960 BY MARGARET SUMMERTON

THE TRUTH ABOUT ILLEGITIMACY

By the creation of children without families, illegitimacy menaces the very structure of our society—and those most innocent suffer the severest consequences.

Carolyn could hardly be called an attractive girl. She was too thin and too pale. Her chin receded. She had omitted using lipstick—purposely for this interview, one suspected, for her eyebrows were plucked in a sharp little arch that indicated she did give time and thought to her appearance. She smiled hesitantly, as though it required effort. But her skin was clear and smooth, and steady blue-gray eyes seemed to fill half her face.

"You just don't believe it until it happens to you," she said. "Then it hits you like a ton of bricks and you feel all hollow. I still didn't believe it—I was too numb, I guess. But when the baby is born and you go through all that and give it up—then you believe it."

Her counselor nodded, but said nothing for a few seconds while the words hung in the air. Then she changed the subject to ask the girl about her job.

Carolyn seemed relieved to talk about less personal matters, but the smile never did break through fully. Animation started, then died in her face. The place—an office in a social agency—and the presence of a visitor probably caused some constraint. She spoke matter-of-factly about her job, as she had about her pregnancy. She wasn't pleading any case or reliving unhappy memories. The facts were what they were, and she had faced them.

"Mother still wants me to go to college," she remarked. "She always wanted that, but I don't think so. I don't think I ever really did like school, even before ——" Her voice drifted. "I like my job," she concluded positively. "I'd like to stay on there."

She had passed her eighteenth birthday not long before. And, among very young unmarried mothers, hers is a "success story"—that is, though her high-school education was interrupted by an illegitimate pregnancy, she had received sympathetic professional help. She had had her baby, released it for adoption, had returned to another high school from which she was graduated with a good academic record last June, and she was now employed. The firm thought highly of her work, and she was occasionally dating a young man she had met on the job.

Carolyn's file was complete and "closed" as far as this office was concerned. The director took considerable pride and satisfaction in her case, for it had worked out as well as anyone could have hoped. Arranged in Manila folders in a single filing cabinet in this particular office were several hundred records of illegitimately pregnant schoolgirls, most without a hint of happy endings, or any endings at all. Few of these unfortunate girls return to tell what happened to them.

Carolyn is a "fact," one tally in the statistics of illegitimacy for the year. As such, she is far more understandable than the statistics which should be considered with more than a grain of caution.

The estimates of illegitimacy in the United States are based on data provided by 35 states to the National Office of Vital Statistics. The latest Public Health Service reports show an increase, in recorded illegitimate births, from 201,000 in 1957 to 208,000 in 1958. The increase in the *number* of out-of-wedlock births during recent years has occurred primarily among teenagers, but the increase in the *rate* has been substantially smaller among teenagers than among women between twenty and forty years of age. That is to say, the number of illegitimate births among girls under twenty has *not* increased greatly in proportion to the teenage population in the last twenty years. In 1957, the rate slightly declined. Furthermore, the count in 1957 was more nearly complete than in 1937 because more accurate records were kept and reported to the national office. Any comparison with past records cannot be accurate.

The total number of illegitimate births in the nation is not by any means equally derived from all regions, or from all segments of the population. There is a vast difference between the number of white and nonwhite illegitimate births, for example, as there is between the numbers reported by various states. In 1957, about 2 in every 100 white births were believed to be out of wedlock. An estimated 70,800 white illegitimate children were born that year. Among nonwhite births, about 21 out of each 100 were believed to be illegitimate in 1957.

There are obvious reasons for such births' being much more numerous among Negroes than among whites. Large numbers of American Negroes are less than a hundred years removed from a slave culture which often forbade marriage and encouraged a high rate of reproduction. According to Dr. E. Franklin Frazier, a sociologist at Howard University, courtship begins at an early age for many Negroes, especially those in the rural South, with sex relations often regarded as normal behavior in courtship. When sex relations result in pregnancy, the young people may or may not marry. There is no aspect of the national economy that favors Negroes, and as they have moved from rural areas to urban the problems of the wretchedly poor, including illegitimacy, have become more evident.

The plight of these Negro families is not merely Southern; it is nationwide: ". . . the Negro suffers from many lacks which cannot but help affect the illegitimacy rate. Living in overcrowded slums, often sleeping in the same room or even bed as their parents, lacking even



PINNEY

WHO AM I?

by Glenn Matthew White

Every year some 20,000 girls and women enter the approximately 150 maternity homes† scattered about the country, in order to give birth to those babies called illegitimate. These girls come from every walk of life, from every stratum of society. They range from brilliant to mentally retarded. They may come from solid, respectable families or from none at all.

Though most of those who turn to social agencies for help are in their teens, the Youth Consultation Service in New York reports assisting several unmarried mothers as old as forty. A former director of that organization recalls two surprising visitors, a brother and sister, eighteen and sixteen years old, who brought their mother. Their father had died two years before, and in her loneliness their mother had turned to an old friend of her husband's. And now she was pregnant, almost out of her mind with grief and shame, and completely unable to deal with the situation. The two children went to work to earn enough money to see their mother through, and later the baby was adopted.

The time of the discovery of pregnancy is not the right moment for other members of the family to moralize or chastise. Still, there is always the inevitable question, "Why did this happen—*to you?*" The more appropriate question is, "What emotional or psychological needs and circumstances lead to premarital intercourse that results in illegitimate pregnancy?"

The search for common factors in the psychological make-up of unmarried mothers has been the subject CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

rudimentary recreational facilities, lacking in many areas the opportunity for a decent education and experiencing dietary deficiencies . . . it is small wonder that these children as teenagers and young adults turn to illicit sexual activities in their drive for some satisfaction and recognition . . ."*

These facts, though basic to an understanding of the national pattern of illegitimacy, afford little consolation to the individual girl who finds herself illegitimately pregnant. For her, the choices are few and unavoidably grim, the results almost inevitably disillusionment, pain, guilt, misery. If it is inadvisable or impossible for her to marry the boy, what can she do? Have the child? Abort it? Keep it? Give it away?

** Report to the Governor and General Assembly of Virginia by Commission to Study Problems Relating to Children Born Out of Wedlock, 1959.*

† Thirty-six of these are under the auspices of the Salvation Army; forty-six are Florence Crittenton Homes.

MY UNCLE PEPE

All women will love

the story that

all men

should read!



By BENJAMIN REGUERA FERNANDEZ
as told to Jean Muir

DRAWING BY BANBERY

Every day at five, which is the shank of the afternoon in Madrid, my Uncle Pepe used to take me walking in the Retiro. He would proceed along the tree-shaded walk, very sedate and erect, his paunch cutting the breeze before him, and every now and then, as is the custom among the Spaniards, he would compliment some passing woman. This was always done with dignity and stateliness, a simple "*Ah, bonita!*" dropped into the sunny afternoon, for after all my uncle was a man of station. Yet the words were spoken with feeling. Great feeling.

Sometimes we would stop at the Prado art museum and then my uncle would seek out the paintings of Goya. He would stand in front of the *Nude Maja*, his hands clasped behind his back, rocking a little on his heels and with a look of complacency in his hooded eyes. Or perhaps he would choose the lovely ladies under their sun-dappled parasol, with their tiny feet and their wealth of color. And my uncle would hum a little to himself, happily. It always seemed to me that these visits left my uncle with a great sense of well-being. As we strolled homeward through the afternoon crowds, my uncle was almost sure to murmur his admiring words into some passing woman's ear.

I was twelve years old and growing, perhaps, more observant of women myself before I noticed that there was a strangeness about this custom of his. One day I glanced up when I heard him say "*Guapa!*" to a woman hurrying by, and immediately I was aware of a very great astonishment.

"But *Tio Pepe!*" I cried. "That woman was not beautiful at all!"

I turned around and looked after her. Certainly not beautiful. Quite the contrary. One might almost say she was dowdy.

My uncle glanced at me out of the corner of his eye and blew a little through his mustache, but he made no comment. In consternation I searched my memory, and then I realized the truth. None of the women my Uncle Pepe had complimented were in the least beautiful. Without exception they had all been quite ill-favored.

To me this was a shocking discovery. I admired my uncle very much. But since he had proved so poor a judge of women, how then could I trust his judgment in other things? In the matter of pelota players, for example? Or of matadors?

We continued our walk in an embarrassed silence, until we had reached a certain small café and settled ourselves at our usual table under the green-and-red awning. There my uncle's cognac was brought to him, and to me the chocolate crested with whipped cream.

With the cognac, Uncle Pepe appeared to relax. "My child," he said, setting down his glass and dabbing at his mustache with a big silk handkerchief, "are you aware that at one time I was an artist?"

This was something I certainly had not known. In fact, to me it was incredible. I always thought of him in connection with his big house on Avenida Felipe Segundo, with the flourishing soap business which took so charmingly little of his time, and with the ponderous, high-chassised automobile in which he occasionally went bowling into the country for a day's sport with a shotgun.

"Perhaps," my uncle said judiciously, "I exaggerate when I say I was an artist. Let us say, instead, that there was a period of three years when I turned my back upon my family and its soap, when I rented a shelter of sorts in a part of town unknown to you, and there painted with fury and an empty stomach. Would you believe it? There was a moment when I seriously considered stealing a *panecillo* off a baker's cart."

My uncle stroked his mustache which had the suspicion of a smile below it. "But to be honest, my boy, I do not remember this period with sadness. I had a friend. A dancer. La Florencia. Perhaps you have heard the name?" He looked at me hopefully and then his face fell. "No, of course not. At your age. Still, let me tell you, there was a time when Madrid rang with that name. The click of her heels and *castañuelas* could kindle the eyes even of the old men.

"You understand, this was not such a woman as the dancers are today," he said, and his nostrils delicately indicated his disparagement. "This was a woman of body, of the true bravura and of a great beauty. She had that line of back and hips which the women of Spain alone possess, and the long eyes whose gaze can rock a man's heart." My uncle was becoming very intense. "And the fire!" he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

souper pork chops



3 ways to turn a plain meal into fancy fare



Glazed Pork Chops. In skillet, brown 4 pork chops (about 1 lb.) on both sides; pour off drippings. Top each with slice of apple and orange; sprinkle with ground cinnamon and cloves. Add 1 can Campbell's Beef Broth, 1 tbsp. brown sugar. Cover; cook over low heat 35 min. Stir 1 tbsp. cornstarch into 2 tbsp. orange juice till smooth; gradually blend into soup. Cook; stir constantly till slightly thickened; simmer few min. Serves 4.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's Soups*

Fiesta Pork Chops. In skillet, brown 4 pork chops (about 1 lb.) on both sides; pour off drippings. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup, ½ cup water. Cover; cook 15 min. Top each chop with tomato slice and green pepper strips. Cover; cook 30 min. or till chops are tender; stir occasionally. 4 servings of souper pork chops that'll do you proud.

Look for more recipes on every can of Campbell's Soup



Gala Pork Chops. In skillet, brown 4 pork chops (about 1 lb.) on both sides; pour off drippings. Sprinkle chops with pepper; top each with slice of onion and thin slice of lemon. Stir in 1 can of Campbell's Tomato Soup, ¼ cup water. Cover; cook over low heat about 45 min. or until chops are tender; stir occasionally. 4 souper special servings of delicious chops.





What did the explorer miss most in the polar vastness?

IMAGINE—if you can—a world in which you'd never hear a single familiar sound.

An explorer of the Antarctic once lived alone for weeks in this kind of silence. And later he wrote that he missed nothing so much as the voices of friends, the songs of birds—and countless other sounds that we hear daily.

If your hearing is good now, how can you keep it that way? Equally important, what can you do to protect your children's hearing?

Fortunately, most symptoms of ear trouble in adults are easily recognized. They include straining to hear low-pitched conversations, feelings of fullness or congestion, ringing or buzzing sounds in the ears. Any one of these symptoms should be investigated by your physician.

It's more difficult to tell when a child's hearing is affected. But there are signs that should alert parents to trouble. Inattention, a tendency to shyness, a desire to be alone and inability to pronounce words properly—all these may indicate a hearing difficulty.

Should any of these signs appear, a child's hearing should be tested. Moreover, it's advisable to have a child's ears examined after measles, chicken pox, mumps, whooping cough, swollen adenoids and a sore throat from any cause —even though there are no symptoms of ear trouble.

Ear infections are no longer the serious problem they once were—thanks to the antibiotic drugs. And surgery is of great benefit to many people in middle and later life afflicted with chronic progressive deafness.

Your best protection against ear troubles lies in regular tests of your hearing and prompt treatment at the first sign of any difficulty in hearing.



Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY©
A MUTUAL COMPANY
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

CHINA COURT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

they are told they sound like fairy tales, as if, with time, truth leaks out of them. Only the house and the hours spent in it—"and the garden, of course," says Mrs. Quin—seem real to her now, but the people are very real to Tracy. "Damaris is another funny name," she says.

"Quite a number of girls were called Damaris then," says Mrs. Quin.

"But they are funny names," argues Tracy.

"Not when you get to know them," says Mrs. Quin. She closes the book, but Borowis's name stays in Tracy's mind and she asks, perhaps for the twentieth time:

"Who was Borowis?"

It is odd how Tracy asks that question again and again. Perhaps it is a difference in her grandmother's voice when she answers that arrests her. It is not what Mrs. Quin says, because she always gives the same answer: "Borowis? He was a boy."

"A Quin boy?"

"Yes."

"You knew him?"

"Yes." There is sharpness in that. Then Mrs. Quin's voice quietens and Tracy immediately grows still, for she knows her grandmother is remembering: "I came up the valley path," says Mrs. Quin, "and looked over the wall and he was there. *They* were there," she corrects herself.

"Borowis and John Henry?"

"Yes."

"That was when you were Ripsie?"

"When I was Ripsie." That thin, neglected, shabby little girl.

"Was Ripsie long before me?" asks Tracy. It is not really a question because she knows the answer perfectly well.

"Long before you."

The valley path is the children's path. It comes from Penbarrow by way of the river and woods to a gap in the China Court boundary wall which is built, as most Cornish walls are, of loose stones, covered with moss. By the wall two great beech trees stand in a dell where the wood flowers have seeded and, in spring, make drifts of snowdrops, then violets and anemones. From the dell, through a wicket gate, a path leads across a sloping field to the kitchen garden. In summer a hedge of sweet peas separates the kitchen garden from the flower beds and terraces of the garden proper. The garden is of little account when Ripsie first sees it, but it has a flagpole which impresses her very much. The house faces west and, as the time is sunset, every window has such a brilliance of light that the house seems lit with gold.

As she watches, a maid comes out on the terrace and begins to put away the garden chairs. Ripsie has not seen a parlormaid before and she leans on the wall, entranced. The maid is Pringle, who is often to shoo her away from the front hall, and even at this distance Ripsie can see how importantly befrilled Pringle is in black with a large white apron, pinafore-frilled over the shoulders. Ripsie watches fascinated, until a sound makes her turn. Near her, in the dell, is a boy.

"Your John Henry?" asks Tracy's mother, Barbara, who is unfailingly romantic—*even after all those affairs*, thinks Mrs. Quin unkindly. "Your John Henry?"

"No, it was Borowis," but Mrs. Quin does not say that aloud. "He invited me in," she says slowly. Barbara thinks she is speaking of John Henry, but Tracy knows better. Her grandmother is speaking of Borowis, for a different look has come into her harsh old face. "He invited me in," says Mrs. Quin. "I never went away again."

Here is a long span, stretching from Tracy back to Eustace, "for I can remember him," says Mrs. Quin. Eustace, the boys' grandfather, is paralyzed after a stroke so that he cannot move out of his bedroom when his son, Jared, marries Lady Patrick and brings her home. "We used to go in to the old man," says Mrs. Quin. "His beard was most beautifully combed and he had a complexion like an Ophelia rose."

"Ophelia rose?" asks Tracy.

"Those roses by the sundial, pink with brownish cream. They are old-fashioned now. On Sundays—and he always knew when it was Sunday—he used to spread a silk handkerchief on his lap and cut our nails. Yes, even Boro's. Mine were often dirty and bitten and he used to say, 'Those are not nails for a little lady.' He was the only person who ever called me a little lady and I loved him for it," says Mrs. Quin, "but I think he was confusing us with the Brood."

"The Brood?"

"That's what he called his own children. There were so many of them."

Tracy to Eustace, or Eustace to Tracy: it is a long span, and toward its end for Mrs. Quin, as for Eustace, names and times often become one, but the people and their stories are distinct.

When Barbara, the daughter-in-law, takes Tracy back to America and Mrs. Quin and Cecily are left alone, the girls do their best to make her leave China Court. Bella and her husband, Walter, and Mrs. Quin's three other daughters and their Tom, Dick and Harry, as she calls their husbands, all try to make her give up the house. "It has had its day," says Walter. "It's time it went."

"Yes. It's ridiculous, mother, you living all alone in that great house."

"It isn't a great house. It's only big."

"But all alone."

"I'm not alone. I have Cecily, August Moses, Trill."

"But it has no amenities."

"I don't want amenities."

"If you sold it, even as it is now, you could have a much bigger income and a comfortable little flat."

"I don't like comfortable little flats."

"You would be far more free," says Bella.

"I don't wish to be free. Even in this generation," says Mrs. Quin, her voice disagreeable, "a few people do not wish to be free of their house."

"If they can afford to keep it," says Walter. "Seriously, in rates and taxes alone ——"

"The farm rent pays the rates and taxes."

"When, and if, you get it." That is a thrust and Mrs. Quin knows it. The farm, Penbarrow, is let to Peter St. Omer. "That young man has got hold of mother," says Bella darkly.

Penbarrow is all that is left of the China Court estate. John Henry has to sell the quarry to pay off the debts he inherits and after Stace is killed Mrs. Quin sells the china-clay works and makes a settlement on each of her daughters. It is they who insist she keep Penbarrow. "And a lot of good it's been," says Walter. To begin with she will not turn out the old tenant farmer who has been there for sixty years and is long past farming. "Let him die in peace," says Mrs. Quin.

"And kill the farm," says Walter. Over the next tenant he prefers to gloss. "Because it was his mistake, not mine," says Mrs. Quin with asperity. Walter persuades her to put in an up-to-date farmer who spends so much on what Mrs. Quin calls gadgets that he goes bankrupt.

She refuses after this to let Penbarrow to the rich gentleman farmer Walter has patiently found again. "Let it or, better, sell," urges Walter, but Mrs. Quin will not listen. "It would have helped him with his income tax," mourns Walter, "so that he could have afforded a decent price, which Peter St. Omer certainly can't."

"No. Peter doesn't pay any tax because he hasn't any income," says Mrs. Quin calmly. She is calm about Peter; she believes in him.

From her bedroom window she can look over the garden and valley, to the farm which is so much on the sky line of the opposite hill that its animals often seem to be grazing against the sky. She can look and "mark carefully," says Mrs. Quin. She has marked very carefully, but she does not tell Bella and Walter her findings: that for these four years Peter has worked five hours every day for the old farmer at Glentyre. "To learn," says Peter. She has heard the tractor working at dawn and again by its headlamp or moonlight far into the night. She has watched Peter build up his stock of chickens and pigs. Now that, at last, he has been able to rebuild the

c cowsheds, she has seen the beginning of herd and all this summer, as soon as she kes, she hears him calling his cows.

The cows have proper cow names: Clover, Buttercup, Daisy, Poppy, Parsley, which singely satisfies Mrs. Quin.

"If Peter has no income, how did he buy se valuable cows?" asks Walter.

Mrs. Quin pretends not to hear, but Walter s it again. "Perhaps his father helped him," suggests innocently.

"Nonsense. St. Omer hasn't a penny."

The St. Omers are scattered now and their n house sold while Tremellen, their Cornish t, is let as a girls' school. Tremellen is the great house of the district. Bella is exaggating when she calls China Court "great." s a family house, ample and plain.

t must have looked very plain, quite unnpromising, when it was first built. It is a nite house; naturally, granite is the local ne and China Court's granite has the added antage of being cut in Eustace Quin's own rry.

The house stands square to the valley; ind it, the quarry hill rises steeply to the age that lies along the spine of the hill, its ses built low against the moor wind. The shelters the China Court garden from se same winds when they whistle over the or, though it is open to the west and the antic gales.

The hill is steep and a steep lane runs down dividing China Court in two. Its orchards l stable block are on the far side and there, , is the waterfall, a fall of perhaps twenty feet, its pool choked with rubbish from the quarry above. The stream runs beneath the lane and comes out under the China Court gate, making, when the rain swells the water, a loud rushing sound in the darkness below.

The drive runs from the gate to make a loop round an island of rhododendrons. "Not an island, a fort," says Mrs. Quin and indeed, when they are in flower, red, white and pink, the clumps look like battlemented walls, bristling. "Rhododendrons are always militant," says Mrs. Quin.

At the side of the house and standing there long before it, the elms, rook-inhabited, rise higher than the slates. When the wind is from the west, that Atlantic wind, the elms make a sound in the house like the sound of the sea.

The rooms are ample, too; the drawing room runs the width of the house from front to back and needs two fireplaces to warm it. "Central heating," says Bella longingly, but there is no money for that. For years, little even of repairs and painting has been done. "It's too expensive," insists Bella, "too big."

Even the hall is spacious, stone-flagged, with a stone fireplace and granite curb. The stairs are wide and also of stone. A passage leads past morning and dining rooms to the big kitchen wing from which the back stairs go up to the nurseries. A comfortable smell of cooking, of wet wool drying, of hot starched linen always hangs about those stairs.

A green-baize door shuts off the kitchen wing and its noise from the main house, but before it is reached, and opposite the dining room, is a small arched door opening into the office, which has another outside door so that Jeremy Baxter, Eustace's clerk, can come and go without disturbing the house. It is a real office, overflowing with files, papers and deed-boxes, and has a safe and a copying machine. In 1850 Eustace buys, in one lot from a Penzance sale, a great bookcase with more than four hundred books and for a little while the office becomes the library, but nobody in the family ever sits or reads there and it soon becomes the office again. It was here that Mr. Alabaster had been installed the week before Mrs. Quin died. "And very glad I am that he was," said Cecily. "He sent all the telegrams."

The best rooms upstairs look over the garden; the big bedroom, where Mrs. Quin lay now, is first Eustace's and his bride Adza's. In the dressing room beside it are his wardrobes, shoe stand and mahogany shaving mirror, but Adza's furniture is gone. The spare room with two brass-knobbed beds is next door and there are lesser rooms named in colors—the Yellow, the Red, the smaller Brown and the White—and a room known as the Porch because it is over the front door, though that has no porch. The one bathroom is big and inconvenient, with a mahogany-edged bathtub set into the floor. The nursery bathes in a tin tub shaped like a flowerpot saucer but with a lip; it is painted white inside once a year by the knife boy—when there is a knife boy—and a favorite nursery-bath pastime is to peel bits of the white enamel off when it has become softened in hot water.

Until John Henry's time there is no downstairs cloakroom except in the servants' wing and, apart from that, only one lavatory, dark and big with a wide mahogany seat and willow-pattern pan. When its plug is pulled, the noise echoes through the house.

There is neither gas nor electricity, but the drains are well laid. The water, soft and sometimes brown, comes from the moors and is heated by the Eagle range which, as Bella says, eats coal. Since the war Mrs. Quin has only one fire in the morning room, an oilstove in her bedroom, another in the hall. The drawing room is too big to heat at all in winter, but in summer she goes back to it again. She loves the long room with its cabinets of *famille* rose porcelain, jade and family bric-a-brac, its pale darned chintzes, split damask and paintings. "Two Benjamin Wests and a Winterhalter," says Mrs. Quin.

The Winterhalter is over one fireplace, the mantel kept bare; but on the other is a French clock in gilt with an enameled cupid, holding blue ribbons. Each side of it is a Chelsea figure, a shepherd and a shepherdess that the child Tracy loves. She calls them the Pale Blue Girl and the Little Pink Boy and pretends they are hers. One window looks down the drive onto the rhododendrons, the other over the garden to the west; it is by this one that Mrs. Quin likes to sit.

It is an unruly Cornish garden, sloped, with granite rocks and steep paths dark with yews, its beds tangled with flowers. Cornish gardens are famous for their flowers—half Mrs. Quin's neighbors in the big houses live by selling theirs, specializing in Parma violets, arum lilies, mimosa, rhododendrons.

"But not your mother," says Walter to Bella sarcastically, "nothing half as useful."

"A garden isn't meant to be useful. It's for joy," says Mrs. Quin. To watch her among her flowers is, as John Henry, her husband, says, like watching a scholar in his library who, as he talks, goes to one shelf or another, pulling out a book to show, to brood over or to read from. Mrs. Quin, each time she comes in from the garden, has a leaf, a flower or a bud in her hand.

Her garden is her treasure; she refuses to commercialize it and at China Court the azaleas, unexploited, are left to shimmer on their banks with the tree peonies, with roses, iris, lilies and poppies bursting their buds; delphiniums, larkspurs, lilacs; while along the drive edge to the gate are hydrangeas, deep blue and as tall as trees.

50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL

In December, 1910, a Norwegian explorer reached the South Pole. Golden-voiced Caruso was in Puccini's opera "The Girl of the Golden West." Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, died in Boston at the age of 89, and two plane crashes took the lives of two of America's foremost aviators, "Arch" Hoxsey and John B. Moisant.

"The modern young woman," writes a reader who calls herself Old-Fashioned in the December, 1910, Journal, *"seems to find humming a pleasant pastime when obliged to wait in shops, hotel corridors, etc. Do you not consider this in bad taste?" Reply: "Anything a woman does in public that makes her conspicuous is in bad taste."*

"The tendency to stoop when doing housework is strong and must be overcome if you have ambition to develop a graceful figure. When kneading bread dough, stand erect and take deep breaths in unison with the motions of the hands."

In this issue, the Journal *continues showing the great art masterpieces of the world, new piano music, book reviews, decorating problems of the little house. Comments the Plain Country Woman: "The greatest enemy to happiness in this country is cheap ideals—the sheer lack of taste that penetrates everything we think or do."*

"A useful gift for a boy is a rubber stamp with his full name and an indelible inking pad to mark his belongings. . . . A yard of dollar bills makes a good Christmas present. It takes five bills to carry out the idea."

"A large cold door key laid on the nape of the neck will cure a nosebleed."

2 pictures that tell a story every mother should know—



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The house date is under the passionflower that has ramped over the front door as other creepers have done over the garden front and side walls, softening their outline and weathering the granite.

To how many children has Mrs. Quin explained the passionflower? Breaking one off and, because she knows very well the added value given to things by having to wait for them, keeping the flower in her own hand as she tells the story. "The passionflower stays open for three days, because it was three days before Christ rose again. Its whiteness is for purity, its blue for heaven. See, here," and she points to the leaf, "is the spear. And here, the five anthers, are the five wounds. And here"—she touches the threads—"is the wreath of thorns, and the fringe, so gaudy on the calyx, is the glory of the nimbus." Then she gives the flower to the child.

To how many children does she tell that? She never knows, but always, below the creeper, she seems to see children's heads.

The last child at China Court is Tracy, not counting the evacuees from London in the war. Mrs. Quin has a fellow feeling for the evacuees—she was once Ripsie—but they do not stay long. Nor does she count her other grandchildren. "They are not Quins," says Mrs. Quin. To her, Tracy is the only grandchild, the last child at China Court, "as far as I know," says Mrs. Quin.

"I'm not interested in girls." She has always said that. Indeed, John Henry has a story that each time he goes in to ask his wife what the newest girl baby is to be called, she absently answers "Grace." The story is not true, but Bella's younger sisters are always known as the Three Little Graces.

Long, long ago Borowis decides to pencil Ripsie's name into the tree in the family Bible. "But what's your real name?" he asks her.

"Ripsie."

"That's not a real name. The name you were christened."

"Christened?" asks Ripsie, mystified.

"Oh, ask your mother," says Borowis, bored.

Ripsie asks and it appears she was not christened. "Mother says it's twaddle," she reports cheerfully, but Borowis and John Henry are shocked, especially John Henry.

Then Borowis solves it. "I will take her up to the church and christen her at once."

"*You* will?" asks John Henry.

"Yes."

"In the *church?*"

"Yes."

"From the *font?*"

"Why not?" But John Henry is so plainly horrified that Borowis, who now and then listens to his younger brother, remembers that he has not yet fed his ferrets and Ripsie's christening is put off. Her real name proves to be Deborah, but "Ripsie" stays, in pencil, in the family tree.

It is not noticed because for years nobody opens the Bible and then nobody bothers to rub the name out. When Tracy is born Mrs. Quin pencils in "Tracy," meaning later to put the baby's full name in India ink to match the others. But the months and years slip away and the name is still in pencil when Tracy finds it. "Ripsie"; "Tracy"—the penciling seems to make them kin, apart from the others.

"We were truly kin," says Mrs. Quin, and it is true that Tracy is like her grandmother in many ways. For instance, both, from the moment they first see it, are enslaved by China Court.

The small Tracy is not as interested in the story of the passionflower as she is in the date over the front door, when Mrs. Quin pushes aside the creeper to show it to her. "Eighteen-forty. That's more than a hundred years ago," she says.

"Yes," says Mrs. Quin.

"And we have been here all that time?"

"The house has never changed hands."

"Hands?" asks Tracy, startled.

"Yes, hands." Hands to direct, to sign letters and write checks for bills, to put a latchkey in the lock and bolt the doors at night. There are younger, slimmer hands that embroider, and do the flowers, play the piano, cut the pages of novels, sketch. There are small hands, very often dirty, that pry and poke, into cupboards, workbaskets, jam pots; make mud pies and cut out paper dolls; play cat's cradle and marbles. There are humbler, deft hands that sweep and dust, wash china and clothes and linen; iron, mend, sew, cook, bake, make fires and beds, dig, wash the motorcar, mow the lawn. "But all our hands," says Mrs. Quin.

"All belonging," and Tracy gives a sigh of content.

In her short life she has been rattled around "unmercifully," says Mrs. Quin, first in the wake of her father, Stace, in the army, which meant India, Egypt, back to England. Then in the war Barbara takes Tracy swiftly to America and Connecticut, her home. Barbara divorces Stace and gets her first part in films and grows ambitious. She and Tracy go to Beverly Hills, with changes to hotels or rooms in Bel Air, Santa Monica or Los Angeles as their fortunes vary. "Sleeping in so many different beds," says Tracy; getting to know people, friends and servants, and then losing them; leaving pets behind, gardens, schools. At China Court she sinks with bliss into an ordinary humdrum child life, but three years later Barbara comes to England with a strange man. Tracy knows what that means. "And he lives in America," she says in horror. It is not that she does not like America, but it is not China Court.

Tracy, like Ripsie, is wary of grown people, but she has learned that Mrs. Quin is safe and she decides to sound her. "Can I have another father?"

The question jolts Mrs. Quin. Stace seems to have been dead such a little while, but, *I is nearly four years, and anyway they were divorced*, thinks Mrs. Quin and she answers evenly, "You can have stepfathers, but only one real father and mother."

"And one grandmother?"

"You can have two." With a pang Mrs. Quin has to acknowledge that other and American grandmother. "Two, but you can't change them either."

Tracy gives another sigh. "I shall stay here forever," she says, but she is a child and children can be taken away.

When, that last day, the time comes for Barbara to take Tracy from her grandmother, Tracy clings to her with eyes shut. It is Mrs. Quin who bends down and gently unloosens her hands. "Listen," she says and Tracy, who on countless occasions these last three years has listened to story after story, all the tales and happenings, opens her eyes and listens.

"You will come back," says Mrs. Quin.

Tracy nods—she trusts her grandmother—but her eyes still stream with tears and her face is white and swollen with grief.

Mrs. Quin takes one of the pair of big front-door keys from its place on the hook

> The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention.
>
> STERNE

and puts it into Tracy's hand. "Here is the key."

Her voice is so matter-of-fact that it seems as if Tracy were coming back tomorrow, but the years pass and the gap between America and China Court widens. Soon, for Mrs. Quin, Tracy, Stace and Borowis slide into one.

Is it Borowis or Stace who has the glossy little hunter, Mirabelle? She seems to remember John Henry's complaint: "I never had a hunter"; but did he say it of Stace or of Borowis? And that small figure, flying up the drive above the scudding legs in blue dungarees. "Is it Tracy?" asks Mrs. Quin. It must be Tracy, and yet it could be one of Tracy's children. "Because I believe it goes on."

No one else believes that. "It has had its day," pronounces Walter. "It is time it went," until Mrs. Quin is driven to answer: "Walter, I think you should remember the apricot tree."

When Bella marries Walter as a young captain he has, as a hobby, just completed a correspondence course in agriculture and fruit growing. "When he finishes his service we shall go in for apples," says Bella and she brings him to China Court to advise on the orchard.

"I don't need advice," says Mrs. Quin. "I understand the orchard," but Bella brings him.

The young Walter spends the morning appraising the trees and then takes Mrs. Quin round, telling her of his findings. This apple has canker; this pear, pear midge. "*Contarinia, pyrivora*," says Walter, and Mrs. Quin listens in a silence that even Bella begins to sense is ominous.

Finally they come to the apricot on the south wall, an espaliered tree, mottled and spreading thirty feet wide, buttressed with iron hoops. "One of the oldest in the country," says Mrs. Quin.

"Kept for sentimental reasons?" suggested Walter.

"Kept for fruit," says Mrs. Quin. She says nothing more but listens while Walter tells her what is wrong with it.

"It is time it went," says Walter. And he shows her. "It has mildew. It might even be

JUNG IN KWAN'S TOTAL ASSETS

A discarded hat—a man's ragged suit—a look of hunger. These are all that 10-year-old Jung In Kwan has in the world.

Father and mother living? Jung In Kwan's father was killed in an avalanche. His mother died in a dynamite blast. He is alone.

Visible means of support? Well, Jung In Kwan does have a job of sorts. It is begging for food scraps to fill his gnawing stomach.

Any references? Yes, Jung In Kwan can refer you to several thousand orphans on the streets of Seoul. They are in the same business. They can tell you about his experience in aching hunger—lonely nights—frost-bitten hands and feet. They can tell you of closed doors—indifferent crowds—dying friends.

Prospects for the future? Almost certain death for Jung In Kwan and many of his friends. Unless—unless a friendly hand sends help. One can "adopt" such a boy or girl by sending $10 a month to the Christian Children's Fund. This opens a door to one of the 91 CCF-affiliated orphanages in Korea. Such support lets in a hungry child. Indeed, any gift, large or small, from an American heart and pocket can save the life of a little boy or girl.

The cake Jung In Kwan is eating was given to him by a CCF worker who later admitted him to a CCF orphanage school. He no longer will be one of the unhappy half of the world's children. For every other child in the world goes to bed hungry every night. Communism's strongest ally is hunger. While most of us worry about excess weight, children starve because of the lack of a couple of pennies' worth of rice.

The cost of an "adoption" is the same in any of the countries listed.



Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 391 affiliated orphanage schools in 41 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 34,000 children. It serves 30 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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erleaf, *Stereum purpureum*," he says sol-nly.

'I thought that attacked plums, not apri-s," says Mrs. Quin, but Walter sweeps on. 'The wood here"—he taps the trunk—"is rmy. Yes, it has had its day. It's a mistake keep these old trees. The yield grows less, fruit gets bitter and small."

That is twenty years ago. Mrs. Quin still 's nothing, but every year she sends Walter asket of large, sweet apricots.

'What be 'ee goin' do now?" Mrs. Abel ed Cecily.

'Make cakes," and presently through the use crept the warm and living smell of cing: of Cecily's drop scones; of yeast in a wl set in the fender with a cloth over it; of fruit bread and, pungent, of saffron cake.

'They will expect that," said Cecily. "Saf-n cake and clotted cream. They don't have e to make homemade things, poor souls."

'Will 'em all come?" asked Mrs. Abel as and Cecily were drinking tea at the chen table. Cecily nodded, but the nod was rt.

'If Miss Bella and Mr. Walter takes over house I suppose you 'ud be stayin'?" said s. Abel for mischief.

'Not for all the tea in China," said Cecily. ella's all right," she added. "Her bark's rse than her bite, but Mr. Walter!" Then cily's face hardened, which was the only y she could contain her grief. "The house n't be taken over. It will be sold."

'Not for all the tea in China," is one of cily's favorite expressions and it is odd that should use it, for it is, in a way, the tea in ina that builds China Court. Great-Uncle cLeod, "who began it all," says Mrs. Quin, kes a fortune in the China-tea run and, ugh Eustace is only his nephew, it amuses cLeod to buy property in the village where began. He builds China Court as a wedding sent for Eustace and Adza.

The portrait over the fireplace in the hall is Great-Uncle McLeod. There has always n a rumor in the village that he has gypsy od and this, with the gossip that he is in lity Eustace's father, might explain the gnificent and unexpected darkness of the youngest of Eustace's brood, Jared and maris, though they do not look gypsy but if there were a strain, from some sailor haps, darker than Cornish, a Venetian or niard. It is only a rumor and certainly the Idle-aged man in the portrait is very much Englishman, portly, with pale brown hair, er blue eyes, a long nose and a floridly red nplexion.

The house is not named for the tea clippers, from the fact that the day the roof goes on lso the day Eustace, following in his uncle's tsteps in making money, buys the china-y works at Canverisk. "Better call it China use," he says, but to Adza, his little bride, house is more impressive than any she has ever imagined. "Not China House, China *Court*," says Adza.

It has a courtyard, where the kitchen-and-nursery wing makes an L, but the house is decidedly not a court. It is middle-sized, built on the edge of the Cornish moors. The house is quiet, domestic, but one has only to hear the wind in the chimneys to know how near and rough the moor wildness is. "Quite a lot of us that were brought up here are a little wild," says Mrs. Quin. "A little queer."

"Believe me," said Cecily to Mrs. Abel now, putting down her cup. "She knew something was going to happen."

"Mrs. Quin?"

"Mrs. Quin." Cecily was solemn. The tea was so black and strong that it gave the drinker a knockback almost like spirits. This was the fourth pot Cecily and Mrs. Abel had drunk since the morning and, with it and her tiredness and shock, Cecily felt what she called "out of herself." "I have been turning it over in my mind," said Cecily. "Yesterday she was excited."

"Mrs. Quin was?"

"Yes, and glad. It was as if somebody was coming."

"Do 'ee think her knawed her was goin' die?" asked Mrs. Abel. "Some folks do, y'knaw. I mind ——" But Cecily cut her short.

"It wasn't dying she was thinking about, it was living. She was at me to spit and polish the house. She did all the flowers. Somebody's coming. I'm sure of it," but nobody came. "Except the ones who would come," said Cecily.

There were many of them. August was kept busy, frantically barking and running first to one door, then another. Dr. Taft came again, then the vicar, while all day there was a trickle of people to the back door: women carrying a basket, or a plate covered with a napkin. It was odd that Mrs. Quin, who had done less in the village than any other lady of China Court, should be the one St. Probus loves, perhaps the first it really accepts.

The flowers began to heap up in the tubs Cecily put for them and in the afternoon telegrams began to come. "But no one will be here until tomorrow," she told Mrs. Abel. "Bella and Walter have to come down from Worcestershire. The others are on holiday in Oban. That's Scotland, isn't it?"

The second Grace was working in London, and could not get away until tomorrow. "They will all bring their husbands. That means getting all the rooms ready," said Cecily.

Mrs. Abel helped her with the beds. The sheets were linen but old now, and thin. The blankets were old, too, washed thin, almost cottony, and some of the towels were rubbed through. For years there had not been so many rooms used and Cecily had to send for cakes of soap to put in the soap dishes on the old-fashioned marble-topped washing stands. She filled the jugs with clean water.

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BRUCE GOULD, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of August, 1960.

WILLIAM C. ZIMMERMANN, Notary Public,

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(My commission expires February 3, 1961.)

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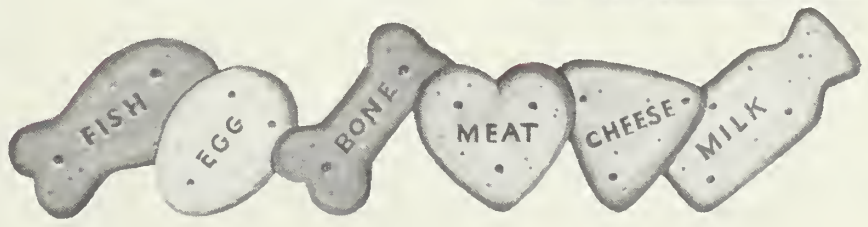


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It was late afternoon when they reached the White Room. "But I have done that," said Cecily. "It was got ready yesterday, before ——" She broke off, not trusting her voice.

The White Room by tradition belongs to the girls of the family. With its white-and-pink dotted wallpaper, white muslin curtains, flowered rugs and its low mahogany furniture, the White Room looks like a girl's bedroom in a book. No man or boy or married woman has ever slept in it. It is kept for girls and now, when Cecily and Mrs. Abel went in, they saw something that was not there when Cecily cleaned it yesterday: a vase of pink Damascus roses, twin of the ones she had put by Mrs. Quin. "She put it there," whispered Cecily.

Cecily always knows Mrs. Quin's rating of people by the flowers she gives them. She gives plenty; no visitor ever leaves China Court without a bouquet. Flowers are always put in Bella's or the Graces' rooms when any of them come to visit, "but only the ordinary kinds of roses," says Cecily, "or sweet peas, or anemones or snowdrops." Mrs. Quin is careful of her pearls.

Once, when Cecily is ill, Mrs. Quin gives her a bunch of these same roses and Cecily has known her to take them up to the churchyard for Damaris, but they were for nobody else, thought Cecily.

Now, for a moment, she stayed looking at them. Then she pushed Mrs. Abel out and closed the door. The room seemed suddenly private. *I can put a Grace and her Tom into the night nursery*, she said. *Or they can split up and go into the Porch Room and the Yellow, but I don't think they should come in here. Especially not Bella*, she added. *No. I won't let Bella and her questions in here.*

It was late when Peter came from the farm, down through its field to the river, across the bridge and up the valley path. He had been threshing since dawn—and two men short on the thresher. It was booked to go on to Glentyre so that Penbarrow had had to finish in one day. Peter's clothes smelled of oil and dust. There was chaff in his hair and down his neck. The throbbing noise of the thresher and the worry of its cost seemed locked into his head. He ached with tiredness and such sadness as he had never known for his old friend, Mrs. Quin.

"I have no father and mother now, thank you," says Peter when he first meets Mrs. Quin again and she talks of Lord and Lady St. Omer. "No relations, thank you, no friends," but he and Mrs. Quin grow steadily through all the stages until it is almost "mother and another son," says Mrs. Quin.

Peter comes up the drive one summer day to try and buy the *famille* rose. "I used to come here and see you sometimes when we lived at Tremellen," he says.

"I remember," says Mrs. Quin.

"And sometimes when you didn't see me," says Peter. "I was poaching." He has a smile that he has been told is charming. It does not charm Mrs. Quin.

"I remember that too," she says. "You tried to sell me a salmon out of your own father's river, you and that old rogue, Jim Nest. How did you get caught up with him?"

"I liked him better than my father."

"So did I," says Mrs. Quin. "And now you want to poach my china."

"Yes." Peter tries to be unabashed, but he does not say it with zest. "I thought you had some pretty nice things," he says. "And I'm down here poaching. I hoped the natives might not know the values."

"Including this native," says Mrs. Quin. "We're Cornish. If anyone is done, it won't be us."

"I'm Cornish too," says Peter.

"Then what are you thinking of?"

"It is no use thinking," says Peter severely.

Mrs. Quin is normally not much interested in people and it is only the severity that makes her look at this young man with more attention. Peter's face is more than thin, it is haggard; surely young people ought not to be haggard? She can see no reason for it. There is no depression now, no war. His fingers are yellow from cigarettes, his skin yellow, too, but yellow white, and his breath smells of drink. His clothes are worn thin, even frayed—she glances at his cuffs. "When you used to come here, you were going to be a farmer. Why weren't you?" she demands.

At once there is another look in his eyes. Then it is promptly throttled and his voice is as carefully light as before as he says, "Why wasn't I? Laziness? All my tribe are in London, haunting the more dubious professions. We are broke, you see. Really broke, even our consciences and our guts."

"I'm sorry," says Mrs. Quin.

"Don't be. It's quite peaceful; more, it's miraculous. What do we do for a living?" his voice mocks. "Almost nothing, yet we still live."

"Nonsense," says Mrs. Quin.

"There wasn't any money for training," he says quietly. "None of us has any brains. And we were brought up to be useless. The old man is wise in his ugly fashion. He has quarreled with us all so that he is quite justified in keeping what he has for himself." Then Peter says, as if in spite of himself, "I did farm a bit, at Tremellen, on the home farm, but father wouldn't let me keep it to try. Probably he couldn't let me. We were thick in mortgages fallen due, like a melodrama. I had to let it go."

"You could have tried somewhere else."

"Where?" asks Peter. "We left a nice little trail behind us: bills not paid, repairs not done, cottages falling to pieces, cases against us. Ask your Walter. He will tell you, and he's always right. No one in their senses would trust one of us with a dog kennel, let alone a farm."

"No one in their senses," agrees Mrs. Quin and she offers him Penbarrow.

"That scallywag and Penbarrow!" says Walter when he hears what she has done.

"Why not?" asks Mrs. Quin.

"Quite apart from being a St. Omer ——"

"He has quarreled with them," says Mrs. Quin serenely.

"There you are. It makes it even more unsuitable. A St. Omer; and he was trying to swindle antiques ——"

"He was never successful," says Mrs. Quin. "His heart wasn't in it."

"Trying to swindle," says Walter firmly, and "I'm quite sure he knows nothing at all about farming."

It must be said that Walter has cause for alarm. It did not seem likely that any young man, notoriously lazy and irresponsible, could take over a run-down farm and make it pay.

"Well, I didn't believe it either," said Peter. "It hasn't paid yet, but it will," and, "How could you die?" he wanted to cry now to Mrs. Quin. It seemed to him unpardonable. "I was going to surprise you," said Peter. He had harvested his real crop, built his first hayricks, and at long last started his herd. Tonight or tomorrow his first calf would be born, and he had planned to give it to Mrs. Quin.

He looked across the garden to the house. He could see starshine faint on the roof, catch a murmur of life from Cecily's guinea fowls in the tree in the kitchen garden where they roosted at night; but it was only the ghost of a murmur, the dark windows of the house gave their own message.

China Court will be sold, thought Peter. He could not imagine Bella or Walter living there, nor their echoes, the three Graces with their Tom, Dick and Harrys. There would be a sale; strangers would flood in as they had at Tremellen, to handle and pick over, assess furniture, pictures and china; it would all go: the private things, the flowers, even the cat. Then the house would be sold, though who would buy it he did not know. With a shock, he saw what he had not realized until this moment: he was finished too. With the house, the farm would be sold. Bella and Walter would certainly not have him as a tenant. The knell that had rung for Mrs. Quin had rung for them all.

It was then that he saw the lamp. He had not noticed it before, it was so small. Small but steady. It shone in one of the upper rooms—and for a moment Peter's heart

leaped with shock—in Mrs. Quin's room. Then he knew the reason: someone was watching.

I never thought of watching, thought Peter. If he had, it would have seemed to him something remote from himself, old-fashioned, superstitious. But now he knew it was like China Court itself, fitting and faithful.

He wondered if he should go in, take turn. It was, of course, Cecily who watched, but he remembered he was not free. There was, after all, another kind of watching, of keeping faith. That calf might be born tonight. *Her calf*, thought Peter.

For a moment he stayed. Then, absurdly heartened—absurdly because nothing was changed—he swung back down the path.

Cecily had fallen asleep. She had meant to watch, but the constant stream of people, the baking and getting the rooms ready had made her more tired than she knew. *And Mrs. Quin would want me to sleep if I was tired.* Toward dawn she had grown cold and crept out and fetched a blanket to put over her knees and feet. She put one over Mrs. Quin too. *Silly or not, I felt I had to*, said Cecily. *I can take it off before they see it.*

"You are not afraid to stay alone?" Mrs. Abel had asked, but no more than Mrs. Quin was Cecily alone.

The Quins have always been good faithful employers and they have good faithful servants—almost always; it could have been said, "There was Ann Sly."

Ann Sly is second housemaid in Lady Patrick's time. Lady Patrick quite genuinely does not notice servants: for her they are part of the necessary furniture of a house. She would be surprised to know that they have feelings and if she wants a handkerchief or a glass of water in the middle of the night, she rings, but as Ann Sly goes about her work, curiously Lady Patrick has to look at her, and Ann Sly looks back, her black eyes hard and bold as marbles.

Ann Sly is well named, but faithfulness is more usual. Polly, for instance, comes as nursemaid to Mary and Eliza, and stays until she is nearly ninety. She is not Cornish, but no one remembers where she came from nor if she has a family of her own because she seems part of the Quins. And not one of them knows, least of all Polly, how much they love and depend on her; all the Brood: Mary, Eliza, Anne, Little Eustace—until he dies—McLeod the Second, Jared and Damaris. Borowis and John Henry love Polly, too, but she is not such a power with them.

"And how I dreaded her," says Mrs. Quin. She dreads McCann, too, when McCann comes to look after Stace.

Among the servants there is, too, the elegant parlormaid, Pringle, who first forbids Ripsie the house, Pringle and after her Paget. There is Hester, the upper housemaid, unfairly dismissed, and the little Alice, Tracy's nursemaid, not very much older than Tracy herself. Many village girls and boys take service at China Court. "We had knife boys then," says Cecily, "and stable boys and laundrymaids. We used to be seven in the house and two men and a boy outside."

When Cecily first comes, at fourteen, she has to be downstairs before six to light the fire for the morning baths. On Wednesdays she has to black-lead the big range, polishing the steel, and every day, when she has carried in the coals, she goes down on her hands and knees and scrubs the stones round it. "Lily white, they had to be," says Cecily often, telling of this. There had been no young kitchenmaid to do that for years and yet the stones still showed whiter than the rest.

Now Cecily slept and nothing stirred. No windows were open, except Mrs. Quin's; the front and back doors were locked. Moses, the cat, slept in the kitchen armchair. Cecily had prevailed on Groundsel to take August home for the night. "He's driving me mad with his panics," she said.

It was Moses who lifted his head when he heard the sound of a car, then the steps on the drive. The steps were so light that they did not wake Cecily. They came up to the front door and there was the sound of a key put in the lock and turned, though slowly as if it were not accustomed to being used.

Now the new light steps ceased, as if somebody stood in the hall and listened. There was a long pause, then lightly they ran up the stairs, crossed the landing, and knocked at Mrs. Quin's door.

That soft knock woke Cecily. Half asleep, she mumbled, "Come in." Then, like a dog on guard, in a flash she was wide awake. *There is no one in the house. No one!* Cecily remembered. *No one could get in. No one had the key.*

HELP!

By JANET HENRY

My modern "conveniences" have
me dismayed,
And many times quite close to
panic.
I'm saying good-by to my once-a-
week maid
And hiring a full-time mechanic.

Her legs were suddenly cold, and her hands cold, too, as they gripped the chair. Her hair felt as if it crept on her scalp.

The soft knock came again, but Cecily's throat was dry and she could not speak. The handle turned and, slowly, the door opened.

There was another pause. Then startled young eyes met hers. They looked and Cecily half rose from her chair. "So that was who — –" began Cecily. "So that —— It is, it is, isn't it?" She was still not certain. Then, "It is," more positively, and "Tracy!" cried Cecily. "Tracy!"

Peter brought up the milk. He was still swollen-eyed and lightheaded with tiredness and want of sleep but he had bathed, shaved and put on clean clothes. "I want to pay my respects," he might have said. "My very profound respects." On top of the milk can was a bunch of clover. He had picked it because the cow, Clover, had calved in the night. *Night! Two o'clock this morning*, thought Peter. Though he could not help feeling happiness and relief about the calf, in his heart was the same unbearable ache of loneliness.

As he and Mrs. Quin had hoped, it was a heifer calf. There would be seven in the herd now. That was not all; the threshing yesterday had yielded an average of one and a half tons of wheat for every acre. "Not bad," said Peter. He would have to sell his wheat, as he had no room to store, but he would keep the straw. Yesterday at this time there was only promise; today this augmentation. *I must be more than two hundred pounds richer*, thought Peter, and again it was not only that: the corn and the calf were proof of his work and planning. *And I was quite wise*, thought Peter, surprised—the planning and the work of every day.

In spite of his sadness, of knowing what must happen, those two words "every day" seemed that morning to Peter the most beautiful in the world—heartlessly beautiful when he thought that, for Mrs. Quin, these were not every days but the last. *Tomorrow, or the next day perhaps, they will bury her*, thought Peter. He could not believe it. The marigolds along the kitchen-garden path brushed dew on his gaiters. The sun shone on the dew, drawing out sparkle, throwing long shadows; he had never seen the garden look more alive. *Heartlessly alive*, thought Peter. It should have been gray, shrouded for this last day. That was written now in capitals in his mind: "Last Day." But smoke was going up from one of the chimneys; the kitchen fire was lit. It was like a calm message from the house; last days, too, are every day, said the message.

Anyone walking up from the China Court kitchen garden to the house in high summer must come upon the sweet peas behind the low wall, a thick hedge of them: whites and creams, limpid pinks and mauves, queer hot-looking



purples, magenta with white threads, salmon pink, deep-smelling wine. It is Mrs. Quin's habit to pick them in the evening when it is cool, and every night in August a bunch sits in a pail on the path to catch the dew.

Now Peter stopped bewildered; the pail was in front of him. *But . . . they have been picked,* he thought.

He smelled them, going down on one knee. Then he brushed the dust from his breeches and went to the house and round to the kitchen, treading on the grass so as not to disturb the quiet, then stopped short in the doorway.

"If he had seen me at any other time he would never have liked me," said Tracy afterward. "He wouldn't have let himself like me." And it was true that he would not have spoken to her if he had seen her as she had first appeared to Cecily that morning. In her traveling suit and matching coat she would have been like any of the girls in the world he had run away from—St. Omerland he called it now—and instinctively he would have run away from her too. But she had tied one of Cecily's aprons round herself and was getting breakfast—"Helping Cecily," as she would have said twelve years before. She was standing at the table slicing bread, too absorbed to see him. Behind her the range was well alight, making the gentle rushing sound of a fire drawing well up the chimney. There was a smell of breakfast, and Peter felt almost faint, remembering the mug of coffee, half warmed and full of grits, that he had snatched before milking. The smell that assailed him now was of coffee, fresh and hot, of milk simmering, of bacon and fresh toast, of warmed china. "It wasn't fair," said Peter afterward.

To Bella, China Court's kitchen has no charm at all, it is simply old-fashioned, muddled and deplorably cumbersome. The Eagle range has an array of plates, a spit and two vast ovens, the second used for warming china and drying kindling. Cuckoo, the little cat, always tries to have her kittens there.

The dresser is on the same scale and holds sizes of dolphin-handled dish covers, copper molds, japanned trays and china, while its drawers are always bursting with mysterious odds and ends, and there is an untidy pile of recipe books on its bottom shelf. The table is scrubbed white and has a coffee grinder fixed to one end. The floor is stone-flagged with a rag rug on the hearth and there are always plants on the window sills, geraniums now.

Altogether it is a warm, comfortable, spice-smelling place and to Peter it seemed to emphasize his emptiness and loneliness. He watched almost yearningly as Tracy put the fresh-cut bread ready for more toast and turned the bacon. *Who is she?* wondered Peter. *Someone I don't know from the village? A friend of one of the younger Quins?* But then she went to the dresser, opened a drawer and took out a tablecloth—*as if she belongs here,* thought Peter.

She must have sensed that somebody was there and thought it was Cecily because she said, over her shoulder, "Shall we have breakfast here in the kitchen?" Before Peter had time to think, "Please," he had said. "Yes, please," and Tracy jumped and turned around.

Always, afterward, she remembered that first glimpse of a young man gazing at her with such warm approval that it warmed her too. He was smiling at her, but as she smiled back the gaze was abruptly withdrawn. "I beg your pardon," he said stiffly. "Of course you were not speaking to me."

From the village! This unknown girl was looking at him with eyes that were completely familiar, the unmistakable gray-green eyes that were Mrs. Quin's but looking at him now from a girl's face. Young and wan as if it were tired—and shocked, thought Peter—dark-shadowed under the eyes and streaked with tearstains. The village! This girl was a Quin.

It was uncommon for Tracy to smile at strangers, however approving, but she was in a state of shock, a turmoil of unhappiness for Mrs. Quin, and happiness because nothing could gainsay the fact that she was back at China Court. Altogether she, like Cecily, was quite out of herself. She had forgotten to put on the polite defensive mask she usually clamped over her too childish face and now she smiled warmly at Peter. "Are you the milk?" she asked.

He did not look like a milkman, this tall young man in the shabby whipcord breeches and checked shirt. He was looking at her as if he were displeased and he said stiffly, even accusingly, "It was you who picked the sweet peas."

Tracy would normally have been routed at once, but when one defensive person meets another they recognize each other, *like prisoners,* thought Tracy. Peter's defensiveness only calmed her, so she answered, "Yes, I picked them. I used to do that with Gran, and Cecily wanted them."

If I had stayed in St. Omerland, Peter was thinking, *I should have met girls like this on equal terms. It doesn't matter how rotten you are,* he thought savagely, *if you have the trimmings.* What trimmings had he? *A few cows and stock, a crop of wheat, some silver cups and books in a tumble-down farmhouse that isn't even mine. I had better go,* he thought, and put the can on the table. "Yes, I'm the milk," he said abruptly.

"But you must have a name?" Tracy was still calm.

"Peter St. Omer."

"St. O—— There was a Lord St. Omer here. I remember him. Then are you ——"

"I'm the farmer at Penbarrow."

"But it was Mr. ——" She broke off. "Of course, that was twelve years ago." She lifted her eyes to look at him again. "I'm Tracy Quin," she said.

"Tracy? *The* Tracy?" asked Peter, interested in spite of himself. "But you were a little girl."

"I was twelve years ago," said Tracy sadly and she cried, "Oh! How could I have stayed away so long?"

"You seem to have managed it for twelve years." Peter was cold again, but she did not appear to notice.

"I let them keep me, let them order me about," she said, more to herself than to him. "I don't think it occurred to me that I could order myself. And all this time I was quite close, in Rome. Why, I have been there nearly two years." Her eyes were filling with tears, but Peter refused to sympathize.

"You must speak Italian very nicely," he said coldly.

"No. I'm not good at talking to people. I think altogether I was wasting my time. Then Gran wrote to me, but to America. They sent the letter on, too late." She stopped, looking down at the table, trying to hold back her tears. "Oh! I came as fast as I could," cried Tracy. "I thought I would surprise her. I came straight from London. I had to stay the night in Exeter, but I didn't leave the station and caught the first train." The words tumbled out pell-mell. "It was a funny little milk train to Camelford and the stationmaster there woke up a taximan."

"There's a perfectly good night train from Paddington that puts you out at Liskeard." Why was he so unsympathetic and terse? But Tracy was often terse herself and once again it had the effect of making her calm. She was able to lift her head and look at him squarely. She had not seen coloring like his before and the red hair, skin brown as a Mexican's, made her feel like a wraith in her paleness. His eyes were brown too. Not easy eyes and not friendly. "Please tell Cecily," he said, "I brought three pints extra for the Hoard."

"The Hoard?"

"I'm sorry. That was rude of me. It's my name for Mrs. Scrymgeour, Bella, and the others, your uncles and aunts."

"You know them?"

"I know them." He said no more than that but his briefness told Tracy what he did not say. "Tell me about them," she wanted to say, but she could hardly ask questions about her own relatives from someone so obviously hostile. Instead she put out her hand and touched the bunch of clover on the can. "You brought these for Gran?"

The edge went out of his voice—and out of his face—as he said, "The cow she gave me, Clover, had a calf last night."

"A calf?" Tracy sounded as pleased and interested as Mrs. Quin herself would have been.

"It's our first," Peter volunteered. He had to tell somebody.

"But you have other cows as well?"

"We had Clover, Buttercup and Daisy, Poppy, Pimpernel, Parsley, the beginnings of a real Jersey herd," said Peter. Then the edge came back abruptly. "But that's no use now."

"Why is it no use?"

"Because"—Peter said it as lightly as he could—"tomorrow or the next day, as soon as they read the will, my farm will probably belong to your Aunt Bella."

"To Aunt Bella?" Tracy looked startled. "And China Court? The house?" she asked.

"The house, too, I expect."

"What will she do with it?"

"Sell it, I suppose. If she can."

"*Sell it.* But she can't!"

"She can and she will. Bella and Walter or one of the others," said Peter. "It makes no difference. It will be sold, broken up. I'm sorry," he said as he saw the tears really spill over now. "I'm sorry, but it will."

"Gran wouldn't have let them," Tracy whispered because she could not trust herself to speak. She bent her head so that the sides of her hair swung forward and he could not see her face, but a sob shook her, then another. Peter did not go away at once as ten minutes ago he would have done; instead he felt an answering uncomfortable tightening in his throat and, *Thank God Cecily came in then,* thought Peter.

Cecily came in and looked at them, but all she said was, "Peter, you had better have some breakfast," and "Tracy! Are you letting that bacon burn?"

(To Be Continued)

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGES 62, 63, 64 AND 65

Holiday Debuts



Vogue Design No. 4140. One-piece dress jacket and stole; 10–16 (31–36); $1.50. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 50″ fabric with nap and 1⅛ yards of 3″ fur banding, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 4170. One-piece dress, bolero and petticoat; Misses 10–16 (31–36) and Junior Miss 9–15 (30½–35); $1.50. Satin version requires 4⅛ yards of 50″ fabric with nap for dress and 1¼ yards of 35″ lace with one scalloped edge for bodice veiling. Point d'esprit version requires 10½ yards of 66″ fabric without nap (skirt cut crosswise) and 3½ yards of 1″ ribbon. All measurements for size 14.



Vogue Design No. 4183. One-piece dress; Misses 10–16 (31–36) and Junior Miss 11–13 (31½–33); $1.50. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 50″ fabric with nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 4175. One-piece dress; Misses 10–18 (31–38) and Junior Miss 9–15 (30½–35); $1.50. Version shown requires 3⅞ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.





Vogue Design No. 4181. One-piece dress and cummerbund; Misses 10–16 (31–36) and Junior Miss 9–11 (30½–31½); $1.50. Version shown requires 2⅞ yards of 50″ fabric with nap for skirt and ¾ yard of 35″ lace without nap for bodice, and 1 yard of 39″ fabric with or without nap for cummerbund, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spodino Ave., Toronto, Ont. Same prices slightly higher in Canada. (*Calif. and Conn. residents please add sales tax.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10c additional for each pattern ordered.



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FRUIT BONANZA SALAD (Serves 6)

1 No. 2½ can (1 lb. 14 oz.) DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail
1 pkg. (3 oz.) lime-flavored gelatin
2½ to 3 tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise
2 to 4 tablespoons blue cheese
Salt
6 small or 3 large bananas
Salad greens

Drain DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail, saving syrup. Heat 1 cup of this syrup to boiling; pour over gelatin. Stir till dissolved. Add another ½ cup syrup and 1½ tablespoons of the lemon juice. Cool till mixture is syrupy. Blend ½ cup mayonnaise with cheese and blend gelatin mixture gradually into cheese mixture. Beat well. Pour into 6 small (⅓-cup) molds or fill ½-cup molds ⅔ full. Chill till set. Pour the rest of the lemon juice over the drained fruit cocktail; salt lightly; chill. At serving time, peel the bananas and split lengthwise. (Large bananas should be cut in half crosswise also.) Drain lemon juice from fruit cocktail over bananas, coating well. Arrange 2 banana pieces per serving on salad greens with a gelatin mold and fruit cocktail. Serve cold.



Del Monte® Fruit Cocktail

THE LIGHTING OF THE CANDLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

g's and *y*'s with tails like sea serpents, and this had covered quite a lot of the page. He lay back in his chair and looked at the ceiling. A bunch of herbs dangled from an old oak beam within a few inches of his nose and he sniffed appreciatively. Sage. Thyme. Gideon was at this very moment preparing the goose out at the back. His mouth watered. "God have mercy upon me a sinner," he groaned, "for I have too much respect unto my stomach." He leaned forward again and wrote, "Good people, once more we are assembled here upon this feast of Christmas ——"

Now why, Parson Frodsham asked himself, dropping his pen as though it were an adder, did he leave the writing of his sermon until Christmas Eve? And why did he listen to this troublesome conscience of his, insisting that the Christmas, Easter and Whitsun sermons must be written by himself? Upon every other preaching occasion he merely grabbed a tattered book of other men's sermons and preached whatever came to hand. It saved him hours of anguish and sent his tired congregation off to sleep just as well as his own efforts. But somehow on the great festivals he felt that God was asking of him his poor best. His best got worse and worse as the years went on what with his being so fat and old, and so increasingly choleric in temper, and feeling the cold more than he had, but he did try to give it at least on the big days, the great days of God's glory. "—— to adore the Babe of Bethlehem," he wrote, "and receive into our hearts His peace."

Now that was a fine phrase. He'd expressed that very well. He was so pleased with himself that he put his pen down again and rubbed his hands together. After all, he thought, he ought to be able to write good sermons, for he was a literary-minded man. He read a great deal. There were so many piles of books on his study floor that it looked like a forest clearing full of tree stumps, with upon every stump a dirty cup and saucer, mementos of the tea drinking of many days past, the whole covered with a fine coating of dust and cobwebs. Parson Frodsham was a bachelor and his only servant was Gideon the mole catcher, for if there was one thing he hated more than writing sermons it was women. Gideon did not believe in disturbing dust and Parson Frodsham always knew where to find everything. Moleskins were nailed out flat against the beautiful paneling of the room, for Parson Frodsham was as fascinated by the art of mole catching as Gideon was. The two old men were very happy together.

"Good people, let us now consider the angels," wrote Parson Frodsham; not that he wanted to consider them particularly, but he had to say something, and Gaysbarton was named after Gabriel. The angels. What could he say about angels? Their song, now. Where was it? He peered through his spectacles at the torn page of his old Bible and pinned the verse down with a horny forefinger. "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will toward *men*." He wrote it down and his pen, without his volition, made a spluttering but forceful line under the last word. He looked at it, finding himself entirely in agreement with the angels. Drat that woman! Drat the Widow Gascoigne! Gascoigne! What a name! And she liked to be called Madame, Madame Étienne Gascoigne, just because she, a Devonshire woman born and bred and christened Jane Cob in this very church, had married a heathen papist as her second husband. More shame to her! If it was true, as the village said, that her second marriage to please herself had been even more disastrous than her first marriage to please her father, he could only feel it was a judgment on her. Quarrelsome busybody! He was quarrelsome himself, always falling out with somebody, and then asking God to forgive him, but he never asked to be forgiven for quarreling with the Widow Gascoigne, for his war with her was a holy war

Every Christmas she insisted on bringing the Joneys into church and every Christmas he told her to remove them, and every Christmas she quietly refused and, her will being stronger than his, every Christmas she won the battle. But this year, Parson Frodsham told himself, she would *not* win. Roaring softly beneath his breath, he moved his table and chair, himself and his sermon nearer to the window, watching the village green that lay between the Widow Gascoigne's house and the church, so as to pounce on her and bar her passage as she and her sour-faced maid came along with the Joneys. In other years she had always got them into position inside the church without his knowing, and that had increased his difficulties.

Eighty years ago the Widow Gascoigne's grandfather had been appointed the parson of Gaysbarton. He had been a Caroline High-

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churchman and an expert wood carver and he had made figures of Joseph and Mary and the Child, Gabriel and the shepherds, and had put them in the church every Christmas to delight the children, who called them the Joneys, a Devonshire word for any sort of little image. Thirty years later his son, also a High-churchman, had succeeded him and remained at Gaysbarton for forty years, dying there as his father had done, and during all that time the Joneys had come into church every year and had become a part of village tradition. Even during the years of the Commonwealth they had come in, for the village was so remote among its wild hills that authority took little note of what they did in such a tiny place. Ten years ago Parson Frodsham had himself come to Gaysbarton, preceded by a mere two months by Madame Gascoigne, coming home in her widowhood to the place where she had been born, and determined that all things should be carried on at Gaysbarton as they had been in her father's and grandfather's days. Parson Frodsham had determined differently, for he was a Low-churchman, as Low as he could be without falling out at the bottom. The village was indifferent to churchmanship, High or Low, but liked the Joneys. There had been war between Madame Gascoigne and Parson Frodsham from the first.

The old man surveyed the village green, empty at present. It was twelve o'clock of a frosty morning. There had been a light fall of snow during the night, and it sparkled in the sun. Parson Frodsham was not an aesthetically minded man but he did think it all looked very pretty.

A group of small children came running from the direction of the church, rosy-cheeked and merry, and Parson Frodsham smiled benevolently as he watched them. Then clear high voices reached him through the closed but ill-fitting window: "The Joneys have come to church! The Joneys have come!"

He leaped to his feet, just remembered to clap his wig on his head but did not stop to put his cloak on. Gathering his cassock up in both hands, he shot across the green in kangaroo leaps and bounds, for it was just possible that the widow and her maid might still be in the church and he would catch them there. They must have taken the Joneys into church while he was absorbed in a late breakfast.

He was under the lich gate in two strides and across the churchyard in six. He fumbled feebly at the latch of the west door, staggered into the church and collapsed in a pew, so winded that there was no more strength left in him. The church was empty; the widow had gone home long ago. But within a small disused chapel to the right of the chancel he could see the straw-filled manger, and the figures of Mary and Joseph, Gabriel and the shepherds. Behind them, on the small stone altar, the widow had placed a pot of holly and two candles. Every Christmas Day she lit these candles and every Christmas Day Parson Frodsham blew them out again. He looked at the Joneys miserably. It was difficult to take them out when they were arranged there with such loving care, but this year he must do it. The old parson sighed deeply.

Then there slowly came to him the conviction that he had been wrong in thinking he was alone in this church. There was another human presence here. Yet he could see no one; only the Joneys with the soft sea-green light streaming through the south window to illumine their blue and red and green, and Gabriel's golden wings. What was that? Parson Frodsham's heart gave a great lurch, for he saw a minute hand waving above the edge of the manger. He stared, but there was nothing. Of course there was nothing. There it was again, waving to him. He passed his great hand across his eyes and groaned. The tricks that indigestion could play on a man! It was not there when he looked again. Of course not. Yes, it was. Motionless now, blessing him. Not *blessing* him? Yes, blessing him. Stuff and nonsense. Gone now. There was nothing to be seen any more, but a thin angry wailing filled the church.

Parson Frodsham heaved himself to his feet, staggered up the aisle to the little chapel, and stumbled to his knees before the manger. In it, instead of the usual beautiful *bambino*, pink-cheeked and blue-eyed, with golden curls and a seraphic expression, was an extremely ugly baby, its purple face creased up in fury, its fists flailing, bald as an egg, and wrapped up in an old shawl. Parson Frodsham passed through a moment of sheer terror and then he poked it, and found it damp. This, he knew, was invariably the case with babies, and was the chief cause of his objection to them. When he baptized a baby he clutched it, signed it, bawled its name over its head and handed it hastily back to its mother. He was not a baby-minded man. Nevertheless, this one was very new, and if left in the cold church in its damp state would soon freeze into a solid icicle. Murmuring a prayer for strength, he picked it up. Then holding it in the crook of one arm, he bent and looked under the manger. There, lying on the cold stone, was the real *bambino*. He picked that up, too, and put it back in its nest. Then he carried the baby out of the church.

Carrying it through the churchyard, he wondered what on earth he was to do next; but once he reached the village green, the matter was settled for him, for the baby set up a terrific wailing and instantly a window in every cottage surrounding the green was flung wide, including the parlor window of Madame Gascoigne's neat little house, and a female head shot out like a jack-in-the-box. "A baby has been abandoned in the church," he said, and stalked on with great hauteur toward the parsonage, every able-bodied woman in the village at his heels. In his study they steered expertly in and out between the piles of books on the floor, their skirts bunched close to them that they might not upset the cups and saucers. The excitement was intense, for not only was there the baby, but every woman present had for years been longing to get inside the parsonage and get her hands on its disorder, and those who could not get near the baby were even now piling the dirty cups and saucers on top of one another and carrying them out into the kitchen. Parson Frodsham's head went round, he swayed, and the baby was gently taken from him. "I will take care of this child," said a firm, cool voice. "Sit down, Mr. Frodsham. Maria Larkin, get his reverence a glass of brandy. Doubtless you will find it in the cupboard in the dining parlor."

In a moment the glass was in his hands. He flung his head back, tipped it over his nose and gulped once. The woman had put precious little in the glass, but it was enough to restore him to some semblance of his former self, and he was able to get the Widow Gascoigne into focus. She was a woman of perhaps forty-five or so, a pretty woman, small and neat, but the brilliance of her dark eyes and the line of her jaw showed great strength of character. She was dressed in a plain gray gown with a spotless white muslin fichu and a large white mob cap. Under the cap the wings of her dark hair were becomingly touched with gray at the temples. The baby was in her arms. "I will take charge of this child," she repeated.

There was an ominous murmur, and Parson Frodsham understood that every woman in the room considered the baby to be hers by right. He heaved himself to his feet, waved his hand for silence and said, "Madame Gascoigne, as granddaughter and daughter of former pastors of this place, has charge of this baby. It is her right."

Before he could withdraw his hand it was seized. He looked down and saw that a minute fist had closed about his forefinger with a grip of iron. The baby had opened its eyes and it appeared to Parson Frodsham that they looked straight into his, and the grip tightened as though in the fellowship of profound dismay. Was this life? All these women surging about a man? Men must hold together or be lost.

"He's a fine boy," said Parson Frodsham hoarsely.

"I believe him to be a girl," said the Widow Gascoigne tartly.

"A boy," said Parson Frodsham with conviction, and then, strengthened by the friendly sympathy of that grip, he raised his voice and said, "Ladies, now that this matter is settled I should be grateful if the use of my study might be restored to me. I have my sermon to write. Good morning to ye."

Gideon, who had been skulking in the larder until the tyranny should be overpast, shut the front door on the last rustling petticoat. It was now found to be dinnertime. Parson Frodsham took a very long time over his dinner, so exhausted was he and so sadly in need of nourishment. Then, to get himself into the right frame of mind for tackling his sermon again, he helped Gideon skin some moles. When that was over a fiery sunset was burning itself out into a luminous green twilight. But Parson Frodsham did not at once turn to his sermon because an insistent question had been slowly rising to the surface of his mind. Where was the mother of this child? Deep down in him, overlaid by age and fat and weariness, but in him, there was a true priest. He would, in the last resort, have given his life to save a soul. The child's mother might be a hardened and wicked woman, or she might be a weak and giddy young girl, but in either case she was a soul in danger, and where was she?

Parson Frodsham ate a couple of slices of plumcake to give him strength and said, "Gideon, I'm going out." Then he put on his cloak, lit his lantern and walked slowly and heavily down to the church. The moon was rising and a few stars were showing. Presently they would be brilliant in the clear frosty air, just as they should be on Christmas Eve. He went into the church and sat down, his large

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

hands spread out on his knees, his lantern set on the stone floor near him. Its light glowed softly on the glorious carved pew ends, and there was a faint glimmer of moony light in the windows, but the rest of the great church was lost in deep shadow. Parson Frodsham could hardly be called a prayer-minded man, but whenever he was in a dilemma he came and sat in the church like this, his hands spread on his knees, and then his muddled mind began to clear. Now what, he asked himself after a while, had been the thoughts of this poor woman? Could he think of a similar case? He racked his brains but could only think of Moses in his rush basket. What had a woman done then? Hidden herself and watched, he remembered, until she saw the child taken to safety. In that case, he thought, the woman would have gone away after she had seen him rescue the child. Or would she wait until it was dark?

Parson Frodsham picked up his lantern and began a thorough search, unaware that the noise he was making falling over the hassocks was more than enough to warn any stowaway of his purpose. He looked under the seats and behind the altar. He looked in the pulpit and behind the brooms in the corner, but there was no one there. He was just about to go away again when he bethought him of the little vestry. The door was shut, but he pushed it open and went in. It was a small place, furnished with a cupboard, a table and a chair. The chair was a large one, for it was one of his own brought down from the parsonage. Curled up in it was a child asleep. She had kicked off her shoes and they lay on the floor. Her hood had fallen back from her head and her dark hair lay on her shoulders. He bent over her, but she was so deeply asleep that she did not stir. Long dark eyelashes lay in pools of shadow on her cheeks. Her lips were parted and the breath came evenly and sweetly between them. Her small nose had a dusting of freckles on it. But she was evidently dreadfully tired. *Poor child*, thought Parson Frodsham, *poor child*, and forgot all about the reprobate mother for whom he was looking. He set the lantern on the table, put his hand on her shoulder and shook her gently and she awoke with a cry.

"There! There!" said Parson Frodsham, patting her shoulder. "There's nought for a little maid to be afraid of."

"Thomas!" she said, for she was only half awake.

"Who's he?" asked Parson Frodsham.

"My baby," she said, and thrusting her feet out from beneath her cloak she began feeling about for her shoes.

"*Your* baby?" ejaculated Parson Frodsham. "A little maid like you can't have a baby."

"I'm sixteen," she said petulantly. "Where's Thomas? I can't remember where I put him."

"In the manger," said Parson Frodsham dryly, "and I think you be a naughty little maid."

She was fully awake now and she began to weep. "It was because of Moses," she sobbed.

"I thought as much," said Parson Frodsham, and then he repented him that he had spoken dryly and made her cry. "There, there, child, put your shoes on. How are we to think what's to do next if you have no shoes on?"

Groaning, he bent and picked up her shoes. She held out her feet, very small feet in worsted stockings full of holes, and he put her shoes on them. They were icy cold to his touch, through the holes. It struck him, as with Thomas, that the first thing he had to do was to remove this child from the chill of the church before it froze.

"Come with me, maid," he said. "We'll get some hot milk inside you, and warm your feet at the fire, and then we'll see."

She came with him meekly enough, dragging her feet wearily as they crossed the village green, her sobs subsiding into hiccups. It was nearly dark now and no one saw them. It did not even occur to Parson Frodsham to take the girl to some woman of the parish. Instinct told him that this was something he could manage best himself. Also, he and Gideon had had more than enough of women for one day. This child was not a woman. She was so small, as she shuffled along beside him, that he could not believe she was sixteen.

In his study he sat her before the fire and yelled for Gideon who, appearing, accepted the situation with astonishing ease after the first shock. Seated before the fire, a bowl of steaming bread and milk on her lap, her stockings off and her toes curling and uncurling in the warmth, the girl began visibly to recover. Color returned to her face and a dimple to her left cheek. Watching her, Parson Frodsham could see that she was a pretty creature, and in good health probably wiry and strong. She had a brown little face, with a firm mouth, and her small hands looked capable. She finished her bread and milk down to the last drop, was given a boiled egg and an apple and finished those, more bread and milk and finished that. Then she asked who had Thomas and Parson Frodsham told her. "Will she be good to him?" she asked, and Parson Frodsham said she would. "For always?" she asked, and instead of answering Parson Frodsham produced a large pocket handkerchief and sneezed into it, for he was not sure. The Widow Gascoigne had never had a child. He remembered her precise ways, the acidity of her maid and the exquisite neatness of her house. He believed the widow's thoughts would turn to orphanages later on; especially as Thomas was not of the sex she had thought he was.

"I'll tell you about Thomas, sir," said the girl suddenly. Her hazel eyes were very direct in their glance. She was an apothecary's daughter, she said, but her father had died two years ago. Her mother had died in her babyhood and she was their only child. She had to earn her living and she had gone to be stillroom maid at a big house ten miles away. Then came the usual story of betrayal, which she told frankly and steadily, and Parson Frodsham heard with inward fury, all the more fury because he was as a rule far more sympathetic to his own sex than the other. The housekeeper at the big house had paid out of her own pocket for the girl to go to a farmhouse nearby to have Thomas, but they would not keep her there. Then she had remembered Moses, and remembered being told about the Joneys at Gaysbarton, and so here she was, and Thomas.

> **These fellow mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are; you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people, among whom your life is passed, that it is needful you should tolerate, pity and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose moments of goodness you should admire, for whom you should cherish all possible hope, all possible patience.** GEORGE ELIOT

"And what do you mean to do now, maid?" asked Parson Frodsham.

"I don't know, sir," she said. "I thought . . . perhaps I could do like Moses' mother and be Thomas' nurse. I thought—I didn't know what to do and I went to sleep in the vestry." He saw that in spite of the firm mouth and the direct glance she was a child still. Her father had died too soon. "I do miss Thomas," she finished lamely.

"Then put your shoes and stockings on and I'll take 'ee to Madame Gascoigne," he said.

But she began to cry again. "I want to stay here," she sobbed. "I could sleep here by the fire, with Thomas. Please, sir, will you fetch Thomas? I could be your housekeeper, sir, and live here with you and Gideon and Thomas always." Parson Frodsham's heart fell. A woman in the house! She was a child now but she'd be a woman in no time at all. But there was Thomas. All day he had been feeling the grip of Thomas' hand upon his finger.

He reached for his cloak. "What's your name, child?" he asked.

"Penelope," she said.

"Stay here for tonight, then," he said, "and I'll fetch Thomas to 'ee."

The sour-faced maid was so astonished to see him on the doorstep that she ushered him straight into the parlor before she realized what she was doing. Madame Gascoigne was seated in front of the fire, but she was not looking her usual composed and immaculate self. Her cap was awry and her face flushed. She looked very tired. On her lap was Thomas, shrieking.

"Marm, he'll do himself an injury!" said Parson Frodsham in consternation. "What's the matter with him?"

Madame Gascoigne looked up at him, and she was near tears. "You see," she faltered, "this is a small village and just now there is no one——" Being a bachelor, he failed to follow the drift of her thought, and she had to come out with it. "We want a wet nurse," she said.

"Ah!" said Parson Frodsham, enlightened. "But I thought, in such circumstances, cow's milk could be used?"

"Yes," she said. "Diluted with warm water, and a little sugar. But he won't have it. He is a very obstinate and naughty baby. And he is a boy. I was so sure he was a girl."

"Don't you like boys, marm?"

Into her tired eyes came a glimmer of the old fire. "After all I have suffered from two bad husbands I cannot endure your sex," she said low and bitterly.

Somehow Parson Frodsham had never liked her so well. He held out his arms. "Then give me the boy, marm," he said. "His mother is at the parsonage."

She handed him the yelling Thomas and broke into tears of relief.

The next morning, after he had come back from the first service of Christmas Day, Parson Frodsham, exhausted, could think of nothing but breakfast. After the edge of his hunger had been slightly blunted by four slices of home-cured ham and two eggs, he looked up at Gideon and asked, "Where's the little maid?"

"Up the stairs," said Gideon, who was seated before the fire peeling potatoes. "She's sweepin' out the guest chamber. It'll make a nice little room for 'erself an' Thomas, so she sez." He gazed at his master. "She's stayin', so she sez. Our 'ousekeeper, so she sez."

Parson Frodsham brought his great hand down with a crash on the table. "Does she, indeed? *I* didn't say. She put it to me last night and never a word did I say in answer. What will you and I be doing with a woman in the house? Can you tell me that, Gideon?"

"What us be told," said Gideon. "But there's the boy. I could teach un to catch moles."

Parson Frodsham could see that he and Gideon were in agreement. They could not turn out that pretty child. They hadn't the heart. And there was Thomas. "Where's Thomas?" he asked.

"In the study. Good as gold, he is."

The word study reminded Parson Frodsham of something. His eyes widened in dismay and his two-pronged fork, loaded with ham, was lowered slowly to his plate. "My sermon," he said. "I've not written it."

"No time now," said Gideon easily. "But if 'ee'd not spent the 'ole of last evenin' watchin' the little maid with Thomas 'ee could 'ave written it easy. No matter. Preach one out o' the old book."

Parson Frodsham relaxed, finished his breakfast in a leisurely manner, lit his clay pipe and stretched his feet to the fire. Upstairs Penelope went backward and forward, putting her room to rights. Her footsteps were light, quick, happy and very busy. It was a pleasant sound. The church bells were ringing for matins when he went into the study to find his sermon book. The first thing he saw was Thomas, asleep in a wooden box by the fire. One small curved hand rested against his cheek. His right ear looked like a sea shell. A nice little boy. It was a full five minutes before Parson Frodsham turned from him to look for his sermon book, which he knew to be the fourth book in the pile by the window. Then, turned, he saw the appalling thing that had happened. His room had been tidied.

Penelope must have been up with the dawn, and done it while he was in church. All the books were back in the bookcases. There was not a dirty cup and saucer to be seen, nor a cobweb nor a speck of dust. For a short whi Parson Frodsham stood motionless in miser Then he took a grip on himself. He would g used to it. One could get used to anythin God helping him, he would get used to bein clean and tidy. The bells were ringing mo insistently and he turned to the bookshelves t find his sermon book. All his books were muc alike, old, brown, torn, and with their titl worn away. He hunted up and down, opene this book and that, but he could not find h sermon book. The bells had changed to th one five-minute bell and with despair in h heart Parson Frodsham put on his cloak, ac justed his wig and walked down to the churc Though he mechanically returned their gree ings he scarcely saw his parishioners, stream ing along in the same direction in their Sunda best, happy in the frosty sunshine. He ha never preached extempore in his life, and h people expected a full forty-five-minute ora tion. He tried to remember a text he knew something about it shall be given you wha you shall say, but he couldn't get it righ "God have mercy upon me," he prayed.

Inside the church he felt better. He alway felt better inside his church. He was even abl to say to himself that the Widow Gascoign was not here yet, because the candles on th altar behind the Joneys were not lit. Then h saw that she was here. She was in her accus tomed pew and she turned her head and smile at him. He could hardly believe it. To pleas him she had chosen not to light the candles He bowed to her, walked up to the littl chapel, took his tinder box from his pocke and lit them. Then he bowed to her again an went to the vestry. The Joneys looked ver bright and gay in the mingled sunlight an candlelight, almost as though they knew tha they would never now be banished.

The service that morning seemed even hap pier than it usually was at Gaysbarton o Christmas Day. The choir in the gallery scrape at their fiddles and twiddled at their flutes witl enormous gaiety, everyone sang hard, an people who had not been on speaking term for ages were seen to be smiling shyly at on another, even as the parson and Madam Gascoigne had done. But it all seemed like a confused nightmare to Parson Frodsham. *I shall be given you*, he kept saying to himself but when he got into the pulpit he couldn' even remember the text upon which he ha meant to preach. But he remembered anothe and gave it out loud and clear: "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." His flock waited in delighted expectancy, for they saw he had no sermon with him. He must have for gotten it. Would he go back home for it? Would he send Amos the clerk for it? Would he try and remember it? Hush, now, he was off.

Parson Frodsham preached no sermon in the accepted sense. It came to him just to tel them how he had found Penelope and Thomas. They knew far more about it than he did, o course, for the story had been all round the village, with a thousand embellishments, long before midnight, but they listened with kindly attention. Then he told them that this child was a Christmas gift to them at Gaysbarton. They must take great care of him, and of his young mother who was no more than a child herself. They must bring them up to be good servants of Almighty God. And then, suddenly, he began to speak of himself. He was a sinner, he said, he was a quarrelsome old sinner, and it was because of him that there had been so much quarreling at Gaysbarton. He had set them a bad example. He asked them to forgive him. They couldn't have quarreling now, not with this child here to be brought up in the peace of God. He spoke a little, stumblingly and shyly, about the peace of God, but he managed to end up with what he thought was a good phrase. "Let us adore the Babe of Bethlehem," he said, "and receive into our hearts His peace."

It was the shortest sermon Parson Frodsham had ever preached at Gaysbarton, ten minutes instead of forty-five, but it must have been one of his best because no one went to sleep and some of his congregation were moved to tears. Parson Frodsham was much moved himself and felt a need for a handkerchief. He plunged his hand deep in his cassock pocket and brought out a dead mole. END

LIPTON ONION SOUP MIX

OR

ENTERTAINING IDEAS IN A PACKET



1. *It's Dinner-Party festive*...Serve Lipton Onion Soup *au Gourmet*. Top with toast and grated parmesan cheese.



2. *California Dip.* Blend packet of mix with pint of sour cream. Refrigerate. They'll scoop it up by the chip-full.



3. *Onions are kind!* (When Lipton does the peeling, slicing, crying.) They're browned and seasoned in a rich beef stock.



4. *Amazing*...those browned bits simmer into Onion Soup? Yes...in 10 minutes that will remind you of Montparnasse!



5. *Rice Pilaf.* 1 package Onion Soup Mix, 1 cup rice, 1 tbsp. butter in 3 cups boiling water. Cover and simmer 15-20 minutes.



6. *Blushing Bowl.* For holiday spirits without even mistletoe, fix California Dip, then add ½ cup catsup and 1-2 tsp. horseradish. Gay, hey?



7. *Holiday Stuffing.* Combine 2 cups boiling water, packet Onion Soup Mix, 1 cup butter, let stand. Add 2 qts. croutons, 2 tsp. poultry seasoning.



Lipton

home-cooked taste the new mix way.



Our Gift To You This Month Is Time—Mouth-watering meals that are made in **MINUTES**. In the frenzy of Christmas preparations, use these precious timesaving recipes from the Journal, and it's mealtime in jig time for you. A tantalizing fragrance of savory and basil belies the speed with which you can prepare and cook juicy sirloin tips to make a ragout "fit for a king." Succulent breasts of chicken, bathed in golden apple juice, cook in the twinkling of an eye. Tuna Supreme is made with plump chunks of white meat married in a creamy cheese sauce with hominy and okra. For your "pièce de résistance" quickie, spread melt-in-your-mouth juicy porterhouse steak with a lavish lemon-Roquefort topping. And for dessert what could be more delicious than sweet pears under a drift of spiced sour cream, or honey cake laced with applesauce and topped with crunchy meringue, both made faster than you can eat them!

20-MINUTE SAVORY SIRLOIN RAGOUT

2½ pounds beef sirloin (have your butcher cut it into strips ¼" wide and 1" long)
½ cup seasoned flour
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 can (10¾-oz.) onion soup
3 tablespoons tomato paste
½ teaspoon savory
¼ teaspoon basil
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Flour-and-water paste (optional)
2 (3-oz.) cans button mushrooms
1 can (1-lb.) baby carrots, drained
1 package (10-oz.) frozen peas
2 (1-lb.) cans new potatoes, drained

Shake sirloin strips in seasoned flour. Melt butter or margarine in a heavy 3-quart saucepan or kettle. Sauté sirloin strips rapidly over high heat, turning constantly until slightly browned. Add onion soup, tomato paste, savory, basil, salt and pepper. Mix well. If desired, thicken more with a little flour-and-water paste. Bring to a boil. Add mushrooms (include liquid), carrots, peas and potatoes. Cook until peas are just tender. Makes 6–8 servings. To complete the meal we suggest serving French bread spread with garlic butter, chilled hearts-of-palm sections with your favorite French dressing.

30-MINUTE CREAMY TUNA SUPREME

1 can (10½-oz.) condensed cream-of-celery soup
1¼ cups grated Cheddar cheese
1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes
¼ teaspoon oregano
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
1½ teaspoons onion juice
2 (7-oz.) cans tuna, drained
1 can (1-lb.-13-oz.) hominy
1 can (15½-oz.) okra, drained
¼ cup dry packaged bread crumbs

Heat soup in a 2-quart saucepan. Add 1 cup cheese, cook and stir until cheese melts. Drain liquid from tomatoes and add to saucepan. Add oregano, sugar, salt, pepper and onion juice. Heat. Add tuna (broken into chunks), hominy, okra and tomatoes. Mix gently. Cover and simmer 5–7 minutes. Preheat broiler. Transfer contents of saucepan to a buttered 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle surface with bread crumbs and the remaining ¼ cup grated cheese. Broil until golden. Makes 6 servings. To complete the meal, serve frozen French-fried potatoes or "brown and serve" rolls, pickled baby beets in lettuce cups.

20-MINUTE DOUBLE-THICK ROQUEFORT STEAK

5-lb. porterhouse steak cut 1"–1½" thick
¾ cup crumbled Roquefort or bleu cheese
¼ cup melted butter or margarine
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Juice of ½ lemon
1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed

Preheat broiler. Slash edge of fat at 2" intervals. Broil steak 3"–4" from heat, 5–9 minutes per side for rare, 6–10 minutes per side for medium, 8–12 minutes per side for well done. Take care not to pierce meat when turning. While broiling, mix cheese, butter, or margarine, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and garlic to a smooth paste. Three minutes before steak is done to your liking, spread thickly with cheese mixture. Return to broiler and continue broiling 2–3 minutes. Makes 5–6 servings. To complete the meal, we suggest serving broiled tomatoes (to be broiled along with the steak), toasted English muffins, green-bean salad (use canned blue lake beans) tossed with French dressing.

30-MINUTE GOLDEN CIDER-GLAZED CHICKEN

6 small chicken breasts, halved (about 3 pounds)
½ cup seasoned flour
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup bottled apple juice
½ cup chicken broth
2 cups sliced mushrooms
¾ cup chopped scallions, include green stems
1 can (1-lb.) tomatoes, drained
⅛ teaspoon powdered rosemary
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
Flour-and-water paste for thickening

Pull skin from chicken breasts. Shake in seasoned flour. Sauté breasts in a large skillet in butter or margarine until golden. Add apple juice, chicken broth, mushrooms, scallions, tomatoes, rosemary, salt and pepper. Cover and simmer until chicken is fork-tender—about 20 minutes. Remove chicken and vegetables to a heated serving platter. Thicken remaining liquid in skillet with a little flour-and-water paste. Bring to a boil. Pour some sauce over chicken and pass the rest. Makes 6–8 servings. To complete the meal, we suggest serving quick-cooking curried rice and a tossed green salad.

8-MINUTE HONEY-MERINGUE CAKE

1 (12-oz.) bakery poundcake (approx. 8" x 3")
¼ cup honey
½ cup coconut flakes
⅓ cup canned applesauce
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons sugar

Cut a thin slice from the top of the cake to level it off. Place cake on a baking sheet. Spread with honey, then sprinkle with coconut. Spoon applesauce over coconut. Preheat broiler. Beat egg whites on high speed on electric mixer or with rotary hand beater until frothy. Add sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating constantly. When mixture holds stiff peaks, spread generously on top of cake. Broil until top is golden. Serve immediately. Makes 6–8 servings.

4-MINUTE SPICED PEAR SNOWBALLS

1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) pear halves
1 cup commercial sour cream
½ cup softened vanilla ice cream
⅓ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
Maraschino cherries for decoration (optional)

Drain syrup from pears (save syrup for adding to fruit-juice drinks). Arrange in serving dish. Mix sour cream, ice cream, cinnamon and nutmeg. Spoon about 3 tablespoons mixture over each pear half. Refrigerate until serving time. Decorate with small pieces of maraschino cherry if desired. Makes 4–8 servings.



JASON KIRBY



FOOD WITH A FLAIR

It's a snap to prepare with light, lively

MIRACLE WHIP

FRUIT PINWHEEL Here's fresh fruit salad with a flourish of flavor. You'll be flushed with success as the compliments pour in. Fold ½ c. heavy cream, whipped, into ½ c. Miracle Whip Salad Dressing. Add to 2 c. each of orange sections, seedless grapes, seeded Tokay grape halves and 2 sliced bananas. Chill. Place in salad bowl. Arrange additional orange sections around edge. Garnish center with seedless grapes. Miracle Whip wraps its famous taste around each juicy bite. Its bright, lively, can't-be-copied flavor pleases everyone in sight.

PARTY SHRIMP DIP Shrimp love to drown themselves in this perfectly wonderful dip. So good, we warn you, guests won't want to go home. Combine 1 c. Miracle Whip, 1 t. Kraft Salad Style Mustard, 2 t. Worcestershire sauce, 1 t. lemon juice, dash salt. Chill thoroughly. Serve as a dip with cooked shrimp. Miracle Whip adds a tantalizing touch to seafood, sandwiches, even the simplest salads. The more ways you try it, the surer you'll be: there's *nothing* else like it. America's favorite salad dressing is light, lively Miracle Whip.

CHICKEN GOURMET *Do* something delicious to chicken tonight! For instance—this pleasingly simple, perfectly delightful chicken casserole. Combine ½ c. Miracle Whip, one 10½-oz. can condensed cream of celery soup and ½ c. milk. Add one 3-oz. can (⅔ c.) sliced mushrooms. Place a fried, cut-up 2½ to 3-lb. broiler-fryer in casserole. Cover with package of frozen peas and Miracle Whip sauce. Bake in mod. oven, 350°, 20 to 25 min. Only Miracle Whip gives that creamy texture—that surprising good taste. Don't substitute, whatever you do!

For every use, for every taste, KRAFT has a just-right dressing! 12 varieties!

THE TRUTH ABOUT ILLEGITIMACY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

of several sociological studies. Psychological differences between girls of the same social and economical circumstances who become illegitimately pregnant and those who do not are hard to analyze. Several such studies show, however, that illegitimate pregnancy occurs much less often among girls with strong religious convictions. There is a special need for affection or mere physical contact with the male among those girls and women in whose lives friends are few and parental love has been inadequate.

In Carolyn's case, the facts are simple enough. A young man had been visiting in the apartment next to the one she shared with her mother. (Carolyn is an only child; her father died when she was nine, and her mother works in a department store.) The visitor was a brother of the husband in the family next door and he stayed for almost a month. Both of these people also worked and he was alone in the apartment during the day. He made Carolyn's acquaintance when they met in the hall.

"He was real friendly and asked me a lot about what I did in school and at home. He said I was too serious and worked too hard, and that I ought to be having good times and going to parties. He kidded me about not having any boy friends and said I wouldn't know what to do if I did get one."

She never thought she was in love with the young man, nor did she have any expectation of marrying him. She was not yet sixteen at the time. When she learned she was pregnant, he had departed and was in military service. She was almost suicidal in blame for herself, for the disgrace and heartbreak her mother so volubly stated, but she expressed neither blame nor desire for the boy. One other oblique remark of Carolyn's, indicating the affair had no romantic aura for her, sticks in mind: "The beds were always unmade in that apartment!"

Some of the elements in her case can be neatly summarized: lonely girl, not very pretty, no father or "father figure," mother working, and so on. But none of these factors, common to many girls, necessarily leads to pregnancy—except possibly the opportunities provided by an unchaperoned apartment. Nowhere in the record of Carolyn's interviews with her counselor did she claim to have been "swept off her feet by an overpowering passion."

She was very young and curious, unrestrained by deeply held religious beliefs, family honor or tradition—and she was lonely. The opportunity presented itself and so she "just took a chance."

Carolyn's intelligence, as revealed by tests and schoolwork, is far above average. Her case history was chosen as an example partly because she is exceptionally articulate and lucid. She seems also to have had ample "sex education," in so far as it is related to the facts of human reproduction. Many of the illegitimately pregnant schoolgirls are inarticulate or display appalling ignorance of the facts of life and most other knowledge as well. They could hardly be expected to grasp the meaning of moral behavior.

Dr. John R. Pate, in a report made several years ago for the Commissioners' Youth Council in Washington, D.C., gives a few bizarre examples: "It is often related that, 'I didn't think this would happen because he said he had a cooky in the oven.' This means that the male told the female that she could not become pregnant because he was already the father of a child not yet born. Another statement which is not infrequent is, 'I went with this man because he said that I could not become pregnant because he was already married.' There is another unrealistic and dangerous belief among teenage males: that if he has gonorrhea or any other venereal disease, one way to get well is to have intercourse with a virgin." Most of the youth in Dr. Pate's report are from Negro families living in slum areas in the nation's capital.

In a survey paper prepared for the 1960 White House Conference on Children and Youth, the social anthropologist Margaret Mead states: "Paralleling the shift to short-time goals and immediate economic gratification [in the United States] has come a shift in attitudes toward sex which places an increasing burden upon the late adolescent, especially the boy, at a time when his sex impulses are the most urgent and he has least experience in managing them. . . . The social anxieties found in the poor and disorganized parts of our society a quarter of a century ago have spread upward, and parents heave sighs of relief when both sons and daughters are 'safely married.'"

Though such parental concern is almost universally genuine, some parents are more than casual about directing and supervising their children in early relationships with the opposite sex. Dr. Pate cites instances of parents' permitting very young daughters to go out unchaperoned with much older men and calls it "dynamite dating." Many illegitimately pregnant schoolgirls, when asked where they think conception took place, reply "at my house." Playgrounds, automobiles and even community youth centers are also mentioned as places of assignation. In one batch of interviews, a particular drive-in movie theater was named a half-dozen times. About this recurrence the caseworker remarked, with wry humor but not without point, "Probably they had already seen the movie."

> I have observed that the distinguishing trait of people accustomed to good society is a calm, imperturbable quiet, which pervades all their actions and habits . . . they eat in quiet, move in quiet, live in quiet and lose their wife, or even their money, in quiet; while low persons cannot take up either a spoon or an affront without making an amazing noise about it.
>
> LORD LYTTON

"Advertisements, movies, literature abound in erotic allurements," Ruth L. Butcher and Marion O. Robinson note in a recent Public Affairs Pamphlet (No. 282, 1959, published by the Public Affairs Committee, a nonprofit educational organization). "Freedom for dating is demanded and given without commensurate guidance. Having overcome many of the old taboos about sex, we now sit back and hope no harm will come of it."

Ruth L. Butcher is the executive director of Inwood House (for unmarried mothers) in New York City and a past chairman of the National Association on Service to Unmarried Parents. She goes on to say: "In our society, information about the use of contraceptives is fairly widespread. Yet we find that many women who know about birth-control methods do not use them, and as a result become pregnant. Why are they not used? There are a number of reasons, we find, besides religious scruples. They include a failure to look at the consequences, impairment of judgment, or some overriding emotional need. Frequently the sexual experience is spontaneous and not planned at all. Use of contraceptives would have implied a deliberate plan which would have produced guilt in the girl or been unacceptable to her. The emotional reasons are so varied as to be impossible to list."

Motivations, or reasons for lack of restraint, differ for each person and are undoubtedly complex. Speaking before the National Conference of Social Welfare in Atlantic City last year, Dr. Marcel Heiman, a psychoanalyst, surveyed with acumen some of the complexities of out-of-wedlock pregnancy in adolescence. After nine pages of erudite discourse, intended for professionals, he offered this blunt but easy-to-understand suggestion: "Prophylaxis for out-of-wedlock pregnancy follows the general principles which have been advocated for years regarding in-wedlock pregnancy, only more so: abstinence." To specify that there would be no illegitimate pregnancies if there were no illicit sexual intercourse may seem unnecessary, but it is undeniably solid ground on which the adolescent can brace himself.

Most marriage manuals, treatises on sex education, moral philosophies and much technical literature agree in emphasizing the disadvantages and general undesirability of premarital sexual intercourse. Under orthodox Jewish codes and the codes of nearly all denominations of Christian churches, sexual intercourse outside of marriage is judged to be morally wrong. For many people that is an absolute, not subject to debate. In most states it is also illegal and subject to criminal prosecution, although the law is rarely enforced.

One basic truth is that an embryo does nothing immoral or illegal. The baby that is born of an illegitimate pregnancy has done no wrong. What happens after conception cannot be changed except by induced abortion, which, with few exceptions, is illegal and endangers the life of the mother. Wyatt Jones, a New York University sociologist who has spent eight years in the study of illegitimacy, says too much weight has been placed on one side of the scale. He suggests that those persons who are seriously interested in understanding illegitimacy should direct their attention not primarily to those girls who have illegitimate babies but to those who do *not*. "Increased social pressures on illegitimately pregnant girls," Mr. Jones says, "will tend to increase the number of illegal induced abortions but will not reduce the number of illegitimate pregnancies. The basic question is not why unmarried girls become pregnant, but why some girls choose to have premarital sexual intercourse and the rest do not."

There is a good deal of evidence that sexual freedom among all classes in the United States is on the increase. The most irrefutable is the fact that the number of girls who bear illegitimate babies is but a small fraction of the number who become illegitimately pregnant. The difference between a "legal" and an "illegal" birth is the availability of a legal father before the baby arrives, but from a strictly moral point of view it can hardly be considered more sinful to bear a child out of wedlock than to conceive one. In *Children and Youth in the 1960's* Dr. Aaron L. Rutledge, of the Merrill-Palmer school in Detroit, says: "A variety of studies indicate that more than a third of the girls in teenage marriages are pregnant at marriage and that an unusually high proportion of the total divorces are from this population." Dr. Harold T. Christensen, reporting on studies made in two communities, writes that about 20 per cent of first babies born within marriage had been conceived before marriage. He does not claim these data would be applicable to the rest of the United States (although other sociologists accept the 20 per cent figure as general). "From all available research," Dr. Christensen concludes, "one might judge premarital pregnancy to be a rather common phenomenon in most societies."

Whatever the behavior of multitudes, the great codes of human conduct will remain. They cannot be destroyed; they must be built upon. The basic threat of illegitimacy is to the family as the essential social unit in our society. By the creation of children without family, marriages without love, cohabitation without commitment, illegitimacy menaces the very structure of our society. The public—society—has both the right and duty to oppose it and will continue to do so, for if it were allowed to prevail our present social organization would end.

Public indignation has often been directed to the fact that some unmarried mothers are assisted through the Aid to Dependent Children program from public funds. In a small percentage of cases, the allotment is increased as these women bear still more so-called illegitimate children. Many critics of the ADC program imply that its existence as a law has created the problem of mounting out-of-wedlock births. "If this is so," one public-welfare director commented, "it is the first time in history that a statute has fathered a child." A recent publication of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare shows that the greatest majority of all children born out of wedlock—about 87 per cent—are supported by parents, relatives or adoptive parents without help from Aid to Dependent Children.

The weakening of the family as a social unit, caused by illegitimacy, is more worthy of the public's concern. History confirms the importance of the family. Substitutes which would change the long-time association of adults and their offspring have been tried from time to time. They were tried in ancient Sparta, and in communal groups such as the Brook Farm Colony, the New Harmony Colony, the Oneida Colony and other experimental societies in the United States a century or more ago. Something far less altruistic and akin to "free love" was tried more recently in Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia and Communist China. None of these schemes worked and most were soon abandoned.

It seems especially hard for some youth today to see continuity and purpose in their lives. But with the personal problems that plague them even the wisest men and women who have ever lived have also grappled. Our present moral and legal structure is partly the result of their struggles.

The great romances of literature are sometimes mentioned as indications that people of earlier times faced more realistically the strong sexual drive of the young and accordingly treated them with more understanding and respect. Acis had just passed sixteen at the time of her love affair with Galatea. Narcissus had barely reached his sixteenth year when "many youths and maidens sought his love." Some say that Helen was only twelve years old when Paris carried her off from Sparta. In one of the great pastoral romances, Daphnis was fifteen and Chloë was thirteen. Juliet was less than fourteen when Romeo made love to her. The authors of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* remark, with apparent regret, that these youth, the great lovers of history, would be looked upon as immature adolescents and identified as juvenile delinquents if they were living today.

So they would be, but none of these engaging young lovers ever really did live at any time, as we know them, except in the imaginations of poets. Even in fictional form, their love affairs usually resulted in sorrow, violence and death, and their parents probably wished they had stayed at home that night. They expressed their demands too late, of course.

There is no poetry and little romance or love in the true stories of illegitimately pregnant schoolgirls today. They adhered to no moral absolutes; neither did they pause to debate the consequences of their behavior. In the world's great literature, including the Bible, there is persistent moral admonition, a continual probing of the nature of good and evil and the choices people make for better or for worse. There is a consistent wholesomeness in Shakespeare, for example, even though he deals with the widest range of emotions and much horrifying human behavior. In all his work there are few pages not related in some way to standards of conduct, to decency and the human struggle to make ethical decisions. He was one who lived, as the late Oscar Hammerstein II said all are born to do, "to advance life on this planet." His underlying purpose was to celebrate the good in life, as was Oscar Hammerstein's—to make life better and not worse. Such admonitions fail to reach many youth today, for they are lacking in most contemporary literature and education, as they are in much contemporary life.

Youth look about them for direction and frequently do not find it among adults. Yet human responsibility in a matter so personal and private as sex can be neither personal nor private. It involves responsibility to self, family and society—and to new life, the innocent unborn. Dr. Marcel Heiman offered some advice to social workers who deal with illegitimately pregnant girls which might be put to better use by parents somewhat earlier. "None of this 'I'm going to help by standing by while you work it through,'" he said. "What is expected from the worker is what the child expected, but did not get, from her parents—a decisive 'No!'"

END

THE SEA HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

"He was drowned."

Because I couldn't keep silent indefinitely, I ked, "In Africa?" Five years before, Ta-ara had told me casually that Esmond was Africa.

"No, off the Devonshire coast, near Gliss-g. Apparently he came home nearly a year o."

The silence came back, like a wall between Tamara attacked it with a playful belliger-ce:

"There's no reason for you to be so stricken. rling. You didn't know him; you never uld have. He's dead. But you're alive, and am I."

The hard practical half of Tamara that was curiously married to a half that was wildly, erly heedless and accepted no fact it found palatable was in the ascendant.

"Edwina wants to see you; and, indeed, I d that quite understandable. She's a very d lady now, over eighty, and her health isn't od. Well, darling, without being crude, nat-ally she's interested in you, as you should be erested in her."

"I'm not."

"That's silly. Edwina's rich. She can't live rever."

"It's nothing to me whether she's a million-ess or a pauper."

"Ah, yes, it is. You can't pretend that it esn't concern you. Edwina possesses a for-ne; she's an old woman. You've a right to r money—some of it—when she dies."

"Not necessarily. In any case, I don't want see Edwina."

"Charlotte, stop being a woodenheaded ild. It needs only a small effort. You're say-g no just because you've always imagined if is opportunity arose, you'd turn your back it. I tell you, you can't afford to."

"I'm not going, Tamara," I said. "No mat-what arguments you use, how much you ead, I'm just not going."

She put her hand on my shoulder. "You're strange girl, Charlotte. I know you've always manticized Esmond. And now it's hit you rd to learn that he's dead. I was afraid it uld." She said no more, but I knew that just she, in giving me the news of Esmond's ath, had murdered my dream, I, in refusing enter the race for Edwina's gold, had mor-ly disappointed her.

Esmond dead I said it to myself a dozen nes, trying to gauge precisely what it meant me. The death of someone I'd never seen; d, if the fact must be faced, someone who d never wanted to see me, for if he'd wished smond could have done so.

When I was thirteen, Tamara and I had en living temporarily in a hotel in the Crom-ell Road. I was left largely to my own de-ces. It was the time when children were going ck to school, and I'd worked it out that smond might be traveling through London om Devon to whichever boarding school he tended. I had spent a long time framing a tter suggesting that we should meet, which I nt to him at Glissing Park, keeping my fin-rs crossed that it would reach him. Three ys later I'd received an answer from him: a hoolboyish scrawl saying it might be rather lark, and fixing a rendezvous at the Café oyal. Arriving breathless, ahead of time, I'd t on a red plush bench for two hours, but no hoolboy entered the foyer. He never wrote tell me why he had not turned up, and it as nearly eight years before I found the cour-ge to write to him again. This time it was a unty, casual note. I suggested that as we ould be celebrating our twenty-first birthday ithin the next few days, we should meet ometime for a celebration drink. I had no ply for a fortnight and then my letter was turned from Glissing Park marked: "Gone way. Address unknown."

His death robbed me of nothing that I'd tually possessed of him. The theft oddly had en laid in the future: I'd lost forever the ope of knowing him.

On Tuesday morning, Edwina's letter arrived. The body of the letter, below the die-stamped heading "Glissing Park, Glissing, Devonshire," was composed of two paragraphs of writing stabbed viciously into the notepaper:

Dear Charlotte: Your mother will doubtless have advised you that I shall be writing to you. She will also, I presume, have told you that your brother, Esmond, was drowned when his dinghy capsized in a storm off this coast.

My object in writing to you is to suggest that you pay me a visit. This coming Saturday, October 4th, would be suitable for me; and if you are able to make the necessary arrangements to be absent from your work, I would suggest that you stay at Glissing for one week.

It was signed, without the grace of a closing salutation: Edwina Elliot.

I smiled to myself, mentally phrasing a refusal as curt as the invitation. My vacation from the bank where I worked as secretary to the chairman was due the following week, but I had plans to spend it abroad.

Yet, without consciously changing my mind, on Friday I found myself replying to Edwina's note, and saying that I would be glad to accept her invitation. The earliest I could arrive, I added, would be the next Tuesday evening, and I would be coming by car. I was not going to Glissing to wheedle myself into Edwina's good graces as Tamara had implied I should do; I was going because I wanted to know what manner of man Esmond Elliot had been before his life had been cut short in a sea storm in his twenty-seventh year.

Before I left my flat on Tuesday there was a second note from Edwina, saying that I would be expected at Glissing Park at six P.M.

I aimed to get there on the dot of six, but I miscalculated the mileage, or drove faster than I'd intended, and it was barely a quarter to three when I passed the Glissing village sign.



It's a bright new fruit, today's California Prune. Soft, succulent, tender...with a taste like ripe sunshine. Prunes are gently processed to keep that tree-ripened flavor, to retain all the natural fruit sugar and vitamins they soak up from the hot California sun.

Today's new prunes are delightful at any meal. But for a special breakfast treat, try this new recipe for Prune All-Bran Muffins.

CALIFORNIA PRUNE ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 egg
¼ cup *soft* shortening
1 cup sifted flour
2½ tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup sugar
¼ tsp. cinnamon
½ cup cut cooked California prunes

1. Combine Kellogg's All-Bran and milk; let stand until most of the moisture is taken up. Add egg and shortening; beat well.
2. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, sugar and cinnamon. Add to first mixture, together with prunes, stirring *only until combined.* Fill greased muffin pan ⅔ full.
3. Bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) for from 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot.

Yield: 10 to 12 muffins, 2½ inches in diameter.

Discover the bright new taste of today's

PRUNES

THE CALIFORNIA WONDER-FRUIT CALIFORNIA PRUNE ADVISORY BOARD

I pulled up by the green; I had three hours to fill, and for some time the knowledge that the sea, though out of sight, was only just over the horizon had been tempting me. I got out of the car. There was a notice nailed to a pole at the entrance to a lane that circled the churchyard: Footpath to Maidenford Cove. I took a couple of steps along it, then changed my mind, and on impulse went down the slimy flagged path which led into the churchyard.

It had the same dumb, piteous air of all graveyards: lurching tombstones, ragged grass mounds, jam jars filled with decaying flowers. There were also one or two grander memorials set snootily behind railed enclosures. Wondering which one belonged to the Elliots, I left the path. I soon found it, the largest there: a graduated marble plinth which supported a strapping angel with drooping wings. On the lowest slab was engraved:

Sacred to the beloved memory of William Timothy Elliot, M.P., who departed this world for the greater glory of life everlasting on the 8th day of December, 1919, and to his wife Edwina Charlotte, who joined him in heaven on

There was a blank space, as presumably not even Edwina would prophesy the date of that joyful reunion.

I stood for a moment staring at grandfather's tomb. My father, if he had been afforded the comfort of a grave, lay in Spain. Esmond? He had been drowned, so maybe the sea was his resting place; yet even as I thought this, I became aware of a mound just outside the Elliot railing, newly made—but not too new, because the turf had already been clipped. On it lay two wreaths, one of evergreens, one of fresh chrysanthemums. I had only to move sideways a couple of paces to read the black-edged cards. The one attached to the evergreen wreath had been reduced to smudges by the rain, but the familiar forceful writing on the other was still distinct. Perhaps Esmond's body had been recovered. I bent over it. "To Danny, who will never be forgotten by his loving and devoted friend Edwina Elliot."

I stood upright, began walking away, conscious of a sense of anticlimax, and at that moment no curiosity at all as to who Danny was, no premonition of the part he was to play in my future.

The narrow lane to the cove looked short. There seemed to be a rise of headland at the end, and over that would be the sea. I began to hurry down the path. But what had appeared to be a headland was a hill, and once over the rise I found myself in a shallow bowl filled with brambles, all signs of the path lost. I was hot, breathless and disheveled when at last I breasted the final patch of scrub, and there, suddenly, spectacularly, was the spread of pale azure sea under my eyes.

From where I stood the cove below looked no bigger than a hand, its rose-brick sand scattered with tumbles of rock and shale. To the right, over the top of a high clump of gorse, I saw a house built of stone and slate, foursquare and solid, fronted by a patch of lawn that ran down to a creek that emptied itself in the sea; its back was set tight against the foothill of another headland.

I stared, astounded and enchanted. The house might have been a jewel I'd glimpsed in a shopwindow. I wondered who lived there. The windows were shut, not a curl of smoke rose from the chimneys.

I turned to follow the path I now saw below me that led toward the sea and then branched upward. The ascent was slimy and once my feet slid from under me. Spread-eagled, I saved myself from falling backward only by grasping the trunk of a straggling thorn tree. In clutching it, my head turned back, and in one of the upstairs windows of the house I saw a figure captured in a sudden dazzling spray of sun. The next instant the space between the confining curtains was empty. It had been too swift a sight for me to register more than a fleeting impression of a man, and that without absolute certainty that anyone had been there at all.

I pulled myself upright, got nearly to the top when again my feet began to slide from under me. I gasped, reached for the branch of a tree, and cried out as my hand was seized. I was dragged up as if by a pulley; then released so abruptly that I staggered.

"You looked as if you were in need of a hand."

"Thank you. I certainly was." Disconcerted that my ungainly scrambling had been seen, my voice shook. My rescuer stood back from me, a man dressed conventionally in gray flannels and tweed jacket, of an age I guessed to be around thirty. A swift, embarrassed glance gave me an impression of height, leanness, and under dark hair a thin, strong-boned, proudly somber face. He did not smile, nor make the slightest attempt to.

I mumbled, "I'm afraid I lost my way."

"It's easy enough." He paused. "You know, you really shouldn't be here at all. This is private property." He bent back the branches of the hedge beside him to reveal a weather-cracked board on which was printed: PRIVATE. TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED.

"But the sign by the church distinctly said 'Footpath to Maidenford Cove.' I assumed it was public."

"This is Glissing Cove, private property. Maidenford Cove lies farther east, over that headland. I suspect you left the public footpath half a mile back."

"How do I get back to the village?"

He took a couple of steps forward, pointed. "Keep along this track, bear right by that patch of bracken you can just see. After that the path will take you downhill and then over a rise, from which you'll see the church tower."

I glanced at my watch. It was past five. "Thank you." I smiled at him. He did not return my smile, however, but gave me a polite nod of dismissal.

I went past him, as swiftly as I could without actually running. Too late, I realized I should have told him who I was, that as my grandmother's guest I had a right to trespass on what was presumably her property.

Back in the village, I got myself tidied up. By that time it was ten past six; then I was held up by the car's starter refusing to function. It was another half hour before I drove in at the open gate of Glissing Park.

It was dark now, a hint of mist shifting in the car lights as I followed the curving drive. As I rounded a bend, the beam from the headlights swept over the façade of the house, revealing it foot by foot, from left to right. I saw the side nearest to me, followed by a portico set on stone pillars that whitened dramatically as the glow touched them, and then the far wing, where I was startled to see windows boarded up, brickwork marked with elongated tongues of soot that were the obvious legacy of flames. From the newness of the boards that blocked the windows, I judged that the fire had been comparatively recent.

I parked immediately in front of the door, took my suitcase out of the back, then turned off the headlights. The shock of darkness was overwhelming. There was not one crack of light along the front of the house, not the smallest token that anyone lived inside.

As I put one foot before the other, my toe struck the shallow step, my outflung hand a pillar. I steadied myself, and with eyes becoming accustomed to the dark, I saw the bell pull. With a feeling of relief, I tugged it hard.

I waited . . . how long? A minute, maybe two. Then the long sash windows at either side of the door were filled with light, and I heard the lift of a heavy latch. As the door swung back, I saw a very short, rather plump middle-aged woman in a pink uniform.

"Miss Elliot? Oh, please do come in. We'd been expecting you to arrive much earlier." Her greeting was breathless, agitated.

As I crossed the threshold I was dwarfed, almost swallowed up by a sea of huge black and white diamonds that stretched right and left and forward of me to the base of a stairway that grew out of the back of the hall.

My glance went back to the little woman, who was edging me forward, affecting me with her urgency. "I wonder if you'd mind, as you're so late, if I take you straight to your room, and then you can join Mrs. Elliot and the others."

The woman scurried ahead of me up the stairs. By the time I had thoroughly lost my bearings she paused, opened a door, switched on a light and waited for me to go ahead. The room in its Victorian heyday had no doubt been pleasant, maybe luxurious, but now the heavy furniture, the worn pink satin bedcover and curtains were shabby. The chill air struck like a blight.

Again came that breathless agitated pleading. "Mrs. Elliot dines at seven, and as it's that time now —— I don't want to hurry you, but could you be as quick as you can?"

"Of course. Are you ——"

"I'm the housekeeper here—Mrs. West." She gave me a nerveless smile. "I'd better come back for you. Ten minutes?"

I promised that I would try to be ready by then.

Standing in my slip, I ran water into a washbasin that was as big as a baby's bath. It was tepid. Shivering, I pulled a crimson jersey dress over my head, straightened the seams and inspected the result in a smudgy looking glass set into a tall wardrobe.

I was reaching for my lipstick when I heard the noise. Scratch . . . scrabble. For the first few seconds I couldn't locate it. Then there was a telltale snuffle, a muffled yelp. I opened the door and a boisterous little white wire-haired terrier leaped on me, pawing my knees. As it made a bound for the bed, I caught it by the collar. The name plate glittered in the light and I read: Kelly, Esmond Elliot, Glissing Park.

"Oh!" Mrs. West stood aghast in the door. "How *did* Kelly get up here! Oh dear, give him to me. He'll cover you with his hairs, and on the bed too!"

Bursting with indignation, she carried him out upside down, his legs fighting the air.

"Dogs should be trained," she snapped on her return. "Are you ready to go down?"

She hurried ahead of me down the staircase, across the checkerboard hall and along a corridor. She paused at a door, then flung it open and announced my name. I had a sense of being tossed to the wolves.

The wolf in this case was enthroned in a blazing cascade of light. The throne was no more than a wing armchair; the light came from a tall floor lamp which shone entirely on my grandmother and left the rest of the room, and whomever it contained, in obscurity.

"I'm very relieved that you've arrived at last, Charlotte. You're extremely late."

I went forward until I stood on the edge of the circle of radiance, then stopped. I'd never seen a photograph of Edwina, but in my mind she was ugly. In the flesh she wasn't especially so: just a rather unattractive old woman, with big bones from which the meager flesh hung discolored, gaunt. Her lank hair was a mixture of gray, white and a nasty metallic gold. Her voluminous garments, of no fashion, were a drab black. From her gnarled, brown-spotted hands spurted the fire of jewels, and hanging from her ruined throat was a pretty crystal chain supporting a locket which she clutched to her breast as she glared at me. I apologized for being late and she gave a grunt, then said in a strong but querulous voice, "Well, aren't you going to kiss me, Charlotte?"

Her cheek tasted like warm brown paper. As I raised my head, I found myself looking directly into faded blue eyes that were astonishingly alive and disconcertingly sagacious.

There was a rustling behind her. Though their heads were above the radius of the light, I made out two men, one woman.

My grandmother beckoned impatiently and a girl stepped forward, a girl so exquisitely beautiful—with soft blond hair curving round a small oval face, eyes that were a clear, serene sapphire—that I drew in my breath in sheer astonishment. She was smiling at me, gently, almost modestly, as she held out her hand, and Edwina said, "Charlotte, this is Lisa, my granddaughter."

The girl's touch was warm and firm, and her voice curiously light like a child's. "Charlotte, I'm so glad you made it. We were beginning to be scared you'd had a breakdown."

Two men moved in to share the light. As Lisa dropped my hand, it was taken into a larger grasp as Edwina said, "Charlotte, my agent, Major Tarrand."

A powerful man, his full, open countenance marked by a fair mustache that matched his hair, bent toward me. "How do you do, Miss Elliot." His voice was hearty, welcoming.

And then Edwina was saying, "And this, Charlotte, is Mark Halliwell, my godson."

This time there was the black-and-white severity of dinner clothes instead of tweed and flannels, but the scrutiny was the same as it had been on the cliff beside the sea: totally noncommittal, a grave, wordless determination to reduce communication between us to a bare minimum, expressed this time in a movement of the head, a polite, "How do you do, Miss Elliot."

The girl sank gracefully onto a stool by the side of Edwina's chair. Her dress was black—not the dead black of Edwina's, but soft, with sheen where the light touched it. Who was she? Either my father had married again, and she was his daughter, or she had been Esmond's wife.

The gong sounded, and with a mighty heave on her stick Edwina came to her feet. She moved cumbersomely but with dogged strength, and when Mark Halliwell offered her his arm, she thrust it away.

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CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

PRETTY HANDS BY JOY

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JOY HAS A MILDNESS YOU CAN SEE ON YOUR HANDS



New soft plastic bottle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

After Edwina had gone through the door, Lisa came to my side. We were moving into the dining room. I had to put my question to her abruptly, without preamble. "You were married to Esmond?"

The sapphire eyes widened at the question. "Yes—of course." My first breathless astonishment at her beauty was fading. The hair, the eyes, the delicate bones had been gifts at birth, but the rest —— Already I sensed the rigid schooling.

Edwina was already seated at the head of the table. "Here, Charlotte." She rapped at a place on her left. "Mark can sit beside you. Come along, Ivor."

Lisa with pretty, good-mannered charm and Major Tarrand with genial, almost protective humor engaged me in conversation about the journey down from London, while Edwina concentrated on spooning up her soup with noisy greed, and Mark Halliwell, beyond performing the small courtesies of the table, kept silent. It was a comfortless meal.

Gradually I became aware that of the four guests round the table only Mark Halliwell appeared at ease. His air, I decided, was that of a stranger exercising good-mannered restraint at a meal to which he'd been dragged against his will. Once I found courage, spurred by intensifying curiosity, to look directly into his eyes. They were under his strong black brows not brown, as I'd expected, but blue, a strange metallic blue, and not proud and arrogant as I'd supposed on the cliff, but serene and coolly amused.

As we left the dining room Edwina once more stumped doggedly ahead of us. When she was again enthroned in the wing chair, the light beating down on her, she tapped with her stick on a small upright chair. "Sit there, Charlotte, where I can see you. Now dinner is over, I want to talk to you."

As I obeyed, the three others retreated to seats out of reach of the direct light from the lamp.

After a moment's uncomfortable silence, Edwina began. "You don't bear the least resemblance to Esmond. Not that that surprises me. You were not identical twins, you know. As babies you were totally unalike."

"So I've been told."

"So you work in a bank. What do you do there?"

I told her, giving her the tersest reply short of rudeness. It was only the first of many answers she prized from me. She was remorseless, not pausing until she possessed a complete dossier of my life from the age of six months.

Since I was her granddaughter, and I had accepted her hospitality, though I writhed under her questions, I could not actively resent them. What incensed me almost past bearing were those three eavesdroppers. They were strangers, with no right to act as silent witnesses as Edwina prodded and poked at the bones of my life.

Afraid that my anger might be showing, for distraction I turned my head and saw on the fringe of light, on the table near Edwina's chair, an old-fashioned silver frame. I leaned forward to see it better; it was a photograph of a young man. I reached out, picked it up, and discovered it wasn't a photograph at all, but a painting, a very amateurish one.

I turned to Edwina. "Is this Esmond?"

"Esmond!" She snatched it from me. "That is Danny, a self-portrait. He painted it only last spring, especially for me, with a looking glass. I used to sit and watch him work ——" Her voice suddenly started to shake, and her hand trembled. "In those days I had three Dannys: Danny painting, Danny in the looking glass and Danny in the portrait. Now ——" Her voice cracked, crumbled into an inaudible dirge of mourning.

No one spoke. No one leaned forward to console her. She was left isolated in her grief that was ugly, pitiful, and to me incomprehensible. I did not know who Danny was; nothing about him except that he was buried in Glissing churchyard and that my grandmother wept for him, while the others sat in a silence so rigid that they might all have been holding their breaths.

Lisa broke it at last, laying her hand on Edwina's shoulder, saying in her gentle young-girl voice, "It's nine o'clock, granny, and you've had an exhausting day. Don't you think you ought to go to bed? You'll be able to see Charlotte in the morning."

Without attempting to wipe away the tears that were sliding down the dark runnels in her cheeks, she demanded with a sudden reversion to her normal testiness, "Where's Mark? Before I go to bed I want to hear what he was telling me when Charlotte interrupted us. Mark ——"

"Yes, aunt."

He came to stand alongside me. I glanced upward, curious as to how he would react to being treated like a schoolboy. He did not appear to mind it in the least. So intent was I on my scrutiny of him that I missed Edwina's first questions, his answers.

" —— a little way into the third. I've begun marking the sections I'd like to use."

"I've not said you can. You know I have not made up my mind yet."

"I understand that."

"It's the gallery I'm concerned with. Have you heard from the man who owns it?"

He hesitated. "I'm afraid he won't commit himself, not yet."

"Let me see his letter."

"It's in the gun room."

"Get it and bring it to me upstairs."

Without a backward glance at any of us, Mark Halliwell left the room. Edwina turned on me, a semblance of kindness in her voice.

"I go to bed early. In that respect I follow the doctor's orders. I hope you'll sleep comfortably in your room, Charlotte. Tomorrow I'll show you round the house."

As Major Tarrand held open the door for her, and a drudgery of movement propelled her into the corridor beyond, I was caught,

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

The sloping roof protects a handsome entrance.

A "T" FLOOR PLAN FOR A HILLSIDE

BY JOHN H. BRENNEMAN
ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR

Ideal for a gentle side-to-side slope is this ingratiating two-story house. Its bright roomy split-level entrance hall makes pleasant stairway access to either living level.

Down six steps are living room, separate dining and family rooms, and kitchen. The kitchen has a very practical U work area, and laundry equipment opposite in an alcove.

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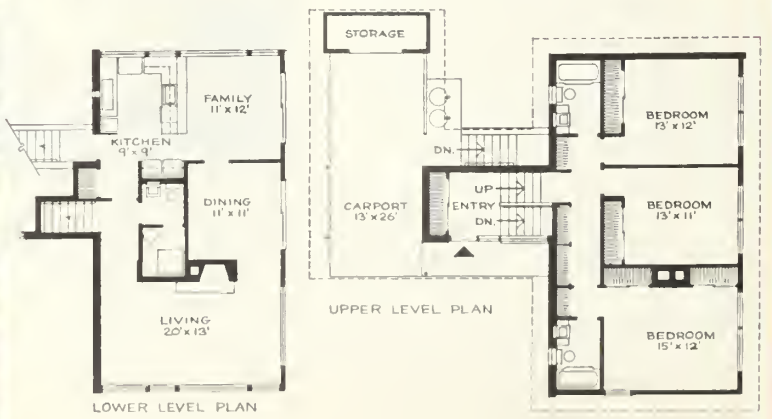
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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 106

uite unprepared, by an unexpected stab of ity so strong that it was almost love

Major Tarrand, after closing the door, rned on a couple of lights and instantly the oom changed, grew longer and wider. The moval of Edwina's tyrannical presence emed to effect a transformation in Lisa and Major Tarrand also. They even looked differnt physically—and, rather strangely, older. isa was no longer a demure girl, but a sophisicated young woman, and Major Tarrand had lso suffered a change. As he lighted a match r his cigarette, I saw his eyes, a cool, slate ray. As he blew the match out, they bore irectly upon me, and I became conscious of he appraising quality in those eyes, whose rises and pupils were almost the same cold nt, making them somehow alien to the rest f his face; to the nice, jovial laugh.

I laughed, and was surprised by the unteadiness of the sound. "After a time it gets rribly boring talking about nothing but neself. Now you know practically everything here is to know about me, do you think I ight have my turn, ask a few questions?"

Lisa said, "What do you want to know?"

"For instance, I didn't even know that smond was married. How long were you?"

"Five years. We were married the day he as twenty-one, when I was nineteen. Timmy's our and a bit."

"Timmy?"

"You mean you didn't know about Timmy?" I flushed at the frankly incredulous ght in her eyes. Both she and the man seemed aiting to pounce on and weigh every word uttered.

I took another tack. "Did Esmond ever alk about me?"

As she raised her head, the lightest, swiftest dance passed between her and Major Tarand. "Well, not to any extent. In fact, when Edwina suddenly developed this urge to see you, 'd forgotten that Esmond had a sister. It was uite a shock." She gave me that smile of nuscle and tissue that, as I now realized, she urned on at will. "Wasn't it, Ivor?"

His eyes left me for Lisa, compulsively, as if drawn by a magnet. I watched their glances neet. Even a face so schooled as Lisa Elliot's , once in a while, caught off guard; and that s how I knew that Lisa and Ivor Tarrand were, to some degree, in love.

I said, "I know Esmond lived in Africa for time. I suppose you were there with him?"

"We went to Rhodesia immediately after we were married." And that, I thought, explained the letter I'd sent to Glissing being returned to me. "Esmond wanted to farm there. We did, for a time, but he hadn't enough capital and the climate didn't suit either of us, or Timmy. About a year ago we came home."

My glance fell on the silver photograph frame. I gestured at it. "Who was he?"

"Danny?" The name struck the careful control from Lisa's voice. "If you want it in a nutshell, Danny was a louse."

The explosion of the ugly word, the venom behind it was like a small electric shock running through the room. Major Tarrand said hastily, as if to give it a cover of decency, "Daniel Wargrave, Miss Elliot, was your grandmother's great-nephew, the son of her only sister's child. He turned up here suddenly ten months ago. He was ——"

Lisa did not let him finish. "He was a parasite, an unscrupulous and despicable little man whose sole ambition was to live off a helpless old woman. For forty years he'd seemingly never remembered Edwina's existence, and then, when he'd run through everything else, he came and battened on her. Not only that, he hypnotized her into believing that he was a genius!" She snatched up the picture, thrust it toward me. "Take a good look at that, and you'll see what kind of an artist he was. Why, Timmy could do better."

"It seems pretty poor. When did he die?"

Major Tarrand answered. "In August. I don't suppose you noticed as you drove in, but the west wing has been more or less gutted. Mrs. Elliot had fixed up a bedroom and studio for Wargrave there. The theory is that an oilstove caused the fire. Wargrave had had it before any of us could get near him. Esmond and I did all we could before the fire brigade arrived, but it was quite hopeless."

Lisa stared at him all the time he had been speaking, her expression stony.

I made a calculation. "He must have died only a short while before Esmond was drowned?"

Lisa gave me a frankly sardonic glance. "I take it what you mean is that two sudden deaths in the family must have hit an old lady of eighty pretty hard?"

"Yes, I was thinking that."

"Danny's did. In fact, she was still in bed being treated for shock when Esmond was drowned." She began to smile and I felt a little sick. "But she survived the second loss remarkably well. It was much easier on her, naturally, as she didn't care a damn for Esmond; she never had. You'll soon discover for yourself that Edwina has loved only two people in all her long life: her husband and Danny Wargrave." She gave her smile briefly to Major Tarrand, and then returned it to me. "So you'll understand that what we're all waiting breathlessly to learn is if you're going to make a third."

Sitting up in bed the next morning with the soft buttery sun flooding the room, I was content to be in Devonshire instead of on a bus bound for a day's work in the bank. My first-floor window looked over the garden, a place of air and sunlight I itched to explore. I thought, as I always did when I escaped from London, *I'm a country girl at heart*. As I dressed, I wondered if it would be warm enough to bathe in the sea that could lie only just over the horizon. With a pang of excitement I remembered the dour little housewedged between cliff and sand that had enchanted me. Today I'd find out who lived there.

Even the geography of Glissing was simple to master by daylight. I opened the door of the breakfast room, and Mark Halliwell rose from his seat at the head of the damask-coated table. He pulled out a chair for me.

I looked at him curiously. "So you're my grandmother's godson. Are you just paying her a friendly visit?"

"More or less. My uncle, James Halliwell, is her solicitor. She needed his advice, but he happens to be recovering from a thrombosis. So I came down last Friday for a day or two to see if I could help out. Uncle James hoped if she could discuss this plan of hers with me, it might prevent her making herself ill with impatience."

"So you're a solicitor?"

"God forbid. I'm a publisher. My father founded the firm. By the way, dad knew your mother. So did Uncle James."

I said eagerly, "Then you knew about me too. And you must have known Esmond."

"Yes, I knew him." He made the admission casually, and the hope that had come bounding to me lost impetus as I waited for him to go on. "He was three years my junior, but he spent odd holidays with us in London; I came down here quite a few summers. When we were grown up, we weren't close friends, but we kept in touch. . . . You look disappointed. Why?"

And now it tumbled out, half against my will. "I'd hoped once I was at Glissing, that everyone would talk about Esmond, that his life would be laid open for me to read. That's why I came here, the only reason, to find out about Esmond." His glance was so startled, so darkly wary that I finished on a challenge. "I've a right to know, haven't I?"

"Yes. Yes, of course," he conceded. "You've a perfect right to find out all you want about Esmond. And that's really why you came here?"

"You sound as if you don't altogether believe me."

"Oh, I do. I do." He got up rather abruptly and went to the window. A moment before he had been friendly; now I wasn't sure.

"What is this business you're doing for Edwina?" I asked.

He came slowly back to the table, though he did not sit down. "You might say I'm here to protect the interests of the dead."

"Esmond's interests?"

He frowned and the small action made him formidable, even arrogant. "Not Esmond's. Daniel Wargrave's."

"Lisa said, and Major Tarrand ——"

He cut in abruptly. "I know. I imagine they gave you a thorough account of Danny Wargrave. What's more, they weren't far wrong."

"If that self-portrait I saw was anything to judge by, he certainly wasn't an artist."

"No, Danny couldn't paint," Mark said slowly. "But he was a master at self-persuasion. In his time he'd hoodwinked himself into believing he was not only a painter, but an actor, a script writer, a novelist, a film producer, even a theatrical manager; after a certain amount of initial success, he'd failed at the lot. He had no staying power. And though he had a lot of little talents, he had only one big one."

"What was that?"

"Ironically, it was one he appears never to have suspected he possessed. When it came to self-revelation, Danny was a near-genius. For twenty years he kept a diary, in which he was unfailingly honest. He used it as a magnifying glass on himself. And that, I may tell you, is extremely rare—very nearly unique."

"The diary of a failure!"

He nodded. "Precisely. These diaries make fascinating reading: an honest analysis of a human being; there's nothing more engrossing." He twisted a chair round, straddled it. Excitement was growing in him.

"How did you get hold of them?"

"By sheer accident. He kept them locked in an old safe in his bedroom. It survived the fire. The key was lost, so Edwina got an expert in to open it. I was with her when he came, and I asked her if I could read what we found in the safe. She agreed."

"Aren't the others curious? Lisa, for instance."

"Now she's learned that the diaries exist, Lisa's extremely curious. That's why I'm keeping them in the safe, and the key in my pocket."

"Are you trying to make some kind of deal with Edwina?"

"In a way. She's determined to have what's left of Danny's pictures exhibited in London. If I can pull that off, I'm hoping she may eventually consent to having the diaries published."

"But who on earth would put on an exhibition of those pictures?"

He grinned suddenly. "Leave that to me. There are always strings to be pulled."

Lisa came into my room that day, before lunch, and said, "Ivor rang up this morning. He's got to go and see the tenant at one of the farms this afternoon, and he asked if you'd like to go with him—that is, if you don't object to riding in the Land Rover. It would give you a chance to see the place. How do you feel about the idea?"

I said I'd like it, provided Edwina had no objection.

"She won't object; she rests every day after lunch. All right if Ivor picks you up at two?"

"I'll be ready." Then, as she turned to go, I asked, "Where does he live? Near here?"

"At a house down by the sea, Glissing Cove. Very remote and primitive. I can't think how he stands it, but that's one of the reasons he took the job. His family once owned it, and it was called Tarrands. Now it's known simply as the Sea House."

The afternoon was overcast by a pearly mist. As we got into the Land Rover, after lunch, Major Tarrand forecast rain. In corduroys, leather-patched tweed jacket, cap, he looked completely in his element: almost a blueprint for a country gentleman doing the rounds of his acres. The fact that they weren't his but Edwina's didn't affect the picture.

It wasn't until we'd been driving for half an hour that I found an opportunity to say, "By the way, at lunch my grandmother gave me a message for you. She wants to know how much longer you'll be keeping Nanny. She's anxious to have her back."

"Why?" The question came with such unexpected force that I gave him a startled glance.

"I've no idea. I don't even know who Nanny is."

"She was your father's nurse, and Esmond's. She's even older than Mrs. Elliot, and stone deaf. At the moment she happens to be staying with me."

"Has she been with you long?"

"Ten days—about that." There was a pause. "I'm a bachelor; I live alone. Occasionally a woman comes down from the village to clean, but every now and again there are things in the house—linen, cupboards, things like that—that need more attention than she can give. That's what is occupying Nanny at the moment."

His irritation was gone. He turned his head, gave me an easy smile. "Old women are hard taskmasters. But I'll see Mrs. Elliot, try to make my peace—though it will be short-lived if Nanny decides not to return to Glissing."

"That's a possibility?"

"Yes. She talks of going to stay with her grandson." His glance lay on me for a moment and then he said with cheerful heartiness, "And good luck to her, that's what I say. If her grandson is willing to have her, no one can compel her to come back here."

We drove in silence for a while. Ever since we had been together, I had been aware of a compulsion to speak to him of the little house by the sea, which I'd loved on first sight, and in which he lived. Finally I ventured, "Lisa tells me that you were born near here."

"Yes. In the house where I'm now living. It's on Glissing Cove, by the sea." He was smiling as he spoke, his voice rang with pride. "In fact, it once belonged to my grandfather. After I was kicked out of the Indian army, I wandered back down this way. It happened that Mrs. Elliot needed an agent; she'd known me as a child, and as by that time I'd had some experience of farming, I got the job. The house was empty, near derelict at that time; my taking it over was part of the deal. I'd always remembered it."

"You do love it, don't you?"

"Yes. You might say it's one of my two loves. There's the other." He nodded toward the horizon, and I made out the shape of a wind sleeve.

"Flying?"

"Yes. Three months ago I managed to scrape together enough money to buy my own two-seater plane. Goes like a bird. We're lucky to have a good flying club so handy."

"Was Esmond a flier?"

"No. His hobby was sailing. But Lisa's keen on it. She hasn't got her pilot's license yet, but it shouldn't be long, and meanwhile she goes up with me."

I asked him how often he managed to get to the flying club.



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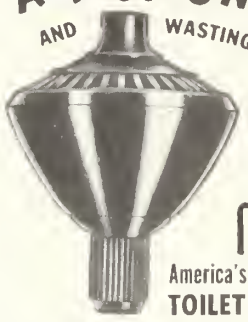
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"Depends. Usually not less than a couple of times a week, generally part of Sunday. I was there yesterday afternoon. The weather was perfect. I did over three hundred miles."

I watched him, caught in the tiny memory of a figure standing in the upstairs window of his house. I wondered, if he hadn't been at home, who it had been; or had it been no more than an illusion created by the sun?

I said, "I imagine you must have a lot of visitors in the summer. Anyone with a house near the sea finds himself embarrassingly popular in the holidays."

"Not me. Never have company. I prefer the place to myself."

We turned down a narrow lane. "This is where I've got to make a call. Will you be all right here? It's too muddy for exploring, I'm afraid."

He parked the Land Rover inside the farm gate and, giving me a salute of his hand, went off. Watching him go, I thought. *Two loves.* But my guess was he had three, and I wondered how his affection for an isolated, primitive house squared up with his love for a girl to whom luxury appeared to be a natural métier. In any case, it wasn't my problem. Yesterday I'd fallen in love with the Sea House, wished that it could be mine, but that feeling had changed on learning that it was already loved and, in spirit at least, belonged to someone else.

Major Tarrand was walking back toward the Land Rover when I saw a policeman on a bicycle come wobbling down the lane. He jumped off and the two men met by the car.

"Hello, Vanstone. Want me?"

"Yes, sir. I'm glad I caught you; it's saved me a journey up to the park."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, sir, it's like this. That other boot of Mr. Esmond's has been washed up. It's got his name inside; makes a pair to the other one we found. Well, sir, sergeant was wondering what should rightly he done with it He asked Inspector Adkins ——"

"Inspector Adkins? What's he got to do with it? He's gone back to his headquarters, hasn't he?"

"No, sir. At least he did, sir, for a time, but he's back again and staying at the Arms. He arrived day 'fore yesterday."

"What for? What's he doing in Glissing?"

"I'm sure I don't know, sir. In all probability he took a fancy to the place when he was here before. Mayba he's on a little holiday, sir."

"A holiday. Do you know for certain he's on holiday?"

"I don't, sir. Now, about the boot, sir. What do you want done with it?"

"Dispose of it any way you please. Burn it, if it suits you, or put it in the trash can. But don't on any account come running up to the house with it. I don't want either Mrs. Elliot or Mrs. Esmond upset. That's quite understood, Vanstone?"

"Yes, sir. I wouldn't for the world upset either of the ladies. Good day, sir."

Major Tarrand got in, backed the car, and drove down the rutted lane at a pace that set me jolting in my seat.

"Country police are the end for thickheadedness," he said angrily. "If I hadn't run into him by chance Vanstone might have come cycling up to the house, Esmond's boot dangling from his handle bars."

Back at Glissing I found Mrs. West crossing to the stairs, a tray of tea in her hands.

"Oh, Miss Elliot, I think you should know that your grandmother isn't well I shouldn't disturb her if I were you."

"You mean she's ill?"

"Oh, it's nothing serious. She had one of her slight attacks an hour ago. She'll stay in bed for the rest of the day, and she told me to ask you to excuse her coming down to dinner."

I was feeling for the switch inside my bedroom when I noticed a lighted room opening off the same landing. Through the angle made by the door and the wall, I could see a small white bed the covers turned down and a blue fuzzy rabbit sitting on the pillow. I went toward it, paused on the threshold. On the floor beside the bed, his back to me, a small boy squatted over a pile of wooden blocks, his pajama legs rucked up above bony ankles, sparrow-thin legs.

"Hello, Timmy."

He slewed round as if he had been shot, scowled and then, presumably deciding I was not someone who had authority over him, went back to the building blocks. I stepped into the room, stood looking down on his silky coal-black hair still wet from his bath. I asked him what he was doing.

"Building a steamhouse."

I dropped to my knees beside him. "I don't think I know what a steamhouse is. Show me."

He looked up: our faces were nearly level. "Are you my aunt? Mummie said you were coming. Are you going to live here?"

"No. I'm just staying a little while."

"Do you want to see my steamhouse?"

"Yes, please." I bent closer. "What's that you've got inside?"

Grudgingly he shifted two blocks and I caught a glimpse of a pint tin traveling kettle before he jealously encased it again till only the tip of its spout showed. "Steam puffs out. Perhaps it won't tonight, but when daddy builds it, there's lots of steam."

"Did your daddy teach you to make a steamhouse?"

"Yes." He threw open his arms so wide that his dressing-gown sleeves dropped back to his shoulders. "He makes lots and lots of steam. I'm going to have a train, too, at Christmas. He's going to send it to me. It'll go fast, lots faster than I can go," and on all fours he was off, slithering under the bed, round to the hearthrug and back to me in a frenzy of exitement, while I watched and could find nothing to say.

From the doorway Lisa complained, "Timmy, you really are the limit. You promised me you'd stay in bed."

As she tucked him in she said, on a laugh, "The things children get attached to! He's got heaps of perfectly good toys, but all he cares about is a tin traveling kettle! Imagine, we had to fly all the way home in the plane with him nursing the beastly thing, even when he was having his meals!"

"It's my kettle," Timmy said obstinately, "my dear, darling little steam kettle."

In Edwina's sitting room after dinner, Lisa poured Mark and me a second cup of coffee.

I said, "You're sure Edwina is all right?"

"Oh, gracious, yes. It's just one of her usual attacks. A day's rest in bed and she'll be back to normal."

She crossed to the fireplace. This evening she was wearing a plain dove-gray wool dress, disarmingly simple, subdued. Her only jewelry was her wedding ring. The effect was to enhance the exquisite alabaster-and-primrose coloring, the delicately rounded figure.

"Mark!" She didn't raise her voice, and her smile stayed put, so that what she said came as a slight shock. "I think you should consider going back to London at once."

"Why?"

She turned toward him. "There really isn't any purpose in your staying, is there? I mean, Edwina will have to be told that this ridiculous idea she has of putting Danny's pictures on exhibition is doomed to disappointment. No reputable gallery would show them. And as for this equally ridiculous idea of your publishing Danny's diaries, that's insane, and quite out of the question. How far have you got with reading them?"

"About halfway."

"I think I should warn you that you're not going to be allowed to continue with your fascinating task. Edwina has decided that Danny wouldn't have wished his diaries to be published. She wants them returned to her first thing in the morning."

"I see." He considered her leisurely, without any hint of acrimony. "When I saw her last she made no mention of it. Has she changed her mind since?"

"Yes."

He nodded. "You changed it for her?"

"No. I merely pointed out that few people wanted their private thoughts put on display—their sacred thoughts."

"A little scene . . . a slight attack! You should have learned a gentler approach!"

"It was nothing of the sort. Edwina got flustered because of a telephone call ——"

"From whom?"

She shrugged. "No one you would know." Then she gave him a slightly warmer glance. "Honestly, Mark, it's no go. Edwina has finally made up her mind. The best course for you is to admit that you can't get any gallery to exhibit the pictures and—I'm sorry if I sound rude—go back to London."

"If Edwina's come to that conclusion, naturally I'll have to accept her decision," Mark said. "Just one thing."

"What?"

He smiled at her gently, then without a change of expression plunged in his stiletto. "I think it's up to her to tell me of it herself. To ask me for the return of the diaries."

"She'll tell you." She gave him a final, benedictory smile. Then she turned to me. "We're boring you, Charlotte. I'm so sorry. And now I'm going to ask you if you'll forgive me if I have an early night. Looking after Timmy all day has left me fit for nothing except bed."

When Mark had closed the door behind her, I waited, expecting him to sit down again. There was a jumble of questions I wanted to ask; a rising desire in me to sit near him and talk, unwind after the tensions of the day.

But he didn't sit down. For a minute he stood silent in the middle of the room, bound by his thoughts, and then he gave me a glance so perfunctory that I knew I was no more than a blur in his eyes. "You be all right, Charlotte? There's something I've got to do. I'll be in the gun room if you want me."

After he had gone, an unnatural, breath-held silence set me prowling restlessly round the room. I even lifted the piano lid and struck a chord. As the last note died, I was startled by a long burst of noise: a car in low gear, shifting into high and fading into the distance, as though it had pulled round from the stables and driven away down the drive. Lisa? But she had said she was going to bed. There was no one for me to ask.

I read for a while; then restlessness, a need to talk—to talk about Esmond—sent me into the gun room, where Mark sat at a desk, absorbed in what he was reading, heedless of the opening door.

"I'm gate crashing," I said.

"On the contrary, you couldn't be more welcome." He smiled. "I was just going to take a break anyway."

Beside him, on the floor, was an old-fashioned green safe, on it two piles of square, stiff exercise books.

"How far have you got with the diaries?" I asked.

"Quite a way. After dinner tonight, with the possibility of having them confiscated tomorrow, I cheated, skipped a few years, and took a few samples nearer the present day. But with his tiny writing it's slow going."

"In your place, I'd have been tempted to read the end first, when he was presumably writing about places and people you knew."

NEXT MONTH

The beat of the drums, the blare of trumpets and the rattle of cha-chas made an incredible row. The congestion was beyond description. The town seemed to have gone mad!

Furious at himself and worried, Murray elbowed his way into the Grande Place, his eyes searching everywhere. Somewhere in this bedlam Mary Benchley had disappeared. "There's something wrong with this place," she had said, "and the people in it. Something evil ——"

A. J. Cronin's new novel tells a story of emotional tensions, violence and suspense.

NATIVE DOCTOR

Complete, condensed, in the January Journal

"I did consider it, but I decided I was likely to get a more objective view of the diaries by plowing through them from the beginning. However, now I intend to spend the first part of the night finding out just what Danny did have to say about Glissing."

I sat on the sofa, not speaking, the need that had driven me into the room pressing in upon me. I stared hard above his head at a fish immured in a glass case. If I could concentrate on the highly glazed scales, the protruding eyes, count the fins, I was safe, I thought. But a sudden swell of emotion carried me forward helplessly, and I heard my voice crying, "Why must we talk about Danny? Won't anybody talk to me about Esmond? He's only been dead a month. What did he do, to make people say so little about him? Pull legs off flies, beat his wife and child? What did he *do?*"

On the dark fabric of my skirt I saw my hand shaking like an old woman's, and then there were fingers raising my chin, warm, firm lips closing on mine, staying there until the shaking was gone. I tasted peace and an emotion to which I was not ready to put a name. I wanted to stay there, not to question, to reason: just to take and go on taking. But I couldn't. I drew back, made my voice light. "Is that your cure for girls with hysteria?"

When he didn't answer I had to look up. He was standing beside me, the expression on his face both tender and triumphant, not touching me except for his hand which clasped my shoulder.

"I'm sorry to be such a fool," I said.

He sat down beside me. "If it's Esmond that's worrying you, I'll tell you as much about him as I know. All right?"

"Please," I said. "I don't care how bad he was; what he did. I just want to know."

"There was nothing particularly bad about Esmond, but, on the other hand, nothing outstandingly good. Except for the fact that he was uncommonly good-looking, there was nothing out of the ordinary about him: average brains, average athletic ability, and he was good-tempered, easygoing. You might have thought that he was exceptionally well endowed with qualities to make him happy, but, on the whole, no, he wasn't a happy man."

Mark's hand came out. It was a narrow, strong hand, but its touch as he turned my cheek toward him was surprisingly gentle. "I think the best way I can say what was wrong with Esmond is that the prospect of one day inheriting a fortune crippled him. If Edwina's money had never been there, or if he'd come into it sooner, he'd have been sound and whole. It was like the sight of a lovely rich piece of pie to a starving man—a piece of pie forever out of reach."

I moved my chin slightly, and he dropped his hand. "Physically, too, it wasn't good for him: the tension, the increasing uncertainty. From childhood he'd suffered from cardiac asthma, and emotional stresses were bad for him, led to attacks that laid him up for days. And remember, it wasn't only for himself that he wanted the money; it was for Lisa and Timmy. That's one good mark you can safely give him: he adored his wife and son."

"But she didn't love him, not when he died. She couldn't have."

He stared at me. "How do you know?"

"Because she's in love with someone else."

"Who?"

"Ivor Tarrand."

"You could be right. Lisa's the sort of girl who couldn't take life without a man. Tarrand? Well, he's handy. But how do you know?"

I shook my head. "It's too tricky to explain, but I am sure." Then I looked at him. "Mark, if you had a son of four and his mother was dead, would you tell him quite definitely that at Christmas she would be sending him a present. a specific present?"

His face, looking down at me, clouded with exasperation. "How on earth do you expect me to answer that one? How could I know?"

"That's what Timmy believes. That his father has only gone away, that at Christmas he'll send him an engine."

"I don't know." He shook his head, obviously baffled. "Maybe that's what's called breaking it to him gently. Give the devil his due, Lisa is genuinely fond of Timmy."

"Devil! Why do you call her a devil?"

"Figure of speech." The smile made his eyes brilliant. "Let's say she's not my type."

And the words, so light an exchange, warmed me. My image of Esmond was a little despoiled, but the disfigurement had been done with kindness and understanding.

"Feel better?" Mark touched my hand. "All you've got to do is to take Esmond down from his pedestal. It's not a comfortable perch for any man, living or dead."

The sea upheld me; all I could see was sky. I was no more than a dot of white swim suit floating on forty fathoms or so of sea.

"Had enough?" Mark's voice sailed over the water.

"Just about." But I didn't follow him immediately as he struck out for the beach. I trod water, looking shoreward at Glissing Cove, at the rose-colored cliff with its frosting of green turf. The Sea House lay behind the bluff, but I would see it when I got back to the beach.

Mark was toweling his head when my feet trod clear of the last curling wave. "Not bad for October, was it? Hurry and get some clothes on, and then I've got some coffee to warm us up."

When I came back from the cave where I'd undressed, he was in slacks and sweater, the vacuum flask uncorked. I took the cup. "There must be hundreds of caves along the cliffs, aren't there? They're honeycombed with them. You must have had an adventurous time here as a boy. Did you come often?"

"About half a dozen times."

"Did you ever stay in the Sea House?"

"One holiday, when I was twelve and Esmond nine. They farmed us out with Nanny, that old tartar, and another servant." He gave me a smile as he reached for my cup for a refill, but I sensed his thoughts were moving on a different plane from his words. Fatigue was written into his eyes, across the sharply regular planes of his face.



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Didn't you go to bed at all last night?" I asked.

"Not till five."

"Did you get to the end of your reading?"

"Nearly not quite I'm going back now to finish the rest. Coming?"

If I'd thought it mattered to him I'd have jumped up, gone back to Glissing with him. But it obviously didn't, and suddenly I found myself reflecting bitterly that he'd kiss any girl in tears, any girl he was sorry for.

"Now I'm here I'll stay for a while and sunbathe."

He hesitated, then crouched beside me, where I lay face down on the beach. "I'd like nothing better than to stay here with you, but Edwina may snatch those diaries away from me at any moment, and I want at least to know what I'm losing." His finger was tracing the hairline at the back of my neck. I said nothing, and his finger stopped, became quite still. "You see, I'm not sure now that ——"

I turned my head sideways, and his hand dropped to the sand. "Sure about what?"

"Nothing." He jumped to his feet, and I turned my head back into my arms. "I need another couple of hours."

I heard his feet, soft on the sand, louder as he leaped from rock to rock, but always urgent, hurrying, and then no more. When I looked up he had passed from sight. I was left alone with the sea and the sky and the sea gulls. And the house.

From where I sat only the upper story and roof were visible. I got up, walked along the cove till I had a full sideways view. I had never seen a house anything like this one. I jumped the last sea pool, clambered up the low rock wall and stood on the lawn, staring at it.

If the house had betrayed the least sign of habitation, I should have stopped my trespassing, but it didn't. Major Tarrand was out, I knew, doing some business in Wellmouth, because Lisa had suggested we should meet him there for a drink. And the only other occupant was stone-deaf. I crossed the grass and walked up the flagged path to look in through the nearest window. The room inside appeared dark, and the reflection of light on the pane prevented me from seeing much except my own face peering back at me. Then, on the point of moving away, I stopped.

The sash window wasn't quite shut. The bottom half was raised about two inches. My fingers touched the satin-smooth oak window sill inside the room; on it lay a bronze paper knife, an ivory elephant, the bowl of a pipe. My palm folded round it, astonished, yet not sure why. The bowl was warm. I took my fingers away, uncertain whether in holding it I had made it so, or whether —— I looked behind me. The sun had shifted; it no longer bore down on the front of the house. My fingers moved to the tobacco, and jerked away. It was hot, still alight. Someone had only just put it down, hurriedly carelessly.

Then, as if some sense warned me I was being spied on, my eyes flew up to the window above my head. A hand, a man's hand, was round the curtain. Even as I stepped back a pace to better my view, it disappeared. There was nothing but two lengths of fabric framing an empty window.

My fingers were stretching out to test the pipe a second time when there was a shout not a dozen feet away from me.

"Go away. Go away, you nasty prying tourist. Shoo! Do you hear me?" Almost on top of me was an old woman, thin, tiny, but vitalized by rage, her limbs, black skirt and even her little black boots in a fury of movement. She was brandishing a man's umbrella.

I raised my hand to ward her off. "I'm sorry. It was very rude of me. But I'm Charlotte Elliot—Mrs. Elliot's granddaughter. I know Major Tarrand ——"

But it was hopeless: like a pocket-sized witch she was coming in to attack, beating the air with the umbrella, practicing the strokes with which, given a chance, she would have thrashed me. I shouted again, then remembered I was wasting my breath. She could only be Nanny, and she was stone-deaf.

There was only one thing to do: run. She came after me, shrieking, "Tourist, ill-mannered tourists! Don't come prying in here or I'll have the police on you. You've no right on private property."

I reached the plank bridge over the little stream, crossed it. Safe on the other side, I turned, gave her what was meant to be an apologetic salute. The little black doll was watching me, making sure I didn't return.

She'd gone in when I looked back again. The house was sealed and silent. I stared at the window where, once, a man had been briefly illumined by the sun; once a hand. The first time might have been imagination, but the second most assuredly hadn't been.

In some deep level of consciousness I was aware that a burst of hope, illogical and utterly baseless, was fighting for life.

I was nearly home when I saw a man walking toward me. The path was narrow; we had to pass, which meant that one of us would have to step into the brushwood. He did so, and with a nod of thanks my foot was lifted to pass on when he stopped, raised his hat. It was a black one, very much a town model, as were his dark overcoat, his thin shoes.

"Miss Elliot? I am addressing Miss Elliot, I believe." He was a short, plump man, and he was smiling pleasantly.

"Yes."

"Adkins—Detective Inspector Adkins. A few weeks ago I had the unhappy task of investigating your brother's death, Miss Elliot. You know, I expect, that his body was never recovered from the sea. We had to presume he was drowned. May I, belatedly perhaps, offer you my condolences on your loss?"

"Thank you."

"I'll walk back with you, if I may?"

"But you were going the other way."

"No matter; my main purpose was a stroll on this beautiful morning. It must be a great comfort for your grandmother to have you with her at this time. I understand she receives very few visitors; is that so?"

"I'm not familiar with her habits," I said. "But she's not well today."

"I'd like to have a little chat with her some time. In fact, I telephoned her yesterday afternoon, but after we'd been speaking a few moments we were cut off, and when I dialed the number again, the woman who answered said Mrs. Elliot was too ill to come to the telephone. I was sorry to hear that."

The orchard gate was directly ahead. "Perhaps you could tell me what you wanted to see her about, and I could pass on a message."

"I think, on the whole, it would be more satisfactory if I saw Mrs. Elliot. I'll telephone another time. Perhaps I'll be luckier." His hat off, he gave me a little formal bow. "Good day, Miss Elliot."

Edwina, reduced unwillingly to the temporary status of semi-invalid, was still a complete despot. This afternoon she was showing me photographs. By far the largest number were of her and my much-lamented grandfather, and as the afternoon wore on I came to the conclusion that photography must have been a flourishing art at the turn of the century.

She handed me a large carton of pictures we had looked at. "Put that on the top of the table over there. Move the telephone out of the way. It doesn't work any more, just clutters the place up."

I moved the telephone extension to make room for the box. "Has it been out of order long?"

"Since yesterday afternoon. It woke me up."

"Who was it?"

"How should I know, child? No one ever speaks distinctly on a telephone. Probably the vicar; he's forever trying to persuade me to subscribe to one of his funds. Said he wanted to come and see me—and then before I could make him understand that it would be useless for him to call, we were cut off. Something to do with one of the wires being broken, Lisa said. Well, it can stay broken. That's what upset me yesterday afternoon, being startled out of my sleep, getting out of bed in a hurry. I won't be plagued with it any more."

"Are you sure it was the vicar who telephoned? I met someone this morning who said he wanted to see you, and that he'd telephoned you. His name was Adkins."

"Never heard of him."

"He was a policeman."

"Then his name must either have been Garwell or Vanstone. You misheard him. Those are the only two policemen in Glissing."

"This man was a policeman in plain clothes, a detective, and said quite definitely he wanted to see you."

"Ah," and her smile was knowing, malicious "a great many people want to see me. Or that's what they say. But they don't want to see me at all or only as long as it takes me to sign my name on a check, and then they run away as fast as they can."

There was a knock on the door, and Ivy came in with the tea tray. In the commotion of clearing a space for it, Mark, whom I had not seen since he'd left me on the beach, stepped into the room.

Edwina threw him a glance of withering hostility. "Well, Mark Halliwell, and what have you got to say for yourself now that you've deigned to come and see me at last?"

Mark held out a letter to her. "I'm afraid, aunt, I've got a disappointment for you. This second letter has just arrived from Canning, the gallery man, in reply to my telephone call to him."

"Read it to me. You know I can't see typewriting without my glasses. What does he say?"

It was a short, concise letter. Mr. Canning regretted that after further consideration of the paintings it was obvious that his gallery would not be suitable for an exhibition of the late Mr. Wargrave's work.

Mark folded the letter in the envelope laid it on the foot of the bed. "I'm sorry I know how much it means to you, but I'm afraid I can't do any more.

There was a bright stain across Edwina's cheekbones; her voice was hoarse. "There are other galleries. You must write to them."

"No. Canning was my only personal contact. In any case, the answer would be the same. The quality of Danny's paintings, whatever else you may think, isn't up to exhibition standard. They are precious to you, naturally, because of their associations, but they'd have insufficient merit in the eyes of an expert."

"It's not true. Danny was a great artist. If he had lived he'd have been recognized as such. You're like all the rest, incapable of keeping a promise if it involves you in any trouble." She was all anger now, thumping the bed. "And what's more, Mark Halliwell, I've decided that I don't wish to have Danny's diaries published. I regret now I ever let you touch them. They're to be returned to me immediately. This instant, do you understand?"

Mark laid a key among the jumble on Edwina's bedside table. "I'd already decided that it was I who'd made an error in judgment. The diaries would not after all make a satisfactory book. I've put them all back in the green safe. There's the key. No one else can touch them while you keep it." He spoke with the utmost kindness, without rancor or hint that he had met defeat. I was astounded. "One thing, aunt," he added. "Take good care of them. Don't trust them to anyone. Perhaps, if you could bring yourself to do it, it would be a good idea if you had them burned."

"Burned!" Her voice rose to a crescendo of horror.

"Well, in any case, keep them safe from prying eyes."

"You pried."

"And I've returned them to you intact," he said as he turned toward the door.

"What made you decide to give up the diaries without a fight?" I asked Mark. He and I were having coffee by ourselves in the drawing room after dinner. Ivor and Lisa had left to attend a party in the neighborhood—a long-standing invitation, Lisa had said.

"Oh, that!" Mark's voice was light, without a shading of regret, even remembrance that twenty-four hours before the diaries had been of supreme importance to him. "I changed my mind. Aren't you glad, Charlotte? I thought you'd congratulate me."

"I don't understand you."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, what does it matter! I've handed the diaries back to Edwina, washed my hands of them and Danny's deplorable paintings. I'm in the clear." His voice became warm, compelling. "And now I've got you to myself for a little while. What better luck could I have?"

"Mark," I said tensely, "I've got something I want to tell you. I've been waiting to tell you ever since before lunch."

"Something's happened?" He leaned forward and for a moment our faces were so close that our breaths must have mingled. "Obviously it has. What, Charlotte?"

For a long moment I hesitated. "It's something about Esmond," I said at last.

I saw him relax, slump back away from me.

"Esmond is dead, Charlotte. Stop trying to dig up pieces of his life. Believe me, Esmond wasn't the man to relish your doing that."

"Esmond isn't dead."

His glance was that of a man called upon to reassess in a split second a situation trans-

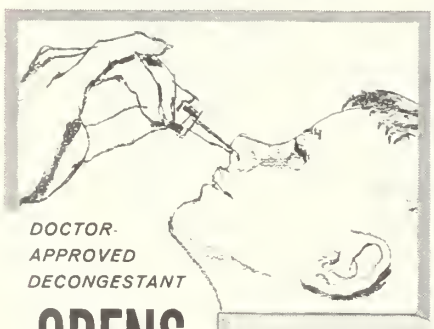
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formed out of all knowledge: wary, calculating, a little afraid. But his voice remained cool, undisturbed. "Esmond was drowned nearly five weeks ago. If your belief is based upon the fact that his body was never recovered, let me tell you that the bodies of men drowned off this coast are very seldom available for burial. That is the fault of the strong currents, and the rocks that lie ten miles offshore. Is that why you say Esmond isn't dead?"

"No."

"Then suppose you tell me your reasons."

It was obvious, I told him, that the police were still interested in Esmond, that Inspector Adkins was trying to see Edwina. I told him of the shadow I'd glimpsed at the window of the Sea House, the first day I'd arrived at Glissing when Ivor had been at the flying club; of the hand against the curtains this morning; of the pipe with the smoldering tobacco on the window sill, though Major Tarrand—as I had ascertained at dinner—did not smoke a pipe and had been in Wellmouth at the time.

All the while Mark watched me stonily, not uttering a syllable to indicate whether my careful arguments swayed his opinion.

"And what use," I finished, "do you imagine an old woman of over eighty would be to Major Tarrand, if he didn't need her to look after someone who was sick, someone she'd always nursed when he was ill?"

"And your idea is that Esmond is being kept a prisoner at the Sea House?"

"Not necessarily a prisoner. Why should he be a prisoner?"

"Why should he be hiding there at all? If you are right, and he is alive, why should he

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have staged this elaborate masquerade of playing dead?"

"I don't know. How could I know?"

He shrugged. "You haven't bothered to think that far, have you? You've seized on a wild supposition and you're hanging on to it like grim death. For heaven's sake, let go."

I said, "All right, you think I'm a credulous fool. Maybe I am. Maybe I'm not. I'm going to find out. I'm going down to the Sea House."

I got up. His hand came down on my wrist in a grip I could not shift. Eyes, blue-black, glittering with anger, looked back at me. I thought in the turn of a second, *This is the end: a pain in my wrist; words that can never be forgiven.* Then the pain was no longer there. His face had softened into an expression of self-derogatory exasperation.

"Sorry, Charlotte, did I hurt you? I didn't mean to. All right, you're going to the Sea House. I can't stop you. So"—he smiled—"in that case I'll have to go with you."

"No."

"But yes. You're in no position to be proud, you know. Those cliffs aren't safe after dark even when you know every inch of them. And you haven't a hope of getting into the house without my help."

"No," I said, suddenly frantic, "I don't want you."

He took not the slightest notice of my protest. "Go and get into something warm, slacks if you have them. I'll find a flashlight, meet you in the hall in five minutes."

I struggled into slacks, thick jersey, tied a scarf over my head. When I came back down, Mark was there, silently waiting for me.

"All set?"

"Yes." I stood by his side, looking up at him. He leaned forward to tuck the scarf in the back of my jersey. "But one thing I don't understand. If I can't get in the Sea House, how are you going to be able to?"

"Because I stayed there as a kid, as I told you, and the house hasn't yet been built that is burglarproof to a twelve-year-old boy." He went forward, opened the door and waited for me to pass. As I did so, he said softly, "In fact, I'm the perfect if unwilling accomplice."

It was the end of an argument. We were both committed. In a little while I should know whether Esmond was alive or dead.

We emerged on the crest of the headland, and began the slippery descent to the little creek. There was scarcely any wind, but some distant power had unleashed the pulses of the sea, and the sound of it sweeping the sand, then folding back upon itself, was like the continuous beat of low thunder.

The plank bridge complained, first under his weight, then under mine. On the firm, soft grass we paused and stood, close, looking ahead through the dark at the squat, solid shape of the Sea House. Bleak and night-bound, it held no enchantment for me now: it was merely four walls which had the power to trample my hope to ashes. I shivered, and stumbled against Mark. He did not move; he, too, like me, was staring at the house.

I said urgently, "Let's go."

He moved then, not toward the house, but to me. "It's not too late, even yet. You can still turn your back on this crazy idea. Charlotte ——"

The pressure of his arm was round my shoulder. His hold tightened. Then his hand was on my throat, turning my head up. For a moment the faint light showed me his face, then his lips were on mine. It was the second time he had set loose in me a wild upsurge of emotion against which I had no defense, wanted none.

Our lips parted, but we were close still, his fingers on my cheek. I whispered, "Why . . . now . . . at this moment . . . here?"

He said softly, "You don't choose the place, darling. It's suddenly there, and the moment can't wait."

I was at peace, where I'd longed to be all day, drinking in the murmur of his voice.

He drew away from me a little space. "Let's go back, darling. Charlotte, my sweet, crazy little love, I've so much ——"

"No."

That small, sharp denial struck the love, the gentleness from his voice, his arms.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Charlotte, don't interfere. Leave it. I know ——" He stopped as if he'd bitten his tongue.

"What do you know? You know something that you won't tell me?"

"Nothing." He wasn't touching me any longer. "I don't know anything except that I love you, I want to save you from ——"

"From what?"

"From yourself, your ridiculous sentimental obsession."

"You won't explain ——"

But his eyes were once more on the house, and when he spoke it was in the cool, matter-of-fact tone he might have used to another man: "All right, have it your own way."

He took my hand and guided me to the side of the house. We stood looking, through a gap in the curtains, into a kitchen. It had a flagstone floor, a square wooden table, and facing us, seated in a rocking chair, black boots on the range fender, was the fierce little witch who'd shooed me off the doorstep.

The chair rocked: back, forth, back again. My nerves tightened: she seemed to be staring directly at us. Then I saw that behind the steel-rimmed glasses the eyelids were sealed. She was asleep. My glance shifted, caught by a bright silver object above her head.

"A bell! What's it doing there?"

"Tarrand's grandfather brought it back from America. It's a bell from a railroad engine. When you get close you can read the name, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe."

"But what's it used for?"

"Nothing." His hand closed over my shoulder. "Let's get going. I had to make sure where she was. Any noise we make won't disturb her, but I didn't want to surprise her prowling round upstairs. Can you climb this shed? I'll go first and pull you up."

Before I gained the sloping roof of the shed that adjoined the house I was bruised, winded. Mark edged along the ridgepole and across onto the narrow window sill. There was the sound of wood straining against wood, and then the grumble of the window going up.

He beckoned, held out his hand. I slithered and scrambled, then, when he told me to, jumped. We were inside.

Suddenly it was pitch-dark. Panic struck me without warning: frantically I whispered Mark's name. My hand caught his sleeve, and simultaneously he flicked on the flashlight, aimed its beam ahead of us. The light touched the head of a flight of stairs, then rested successively on three doors, fastened on a fourth.

"Well, it's all yours, Charlotte," he said coolly. "Don't you want to start looking?"

No fondness in his voice now. No pleading. He was an eyewitness, not a participant.

Three bedrooms, all so neat, so Spartan that they gave no clue to their occupants. The fourth door gave on to a short, steep flight of steps leading up to an attic.

In a niche near the top of the main stairs there was a tiny oil lamp. By its light we felt our way downward. The hall below was long. I could make out the solid oblong of the front door ahead. To the right was another door, half open, the room beyond it dark.

And opposite that open door was one that was closed, dark, except for a very small shape of gold halfway down—a keyhole with no key in it to block the light that shone inside.

I put out my hand. It made no contact. I turned, startled, and saw Mark walking toward the open door. I heard the scrape of a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

How New Wonder Drug Face Cream Restores Young Look to Skin

A Report by Helena Rubinstein

What makes young skin so firm, resilient, smooth? It is rich in the two vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. These are the very hormones that have helped shape every inch of every woman from Venus to you and me—the same hormones contained in my new Ultra Feminine® Face Cream.

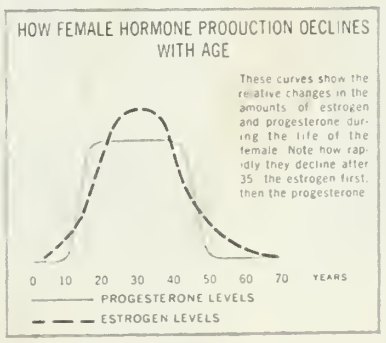
Why does a maturing woman need a supplement of these hormones? As she gets older, her body does not produce estrogen and progesterone as lavishly as before (see chart below). We see the difference in the skin—the dryness, the age lines.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN
First Lady of Beauty Science

Almost every one of us, in an attempt to turn the tide, has tried many of the oils and moisture ingredients that are on sale everywhere. No surface additive of moisture, no man-made lubricant can duplicate the results of nature's own precious estrogen and progesterone.

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In recent years I have again been involved in a vast and exciting hormone research project, this time aided by doctors, research scientists, hospitals, universities, clinics all over the United States. The result is my Ultra Feminine Face Cream, the first face cream to contain *both* vital female hormones, estrogen and progesterone.

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Ultra Feminine actually replenishes physiological substances within the skin. It comes to you with the highest recommendation, for it meets the same rigid testing as drugs in a doctor's prescription.

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You will be fascinated to find out how the female hormones determine your womanliness—how they put lustre in the hair, softness in the voice. Write to me for my free booklet, "The Hormones That Make You Every Inch a Woman" which includes a special section of Vital Statistics of American Womanhood. Address your request to Helena Rubinstein, Department C, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

atch, the clink of a lamp chimney within e moonlit room.

I waited, but he did not return. And then I iew. Having brought me to the end of my arch, he had abandoned me to whatever I ould find.

I stared, as if hypnotized, at the golden key- ole. I crossed the hall, and softly, as surrepti- ously as if I were indeed the thief whose part was acting, I opened the door.

It creaked in protest, and at the sound, loud the stillness, the man who was sitting in an mchair facing the door, oil lamp beside him, oked up from his book, took a pipe out of s mouth.

We stared at each other for a handful of conds, and then he rose, so quickly that the ook dropped to the floor.

"Charlotte! It is Charlotte, isn't it? Yes, it ust be."

And because he came toward me so eagerly, s voice warm with welcome; because he niled as if he found nothing but profound elight in the sight of me, I began to cry.

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He stood very close, looking down into my ice. "You're not very big, Charlotte, but ou're too big to cry."

The uprush of tears was brief. I was labor- ig under an almost stupefying sense of per- onal triumph: it was almost as if I, by a lind, obstinate belief, had given Esmond life.

As I brushed my cheeks dry, he smiled, led ie to the chair in which he had been sitting. I'm so glad Lisa decided to tell you. I've been gging her on to ever since you arrived."

A dark hand raised itself against my joy. But Lisa didn't tell me."

"Then how did you know?" His voice oughened, and I could see his muscles tight- ning, as if he were tensed for instant flight. If Lisa didn't tell you, how did you know /here I was; that I was alive?"

I broke in, desperate to allay his fear. "I ame because a lot of small things made me hink . . . well, that you might be here. But here's no need to be afraid. They wouldn't ave meant a thing to anyone else. Even I adn't a clue as to whether I was right or com- letely crazy before I walked into this room. I till can't believe that it really is you."

I looked up, taking my fill of him. His hair, little too long, was light brown, the bones of is face under the lightly tanned flesh mod- led in a symmetry that would have pleased he most critical eye. Even as he was then, ense, nerve-ridden, there was a stamp of legance about him, a fluid grace, and that ura that defeats words: charm.

But he had kept a measuring glance fixed n me, from eyes so narrowed that I could ot, in that lamplit room, guess their color. I ensed doubt suspicion grow in him, so that, gain, I cried out, "Esmond, you needn't anic. I tell you, no one but me would have guessed. It was a dozen little things: your pipe on the window sill, your hand on the upstairs curtain . . . a glimpse of you on the day I arrived, when no one was supposed to be in the house but Nanny. In the end, all I actually knew was that *someone* was here."

"The devil you did!"

"But you must have seen me too!"

"Of course I did. I didn't bargain on your being able to see me from the cliff. And this morning I heard your steps on the path. You might have been anybody. I had to look. It's not an easy business playing dead for nearly five weeks, I can tell you." He turned his back on me in a quick gesture of displeasure.

I took a deep breath. "Why did you want everyone to think you were dead? You faked your own death, didn't you? Why?"

With a swift movement that was all grace, he swung about. He was smiling again, but his face was haggard, and I thought, *He looks old, years older than he should.*

"You don't know? Lisa didn't tell you?"

"No."

"You can't blame her, I suppose. It's a pretty sordid story, particularly when you don't know the people involved." He stopped suddenly. And then he said accusingly, "But you've heard of Danny, haven't you?"

"Yes. Almost as soon as I arrived at Glissing I heard all about Danny."

"Not all." His voice was cool; somewhere there was a note of arrogance in it. "Not all, little sister, not quite all." An then he added almost as if he'd been conscious of that note of unseemly pride, and was anxious to cloak it with a casual modesty, "You don't, for instance, know that I killed him."

The silence that possessed the room after his last words died away was a physical thing, crowding into every corner, squeezing out the air itself. Esmond watched me as I fought for words, even for one coherent thought.

It came: This was what Mark had known. But how? The answer would have been plain to a child: the diaries. But a dead man can't write. Danny, still living, couldn't have accused Esmond of killing him.

"Sorry, Charlotte, if I've shocked you. I had to give it you straight on the chin." My brain still wasn't functioning normally. I lost whole sentences of what he was saying, they were no more than a meaningless drone. And then my ears began working. "Daniel Wargrave was a miserable, posturing little cheat. He broke every common rule of decency. In the end he got what he deserved. Unfortunately for me, I happened to be the chosen instrument."

Carefully I smothered the horror, even the surprise out of my voice before I spoke. "But you didn't murder him?"

"First-degree murder? Perhaps not. I took a gun and shot him. And when I found he was dead I had my first happy moment for months. To the average jury that would spell murder. If I could have brought him to life, I wouldn't have done so."

I said with a revival of spirit, "It seems a clumsy way to commit murder if, to get away with it, you have to fake your own death."

"You don't think all this was deliberate? Even making an end of Danny wasn't worth the hell I've been through these last weeks."

"What did you mean to do?"

"Scare him. Give him such a fright that he'd take to his heels and run, and we'd be rid of him. That's all I intended."

He leaned forward into the light. "I'd had ten months of watching him worm his way into Edwina's affections. Fawning on her: playing the piano, reading her to sleep, painting his little daubs for her, taking her driving, waiting on her every minute of the day and half the night if need be, flattering her until any decent man would have been sick to the stomach. By the time he'd been in the house six months she'd made a will leaving him every penny she possessed except for an annuity to me of a thousand a year. That's the sort of louse he was. He was prepared to steal my money, Lisa's and Timmy's, leave us to exist on a pittance while he was a near-millionaire."

"Danny died on the night of the fire. How?"

"As you say, on the night of the fire. But things had been working up to a crisis for weeks. What brought it on happened to be a dinghy I'd bought. I'd always had a boat down here, even as a boy, and I had borrowed



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enough from Ivor to make the down payment on this one. Edwina wasn't to know, and neither was Danny.

"But somehow Danny got wind of it; he got a look at it and, true to form, he told Edwina. When she found out I'd got it on the installment plan, she threw a tantrum, threatened if I didn't return it the next day, she'd turn Lisa and me and Timmy out of the house.

"And Danny strutted about like a peacock. He sat in Edwina's big chair and jeered that by tomorrow I'd have lost my boat. Edwina had asked him to come down here and make sure I took it back. Silly, when you come to think of it, that the straw that broke my back was a boat; not even a decent seaworthy yacht, but a twelve-foot dinghy. But I had a right to it, and I was going to keep it. Danny might be going to filch Edwina's fortune from me, but I wasn't going to let him rob me of that dinghy."

As Esmond spoke I saw the stubborn set of his mouth.

"Eventually, after an ugly scene, he did roll off to bed. Lisa went up soon after. That left Ivor and me to chew the fat and try and find some way of getting rid of him. You see, in a way, Ivor stood to lose as much as Lisa and me. Not only would Danny have delighted in firing him as soon as he was in a position to do so, but he'd have had to leave this house." He glanced round, shrugged his shoulders. "God knows why, but he's attached to the place, because his family once owned it.

"It must have been about midnight that one of us, me in all probability, decided the only hope was to scare Danny rigid, make him believe that if he stayed on some physical harm would catch up with him."

He paused so long that I said, "How were you going to scare him? How could you hope to persuade him to go?"

His head was angled away from me. "I took a gun along. An old rifle that had belonged to my father. The idea was to threaten him with it. We'd pictured him in bed, imagined we'd have to shake him awake; but when we got there he was still prowling round that so-called studio, admiring those ghastly daubs of his. When he saw the gun he was scared, all right, but perhaps because he had so much at stake, more than would ever come his way again if he lost it, he didn't lose his head. I told him it was loaded and that if he didn't pack up and clear out, I'd let him have it. He laughed. He went on laughing. He had the foulest laugh I've ever heard, like a pig squealing. Then suddenly he came at me, fists beating the air, screaming that not only was I going to lose the dinghy next day, but he was going to take the gun from me, take it to Edwina." He stopped. "And that's your story, little sister. I fired and he dropped dead at my feet. I couldn't have missed him if I'd tried and I didn't try. When I bent down and found his heart had stopped beating, it was a glorious moment. One of the best I've ever had. I thought, 'Danny's dead. I've cooked his goose forevermore. That serves him right for trying to do me out of my boat.' You're shocked, aren't you? Shocked to the marrow of your soul, if souls have marrows. But if you'd known Danny you'd have felt the same."

He seemed to be waiting for my confirmation, and when I couldn't force it through my lips he went on with satisfaction: "Neither Ivor nor I panicked. We sat down, smoked a cigarette and thought what to do. We hadn't intended to kill him, but since it had worked out that way, we didn't spill any tears over his corpse. The way out was obvious, but none the less foolproof for that. There were two old oilstoves in his rooms, and we kicked over one of them. Then all we had to do was make sure there were a couple of Danny's oil paintings nearby, a few bottles of turpentine and other inflammables, shut the door and walk away.

"Ivor went up to the room he uses when he sleeps at the house. Nobody was in the west wing except Danny. And I ——" He stopped dead. His rage was so unexpected that it took me by surprise. He jumped up from his chair and began striding up and down the room as if only physical movement could support his fury. "All I had to do was to clean the gun, put it back, go to bed too. But I had to be clever. I went round the house and threw it into the lake. As I came back I could see the flames scarlet in the windows. Then I got undressed, rumpled my bed, waited ten minutes, and when the west wing was well afire, I woke Lisa, roused the house and called the fire brigade. By the time they arrived, that side of the house was blitzed. There wasn't a reason in the world to think we hadn't got away with it. We didn't have a qualm—not until, at the request of the police, the inquest on Danny was adjourned."

He became stationary, standing above me. I didn't look up. I didn't want to see his face, but his voice was quietly casual. "You see, Charlotte, we hadn't let Danny's corpse burn quite long enough. The coroner had found the bullet, lodged in his spine—not that we knew that, until a few days later when a C.I.D. man, a certain Inspector Adkins, began making inquiries." He paused, and I heard the splatter of rain against the window.

"It didn't take the law long to pinpoint the one man who'd wished Danny Wargrave dead. Not, of course, that they ever came right out with it. They remained thoroughly polite, just inviting my co-operation. It was the devil's own luck that when they came to the house that last time, asking to see my rifle, I was here with Ivor. As I wouldn't have been able to produce the gun if I'd been there, they'd have had me.

"Lisa put them off with a tale that Ivor and I had gone out with the gun to do a little shooting, and might not be back for hours. As soon as they'd gone, she telephoned me here.

"And that was it. I was about to be arrested. Danny, damn his rotten little soul, had won, even though he was in his grave. Even if I was lucky and got away with a verdict of manslaughter, I was finished forever as far as Edwina's money went. She'd know I'd killed her darling. The only hope was to get something out of her for Lisa and Timmy." He sat down, beat a fist into the palm of his hand. "There wasn't any time: no more than five minutes to think up a plan to save my neck. Ivor and I could only come up with one idea between us: I was to play dead. A gale was blowing up, so Ivor rushed back to the house, concocting some story that I'd changed my mind about the shooting and decided to sail. I took the dinghy out, abandoned it two miles offshore. By that time it was getting dark, and I swam into the cove without being seen. There nearly wasn't any fake about it, though: I came close to drowning in that sea."

"And the police really believed you were dead?"

"They were very suspicious. They had the coast watched for days and even searched this house. I had to stay in my private burrow for forty-eight hours, and that set off one of my blasted asthma attacks. We had to get Nanny over here to nurse me."

I looked round the dark, comfortless room, and shivered at my thoughts.

"So far we've had a fiendish run of bad luck." He leaned his head against the back of the chair, as if his strength had run out. "You weren't exactly a piece of good news, you know!"

"I don't count, not in that way. I don't want any of Edwina's money." His head had come upright, and the light from the lamp struck his face. Because I couldn't bear the weight of the suspicion that was in his glance, I blurted out, "You'll never get away with it."

"Yes, we will." The spirit that had sagged a moment before was buoyant again. "We will, Charlotte, we will. At long last, we're in sight of the end. After Saturday night I won't be around to be caught, not by them."

"Where will you be?"

"Never mind where. All I've got to do is to reach Wellmouth. There's no moon, and at one A.M. Sunday, at high tide, Sam Webster will be waiting with his yacht. As soon as I'm aboard, he'll set out for Cherbourg. There I'll be picked up by Souvisant, who runs a smuggling racket between North Africa and the Balearics. He's promised I can jump ship at any port I please." He grinned like a small boy talking of a picnic excursion. "And I've got a new passport. Ivor wangled that. From Saturday night I'm Erik Appelberg, journalist, born in Stockholm. Don't you think I'll make a good Swede?"

"Until another Swede starts up a conversation with you."

"Oh, I know enough to get me by in a crisis." He reached for his pipe. "Poor Charlotte, I have shaken you! I'm sorry. But it'll go all right on Saturday. Everything's timed to a split second. The eight miles between here and Wellmouth are a cinch. I know this coast, every rock and pool of it, like the back of my hand. I grew up on it. There isn't a policeman or a coast guard who'd stand a chance against me. If it came to a chase—and it won't—I'd back myself against any flatfoot living; furthermore, I've got my own way out of here. By Sunday morning I'll be in France."

As he spoke I'd been watching the door move inward. I was on my feet before it was fully open, and my movement startled Esmond. With an oath he jumped up.

It was only Mark, but the cry of relief that came to my tongue was stifled before it found sound. There was no smile on Mark's face; no kindness in it. He gave forth such an impression of chill ruthlessness that instinctively my hand went out to protect Esmond.

"Mark!" Esmond's cry was explosive.

"He came with me," I said.

Esmond's glance swung round. "And he's been here all this time, hiding somewhere? Did you need a witness when you and I met? Someone to eavesdrop? Is that it?"

"I brought her, when I'd done my utmost to persuade her not to come" Mark said. "And if it sets your mind at rest, Esmond, I'm too tall to be comfortable listening at keyholes. I heard nothing. After hanging about in an icy room for over an hour, I consider this reunion has lasted long enough." He gave a businesslike glance at his watch. "Nearly ten, Charlotte, and there's half a gale blowing. I suggest we push off."

"Where to?" As he spoke Esmond's fist doubled. "Now you've found me out, what do you propose to do about it? Run to the police? I warn you, Mark, don't try it!"

I said, "Esmond, please. Mark would be no more likely to run to the police than I would. He ——"

Suddenly Esmond checked me. "Quiet, Charlotte. I want to listen."

He moved to the curtains, parted them to catch the final cough of a car engine before it was switched off. "O.K. It's Lisa's car. Ivor promised to bring her home this way."

We heard the click of a key in a lock, the front door opening, the sound of high heels on a hardwood floor. Lisa, hair streaming in a wet mask across her face, her evening shoes muddied, came into the room at a run. Her eyes were blurred with terror.

Esmond's arms flew out, salvaged her from fear and held her as tightly as if she were his whole world and we two were threatening to steal it from him. "It's all right, my darling." He spoke to her soothingly. "Charlotte knows all about me. She's taken it very well. Didn't I tell you all along we should trust her? As for Mark ——"

From the door, Major Tarrand barked. "What's going on here?"

"Plenty." Esmond answered. "Mark's arrived on the scene. Consequently there are a few things to be settled right now."

Mark said, "Nothing's going to be settled tonight. Charlotte and I are leaving."

"Wait!" I turned my head at the harsh imperative command, stared reluctantly at Ivor Tarrand, and knew that I was seeing him for the first time. The amiable man with the rich, booming laugh did not exist any more. A different human being stood in his place: ruthless, steel-cold. "Just where do you propose to go and for what purpose?"

Mark's voice was crisp. "I quite understand that my arrival on the scene is hardly welcome. That's why I propose to remove myself and Charlotte at once." His glance traveled from Esmond to Ivor. "And much as you both may resent the idea, there's not much you can do about it, short of murder, and I'm assuming you don't want another on your hands."

Esmond cried, "So you do listen at keyholes!"

"I don't need to. A child could work it out. It's unfortunate for you that I happen to know that for the last months of his life Wargrave was convinced you'd try to murder him. He spent a lot of time conjecturing what means you'd employ: brute force, poison or a faked accident. Presumably you chose the latter. I'm not particularly interested." He turned on Tarrand. "Is the Land Rover in the garage?"

"Why?"

"Because I intend to borrow it to take Charlotte back to Glissing, to save her a soaking."

"It won't be much use to you without the keys. And I certainly don't propose to hand those over, let you walk out of here and drive to the police station."

"All this is rather silly, isn't it?" Lisa said, soft-voiced, demurely smiling: the ingenuous mediator in a men's foolish and brutish quarrel



f course Esmond and Ivor are upset at you d Charlotte breaking in like this. So am But why should we all jump to the conclu- n you'll go to the police? What would you ve to gain? I don't think Charlotte would nk very kindly of you, Mark, if you denied mond his last, his very last chance." She ned to me. "Would you, Charlotte?"

And suddenly all their eyes were focused on . "Of course I want him to have a chance," aid. "He shall have it."

"There," Lisa's voice soothed. "Danny's th was an accident, Mark. Whatever you y think, Esmond certainly never planned murder him. You know as well as I do that nny's diaries were the ravings of a semi- niac. He had a persecution complex. And for Esmond being punished for any part he d in Danny's death, he has been punished; ll go on being punished for a long ——"

Tarrand broke in. "All this is very well. t we want a clear statement from Halliwell."

COME AND SEE

By JAMES HAYFORD

The doctor came right in with his
rubbers on,
Straight through the kitchen to
the downstairs bedroom.
He felt her pulse and listened to
her heart,
And never spoke a word to anyone.
To her, he smiled and shook his
head and sighed.
After a while he turned his chair
around
And said, "Some snowfall for the
time of year."
Like any workman with his
rubbers on!
Still, what can we expect of anyone
But that he come and see, do
what he can,
And sociably await the miracle?

"Of what?" Mark stared at him.

"That when—or rather if—you leave here, 'll have your oath and Charlotte's that u'll neither of you go near the police nor mmunicate with them. That you won't dis- se to a living soul that Esmond is alive."

"For how long?"

"Until Sunday night." Esmond's voice s eager; he was on the verge of hope. "After t I'll be away, and it'll take more than a sse of Devon police to catch me."

"Mark!" It was my voice that spoke his me, and his glance came to me. "You can't it, Mark. I don't believe you would."

He smiled and turned his head so swiftly m me that I could not tell the nature of the ile. Then he said lightly, as if there were no ama in his decision, "Tell you what, I'll give u my word not to go near the police without arlotte's permission. Will that satisfy you?"

"Not good enough," Major Tarrand barked d his voice collided with Esmond's: "Not your life."

"It is," I cried out. "Because I'd never agree. Mark promises that, Esmond is in no dan- r from him. And you do?"

"Sure. Haven't I just said so? The Land wer keys, Tarrand."

As he still hesitated, Mark went on: "You've lly no choice, have you? You're on a spot. u've got to trust me; or rather trust Char- te to keep me to my word. It's rather up to r now, isn't it? You can't keep us prisoners. ys, Tarrand. I'm tired and so's Charlotte."

Esmond said, "Give him the blasted keys, r." He turned savagely on Mark. "If you to double-cross me, you'll be sorry. And t for the record, it wouldn't do you much od if you did run to Adkins. He'd still not tch up with me."

age now looked younger, little more than a boy cornered, resentful at fate. "It's up to you now, Charlotte. You've turned into the king- pin. If you let me down, I've had it."

"I won't."

He bent and kissed me. As he straightened, I saw his lower lip shake, and his hand on mine was cold as death.

"Charlotte!" Mark held the door open and I went ahead of him.

The breakfast room was empty. Either Lisa or Mark had eaten, and there were the remains of tepid coffee in the pot. I got a cup from the sideboard, gulped the liquid down.

The morning was fine; sun filled the ugly house, for once warming it. My one thought was to find Mark, to try to untangle the threads of what had happened the night be- fore. The garden seemed the likeliest place for him to be, but from the terrace I searched ev- ery part of it within my sight without seeing him. When I knew Mark wasn't within call, disappointment enveloped me.

I walked down the steps into a landscape that was feasting idly in the sun. After the rampaging storm of the night the stillness of the sunlight was astonishing. Except for the drifts of fallen leaves, it might have been summer.





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GIBSON
Christmas Cards

I walked across the unkempt lawn and along the lake. Opposite me was what had once been a tennis court, now no more than a rough paddock, enclosed by a high wire fence, and bounded on the far end by the orchard wall. Someone was walking across this space, quickly but circumspectly. I stared, shaded my eyes with hands against the sun, prepared to run, to call Mark's name; and then, again, I suffered that plunging disappointment. Too short for Mark, this man wore a coat, a soft hat. I thought I recognized him. I stood still, watched him travel along the path at the other side of the tennis court, and disappear through the gate to the orchard. Then I began to run toward the house, fear more than exertion making my heart pump.

At the bottom of the terrace I stopped, pressing my hand so hard on the rough balustrade that I felt the palm prick. I'd imagined it. Or, granted there had been a man walking along the path, I'd jumped to the panic-born conclusion that he'd been Adkins.

I looked up. In a cane steamer chair outside the open French window sat Edwina. Her glance was fixed ahead, to the left of me, and though I called her name she did not see me. When I was no more than a few feet away, I called again urgently. The curious immobility of her pose, as still as death, the eyes open, staring at nothing, alarmed me. I caught her arm.

It moved. So did her head, but only a fraction. Then her eyes came to mine, reluctantly, as if I'd stirred her out of a trance which she was loath to leave. Not a muscle beneath her old, stained flesh moved. The eyes were as blank as if they were staring at a stranger.

I touched her again. "Grandmother!"

She said, "Oh, it's you," and shifted her limbs.

"Have you been asleep?"

"Asleep? Why should I fall asleep at this hour of the morning?"

"Have you been sitting here alone?"

"Alone!" Again she repeated my word, turned my question into one of her own. "Why shouldn't I sit here alone?"

Then I saw her looking at me, eyes as shrewd as on the first night when she had commanded me to kiss her. Then very slowly she began to smile, with a grimace that was the embodiment of wisdom that has been distilled from evil, as she said half under her breath, "What are you afraid of, Charlotte?"

Then Mark's shadow fell over her, and she turned her head. He bade me, after greeting Edwina, a casual good morning, and then centered all his attention on her.

I heard him telling Edwina that he was planning to return to London on Saturday. She made no comment; merely gave a slow, almost sleepy nod, as if he, like me, were a shadow form of no importance. Silence hung over us for a moment, to be broken by Kelly, who came panting up the steps, pink tongue lolling sideways from his mouth. He sniffed at my feet, then jumped, barking, at Mark.

He patted his head, and Edwina's voice struck. "He was Esmond's dog. He's still looking for his master."

Still watching the small white-and-black blob that was Kelly, she began the contortions that preceded her rising from her chair. "It's time I went indoors." She turned on Mark. "I want you to find Russell, order him to bring the Daimler round at three-thirty sharp. Not a moment later."

"You're going out?"

"We're all going out. You, Charlotte, Lisa and Timmy. We're going to have tea at the Sea House. Don't look so startled, Charlotte! What's pleasanter than a picnic on a fine day? We're not likely to enjoy many more of them this time of the year. When your grandfather was alive, we always had one last autumn picnic at the Sea House. In any case, I wish to see Nanny. It's high time I found out what foolishness she's up to."

Remembering something Lisa had said when she had come into my room early that morning, I said, "Didn't Lisa tell you? Her grandson fetched her by car this morning. She's gone to spend a—a holiday with them."

Edwina snorted. "She'll soon tire of them."

Mark said, "Shouldn't we warn Tarrand of our arrival? Five people to tea unannounced may not be welcome."

"No reason at all why we should. I'd remind you that the Sea House is my property. When I gave Ivor permission to live there I retained my right to visit the house whenever I chose. I want Russell here at half past three."

With a grunt she maneuvered herself through the French window and shut it behind her, closing us out.

Mark moved a little way along the balustrade, stood with his elbows on it, staring down at the verdigrised fountain bowl.

"I think I know why she wants to go to the Sea House," I said. "She's seen Adkins."

He turned, giving me his full attention. He sounded faintly surprised, but not shocked. "Edwina's seen Adkins? When?"

"I saw someone coming from this direction just now, going out through the far orchard gate. I think it was Adkins. And now Edwina's going to see for herself if Esmond is hiding at the Sea House."

"You're only guessing. Besides, bona-fide detectives don't go skulking round gardens to meet people like Edwina. They announce themselves at the front door."

"He's probably tried that; just as he tried to telephone her, and got nowhere. You don't believe me, do you?"

Before he could reply, I went on, the heat rising in my voice: "See how wrong you've been about everything so far! Esmond wasn't alive. He couldn't be, you said. But he was. And now we've got to keep Adkins from finding him until he can get away on Saturday."

Mark frowned. "Charlotte, *you* don't believe in Esmond's escape plan, do you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" I said, thinking back over the details as I had reported them to Mark on our way home the night before.

"Because now that I think about it, it's got a queer smell. One yacht anchored at Wellmouth, another waiting to pick him up in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



How to Dress Well
on Practically Nothing!

Holiday Color

Martha Wolford, our Barbara J., needed one final addition to make her fall-winter wardrobe complete. She wanted a good basic dress—one which she could depend on for almost any day. Her choice, in the brightest of reds, was practical enough for office wear, pretty enough for the gayest of holidays.

In October she bought a black-and-white jacket dress; in November she made bright separates for casual wear, black-and-white separates for parties . . . and she already had a black winter coat in her wardrobe. Keeping her new clothes investment low (Martha still had Christmas shopping to do, too) she had more than enough fashion 8's to add pretty accessories.

By BET HART



The neckline takes prettily to accessories, and Martha chooses a pink chiffon scarf to wear for a special occasion. For further glamour, she adds a pink rose too.



Gold beads at the neckline, a leopard belt in make-believe fur are both plus accents for red. Belt is $1.95.

For everyday, Martha adds a white Orlon dickey with a high turtle neck. She likes to accent with her gold pin. Knit dickey, $2.00.

Martha leaves the office, goes right out for dinner . . . and she wears her new dress. The waistline is elasticized to give a soft bloused effect. For evening, Martha adds a pink satin belt. Red wool dress, $10.95.

PRIGENT

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118

France, an undercover smuggling operation—it sounds like a movie script dreamed up by an amateur. Besides, Wellmouth is a small port, not more than half a dozen yachts tied up there at a time. If the police have any idea that Esmond's alive, every new arrival will be under a twenty-four-hour watch. It would be insane to try and get out that way."

"But Esmond *is* going to. He *is* going to get away."

"So you've said."

"But if you don't believe it, what is going to happen to him?"

"I don't know precisely, but I'd hazard a guess; and curiously enough, it was you who put me on the track by telling me that Lisa and Tarrand are in love. You know," he said slowly, "there's no more foolproof way of committing murder than killing a man who's already presumed dead."

I stared at him stupidly. "But who'd want to kill Esmond?"

"Ivor, with a little help from Lisa."

"I don't believe it," I said violently. "It's just a theory you're building up, to scare me into letting you hand Esmond over to the police. You want him brought to justice."

"No," he said steadily. "No, you're wrong."

"I don't even begin to see the logic of your argument. It doesn't make sense. When did they decide to murder him—before Danny was killed? Was that in the plot too?"

"I don't know. I imagine it was a plan conceived on the spur of the moment by two desperate people—two people in love with each other. How much chance do you think they have as long as Esmond is alive?"

"I don't know. Lisa may be one of the women who can love two men at the same time. She may ——" I broke off.

"This so-called escape plan is the work of a credulous fool. Tarrand isn't that. He's a sane, logical man, a first-class organizer. Lisa's no fool either. Esmond's the only one who'd be likely to have any faith in it. And Tarrand is running a risk in letting Esmond escape. If he's caught, brought back to England to stand trial for Wargrave's murder, Tarrand would be on the run, too, as an accessory.

"But if Esmond died before Adkins could prove that he'd ever been alive after he was supposed to have been drowned, the future for Tarrand and Lisa would be bright indeed. They'd merely have to preserve the *status quo* as long as Edwina lives, and then they'd be free to marry, live on their loot without a care. All that stands in their way is Esmond."

I said desperately, because it was the one weapon I had against him, "You were wrong before ——"

His face darkened with anger. "Damn it, Charlotte, there's only one sane course to take, if you want Esmond to stay alive. When I said I'd not go to the police without your permission, I never imagined that you'd be so bigoted as not to let me go. Otherwise I'd never have made that promise. I wish to heaven I hadn't."

"But you are going to keep it?"

The tension went out of his face. "Yes."

"Why?"

"Why?" He smiled gently. "Because I love you." My glance couldn't stay on his face; it fell away, focused on a rose. "And if you love someone, you want to make her happy. Odd, isn't it, after all the millions of words that have been written on love, in the end that is all that it amounts to. That's the test: you want to make her happy." He turned my face up to his, but before his lips could touch mine, I wrenched back.

"If you're right about Lisa and Ivor, it would mean that I'd have killed my brother. That's what you're trying to say, isn't it? That if I don't let you go to the police, Esmond will die, and I'll be responsible."

"No." The word was a harsh staccato, and then his voice softened. "You're forgetting something. If you happen to be right about Adkins' seeing Edwina, about the reason behind her going to the Sea House this afternoon, the whole business may be out of your hands and mine."

"Adkins has searched the house before, Esmond told me. Why didn't he find him?"

"Because it's a foolproof house to search, unless you know every inch of it; which is why Adkins, if he has, has enlisted Edwina's help."

"Then she'll find him?"

"Most probably."

Esmond was asleep, as innocently asleep as a child, hands folded across his breast, legs neatly crossed at the ankles. At Lisa's command I had come to warn him of Edwina's visit. It was ten minutes to two. By half past three I had to be back at the house, ready to leave with the picnic party. I sat down on a bentwood chair that must have been short in one leg, for it tipped forward under my weight. As it did so, Esmond opened his eyes, held them narrowed against the light.

He stretched out his hand, pleasure and lassitude in the gesture. "Charlotte! I hoped you'd come back." He yawned. "Sorry to be a bit dopey. I had a slight attack after you'd gone last night. Meant I didn't get to sleep until about six this morning."

"If I went down and made some tea, would you like that?"

"No, don't bother. The kitchen fire will probably be out." His smile was carelessly affectionate. "Did Lisa tell you that Nanny went this morning? Her grandson came for her. With Adkins snooping around, we thought it was best not to let her go back to the house. Poor old Nanny, her mind's practically gone. By the time she comes back, she won't be quite sure herself that I've been here, let alone be able to convince anyone else."

He had thrown his legs off the bed, was feeling for his slippers. Suddenly he stretched in front of me, pulled aside his pillow. "Take a look at that."

It was, I saw, the Swedish passport he'd mentioned the night before, made out in the name of Erik Appelberg: journalist. The photograph stuck into it was of Esmond.

I gave it back to him, and as he lifted the pillow to replace it I saw something else. "What do you want with that revolver?"

"Let's just say that for the next three or four weeks I'm going to mix with some rough types. I want to be able to hold my own if the need arises."

"But you said these two men were your friends."

"Not exactly friends. Acquaintances more."

"But you know them, don't you?"

He gave a grimace of exasperation. "For crying out loud, Charlotte, my sweet, what does it matter whether I know them or not? Actually, I don't. Ivor does."

"But you've got letters from them, or you've talked to them on the telephone?"

"Use your head," he said roughly. "I'm dead. Hence I don't write letters or use a telephone. The police searched this house from attic to kitchen. For all I know, they've kept the telephone tapped. What letter writing has been done to contact Webster and Souvisant has been done by Ivor; if there's been any telephoning, he's done it from a public booth."

"If the police searched the house, why didn't they find you?"

He stared at me, suspicion suddenly narrowing his eyes so closely that the lashes met.

"You're a curious person, aren't you, Charlotte? Even just a little nosy."

I said, angered, "All this business of yachts picking you up and putting you down strikes me, as well as Mark, as awfully cloak-and-dagger."

"Does it, indeed!"

"Oh, Esmond!" My anger collapsed. "It may well be true; I'm not saying it isn't, but equally so it could be bogus."

"Bogus!" He rolled the word around on his tongue. "Bogus for whom?"

"You, if you've no actual proof that the yachts, the men owning them, exist."

He nodded his head. "And what," he said slowly, "does Mark imagine is going to happen to me if the whole thing is, as you term it, bogus?"

"He doesn't know. That's what's worrying him; why he wants to go to the police."

Suddenly he laughed, harshly, triumphantly. "Now I've got it. Mark wants to turn me in, salving his own conscience, *and* keep in with you! As an inventor of cloak-and-dagger mysteries, he's not doing too badly." He got up and, keeping out of range of the window, walked to the dresser, picked out a tie. Our eyes met in the mirror. "Supposing this absurd notion of Mark's were true, how does it carry through? Who does he think is likely to bump me off?"

"Major Tarrand."

"Ivor! But for heaven's sake why? He's as deeply involved as I am; he was with me, an accomplice, when Danny died. And when Edwina goes, as long as Lisa plays her cards cleverly—and she'll do that—he'll get this house and enough to keep him for the rest of his life. What reason could he have for wishing me dead?"

"He would have a reason if he were in love with Lisa."

He turned his back slowly on the mirror, came toward me. For a second I thought from his face that he might be going to strike me, and then, quite suddenly, he was smiling.

"Dear Charlotte!" He sat down on the bed beside me, folded his hand over mine. "I'm going to explain something to you. Lisa and I have been married more than five years. Within three months of our wedding day I had to face up to the fact that fifty per cent of the men, married or single, who see Lisa fall in love with her. They can't help it and neither can she. If I'd allowed myself to be jealous, I'd have laid myself open to one long series of little hells. It was a hard fight; I nearly lost it."

He turned a face that was gently proud upon me. "But I won, Charlotte, I won. All manner of men fall in love with Lisa. But she's my wife; she loves me, that's the only thing that matters."

"Yes." It was all I could find to say.

"You don't believe me!" Esmond turned on me furiously. "Well, that's enough. I've taken a fair amount from you this afternoon, a sight more than I'd have taken from anybody else. If you've finished, perhaps you'd better get back to Glissing."

I glanced at my watch. It was a quarter to three. "I haven't told you why I came. I've wasted a lot of time ——"

"Why did you come?"

"Lisa sent me, to warn you that Edwina's coming here this afternoon. She's had a sudden whim to have a picnic ——"

He swore violently, explosively. "Why? In heaven's name, why?"

"I don't know. We're none of us sure. But I've an idea Adkins —— She could have spoken to him."

"Did she say Adkins had seen her?"

"No. All we know for certain is that she is coming here this afternoon, with Lisa, Timmy, Mark and me. And she mustn't find you. Lisa said you'd know where to go."

"Which would be the first place she'd look for me. No fear! I'll go up to the attic. If she climbs those stairs, she'll drop dead at the top, and good riddance."

He moved toward the door, and I said urgently, "But will you really be safe from her there?"

"Nowhere's safe from her. But it's the best bet. Tell Lisa where I am. Edwina will look first in the obvious place, and may she break her blasted neck doing it." Suddenly he glanced at the bed, came back, and took the revolver from under the pillow.

"No ——"

"Don't interfere with what doesn't concern you."

He stood by me as I straightened the bed, and then I saw that he was shivering. "Esmond, you're ill."

His face was ashy, his teeth chattered, but he shook his head and went out of the room, with me staying close behind him. The attic stairs were an almost perpendicular flight boarded in at either side a door at the bottom and another at the top. Halfway up Esmond fell to his knees and began to gasp. By the time the top door was undone and we were in the attic he was fighting for breath. Frightened, I bent over him. "Esmond, tell me what to do."

"Nothing you can do. Don't fuss—all right in a minute."

And in little more he was able to haul himself into a broken old armchair, grin as he said, "Don't worry, Charlotte. I'll beat Edwina yet."

"I've got to go. Can I get you anything?"

"Not a thing." He looked up at the mildew-encrusted window. "Push me forward a foot, will you, and rub the bottom pane clean. There's something I want to see."

I did as he asked. "There's no lock on the door. What happens if Edwina manages to get up here?"

"There's a bolt on the inside. As soon as you've gone and I've got my wind, I'll fasten it. Now bend down, right down, to the level of my head." He pointed. "Without anyone outside knowing I'm here, I can see that patch of garden from halfway up the lawn nearly as far as the bridge. Do you see?"

"Yes."

"Keep Timmy there for five minutes, play with him or something, anything so that I can keep my eyes on him. Will you do that for me, Charlotte?"

"Of course I will. If he'll play with me."

"Make him. Goodness knows how old he'll be the next time I see him."

Edwina gave a grunt of triumph, slotted the key into the lock and, leaning on her stick, crossed the threshold of the Sea House.

Behind me, Mark said in an undertone to Lisa, "Hang on to that dog. It was madness to bring him, with Esmond upstairs."

Edwina's voice cut across his last syllable. "Charlotte!"

I went into the room where I had first seen Esmond. She was seated in a chair, prying into every corner with her eyes. "Come here and tell me what you think of my house. You haven't been inside it before, have you?" She fixed her hooded eyes on me, while I fumbled for an answer that wasn't a lie.

Mark saved me, asking from the doorway, "Do you want the hampers in here, aunt?"

"Set them on the table. You can open them, and then we can help ourselves when Lisa brings the tea." She began to heave. "But first I want to show Charlotte round the house."

"Why don't you sit there and rest? Surely I can go round by myself?"

"I've no doubt you'd prefer to, but I'm afraid you'll have to put up with my company.



"I can't afford you!"

I want to take the opportunity of inspecting
n property. From what I can see, Ivor's let it
deriorate shamefully. Move out of the door-
w, Mark. Charlotte?"
There was nothing for me to do but follow
h.
Lisa stood in front of the kitchen range, a
pker in her hand, prodding at some half-lit
cls. I said, "Lisa, can I do anything?"
She managed a shadow of her old, com-
ed smile. "I don't imagine you're any
re of an expert with antique cookstoves
n I am. Why don't you all wait in the sit-
g room?"
Edwina meanwhile had cumbersomely cir-
d the table. To distract her, I touched the
ge silver bell that hung beside the dresser,
t I'd first seen when I stood outside the
dow with Mark. I read aloud the words
raved on it: "Atchison, Topeka and Santa
F" adding, "What a long way it's come!"
Edwina was staring at me. "I think Char-
e should be privileged to see what the bell
or; don't you think so, Mark?"
"If you say so, aunt."
"That is, if it still works. The mechanism
y have rusted by now. Does it still work?"
"I wouldn't know, aunt."
"Then try it." She had begun to tremble. I
nted to suggest she sit down, but I didn't
e. "Move back, Charlotte."
For a moment Mark hesitated. Outside I
uld hear the faint sigh of the sea cut through
a sharp, excited yap from Kelly, at play
h Timmy. Then Mark's hand closed round
clapper of the bell. He pulled hard, and
wly, without a sound, on oiled hinges, the
sser, its shelves set with china, moved away
m the wall, as if propelled from behind.
Edwina, without looking at me, said, "Now
see what the bell is for, Charlotte."
I stepped forward, past her and Mark. "A
pboard, a secret cupboard!" And in my re-
f that it spelled no immediate danger to
nond, I laughed. Plainly it was where he'd
den while the house had been searched by
kins. Where he'd hide —— I turned. Ed-
na was looking into the darkness, at the end
which I could now see a rough flight of
ck steps. And in that moment her purpose
g clear to me. She was displaying her
owledge, arrogantly, carelessly. Knowledge
which hung Esmond's life.
"A very big cupboard, Charlotte!" Her
gh was harsh, near to a croak. "And ap-
ently it's one part of the house Ivor keeps
excellent repair." She paused. "And use."
"But what is it?" I asked.
"A relic from the old smuggling days,"
rk said. "A secret exit and entrance from
house to the cliff. It made an excellent
he from the excisemen."
I stepped to the edge and listened. The
nd of the sea was plain, but it might have
ne through the open window. "All the way?"
"To the cliff face, up flights of steps and
n through a series of caves." There was no
erest, no excitement in Mark's face as he
ve the bare recital of fact. But then he, like
a, knew that Esmond was momentarily
e in the attic. "Shall I close it, aunt?"
"Yes." She seemed suddenly to have lost
erest in it.

As the dresser swung back, Lisa called,
he kettle's boiling at last. If I can only find
tea."
Mark answered, "This looks like it," and
ed a tin caddy from the mantelpiece.
I followed Edwina back into the sitting
om. Timmy and Kelly romped in, and
mmy sat down at Edwina's feet. Briefly she
ted her hand on his head, and he turned his
e up to her. "Can I have a tart, granny?"
"Bring me one first, and pass them to your
nt Charlotte."
He scrambled to his feet, and Kelly, scent-
g the advent of food, jumped up at him as
sa and Mark came through the door.
"I'll take him. He'd better go outside until
t is over."
Mark made a grab for Kelly's collar, but he
dged, and Edwina snapped, "Let the dog be.
ou'll make more disturbance catching him
an leaving him alone."
It was an odd, tense meal. Except for an
casional interchange between Lisa and
mmy, no one spoke.

At last Timmy grew restless. "Kelly and I want to go outside," he said, pointing to the dog lying nose glued to the crack in the door.

"Let him go," Edwina grumbled. "There's no peace in any room that contains a dog and a child."

Mark went to the door. "Take Kelly outside, Timmy. Don't bring him back indoors. He only disturbs your grandmother. We'll all come and join you in a few minutes."

They went out in a rush. We saw them pass the windows, but by the time Lisa had refilled Edwina's cup they were back again. There was the sound of small feet, dog's claws scrambling up the stairs.

Lisa seized the teapot, hurried out of the room, and immediately Mark began to talk to Edwina, recalling some trivial incident that had happened when he was a boy staying in this house with Esmond. Was she listening? I couldn't tell. Her face was bent deep over her cup. I heard Lisa go upstairs, then the yelp of a dog. She came in, Timmy held firmly by the hand, Kelly under her arm. But before she could close the door, Kelly dived from her grasp and was through it, back in the hall. There was a wild scrabble of his feet on bare wood. Then a shadow passed the window. From the doorway Ivor gave a start of astonishment that might have been genuine or simulated. "Well, this is a surprise, but a pleasant one," he said genially. "I'm afraid you've had a poor welcome. If you'd let me know you were coming. Mrs. Elliot, I'd have got someone down from the village to look after you."

"We've managed. I had no wish to put you to any trouble, merely to give Charlotte the opportunity to look over the house."

As she spoke the sound of Kelly's frantic yapping had grown louder. Ivor said, "If you'll excuse me for a moment, I better go and see what that dog is up to."

"We'll all go." Edwina heaved on her stick, and was on her feet. "Now that we've finished tea, I propose to look round upstairs."



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As we reached the landing we could see Kelly in a frenzy, scratching, scuffling at the narrow door that barred the attic stairs. Mark reached him first, picked him up, but Edwina was close behind. Before any of us realized what she was doing, she had lifted the latch, pulled the door back. Kelly struggled, and in a gigantic leap was free of Mark's arms and up the steps. Edwina moved forward, blocking the opening.

And then, as he reached the top door, the tenor of Kelly's barking altered. He began to howl, his nose pressed to the crack at the base of the door. Mark touched Edwina's arm. Without glancing at him, she shook him off.

She put her foot on the lowest step, her stick on the second, lurched forward, groped for a handrail, and finding none remained poised there helplessly. Then she stepped back, defeated.

Ivor said "Let me. I'll get him down."

She stepped aside to let him pass. It was the work of a moment for him to grasp Kelly, bring him down. "I don't know what's got into the little mutt."

"Don't you?" Edwina said. "Then let me tell you. You've got a rat trapped up there, Ivor Tarrand, a filthy murdering rat that's got to be smoked out. A rat that deserves to die. Get out of my way, all of you." And using her stick as a flail, she went toward the head of the stairs.

I beat with my fists upon the attic door. "Esmond, Esmond! Let me in."

Twice I called, my voice growing higher, more urgent, before I heard the bolt drawn back. I plunged in, expecting Esmond to be immediately inside the door, but he stood instead at the window, his forehead pressed to the pane, staring downward.

"Edwina's gone. Mark went after her, but it was no good. She wouldn't even speak to him. We're convinced she knows you're here." I pulled at his arm. "You've got to get away."

He did not move a muscle, continued wit complete absorption to stare out the windov

I looked over his shoulder. Ivor and Lisa whom I'd left in the hall, had moved to th path outside the front door. Ivor's back wa toward us; no angle of his face was visible, bu Lisa's was tilted upward. She might have bee looking at us, but she wasn't, the whole of he attention was concentrated imploringly upo Ivor. She was speaking rapidly, urgently.

I spared a quick glance at Esmond. His e pression was one of graven concentratio "Where's she going?" he asked.

"Home. She must. Timmy has to be take away."

Without turning his head, he said, "Yo could take him home, or Mark, for that ma ter. Lisa can't go. I've got to see her."

"There's no time, Esmond, not even mi utes." And then it happened. The angle c Lisa's face altered, Ivor's head bent. Perhap at long past the eleventh hour they tossed cau tion overboard; maybe they believed then selves unobserved. Or maybe, again, the didn't care any more.

As their lips parted, Lisa began to mov away quickly, and I found myself throw aside as Esmond made for the door. H plunged down the attic stairs. I ran fast, but h was in the downstairs hall ahead of me. Ivo was waiting for him, huge, ominously still.

"Lisa," Esmond shouted. "Lisa!"

"It's no good calling, she's gone." An Ivor's arms stretched to bar the door. "No let's get down to business."

Esmond said, "I'm going after her." H lunged at Ivor, but was forced back.

He turned to me, said as urgently as if were his last hope, "Go and fetch her. You do that for me, won't you, Charlotte? Quick

I went past him, and down the stone patl Lisa was bending over Timmy, who wa splashing in the reeds.

"I'll take Timmy home," I said. "You wanted ——"

"Go away." She spoke as if I were a smal distracting hindrance to be brushed off. "G back and tell whoever sent you they're wastin your time. Timmy and I are getting out."

"Where are you going?"

She stood upright now, Timmy's han clamped fast to her side. "It's no concern o yours. Nor of anyone else's. I'm through."

I said, "It wasn't Ivor or Mark who ser me."

"Do you think I don't know who sent you And I'm sending you back to him. You see"– she smiled with absolute calm—"I don't war him any more. I've had five years of him. I'm finished with him forever. You can go bac and tell him that."

I cried, "Where are you going? Where ar you taking Timmy?"

She didn't bother to answer and then I sa what I hadn't seen before: the little bunch o car keys dangling from her hand. Wit Timmy skipping beside her, she began to ru up the zigzag path to the garage. She pause only once, to aim a thrust of her heel towar Kelly. He cowered, then came scuttling bac to me. As we went into the house I heard th sound of the Land Rover engine starting.

Entering the sitting room, I was caught in clash of voices, Mark's and Ivor's, directed to ward Esmond, who lay sprawled in a chair, h indolence in direct contrast to the urgenc dominating the two other men.

"—— out of your hands now, Esmond. Th only sane course is for you to let me take yo in to Glissing police station, not wait here t be caught, or be tracked down on the cliffs.

"You damned well keep your nose out o this, Halliwell."

They might have been flies buzzing roun his head for all the notice Esmond took, as h stared at me. "Wouldn't she come?"

"No. I tried ——" And as I spoke, Kell leaped from behind me into Esmond's arms He patted his head, set him down on the floo

"Why didn't she come back?"

"She's scared. You can't blame her. Sh wants to get Timmy away."

He turned his head slowly from me to Ivo "You've stolen my wife, Ivor. Odd, isn't it, Charlotte hadn't turned up, I'd never hav known it." He appeared to be ruminating t himself. "And then, cooped up in that blaste

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ttic I began to think about things I'd never aid attention to before. The flying club; the ours you and Lisa spent there."

Ivor came toward him, his voice cold with erocity. "I tell you, you've got no time for nything now but to save your own neck."

"And yours," Esmond said, and he smiled. Four miles to the flying club, ten minutes' lrive. Is that where Lisa is making for? How ong before you join her? She hasn't a pilot's icense, so she has to wait for you, hasn't she?"

Mark came forward, put his hand on Esnond's shoulder. Esmond shook him off. "Keep out of this, Mark. It's between Ivor and ne. Get out, take Charlotte with you. And let ne tell you something, all of you. I don't care for anything now except my own skin. Thanks o Ivor, it's all I've got left; and when that happens, your skin becomes a precious com-

AT EVENING

By DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

My twilight mind is a sky where
the thoughts change
Like blown vapors of sunset, like
puffed-on cloud
That shapes to things as various
and strange

As the mysteries at the bottom
of the ocean,
As the secrets in the heart's
loneliest lair.
The gentlest breeze of suggestion
sets them in motion.

They pile up like seaside castles
made of sand:
Resolve to fantastic monsters;
extend to a shroud
Over a lifeless woman around
whom stand

Bent mourners. But now they all
have shortened and thinned
To young children—with lifted
faces and fine yellow hair
Blown back (as it used to be) by
a summer wind.

modity, not lightly to be thrown away. In fact, I intend to put up a tough fight for it." He swung himself upright.

Ivor barked, "That makes more sense. I calculate we've got about ten minutes, presuming that Mrs. Elliot sent a message to Adkins immediately she reached the house."

Though he was standing, Esmond still showed no sign of urgency or of moving from the room. As he rocked gently backward and forward on his heels, Ivor said sharply, "Come on. Don't forget I'm in this too. With you in the hands of the police, my freedom wouldn't be worth a damn."

"That's what I am thinking. In fact, I've been thinking of little else all afternoon. Consequently, I calculate I'm worth much more to you dead than alive." A grin twisted his face. "That was Mark's idea, and he may, for once in his life, have hit the bull's-eye."

Ivor swung with an oath on Mark, and Esmond chided. "Don't waste your energy on him, Ivor. You're going to need it all for me."

Ivor's hand reached backward for the kitchen-door latch. Esmond said casually, "Where do you think you're going?"

"You bloody fool, where do you suppose? I sent Webster a wireless message. He's managed to make Wellmouth ahead of time. He's tied up there now, waiting for us. Are you coming?"

Mark said coldly, "If you listen to that claptrap, Esmond you deserve what's coming to you."

"We go the way we'd planned?"

"There'll be police posted all along the cliff. They'll be waiting for you." Mark caught Esmond's arm. "Think, you fool."

"For the last time, Halliwell, I'm warning you to keep out of this." Ivor turned on Esmond. "There are too many caves for the police to watch every one. We've a chance, a good one, but I'm not waiting a second longer."

Esmond nodded desultorily. "Keep it as it was, eh?"

Mark shouted, "Esmond, you'll never be allowed to fall into the hands of the police alive. Can't you see the type you're dealing with?"

Esmond gave him a polite turn of the head. "You mean Ivor will put a bullet through me. You know, that had occurred to me." He smiled slyly. "But he'll find it more difficult than he imagines, even though he's quicker on the trigger than I am. You see"—and then I felt his arm slide round my waist—"I'm taking a witness with me or, if you prefer, a piece of insurance. Not all the way. Just far enough."

"Charlotte's not leaving this room!" cried Mark. He took one step, and then Ivor's fist clenched, drove upward. Mark dodged it, and he'd have recovered his balance if Kelly hadn't at that second jumped, growling, and tangled in his feet. As he stumbled, Ivor's fist drew back again. I did not see it strike, but the sound of it, of Mark's head hitting the floor, set me struggling. I screamed, plunged forward, but before I could reach Mark, Esmond had pinioned my wrists behind me.

"No need to panic, Charlotte. He's a long way from dead, just suffering from a healthy uppercut that will leave him out cold for twenty minutes. Meanwhile, you're coming with me. But you'll be quite safe. I won't let anyone hurt you."

He shoved me forward, into the barrier of bone and muscle that was Ivor.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Esmond's voice came over my shoulder. "I told you, I'm out to save my skin. Charlotte's going to help me. She's the only one who can." He shook my pinioned wrists. "Stop struggling. In half an hour you'll be back here ministering to Mark's headache. Behave, and no one's going to harm you."

And so, for a second time, I saw the dresser swing out. As Ivor went through the opening, Esmond bundled me ahead of him, held me back against a wall that was cold, sticky with damp, while Ivor swung the dresser back into place. Instantly we were shut into impenetrable darkness, so enveloping of eye and spirit that I was struck into silence.

Light came, blinding, dazzling as from an undimmed headlight. Behind it stood Ivor, holding a flashlamp. Esmond grunted, "Bolt the door. It'll give us an extra half hour while either Mark or Adkins gets hold of a crowbar. Then you go first, shine the light backward."

There was the long, sustained whisper of oiled metal moving, and then Ivor stumbled over my feet. My wrists, stinging with cramp, were free from Esmond's grasp. "Now don't start making another fuss, Charlotte. Save your breath. You're going to need it. Follow Ivor. I'm right behind you."

Despite the light, my feet fumbled on the steps. Always they went up: sometimes steeply, sometimes on a wide, low incline, and the depths of the treads varied from a few inches to a foot. After ten minutes Ivor had gone so far ahead of us that it was dark. Simultaneously my head struck rock, my feet misjudged the step and I fell with a scream.

Esmond's arm came round my waist. "You've only about another hundred yards to do. Come on," he said. He heaved me upright, and half carried me to a point where the steps ended.

Ivor had set the lamp on the floor. As far as I could judge, the cave in which we were was circular the roof higher than the radius of light. I could hear the drip of moisture. The sense of being confined in this hole in the earth, the exit blocked behind us, no other that I could see ahead, set loose in me a frantic, animal fear. As Esmond set me down, I began senselessly to beat my hands against the slime-covered rock, crying out one word over and over again: it was "Mark."

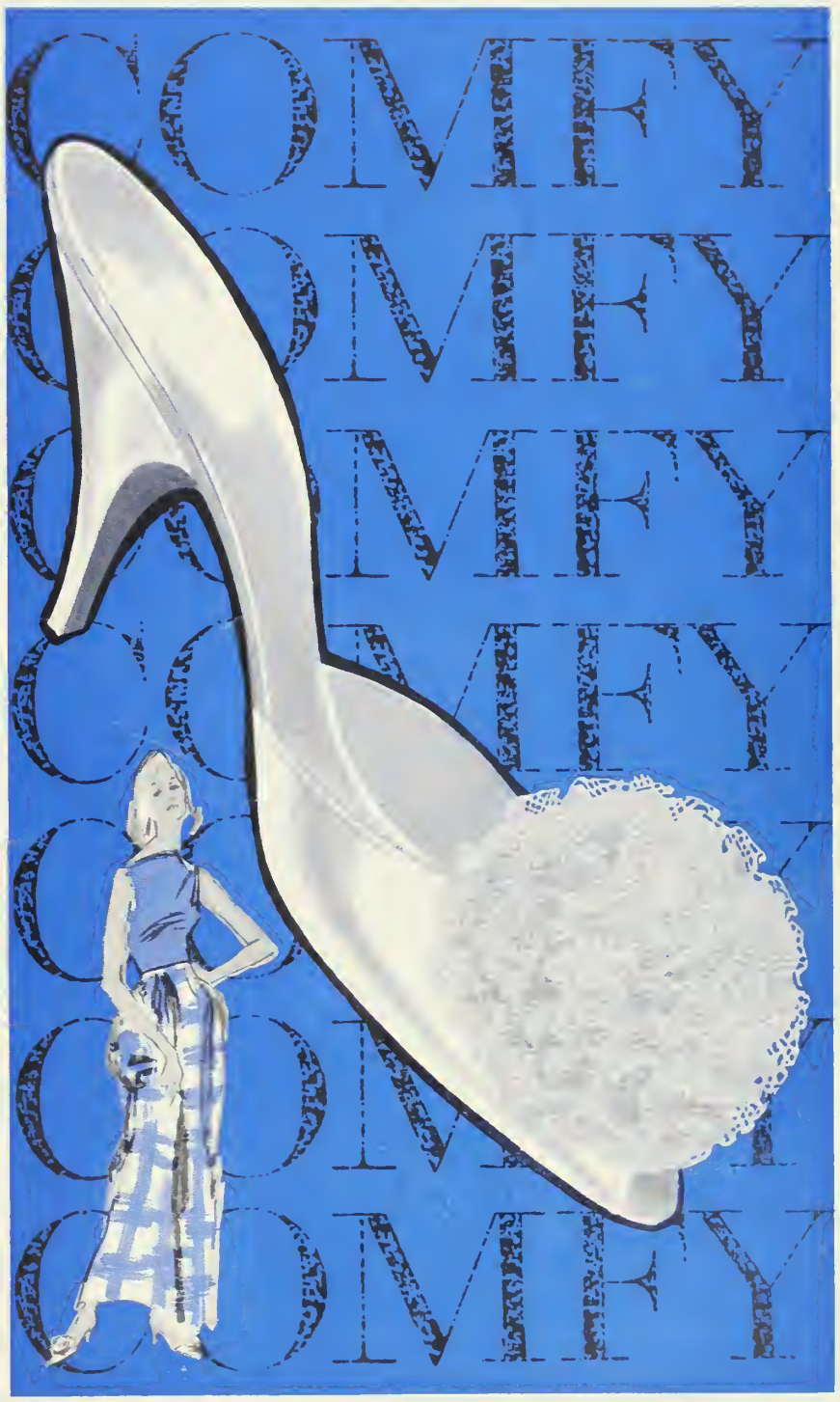
"Don't, Charlotte." With hands suddenly protective, Esmond turned me round, brushed the hair from my forehead. "You and Mark have got the rest of your lives to fix yourselves up. But this small piece of you belongs to me. If you don't stay with me until I get into the open, have a chance of making a run for it, I've had it, Charlotte."

"You've no chance," I said, echoing Mark. "There isn't a yacht waiting for you."

"Probably not." He shrugged his shoulders. "And, equally probably, if Souvisant and Webster exist, they've never heard of me. No, I'm not counting on them. All I've got are my own wits, and you to help, Charlotte. If I can get clear, make the beach, I'll find some sort of boat. I'm good at boats; always have been. Now I've got to be a genius with them, or else ——" His laugh was soft but harsh.

I glanced over my shoulder. Ivor had moved a little out of the range of the light. "What's he doing? What's he going to do?"

"Don't panic. He's clearing the way ahead. Except for an air passage, the exit to this cave is blocked with stones, old rubbish. After that, there's a low tunnel, one last cave. From there, out on the cliffs, the odds are against him, not me. He hasn't got a head for heights; I have, and I know every foxhole a darned sight better than he does. I'll leave you there, Charlotte, and you can double back to Mark. He'll have the door down by then." He raised



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his voice that he had held to a whisper. "All clear, Ivor?"

As he pushed me forward Ivor moved back into the light. There was a glint of metal in his right hand. Esmond laughed, and in the same second pulled me back hard against him, a living shield between him and the threat of the gun.

"Just as I thought. My insurance has paid off."

I froze against him, not struggling, mesmerized as Ivor, seemingly giant-size in that low cavern, the lamp which he had picked up gilding his hair, his mustache to a metallic gold, moved one step, then another toward us. I felt Esmond's right hand, which was free of me, grapple in his pocket. Then he shouted, "If you want to kill me, you've got to kill her first." And an echo mocked "kill her first."

"You're at the end of the line, Elliot." Ivor's voice overlapped Esmond's, got trapped in the echo.

"You never meant me to get out of here alive. Webster, Souvisant, they were a pack of lies. Mark was right."

"Of course he was right. You're as good as dead, Elliot, and the girl with you."

The gun in Esmond's hand spat. The light went out. In the sudden blinding darkness with a purely animal reaction I managed to wrench myself free of Esmond's grasp, dive to the ground. Ahead of me there was a tumult of noise—shots, their echo. Something struck my arm. There was no pain after the first searing blow, only numbness, and sticky warmth trickling over my hand.

For a moment I crouched there, dazed. Almost immediately I heard the scrape of heavy, stumbling feet, a voice choking in curses, a fall; then silence again, and after timeless seconds a long-drawn-out shudder that ended in a choke as if someone were drowning.

"Esmond! Esmond!" The echo mocked my cry. I fumbled frantically in the darkness, brushing the wet, filthy floor with my hands. And then I fell over a prone figure that was still moaning, dropped to my knees. I whispered "Esmond!" not sure in the darkness whether it was he or Ivor.

He breathed the first syllable of my name. I shifted his head to my knee. It was heavy, and when I felt his face it was wet . . . or was it my fingers that were coated with my own blood or slime from the floor of the cave?

My hands moved over his shoulders, to his chest, and then flew away as he gave a terrible scream. I bent my head until my face was over his mouth, trying to make words out of the senseless mumble that was following the cry of agony.

And then, behind me, I heard another sound: slow, dragging, torturous. I froze, my body curved over Esmond, my hand grasping the gun that was, miraculously, on the ground beside me. Ivor was moving. That he was hurt was obvious, but not what his purpose was: to make sure, before he left the cave, that neither Esmond nor I was living, or merely to escape.

The movements were intermittent. There were seconds when there was no sound at all. Then he was on me, his foot tripping over my leg; my teeth bit into my lower lip to stem the scream, and my free hand with a reflex action covered Esmond's mouth. Beneath the weight of Ivor's body I willed my limbs to stay stiff, lifeless. I waited for a long moment to feel the searching hand that would tell him that Esmond and I weren't dead, and in that moment my finger found the trigger of the gun.

Would I have pulled it? I do not know, because Ivor's weight gradually heaved itself from me, and I heard him stumble toward a corner where a small patch of darkness dimmed to gray. The footsteps, dragging, scuffling, uncertain, sounded for seconds that were outside the measure of time, and then, finally, there was silence.

I lifted my shoulders, eased the burden on my knees, and waited.

And so it was Edwina who, more than any other single person, committed the final act of betrayal that sent Esmond to die in darkness and ignominy in my arms. The overfaithful heart was Kelly's, the shot was Ivor's; the misjudgments, the prejudices, the blindness were mine, but the will that a Biblical retribution should be exacted for Danny's death had been Edwina's. Returning from the Sea House that day, she had stumped through the front door of Glissing straight to the telephone, told the police that Esmond was alive, where he was, and how he would most probably try to escape.

Thereafter, in the remaining days I spent at Glissing, Esmond's name never passed her lips. She spoke no more than she had to. She mourned, with a terrible iron-hard, unmelting grief, not for Esmond but for Danny. For three days she did not leave her bedroom, and when she did appear it was to treat Mark and me, the servants, as if we had connived at the felony which had robbed her of Danny.

Lisa we assumed to have left the country. The police had found the Land Rover abandoned at the airfield, from where it was obvious she and Ivor had planned some sort of getaway in his private plane. She and Timmy had been traced as far as Southampton through the truck driver who gave them a lift, so we thought she must have been making for Le Havre. And there she would have learned from the papers that she was a widow, and that Ivor had been killed falling down the cliff. It seemed unlikely we would see Lisa, or Timmy, again.

Mark and I were married in December, in a London church. It was a time of biting cold and penetrating sleet, with trampled snow a brown sludge in the churchyard, ice crowning the puddles, but for me it was a golden day. Perhaps all wedding days seem so, but mine with Mark, grave and for once undeniably nervous beside me, was aboundingly so.

For a wedding present Edwina sent me a diamond-and-emerald tiara, which I left in my greedy mother's keeping. In fact, its possession gave her such blissful satisfaction that it would have needed a harder heart than mine to tear it away from her.

In the end, all that Mark and I inherited from Glissing, a keepsake of those few days in which Esmond had briefly lived in the flesh for me, was a tough wire-haired terrier. Kelly came to live with us because the sight of him made Edwina brood and weep, not for Esmond but for Danny. He's learning better manners now, and appears content to be a city dog. Only when I have him out and off the lead does he scamper in excited anticipation up to every small boy he sees. END

SUCH SWEETS REMEMBERED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

syrup reaches 260° F. on a candy thermometer, or hard-crack stage. Wipe any crystals from the sides of the pan with a wet pastry brush. Remove immediately from the heat and place syrup over simmering water to keep hot. Working with two forks, drop some nuts into the hot syrup and then arrange them on the tops and sides of the two cakes. Add only a few nuts to the syrup at a time so that it will not cool down. If the syrup has a tendency to lose its shine, add more corn syrup and increase the heat under the water. This topping eats best if the cake is decorated two days before using. Makes 4 pounds fruitcake.

Tutti-Frutti Date Pudding

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup butter
2 cups stale bread crumbs
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
½ cup candied cherries, quartered
2 cups slivered candied fruits—a mixture of candied orange rind, pineapple and citron
½ cup pitted dates, quartered
1⅓ cups milk
2 well-beaten eggs
½ teaspoon almond flavoring
Good pinch nutmeg

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt into a large bowl. Cut in the butter with a pastry blender. Add the bread crumbs, sugar, orange rind and fruits. Mix the milk and eggs together. Add the almond flavoring and nutmeg. Stir into the flour-fruit mixture. Blend well. Pour into a well-greased 2-quart steam pudding ring mold. Cover tight. Place on a rack in a deep kettle, filling the kettle with enough boiling water to come halfway up the mold. Cover the kettle. Steam for about 3 hours, adding more water if necessary. Remove from steamer and let stand 5 minutes. Turn onto a hot platter and serve with Honey-Lemon Sauce. Makes 8 servings.

Honey-Lemon Sauce

2 eggs
5 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon honey
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Pinch salt
½ cup heavy cream

Beat the egg yolks well. Gradually add 1 tablespoon sugar and the honey and beat until light. Add the lemon rind and the juice. Beat the egg whites until they stand in peaks and gradually beat in the salt and remaining sugar. Fold into the egg-yolk mixture. Whip the cream until stiff and carefully fold into the egg mixture. Chill. Makes 4 cups.

Christmas Snow Cake

½ gallon vanilla ice cream
1 cup Nesselrode sauce
1 package cherry-flavored cake mix

Meringue Frosting

2 cups sugar
⅔ cup water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
4 egg whites
Green food coloring
Red cinnamon candies (garnish)

Line both an 8″ round layer-cake pan and a mixing bowl, measuring 7″–8″ across at the top, with strips of waxed paper. Arrange strips so ends come over edge of pan and bowl about 2″. Soften ice cream and stir in the Nesselrode sauce. Divide ice cream equally between pan and bowl. Freeze until firm, 2–3 hours. Prepare cake mix according to package directions, pouring it into 2 greased and floured 8″ round layer-cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 30 minutes, or until cake tests done. Cool in pan 10 minutes before turning out on wire racks. Cool thoroughly while making the topping.

Measure the sugar, water and cream of tartar into a 1-quart saucepan. Bring to a boil and continue boiling until the bubbles are large and syrup forms thick drops. If you have a candy thermometer, cook to 200° F. Beat the egg whites until creamy (very soft peaks). Gradually add the hot syrup in a fine thread, beating continually, until the meringue is thick and glossy and will hold swirls. Tint with green food coloring.

Working quickly, remove frozen ice cream from molds. Place one layer of cake on a large platter and cover with the ice-cream layer. Add the second layer of cake and top with the ice cream molded in the bowl, round side up. Quickly frost the entire surface, using less than half the meringue, to seal in the coldness. Shape into a beehive effect. Return to the freezer for about 3 hours. Place remaining meringue in the refrigerator. Before frosting the second time, beat the meringue until thick and glossy again. Remove the ice-cream cake from the freezer and once more cover with meringue, working rapidly. Then, using the back of a teaspoon, touch and draw up the meringue lightly, over the entire cake, to give holly-leaf texture. Dot with cinnamon candies. Return to freezer and continue to freeze for several hours or overnight. Makes 10–12 servings.

Chestnut-Mocha Roll

1 can (2-lb.) water-pack whole chestnuts, drained
½ cup butter
4 squares unsweetened chocolate
½ cup sugar
¼ cup water
2 teaspoons vanilla
¼ teaspoon cinnamon

Mocha Butter Icing

½ cup butter
¼ cup cocoa
1 egg
2 teaspoons instant coffee
½ teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
3½ cups confectioners' sugar
Holly leaves cut from angelica or lime rind (garnish)
Glacéed cherries (garnish)

To make the Chestnut Cream: Purée the chestnuts by pressing through a strainer. Melt butter and chocolate in the top of a double boiler. Remove from the heat and add the sugar, water, vanilla and cinnamon. Mix well. Add this mixture to the chestnut purée, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Make sure the mixture is thoroughly blended. Turn out onto waxed paper and chill slightly. Then roll into a log shape approximately 12″ x 3″. Wrap in waxed paper and chill until quite solid—about 4 hours. Unwrap and place on serving platter. Spread the surface with the Mocha Icing. Trim ends, decorate and chill again for ½ hour before serving. Makes 8–12 servings.

To make the Butter Icing: Soften the butter in a bowl. Add the cocoa, egg, coffee, vanilla and salt. Beat until the coffee and cocoa have dissolved. Add the sifted confectioners' sugar, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. The frosting should be moderately stiff. Spread on chestnut filling and run the back of a spoon lengthwise in a wavy pattern over the entire surface to give the appearance of bark. Garnish with angelica or lime-rind holly leaves and glacéed cherries.

THE EISENHOWERS' HOLIDAY DINNER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

ROAST BEEF

Allow about ½ pound meat and bone per person. Be sure you know the oven-ready weight of the roast so you will be able to calculate roasting time. Wipe the roast with a damp cloth. Rub a little corn or vegetable oil and pepper well into the meat. Place roast, fat side up, in an open roasting pan. The bones act as a rack. If you use a meat thermometer, make an incision with a metal skewer or pointed knife through the fat and insert the thermometer directly into the center. Roast, uncovered, in a slow oven, 300° F., 18–20 minutes per pound if you like it rare; 22–25 minutes per pound for medium; 27–30 minutes per pound for well done. Or use the markings on the meat thermometer as a guide—really the most accurate method. Baste occasionally. When the roast is done to your liking, remove immediately to a warm platter and keep in a warm place while you make the gravy.

STRING BEANS AMANDINE

Ends are removed from 1 to 1½ pounds fresh green beans and the beans are cut French fashion into long strips and then tied with string into portion-sized bundles. They are cooked as usual in salted water. The bundles are lifted to a serving dish and the strings removed; then the beans are seasoned with ¼ cup butter heated with 3 tablespoons shaved almonds until almonds are golden brown. Makes 4 or 5 servings.

TOMATOES PROVENÇAL

Choose a ripe tomato for each guest. Cut a ¾" slice from stem end of each. Chop these slices; mix with half the quantity of packaged dry bread crumbs, a little minced onion, a pinch of finely chopped garlic, some snipped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Set tomatoes in baking pan. Top with crumb mixture. Dot with butter. Bake, uncovered, at 375° F. for 35 to 40 minutes.

BAKED STUFFED POTATOES

The baked potato is first emptied by cutting an oval of skin from the top and scooping out the center. Mash the potato with enough sweet cream to moisten, a bit of butter and grated cheese. Add salt if desired. Then return mashed potato to the shell with a pastry tube, making one or more potato rosettes on top. Return the stuffed and decorated potato to 400° F. oven to brown.

DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

2½ cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon baking powder (rounded)
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter
2 cups sugar
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅔ cup cocoa dissolved in
½ cup boiling water
1 cup sour milk

Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening, slowly beat in sugar. Add beaten egg yolks, vanilla and cocoa. Add flour mixture alternately with milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 2 greased 9" layer-cake tins; bake 25 minutes in a 375° F. oven.

SEVEN-MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cup sugar, finely sifted
5 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon cream of tartar or
2 teaspoons light corn syrup
Few grains of salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine all ingredients except vanilla in top of a double boiler. Stir until sugar dissolves, then place over simmering water. Beat with egg beater until stiff enough to stand up in peaks (6 to 10 minutes). Add vanilla. Beat until thick enough to spread. During cooking, keep sides of double boiler cleaned down with a rubber spatula. With an electric beater the process may take as little as 4 minutes.

FROSTED MINT DELIGHT

¾ cup pure mint-flavored apple jelly
2 (1-lb.) cans crushed pineapple
1 package unflavored gelatin
1 pint whipping cream
2 teaspoons confectioners' sugar

Have all ingredients chilled. Melt the jelly and mix the crushed pineapple into it. Dissolve the package of gelatin in one cup of the juice from the pineapple. Mix the gelatin mixture into the jelly mixture. Whip the cream, sweeten it with the sugar, and fold it into the mixture. Put into the freezer until firm. Do not freeze solid. This recipe will serve 10 or 12.



PEPPY TUNA MACARONI

New Recipe

Saucy tuna casserole at a low net cost

When you have FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni on hand, already cooked in its own smooth Cheddar cheese sauce, you can pop this peppy casserole into the oven in minutes.

In 1½-quart casserole, combine 2 cans Franco-American Macaroni, a 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), 1 tbsp. chopped dill pickle, 1½ tsp. prepared mustard. Top with ¼ cup buttered bread crumbs. Bake at 400° F. for 20 minutes. (If you like, use a 7¾-oz. can of salmon in place of tuna.) 4 to 5 servings.

In recipes like this, or just as it comes from the can, you'll find thrifty Franco-American Macaroni easy to enjoy. Got plenty?



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Presenting
Emily Tyler

One unforgettable year—a whirl of frivolity and fun—the delicious excitement of coming out in society!

By JEAN TODD FREEMAN
Photographs by JOSEPH DI PIETRO



Highlights of the year: gay and glamorous mid-June ball, dignified, traditional german during Christmas holidays.



Change of pace—an informal swimming luncheon gives a chance to chat, relax. In a single week last June Emily attended eighteen parties, including six dances.



Emily improved her backhand at Mary Baldwin College, deplores lack of keen partners. Summertime fun means, besides debutante parties, "county" picnics, swimming.



Fireworks, a flavor of old Vienna, a formal debutante "figure"—first important ball of the season, the festive Bal du Bois.

As the Christmas holidays approach, forty girls scattered in colleges from Coral Gables, Florida, to Poughkeepsie, New York, are beginning to skimp on their studies and dream of home. "Home" is Richmond, Virginia; and the visions that dance through most of the pretty heads are not of sugarplums but of parties. Letters fly from Randolph-Macon or Hollins or Mary Baldwin or Smith: "Mother, did you *ever* get my yellow evening dress shortened?" . . . "Guess what band Frances is having to play for her dance!" . . . "Last week at W. & L. someone stepped on my white gloves and absolutely ruined them." Their mothers, patient or frantic according to temperament, write back advice and forward more party invitations. And, in her home not far from the white-columned Country Club of Virginia, society editor Mrs. Allen C. Goolsby Jr. sits at her worktable juggling calendar dates, marking names off lists and adding others, soothing harassed hostesses.

There's a crisp edge of excitement in the December air as Richmond prepares for its final climactic round of 1960 debutante parties.

Emily Thomason Tyler, a slender brunet girl of nineteen whose face shows intelligence and breeding rather than mere surface prettiness, is as anxious as any other debutante for the holidays. But when Emily gets home on December 16, her first act will probably be to pull on heavy boots, call her springer spaniel, Rip Van Winkle, and go for a long, happy, muddy walk through the woods. Putting her long hair up in curlers, deciding which dress to wear to which party, telephoning friends—all these are matters to be postponed until she makes sure the holly trees are bright with berries, the goose pond glazed with a thin crust of ice. "Emily may be a debutante," says her mother, in the husky voice that seems always to hold a chuckle, "but she's no party girl!"

If not a party girl, what sort of girl is she?

Almost any description of Emily would include the words "county girl," or "home-loving girl." The county is Charles City County, fertile farmland extending southeast from Richmond between the Chickahominy and the broad James rivers; home is Sherwood Forest, a



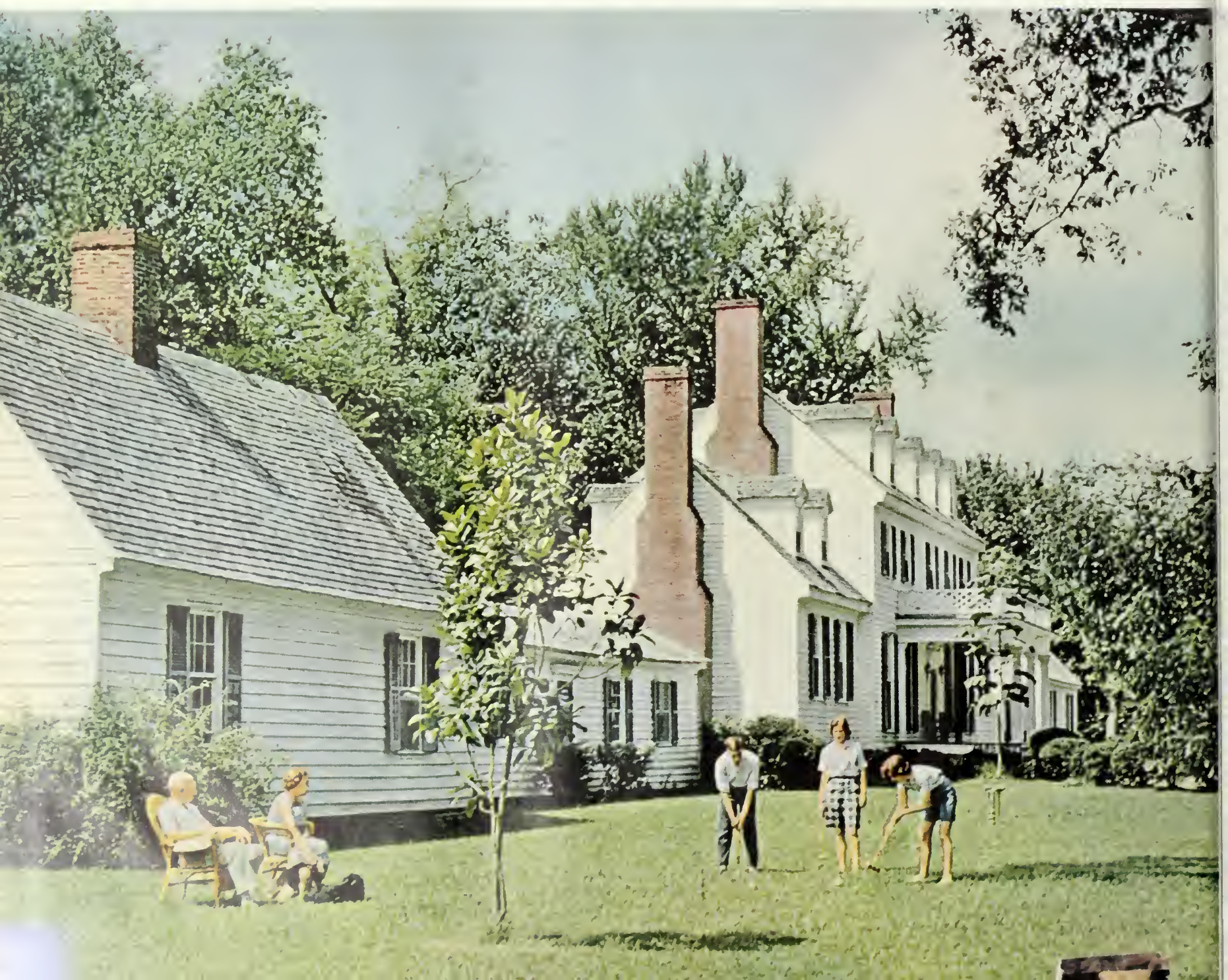
comfortably shabby white clapboard house first built in 1780 and renovated sixty-odd years later by John Tyler, tenth President of the United States and Emily's great-grandfather.

Here in the countryside thirty quiet miles from Richmond, Emily grew up with her younger sister Mary and her brother Jimmy, their dogs, pet raccoons, possums, skunks and deer. She learned to swim in the spring-fed sun-dappled pond where President Tyler once kept decoy geese, played underneath century-old magnolias, fished and hunted with her father and brother over the thousand-acre estate where Tylers have hunted since 1842. Her family dines on venison steak or home-cured ham around the handsome Duncan Phyfe table which has graced the dining room for well over a hundred years, a table laid with perhaps some of the same china and silverware great-grandmother Julia Gardiner Tyler spirited away during the Civil War.

From childhood, Emily heard stories about how the Yankees stuffed hay under the house and were about to burn it when their general stopped them; how blue-coated looters made off with the two heavy iron dogs that guard the entrance, then abandoned them in a field where they were found after Appomattox; how the Swiss music box which now stands on the piano was set to playing by the weary returning footsteps of sixteen-year-old David Gardiner Tyler, trudging home from the defeated Confederate army, and how he stopped in the ravaged and deserted hall, and listened, and knew he was truly home. The whole house is pervaded by a sense of history—and if anyone should forget the dignity and tradition of these quiet old rooms, he is silently reproved by John Tyler, staring down in haughty elegance from a gilt frame in the parlor; by his lovely wife Julia Gardiner, presiding over the library with appealing wistfulness. Like most of the famous old mansions along the James River on the John Tyler Memorial Highway (or Route Five, as it is locally known), Sherwood Forest is open to the public; unlike most of them, it is *not* kept "immaculate" for visitors, and although Katherine Tyler sincerely enjoys guiding people around the house, other members of the family usually beat a quick retreat to the tourist-proof Gray Room, leaving their capable and cherished cook, Annie, to conduct the tour.

If Sherwood Forest is steeped in Virginia tradition, so are its owners. J. Alfred Tyler, Commonwealth's Attorney of Charles City County, is well known locally, partly as the son of David Gardiner Tyler—a distinguished Charles City resident who served under Lee, was elected to the state senate and the U. S. Congress, and served for twenty-three years as circuit judge—but mostly because of his great concern for all matters of interest to the county and his public service in the community. A tall, complex man whose manner shifts from dignified formality to frank joviality, Alfred was brought up on

The "longest private dwelling in America" has rare century-old trees, many planted by President Tyler.



the family estate with two sisters and a brother. After finishing at St. Christopher's School in Richmond, he went on to the University of Virginia for his law degree and had a couple of years' experience in a Wall Street law office in New York. Never for a minute did he plan to *stay* there—but by the time he got back home his father had died, his sisters were married, his brother away. Alfred opened a law office in Richmond and for some years practiced both there and in the country; during this time, as an eligible bachelor, he attended most of the Richmond germans and debutante balls. Perhaps it was because she was so used to seeing the attractive young lawyer around town that Katherine Thomason addressed his invitation to her debut to "Sherwood Park, Richmond," instead of to "Sherwood Forest, Charles City." Alfred never received it.

Katherine Thomason, youngest of six children, was only seven when her mother died. Her gay and adored father never remarried, and her seventeen-year-old sister Emily took care of the younger children and saw that the girls were properly presented to society. Katherine, following the Richmond pattern, went to St. Catherine's School, made her debut, and entered into community work with characteristic zeal. Somewhat less conventionally, she had a fling at newspaper reporting before she married the man who had *not* come to her coming-out party, and went to live in the country. CONTINUED ON PAGE 133



Decorating, caroling, attending candlelight services on Christmas Eve are important for the whole Tyler family.



Tylers have lived in Sherwood Forest 118 years—beginning with John Tyler, twice governor of Virginia and tenth President of the United States. "Honest John" so named his country estate because he thought of himself as a political outlaw.



Gathering partridge berries for Christmas wreaths is a family custom. This year Emily probably won't have time to hunt with father, Jimmy.

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VOID AFTER JANUARY 15, 1961



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

Today Katherine Tyler is "county" to the bone, but she remembers yet her horror on learning just how isolated Sherwood Forest really was. "I had lived all my life in a big city house in downtown Richmond, and the country seemed right dull at first." By the time she had the house organized and running smoothly, though, Katherine had adjusted to county life, and soon decided that the casual county parties were much more fun than the closely circumscribed Richmond teas and receptions!

When their children reached school age, Katherine and Alfred decided to enroll them in the Charles City public school, rather than sending them in to Richmond. "We wanted them to have all kinds of friends," Katherine says now. "Even though the girls later transferred to St. Catherine's and Jimmy to St. Christopher's, they loved their years at the county school. To this day, Jimmy's closest friend is a boy he started out with at Charles City."

Transferring to St. Catherine's proved hard for Emily. Due to a series of catastrophes, her grades at Charles City had been subjected to twelve teachers during the seventh grade, and Emily was rather confused academically. Making friends took time—for if Emily is genuinely interested in others, she is also a bit reserved. Most upsetting was the wrench of leaving Sherwood Forest, her family, her pets. Her initial dislike of the city was, ironically, very bit as strong as her mother's early dislike of the country. Living with two sympathetic aunts helped, but for months she was happy only on weekends at Sherwood Forest. Then, without apparent reason, her attitude changed. The adjustment may have been slow in coming, but it was complete. Having capitulated, she flung herself into school activities so wholeheartedly that by graduation time she had made good friends among both students and teachers, who filled her yearbook with such extravagances as: "A loyal friend!" . . . "One of my most helpful students." . . . "The best batter on the team!" Because of her fondness for Sherwood Forest, some of the girls jokingly called her "Robin Hood"—an old name she didn't really mind. St. Catherine's had taught her she could be happy away from home; in the fall she would be going off to college.

There was talk of Sweetbrier, Randolph-Macon, Hollins, and visits to several campuses before Emily finally decided on Mary Baldwin in Staunton, Virginia. About her choice, however, neither discussion nor debate was necessary. For a girl of Emily's background and interests, making a formal bow to society seemed as natural as going to Westover Church on Sunday mornings, or gathering holly and running cedar for the traditional Christmas wreaths that hang in the hall windows of Sherwood Forest. By the time she left for Mary Baldwin, with two wardrobe trunks, two large suitcases and a supply of simple blouses, sweaters, skirts and "good" dresses, certain arrangements for her debut had already been made.

"Her debutante gaiety began a full year ago. Now Emily's this keyed up now, as a subdeb," Katherine Tyler had remarked as the party-filled Christmas season of 1959 drew to a close, "I hate to think of this coming year. Of course Emily's own dance next August will be very simple—we're not having champagne, and won't have the expense of an orchestra because some good friends are giving Emily that instead of a separate party. We hope to get through the whole year on a thousand dollars, including her debut dress."

At that time, Emily suggested rather offhandedly that she might just wear her old graduation dress from St. Catherine's, since it seemed silly to have more than one white formal.

August 27, 1960, then seemed a long way off, and a lot less exciting than the New Year's Eve ball she and the whole family had been invited to, at Westover. She could hardly wait for her escort to arrive, but at last they were driving through the cold starry night toward the lovely old house built in the early 1700's by William Byrd and tonight brilliant with candlelight, festooned with green garlands and scarlet berries, gay with laughter and young voices and music.

And it was a wonderful dance! While older guests drifted through the elegant rooms, pausing before a buffet to sample the eggnog or talking with friends before the crackling fire in the library, young dancers swept across the ballroom, vivid silk and subtle velvet gowns contrasting with sober black jackets. The music was good, and the stags breaking fast; it seemed far too soon when the waiters, who had been moving among the guests with trays of champagne, reappeared with silver trays piled high with paper hats, horns, serpentines. The lights flashed off; there were giggles, shouts, and suddenly a cacophony of horns and whistles.

It was 1960. Now the girls and boys danced through drifts of crepe-paper streamers; silly caps perched on their heads, confetti in their hair.

Across her partner's shoulder Emily met the eyes of her good friend Ellen Fisher. For Ellen, in whose honor the dance was given, the year of her debut was only beginning.

On New Years' Eve, the Richmond *News-Leader* officially launched the 1960 debutantes with a double-page spread of pictures. Mrs. Allen Goolsby Jr., society editor of the paper, studied the girls' pictures and speculated about the year ahead. Some of the debutantes' names had been listed with her for years; a few had wavered until the very last minute. "Richmond doesn't have a committee to decide which girls are eligible to come out and which aren't," she said, "so theoretically, any girl whose family can afford it can make a debut. But you can practically tell, by looking through the entering lists of Richmond prep schools, most of the girls who will be debutantes one day."

She riffled through her big black notebook. "I already have the names of a few who plan to come out in 1968, and important party dates—New Year's Eve, or dinner before the Bal du Bois—may be requested three or four years in advance. As a rule, though, people don't plan that far ahead. Since most of the debutantes are in college, we have a long season—a couple of weeks in June, before most of the girls go off to Europe or Virginia Beach or camp or visiting; a couple of weeks before school reopens in the fall; and ten days or so at Christmastime."

Thus far, the trend toward "mass debuts"—in which a girl is presented to society at a charity ball or cotillion instead of having a separate party of her own—has not reached Richmond. Of the 1960 debutantes, most had "small" dances at home, or at the Country Club of Virginia, or the Deep Run Hunt Club, either alone or in conjunction with one or two other debutantes; some were presented at formal dinners at the Commonwealth Club or Rotunda Club; several more at tea dances. In addition to these, of course, there were innumerable breakfasts, luncheons, receptions, swimming parties and dinners given by interested friends and relatives.

Richmond is much admired by out-of-town debutantes for its custom of "placing" girls with specific escorts for each affair. Mrs. Goolsby, who often assists mothers in planning parties, is well aware of the problem this system presents for a hostess: "Sometimes the girl already has a date, or the boy doesn't telephone her. At the last minute there's usually a scramble to straighten things out. Sometimes I get help from the boys and girls as to which boys are most dependable about escorting, which are likely to refuse, which are going steady with one girl or not speaking to another. 'You can't put *him* with *her!*' they'll say, and then I take their advice."

Mrs. Goolsby added honestly, "Of course in every group some girls *are* more popular than others, either because they're beauties, or vivacious, or easy to talk to. They'll be able to use their evening dresses over and over, because they'll be asked to men's colleges, and to lots of parties in Richmond as post debutantes. You'd be surprised how much that year means to them—and to their mammas! And it really isn't so expensive. Oh, maybe some of the mothers buy a whole new wardrobe for their daughters. But a lot of the girls watch for sales in the local department stores, or wear hand-me-downs from cousins and older sisters. And they seem to have just as much fun!"

Emily, who feels that many things in life are more important than clothes, actually added only a few dresses to her basic wardrobe during the year. Most of these she probably would have needed even if she had not made a debut: a black dinner dress, a blue shantung suitable for an afternoon reception or tea, a glazed chintz which can be dressed up or down, a few classic shirtwaist dresses, a coral taffeta with velvet jacket, a new bathing suit, Bermuda shorts, and a few accessories such as shoes, handbags, gloves—including the long white kid gloves essential for every debutante. She also added three new evening dresses: a pale green *peau de soie* with flat bows on the hips, an elegant ice-blue silk taffeta, and her lovely new debut gown. "I'm sure right many of the girls have more clothes than Emily," Katherine Tyler remarked early last June as she helped her daughter, just home from Mary Baldwin, get ready for the first big rush of Richmond parties. "Emily, thank heaven, isn't sophisticated and doesn't mind wearing the same dress to several different affairs, as long as it fits and is becoming. And then times have changed; people aren't so formal. You hardly ever see women wearing hats in town any more. Just yesterday I saw Emily head out of the house in Bermuda shorts, and called after her, 'I thought you were going to a *luncheon!*' She said, 'I am,' and went right on out. In my day, we wore dresses *and* hats *and* gloves to luncheons."

"It was a *swimming* luncheon," Emily defended.

"If it weren't for church and formal dances," said Jock Garst with an engaging grin, "you'd never know what a girl looked like in a dress."

Jock, a dark-haired English boy now in law school at the University of Virginia, was Emily's escort for the elaborate Bal du Bois—which endeavors to hold creeping informality at bay by stipulating that every debutante must wear a ball gown that touches the floor and gloves that extend above the elbow. The only charity ball given in honor of the debutantes, the Bal is a most important source of income for Richmond's beloved Sheltering Arms Hospital—which is, as far as anyone knows, the only all-free general hospital in the country. Launched four years ago by the enterprising junior board of the hospital, the Bal du Bois was an immediate success and brings in $8500–$10,000 net profit every year, at $100 a ticket. Perhaps because of the extravagance and gaiety of this summertime dance, perhaps because Richmond takes such pride in supporting the Sheltering Arms, the Bal du Bois is gradually coming to be thought of as "the" debutante ball—a distinction which has traditionally belonged to the far more exclusive Richmond german, held in December and open to only old-guard members and their guests.

This year the Bal du Bois fell on June 13, in the midst of a whirl of parties, and Emily had arranged to stay in Richmond for several days, dividing her time between two good friends, Mary Rutherfoord Mercer and Mary Gardner Florance. Most of the debutantes had barely got home from college before plunging into social activities; Emily herself had not even time to unpack. She arrived in town with baskets of home-grown strawberries for her hostesses, a suitcase full of party dresses, and a confused conviction that she had left half the things she needed at Sherwood Forest. (As a matter of fact, she had to telephone her mother that very afternoon for a cardigan and extra white gloves.) The luncheon that day at the Colony Club was pleasant, although, this early in the season, the girls still felt a little shy. Some had been friends from boarding-school days, but others had met only casually, and a few were virtually strangers. Long before the June "season" ended they would all feel like old friends and old hands—having attended, like Emily, some eight luncheons, five dinner parties, two dinner dances, a tea dance, a swimming-and-supper dance, three "regular" formal dances, a barn dance, three receptions and a couple of breakfasts; not counting such peripheral activities as family outings, ordinary dating and perhaps a wedding or two.

Later in the season, some of the girls would find the hectic round of parties too exhausting, would begin to look nervous and pale; others, more sophisticated, would profess to think them rather a bore. But this day in June, all were chattering enthusiastically as they emerged from the cool Colony Club into the sunny mild afternoon. Emily and Mary Rutherfoord drove west along Carey Street to the Mercers' attractive brick house on Exeter Road, listened to Mrs. Mercer's stern admonition to take a *good long nap*, and went upstairs to giggle and talk. By the time they settled down, it was nearly time to get ready for the dinner party which was to precede the Bal du Bois. Emily wore her pale blue evening dress with matching high-heeled slippers; Mary Rutherfoord was delicately lovely in white tulle. Just inside the entrance of the



"B in Associative Rapport, C in Social Empathy, C in Maturity Development, B in Class Adjustment. . . . How we ever going to beat the Russians with a card like that?"

formally elegant Rotunda Club, two of the season's debutantes stood with their parents to receive guests, while a small orchestra played quietly in the background, and candlelight fell softly on masses of fresh flowers and gleaming silver. The dinner itself was delicious, and although one girl was heard to whisper wistfully, "We're going to miss the fireworks!" no one seemed in a hurry to rush off to the country club.

Quite a few of them did, indeed, miss the fireworks, which were shot off promptly at ten o'clock, blazing dramatically across the dark skies south of the clubhouse, drawing gasps of admiration and bursts of applause from spectators gathered on the terrace. But to the debutantes who arrived too late for the last flaring skyrocket, it was thrilling enough just to see the familiar surroundings transformed into exotic old Vienna, with painted gondolas afloat on mock canals, and masked cardboard ladies resplendent in bright gowns and jewels peering down on the dancers from ornate theater boxes.

"When we were out here this morning practicing, they were decorating," one blond debutante told her date, "but I *never* thought it would be so effective!"

What the girls had practiced was the "figure" which they were now about to perform. There was a quick scramble as daughters and fathers sought each other out, and then a fanfare of trumpets and a spotlight trained on the stone steps where, one by one, the debutantes appeared on their fathers' arms, to make the traditional formal bow to society. As each name was called, a ripple of applause and approving comments came from the relatives and friends who watched. One comment was heard again and again:

"One thing you have to say for this season's debutantes, they *all* look sweet and unaffected. Usually they seem so blasé!"

And truly, as the forty pastel-gowned girls moved through the intricate figure, as they waltzed with their fathers, as they smiled up at the first young man who came to cut in, they seemed appealingly fresh and youthful. "And I sincerely hope Emily *stays* that way," Alfred Tyler said, as he and Katherine stood watching their daughter jitterbugging with Princeton sophomore Freddy Fisher. "*I* hope she manages to get some sleep before tomorrow," Katherine said. "Do you know those girls have to go to a swimming luncheon and a reception, and another dance tomorrow night?"

Emily didn't get much sleep, but at the pool side next day she looked bright and rested. "The dance was wonderful, just wonderful," she said in her rather serious way. "Afterward, we took off our shoes and walked on the golf course. Then at Mary Rutherfoord's we had milk and cake, and then someone suggested we join a bunch that was going swimming and"—she broke off to swim across the pool, and climbed out, dripping, to join the other guests on the terrace for a pretty luncheon plate of crab meat and avocado, hot rolls, fresh fruit and sherbet—"well, as I was saying, we didn't get to bed very early, which is an understatement, but we certainly did have fun!"

During July and August, parties were fewer and more informal with many of the debutantes abroad, at Virginia Beach or in the mountains; and Emily had time to help her mother plan her own debut, which was to take place at the beginning of the late-summer rush. Most of this planning (and later, the addressing of invitations) took place in the Gray Room, which, because of the inevitable tourists, is the only room in which they were certain of being undisturbed. Since she planned to leave refreshment problems to a caterer, Katherine's biggest worries were the tricky related questions: "How many will accept?" and "Suppose it rains?"

"Maybe I'll write on the invitations to everybody except the actual debutantes and their escorts, 'Come if it's clear, stay away if it rains!'" she said half seriously. "I'm told if you invite 350 you can expect about 200 to come, but that seems risky to me, and Alfred thinks even 200 is too many."

Emily's worst headache was placing. Her thick loose-leaf notebook gradually became dog-eared and marked with complicated symbols and cross references as she sought to keep track of acceptances, refusals, "probablys" and "probably nots," extra men, house guests. It soon became apparent that the much-desired ratio of two boys to one girl was *not* going to be achieved.

Even the day before Emily's debut, the two most difficult problems were still unsolved, for the weather looked bad—it was chilly, dark and drizzling; and three girls were still without escorts. "If I have to go into Richmond and drag three boys out to Sherwood Forest by sheer force," Emily vowed, "every girl's going to have a date for that dance!" She did go into town, and spent most of the afternoon at her aunt's house, telephoning. By the time she got the last debutante placed and drove out to Sherwood Forest it was after six, she was due back in Richmond for a Gay Nineties party in less than two hours, three house guests were expected momentarily, and another, Jock Garst, had come already. Emily was simply too excited to eat any dinner ("She's going on nothing but nerves!" said her mother) but disappeared upstairs, presumably to rest.

The others had barely finished a pickup supper when a car on the drive announced the arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Hornbarger, who had driven up from Hot Springs with their daughter Margie, Reed Carter, and Ann Hogshead from Wilmington, who would stay with Emily over the weekend. The girls, classmates of Emily's at Mary Baldwin, rushed upstairs to Emily's room, while the Tylers showed the Hornbargers the small but elegant ballroom with gracefully arched ceiling and gleaming sweep of floor. A door led directly out onto the back lawn, where, if the night proved fair, lawn chairs and tables would be set up for the overflow from the ballroom.

"Suppose it rains?"

Katherine and Alfred Tyler exchanged a look; the old problem! "We'll simply *have* to make a decision by noon," Katherine said firmly. "If it's rainy then we'll move all the furniture out of the Gray Room and the library, and serve inside. But we hope we won't have to. Reed, why don't you go help Jock with his costume?" She told the others that, although Emily had rented her Gay Nineties costume in Richmond, Jock was wearing a British officer's uniform which had belonged to her father. "Father was in India for some time with the British East India Company," she said, "but I never did find out what he was doing in the British army!"

Soon Emily came down in a becoming green-striped dress with high prim collar and leg-of-mutton sleeves; and Jock appeared quite dashing in a crimson jacket trimmed with gold braid, and carrying an enormous pith helmet. "I don't believe it really goes with the uniform, but it's great for a party!" he said. Mary, pinning an antique brooch on her sister's collar, decided Jock needed a sw ran up to Jimmy's room and came back wi beautifully polished saber. "We've got *ev thing* in this house," she explained lightly.

At last Emily and Jock were ready—" won't be but two hours late," Emily c mented cheerfully—and drove off under st orders to come home early. "Although I d really expect them to," Katherine confesse

The Tylers—even Mary and Jimmy- tired early, anticipating a long, deman day ahead. But Margie, Ann and R wrapped in bedspreads, sat up in the libr and talked, giggled, and dozed until 3 when Emily and Jock came in. Then the went to the kitchen, where they feasted peanut-butter sandwiches, cake, milk, cin mon toast and whatever else looked "inter ing." Emily sat rather abstractedly ea grapes and sour cream.

"Four boys at that party tonight said t couldn't come tomorrow," she said. "Do know what that means?"

(But they couldn't *really* know wha meant—they hadn't wrestled with placing, placing and placing again.) "That me you've got to find new escorts for four gir said Margie.

"Listen, Emily," said Ann, "I'll give *my* date—won't that help?"

Emily thanked her, but refused. "I'll get on the phone tomorrow and call s more," she said. "And *please* don't tell mo how late we got to bed!"

It was five o'clock and already light w the girls finished putting up their hair and sided into sleep.

By ten o'clock on the morning of August the heavy clouds were beginning to break, Alfred Tyler, striding about Sherwood Fo in hunting boots and competently directing crew of yardmen, correctly decided that night would be clear. There was still plenty do. The grass must be freshly cut and ra the hurricane lamps and garden torches out, the lawn furniture placed. He had alre pressed Jimmy and his friend Henry into s ice; when Jock and Reed came out, he them to raking grass, and the girls to deci where the two refreshment tents should go. side, Mary and her mother were engage the formidable job of arranging flowers for parlor, hall, library and Gray Room.

"When I came out," Katherine recal adding a few more yellow chrysanthemum the huge bowl on the grand piano, "it was custom for friends to send bouquets on day of the debut—it was a nice tradition, such an extravagance! Nowadays, if a per wants to send flowers she calls the florist leaves an order, which may be filled any t the debutante chooses. We're fortunate have so many good friends; they don't they *tell* us they're sending over fifteen l chairs, or a dozen roses. For instance, in ju little while a friend is coming over to do an rangement for the dining-room table." At t moment the telephone rang; it was Mrs. B man, whose husband is rector of the West Church, wanting to know if she could run Richmond errands for the Tylers. Kathe said no, thanked her, and hung up just Jimmy and Henry came into the hall, trail leashes, and whistling for Rip, Curly King. Someone had remembered it was day they must be taken to the veterinarian rabies shots.

Emily, in Bermuda shorts, came down stairs in time to hear this, took a careful l at a slight skin infection on Rip's foot, cried accusingly, "I bet nobody's been gi Rip his pills! I put them *right here on the t* and asked if someone would promise fa fully to see that Rip got them, and now t aren't even here! Where are they?"

Nobody could remember having seen pills. "Maybe I've been taking them," Kath ine said.

"Oh, mother!" Mary laughed. "W maybe it will give you healthy skin." She her mother went back to the storeroom yond the kitchen for more flowers, and En ran back upstairs to do some telephoning. the moment, the wide hall was empty and lent. That was the moment a man, a woma a pink cotton dress, and an adolescent

NEXT MONTH

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If you are a wife and mother, you spend it—you are the authority on how far it will stretch. Or are you? Find out from our compelling new series, "How America Spends Its Money," beginning in January. A response to your overwhelming demand for real-life studies in the "How America Lives" pattern, the series will open the bankbooks and purses of actual families every month. We think it will open your eyes too. First family: the Bruns, who built their own home in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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NEWEST BRISTOL-MYERS DISCOVERY

came hesitantly through the front door, and stood looking about them in some confusion at the big black register book on the hall table, the "Sherwood Forest" post cards, the big vase of flowers, the scissors, and the cut stems scattered on the floor.

"Anybody home?" the man called tentatively. His wife walked to the flung-open back door and stared out—saw chairs stacked under magnificent old trees, a striped canopy going up, boys and girls raking grass and leaves and sticks, piling them onto a little cart pulled by a team of mules decorated with red tassels. "They must be having a party," she said, disappointed. "I guess they're not open today."

Before they could leave, though, a girl ran onto the porch barefooted, stopped in some surprise, and then smiled. "Oh, you must want the *tour*," she guessed. "I'm afraid I don't belong here, but I'll go find someone to take you around. As you can see, things are rather confused today because Emily—that's the daughter of the house, President Tyler's great-granddaughter—is making her debut tonight. But if you don't mind waiting ——"

The woman in pink, who had listened avidly to all this, looked about her with increased interest. "Why, no," she said, "we don't mind waiting at *all*. It sounds just *fascinating!*"

After all the years a girl has looked forward to her coming-out party, the evening itself seems to pass in a dream. First the formal dinner at Westover, given by close family friends—and what could be more fitting than for Emily to begin the first evening of her young adulthood in the beautiful old Georgian manor where she had spent so many happy hours of childhood! Looking poised but unsophisticated in her girlish white organdy frock, Emily stood with her hostess to receive guests, then joined the others at the richly laden buffet. Like most of the young people, she took her plate outside, where card tables had been set up on the moonlit lawn sloping down to the dark slow-flowing James River. With all the difficulties behind her—the placing problems solved, the skies starry, the breeze pleasantly cool—she was free for a moment to savor the beauty of the surroundings, the pleasant sound of voices and laughter, the delicious cold meat and hot biscuits.

Then it was time to race back to Sherwood Forest, in order to be there before the first guests arrived. Emily, not ordinarily noted for promptness, pleased her mother by arriving early enough to make a rapid change; for, against the possible disaster of spilled punch, it had been decided that Emily would wear her "St. Catherine's dress" to Westover, and save her new, more elegant white gown for the debut itself. Katherine, looking with approval at her family, deplored the fact that she herself had not had time to set her hair or take a nap; but actually, as she moved to the parlor to receive the first guests, she looked well-groomed and far more rested than she felt.

Once the guests began to pour in, the evening kaleidoscoped into color and movement. Girls in summery pastel frocks and their escorts drifted out onto the lawn and gathered about the buffet tables, which offered an attractive assortment of nuts, mints, dips and cheese straws, relishes and *petits fours* as well as pale rose punch in cut-glass bowls. Then the orchestra struck up, and Emily descended into the ballroom on her brother's arm for the first waltz—her father had insisted that Jimmy have the first dance. With the ball officially opened, dancers soon filled the floor, and from ten-thirty until two hardly paused for breath. Those less hardy congregated by the refreshment tables, or, dragging the carefully arranged lawn chairs into big circles, sat and talked. Alfred and Katherine moved among the guests, making sure everything was going well; Jimmy and the several boys Emily had asked to do "sentry duty" circulated quietly, seeing that all the debutantes were looked after and danced with. Mary was having a marvelous rush, while Emily seemed to change partners every few steps. Just after midnight, a tantalizing smell of charcoal smoke drifting across the lawn drew some dancers out to the charcoal braziers, where cooks were broiling savory miniature hamburgers, and serving them with tiny homemade biscuits. About this time, too, Emily's surprise was revealed—jauntily feathered Robin Hood caps for everyone. Boys and girls alike fell upon them with delight.

One of the best parts about Emily's dance, according to one of the boys, was the fact that the light supper was served fairly early. "Usually they give you breakfast at two and after that you just naturally go home. At Emily's you could eat almost as soon as you arrived, there wasn't any sharp breaking point, and people tended to stay."

Certainly no one seemed in a hurry to leave Sherwood Forest, even after the music stopped. At four-thirty a hard core of youngsters—Emily's house guests, the Fisher children from Westover, and a few more good friends—were gathered around the piano in the parlor singing college songs, show tunes, and the inevitable *Dixie*. Jimmy went to rescue the dogs, who had been penned up all evening, and all three bounded into the room wagging their tails ecstatically. At five o'clock someone suggested swimming.

HOW AMERICA SPENDS ITS MONEY

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Katherine Tyler protested, but mildly. All evening she had nursed a private fear that some of the more high-spirited youngsters might remember the goose pond and decide to take a plunge, evening clothes and all—a time-honored debutante gambit not unknown in Richmond circles. Now, however, she didn't really mind if this relatively small and familiar group wanted to rummage around for bathing suits and take an early-morning dip. She reminded them, though, that they were all expected to rise and shine for the brunch being given in Emily's honor by the Jamiesons at nearby Berkeley.

Perhaps the water was too chilly, or the boys and girls too exhausted; the swimming party didn't last long. When Ann, Margie, Emily and Mary climbed wearily up the stairs to bed, there was little danger that they would keep one another awake laughing and talking. Emily, still a bit wound up, felt a curious mixture of letdown and relief. It was all over. But now she could relax and enjoy the rest of the summer without that feeling of *responsibility*. And her debut had been a success. Everyone had seemed to be having fun, all the girls had been provided with suitable escorts, the Robin Hood caps had made a hit. And it hadn't rained!

In mid-September, Emily was back at Mary Baldwin, renewing old friendships (as a freshman, she hadn't been content until she knew every single classmate by name); getting reacquainted with the steeply terraced campus and the old yellow-brick buildings; taking up her new courses with enthusiasm. (A conscientious student, Emily works hard and gets good grades, likes Spanish best and expects to major in languages, participates strongly in extracurricular activities—mostly sports.) With friends at both the University of Virginia and Washington and Lee, Emily could expect to be invited to the men's colleges for several big weekends. By Thanksgiving she had collected a formidable stack of invitations to Christmas debutante parties.

Christmas at Sherwood Forest has traditionally been a family time. "But we may have to do without Emily this year," her mother predicts. "Why, last summer, friends of ours who wanted to give a party for her tried to get a date during the Christmas season, and there was *nothing* left—parties scheduled from the seventeenth straight through to the end of the year."

Emily being Emily, it is unlikely that she will ignore certain Tyler customs, even if it means missing some of the debutante parties. With the dogs at their heels, she and Mary and Jimmy will tramp down to the woods to gather bright partridge berries, running cedar, the rare and dainty nonesuch and princess pine—some of which will be mailed to their aunts in St. Louis and Seattle, some used for wreaths and garlands. A few days before Christmas she will go deep into the woods with her father to find a perfect spruce pine, and help decorate it with lovely old ornaments that have been in the family for years. She and Mary will arrange the figures of the crèche made years ago by one of Katherine's sisters. If she possibly can, she will be on hand for the Nolting family's eighty-fourth Christmas Eve party, at her cousin's in Richmond, and will attend midnight service at the Westover Episcopal Church. This year, as always, she will shoot off skyrockets and Roman candles, hang up her stocking at the fireplace in her parents' bedroom, wrap up a present for Rip.

But there will be little time this Christmas for walks in the woods, leisurely visits with relatives and friends, spur-of-the-moment drives to Richmond for shopping. Among the scheduled debutante parties are some eight dances, eleven lunches, ten dinner parties, as well as assorted brunches, teas and receptions.

Most important among the Christmas festivities is the german, held at the formal and elegant Commonwealth Club and permeated with the atmosphere of Old Richmond. Formerly, when few girls went to college and the coming-out season was concentrated in the fall, debutantes were presented to society at the First German, held in September. Now the First German has been discontinued, and by the Christmas German most of the debutantes have already officially come out; still the prestige of the dance remains undimmed and the honor of being the debutante chosen to lead in the figure is great. For many years, debutantes were allowed to attend the german with suitable escorts from out of town; this year, only members and sons of members, with their guests, will be admitted. Consequently most of the debutantes have had to cast about for elderly uncles or cousins to escort them—and some have been unsuccessful. Emily is going with a cousin. Her mother is glad that she was invited, though she recalls that as a debutante she herself found the german a little stuffy. "All the same," she admits with a smile, "I wouldn't have thought of *not* going. The german was just as much a part of life as anything else."

It would seem that most Richmond debutantes have the same casual, accepting attitude toward coming out in general. Since the parties are relatively inexpensive and simple ($1000 may be spent for a "small dance" in Richmond whereas it may take $12,000 to entertain 400 at a supper dance in New York), a Richmond family of modest means can present a daughter to society without mortgaging the white-pillared house. In fact, there is little to gain by extravagant and ostentatious entertaining, since Richmonders do not admire flashiness.

The mother of one debutante was high in her praise of Richmond's manner of presenting its daughters. "We live in Connecticut, and Belinda came out last year with the New York debutantes," she explained, "but since we have connections here, we decided to let her make a 'little' debut in Richmond this year. And she's having so much fun! She especially likes the placing—in the East, so many of the boys and girls go steady that the whole purpose of a debut seems defeated. Belinda has made a lot of new friends this year; it's been a most rewarding experience for her."

At one party last summer, a discussion about coming out sprang up among the debutantes themselves. "I had a chance to go to Russia with some college friends this summer," said the girl who had started the debate. "Now don't you think going to Russia is more important than going to a lot of parties? But my mother would have never got over it if I hadn't made a debut."

"Coming out's just a necessary part of life, like going to school and college and getting married," another defended. "It's *automatic*."

"Well, I'm not very popular," a third girl confessed. "I'm hoping to meet some boys and have some fun."

"It gives you *experience*," another said firmly.

Katherine Tyler's explanation of why she wanted Emily to come out is simple. "Out here in the country," she says, "there just aren't many people. Jimmy happens to have a whole crowd of friends, and Mary has a group she sees at the church; but except for the Fishers, there simply aren't any boys and girls Emily's age much closer than Richmond. Last summer the Fishers were abroad, and if Emily hadn't been going to all the debutante parties, I don't know *what* she would have done for companionship. And of course she's gained self-confidence and experience."

"The way she was working at that placing," her father jokes, "I was afraid for a while there she was going to turn into an executive."

Emily herself says succinctly, "I've made a lot of new friends. I've had a lot of fun. It's been a wonderful year." END



"I don't care what it is, please close the drapes!"





"...when Bill has a rough day ahead, one of the few ways I can help is to feed him right at breakfast...and to me, that means taking a minute to fix hot oatmeal...like Bill says, oatmeal sticks to his ribs...kind of gives his spirits a lift until lunchtime..."

(from a taped interview with a Davenport, Iowa housewife)



YOU KNOW YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST_WITH HOT QUAKER OATS OR MOTHER'S OATS



HAROLD FOWLER



Old-fashioned charm in a lovely old Virginia house. A sense of history and a love for old things are reflected in the glowing warmth of the J. Alfred Tylers' sitting room, pictured at Christmastime.

GLOWINGLY TRADITIONAL

By CYNTHIA McADOO WHEATLAND
Interior Decoration Editor

This inviting room in the old President Tyler home of "Sherwood Forest," in Virginia, is the gathering place for the whole Tyler family. The historic house has two "parlors" which, along with the center hall and dining room, are open to tourists the year round. The rooms on display are kept pretty much the way they were after the War Between the States, and do not lend themselves to quiet reading, entertaining or any other normal function of a living room. So this is the warm, cozy refuge for the family, pictured here looking its best decked for Christmas.

Traditionally called the "Gray Room" in honor of the first owner's wife, a gentle Quaker lady, the walls have always had a gray paper. Wallpaper now has a stenciled effect, provides traditional yet not too formal a background for the Tylers' old, comfortable furniture and casual way of life. The open-to-the-public rooms contain the best furniture and most important heirlooms; here are second-best pieces, but kept in excellent condition, the sofa and chairs covered in bright, sturdy cotton velveteens. Curtains are very full and simple, in a silky synthetic mixture, tough yet beautiful. A vibrant red wool rug makes this room glow with cheer all through fall and winter, is especially right for the Christmas season.

MY UNCLE PEPE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

cried. "Well," he said and shrugged, "either it is there or it is not. I tried desperately to catch that fire and beauty in paint. Desperately and, finally, in despair. Because, my boy, it was not in me. Slowly I came to realize this. The drawing was creditable. The color good. But that which is beyond, that which lifts a man's soul and which, without understanding it, we call beauty, this evaded me.

"Florencia was not conscious of it. To be frank, La Florencia knew little of painting, great artist though she was. Her art was all in the dance, which is the rhythm of the blood. Paint her with a pretty face, with a rose in her teeth and she would cry, 'Magnificent! Superb!' But I myself knew. And finally, in a naked moment of the soul, in the most honest moment of my life, I destroyed my pictures. I tore them from their frames and shoved them into the stove. Florencia turned on me in great anger. Not that she minded that the world would lose an artist. For this, I believe, she cared very little. 'You will go back to your family,' she cried. 'You will smother yourself in soap and you will marry some woman they pick out for you.'"

My Uncle Pepe lifted his shoulders and let them fall again. "It happened very much as Florencia prophesied. I returned home, where I was received gladly. A place was made for me in the soap business and I did indeed marry a woman acceptable in every way to my family." Uncle Pepe hesitated. "You do not remember your Aunt Teresa? An admirable woman and beautiful too. I have the greatest respect for her memory. We prospered, as you know. But here was a strange thing. I could no longer go to the Prado. I could not face the futility of my own soul which faced me there, on those walls aglow with beauty, with the works of the great ones. I could no longer look at a Goya, my child, and still respect myself. They showed me too plainly what I lacked.

"Of Florencia I lost track. I heard she had gone to South America. It was only after years that I again had news of her. She had been very ill. She was back in Madrid, passing through on the way to her childhood home in the north.

"Clearly, for the sake of my youth, I must call. I expected that there would be a change. There had been the wasting illness, the passage of years. Still, I steeled myself and with a bunch of the yellow roses of Sevilla which she loved, I went to her hotel. It was more dreadful than I had feared. Ah, my poor Florencia.

"'You should not have come,' she cried when she saw me and her hands fluttered as if she wanted to hide her poor face. 'I don't want you to remember me like this.'

"What could a Spaniard, a man of gallantry, do? 'But my Florencia,' I said, 'to me you are more beautiful than ever.' And because the words came straight from the pity of my heart, the Mother of Mercies lent them the ring of truth. Then something very like a miracle happened. For an instant, summoned up by the words, all the beauty came flooding back. The blinding beauty. I was speechless before it.

"That was the great experience of my life.

"My Florencia returned to her home. I have never seen her again. But my life after that was different. Now I go walking every day in the Retiro and now and then, when I see a woman coming toward me, I know the moment has arrived. As she passes—sometimes an awkward young girl, a poor unfavored one without hope; perhaps a weary little woman who has forgotten or one whose bones hint of a past beauty, blurred by disaster—then I speak. And sometimes (rarely, it is true, but how unforgettable!) when I say into an ear, 'You are beautiful,' I see again that indescribable beauty touching the face. It lasts only for a moment, but for that moment it is of an unbelievable radiance.

"Now once again I go to the Prado. Now I stand with confidence among the spirits of the great ones and I am not ashamed. There, among those glowing pictures, we meet as equals, Goya and I. For I, too, am a creator of beauty."

"YOU ARE MY REAL MOMMY"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

duration," could look out at their big yard, or study the children's stories illustrated on the pink paper covering their nursery walls. It was a charming room, meant for happiness.

We did not expect everything to run smoothly. After all, children are children! We lavished affection on them and wanted them to learn to return love and respect. But very soon Grace began answering Karen insolently; not in my presence I suppose because it was a novelty to have a father who wore that impressive black suit. Grace's behavior typical for her age, was aggravated by her unhappy confusion of "mommy and daddy . . . my *real* mommy and daddy . . . *Glenda's* mommy and daddy." (The last-named were the previous foster parents.)

It was quite some time before Karen gave Grace the spanking she deserved—and wanted. (Grace was unusual. She sometimes thanked us for a spanking.)

The matter came to a head about three months after the girls' arrival. We were in another city, where I had to attend a meeting. Karen had taken the girls to a park, and when the time came to leave attempted to get Grace away from the swings.

"I hate you! I hate you!" Grace screamed and ran into the bushes, Karen after her. "And I don't like your house, and I don't like your car. My *real* daddy has a nicer one—a pretty car!"

When they picked me up at the cathedral, I shared Karen's feeling that this was a testing point of our parenthood. Grace and Mary were "special cases," it was true; but their happiness, their sense of belonging could not be built on indulgence.

I turned to Grace. "I hear you told mommy that you hated her, and that you are going to tell Mrs. Forrest you're not happy."

A pouty face, a stony silence.

"If you don't like living with us"—*steady now, the anger, the disappointment, the pride are showing*—"then we will call Mrs. Forrest for you. We are your mommy and daddy not because we have to be, but because we want to be. We love you and Mary. But if you don't want to stay at our house any more, you don't have to."

That little speech, prompted by the fear of failure, and followed by tears, seemed to turn the tide. From then on Grace accepted love in its many forms—joyful, tender, protective, severe. And we began to learn not only about parenthood but about Grace and Mary.

Our picture of their sweet young mother, suffering for one false step, was fading. Grace chattered often about her "real mommy and daddy" and about staying in "lots of hotels." Once, while Karen was ironing, Grace asked, with intense seriousness, "Mommy, if a bobo man tried to hurt me, would you kill him?"

Karen, with no time to think, blurted out, "Of course not. I would never kill anyone, Grace. It's wrong to kill."

"My *real* mommy would. One night a bobo man came and wanted to hurt the baby. We got into a car and ran over that bad bobo man."

From the beginning we had noted Grace's fear of the police and tried to reassure her. She eventually told us that she had been in the hotel room when the police took her mother away. "My mommy cried and cried ——"

We took the children to a friend's wedding, and Grace watched in wonder as the bride walked down the aisle in her white dress. She could talk of nothing else for days, and once mentioned casually, "My mommy and daddy aren't married. They haven't had time."

Our families were amused. They all had fallen in love with deep, sensitive, beautiful Grace, and magazine-cover Mary who was always hugging, kissing, laughing. "Well, you never know," my mother said. But after all, one could not take seriously what a little child said.

Summer heat and humidity made us happy to say good-by to home for a month, spent partly with our parents and partly at the beach. It was a wonderful summer in which the four of us drew even closer in love and understanding. We prayed earnestly for the girls and their future, although we knew that future did not include us. I had baptized them shortly after they came to live with us; a conditional baptism, since we had no way of knowing if it had been given earlier, though it seemed doubtful. Both girls loved Sunday school but even Grace had never heard of God or prayer until she entered our house.

Before long an early winter was upon us with months of gray cloud and rain. One gloomy morning, before I left for the church, the bell rang and I opened the door to a large, hearty woman in a trench coat.

"I'm Mrs. O'Bannion, from Welfare."

She explained that the girls had now been resident long enough in the county to qualify for welfare funds. Previously the Probation Department had paid us a monthly sum for their care (although it did not cover what we spent on their food, clothing and recreation, much less pay the premiums on their educational annuities).

Mrs. O'Bannion asked us several questions which we could not answer. She finally exploded. "What's the matter with those clunkheads over at Probation! Don't you know you could have your foster-home license revoked? You're supposed to know these things!"

So we listened to the truth about the girls' mother. By James Wilson she was the mother of five children, whom she deserted to go off with Ray Todd. Mrs. O'Bannion said that Grace, who was Todd's child, had been born while Josephine was still legally the wife of James Wilson—though later events added still another strand to this tangle of human relationships.

Josephine Todd's background was that of comfortable middle-class family life in a large Midwestern city. Her father and most members of the family worked for the Federal Government in minor positions of responsibility. She had attended the local university; had left it to marry Wilson. Later she had received an art degree from a fine-arts academy in New York City.

How did she meet Todd? She never told. But Todd took her, without much difficulty, from the normal pattern of life she had always known. His career was crime. Although a craftsman, his police records stretched back to his fourteenth year, when he was sentenced to an Arkansas juvenile detention home. By the time he came into Josephine's life he had already served one term in a state prison.

Wilson started divorce proceedings, gaining custody of their five children. Ray and Josephine set out on a cross-country tour, forging checks, changing money orders, and were involved in the theft of Government bonds. Both were arrested. Josephine, because she had no past criminal record, was given a suspended sentence and placed on probation. Ray went to Leavenworth. Josephine returned to her home town and several months later was pregnant by another man. Mary bears Todd's surname, although technically neither child is his. Was Josephine still married to Wilson? The confusion about this point would arise again.

When Ray got out of Leavenworth, Josephine broke her probation, and the Todds resumed their frantic pursuit of wealth and happiness. In the back seat of their car, Mary and Grace have been in forty-four states of the Union. Mary's bottle was her comfort. At night the girls were frequently left alone in hotel rooms. By day the two went with their mother to local stores. Who would question the honesty of such a wholesome young woman buying beautiful clothes for her little girls?

When they were particularly "hot" Ray and Josephine packed the girls off to his mother's home in a remote Arkansas town, or left them for several weeks with this relative or that casual acquaintance.

The FBI finally caught up with the pair, first Ray, then Josephine. It was here that the separation scene occurred, as a tearful Josephine was hauled away to police headquarters, and the bewildered children were taken for a two-week stay in the county juvenile home, where they shared facilities with other children and adolescent delinquents. From there, Grace and Mary went to "Glenda's mommy."

We sat stunned. This was the mother who had twice in the year written those charming letters to her girls.

"*Huh!*" Mrs. O'Bannion snorted skeptically. "She wants to get out on parole. Her little darlings *need* her. And she'll make it. The parole board will be a pushover for a story like that. Remember, somebody's read those letters."

I could not help confessing how deeply we loved the girls. "If this is the way it is, couldn't we adopt them?"

"Oh, there might be ways. But it would be pretty tough. California law is all on the mother's side."

"But her character ——"

"So what? She's their mother. The only chance you'd have would be abandonment, and you would have to prove that for a year she hadn't been in touch with them. If she sent even a post card, it would be enough. Just so long as she was in touch." Mrs. O'Bannion shook her head definitively. "No, my friends, you'd just let yourselves in for a lot of heartache. We all hate to see it, but there's nothing to do about it, at least as long as the present laws are on the books, and they're administered the way they are. Of course a real sharp judge would take care of it, but ——" She pounded her fist into the arm of the chair. "I'll tell you one thing, if this weren't a split custody—if they were entirely under Welfare—we'd *never* let her have these kids again, whether she'd give them up for adoption or not. But Probation is prepared to hand 'em over when she gets out. And that won't be long."

What was ahead for Mary and Grace? It was not just that we loved them. Selfishly we had wanted them all along, but not a family that belonged to someone else. Now we could think of nothing but the injustice if the girls should return to their natural mother, "an incorrigible criminal," in Mrs. O'Bannion's phrase.

Her account was verified by other workers who followed after her (she returned to New York State). Some tried to soften the estimation of the mother's character by saying, "She's not really *that* bad; just very weak." Or, "Mrs. Todd took good care of her children, and she has an I.Q. of almost a hundred and fifty."

This did not give us much comfort. What was "good care"? Buying expensive clothes? She could afford to do that, by raising five-dollar money orders to read "five hundred." Good food and lodgings? A racketeer has an excellent expense account. But if "good care" has anything to do with faith, morals, manners, decency toward one's fellow man, stability, and a love expressed in more than words—had Josephine Todd really given it? I had to search my soul. Was I *using* Mrs. Todd's faults as a screen for the fact that I coveted her children? Could she rear these children in the right way in spite of everything?

Then I would look at the girls and think about how this family love affair had "happened." We were the ones who fed, clothed and sheltered them. We soothed away bad dreams. It was our bed they leaped on like commandos every morning. We took them to church, to the doctor, to the store. They shared the happy circle of our families, enjoying the affection poured upon them by all. We drove them to the beach and to the park and the zoo, to the movies, to the woods. We read stories to them, talked to them about God and animals and where the sun goes at night.

We even felt an obligation to keep alive the parents who became more and more a blur in

Grace's memory, who were purely mythical figures to tiny Mary. Each night "real mommy and daddy" were mentioned in prayer. We taught the girls to look forward to the day when they would return to their very own parents. I made up a story. It was about Belinda, whose mommy and daddy sailed away over the sea. And while they were gone she stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Poppitt in the little brown house with the little yellow roof and violets in the garden, and a great black dog and a little gray cat and a pretty green bird. Belinda was very happy, and so were the Poppitts, and they loved each other very much. But when Belinda's mommy and daddy came home, she went once more to her own house—a white house with a little green roof and shutters and her very own little tan dog and her very own little white kitten. And she and her mommy and daddy loved each other very much. It was a cloying little story, but Grace listened and seemed to divine its meaning. Nevertheless, "real mommy and daddy" began to take on the characteristics of Eric and Karen Simpson.

"My real daddy is a priest, too," Grace declared one day.

Another time out of the blue, she asked Karen, "Mommy, what is my last name?"

"Todd—Grace Todd is your name."

"What's your last name?"

"Simpson, honey. Both daddy and I are named Simpson."

The child looked up at Karen, a serious, intense expression in those amazing eyes. "I wish Mary's and my name was Simpson," she said.

"Todd's a nice name, too," Karen said, trying to look casual and unconcerned. There was no choice, whatever her heart might feel.

We were informed shortly before Christmas, 1957, that the mother had been released. From day to day we expected a call, a letter, a knock at the door. None came. And there were no Christmas presents from her.

We made that Christmas a glowing one, since we knew that the end of our life together was near. Mary got a rocking horse, and Grace a tricycle, along with mountains of packages from grandmother and grandfather—"gammy" and "gampy"—from aunts and uncles, as well as from many members of the congregation. The people of Saint Thomas were devoted to the girls, and during coffee hours after late Sunday-morning service had long since learned to steady their cups against a sudden onslaught, as Mary raced up to them for a hug and a kiss. A snapshot we took that Christmas Eve shows the joy and pride in Karen's face, the delight of little girls enjoying their first big Christmas celebration. We let them stay up quite late: almost until time for us to head downtown for the midnight Eucharist. We tucked them in just before the baby sitter arrived.

In Lent came a discipline far beyond anything the church might impose. Early in the afternoon, before I had set out on my parish calls, one more in the long succession of social workers arrived.

"I am sorry to say that the girls will be leaving Monday," she said. "They are to be sent to ——" and she named a large California city. "I'll come back another time, when the girls aren't napping, and take them out for a ride to get acquainted with them, before we make the trip. What would they consider a treat?"

Karen's composure was magnificent, but I could tell by the flush of her cheeks how this long-expected moment had hit her. "They love to visit the children's Wonderland in the park," she said.

"Then I'll call tomorrow about three," Miss Antonini said. She got up to leave. "I know this is hard for you," she told Karen. I turned to see the tears rush hotly into Karen's eyes. Miss Antonini made a hasty exit.

Karen is a quiet person, and it takes much sorrow for her to lose control. But now, when she spoke, there were little stifled cries from deep within her. I thought I was being brave. But the awful, aching reality took hold at last. Karen and I clung together, sobbing. It was worse than losing children in death. Before us rose pictures of the life ahead of them. We thought of the obscene language these two little girls had used, quite naturally and innocently, when they first came to us. We wondered if they would grow up loving God, or follow their mother's path. Did she really care for them? Would we ever see them again, even after many years?

Grace, up from her nap, came into the living room. We had washed our faces and regained self-control. Thinking back, as I write these words, the scene appears melodramatic, but only because those hours are part of the past.

"Sweetheart, we have a surprise," we said, after some preliminary remarks, calculatedly matter-of-fact. "You know, you've always talked about the time when you would be with your real mommy. Now you are going to take a trip, and you *will* see her. And when she can, she is going to make a home for you."

Grace had settled on my lap. She said quietly, "I don't think that's a very nice surprise." There was a silence. We had tried to

ASK ANY WOMAN

By MARCENE COX

Our gratitude at Christmastime
Might be, more frequently than not,
As much for gifts we did not get
As for the ones we got.

Steaming windows may be a signpost of the pressure under which mother is working.

A MAN IS ——

As young as his smile, as old as his pouts,
As young as his faith, as old as his doubts,
As young as his joys, as old as his prates,
As young as his loves, as old as his hates.

Some families are in debt because they spend an amount comparable to what they *think* their neighbors make.

Our youngest, who, under pressure, mastered the slide rule, vows she's going to wait until her children graduate from college before telling them they are poor in mathematics.

If the marriage counselors have failed probe plumbing as a possible cause of breakup of happy homes, they have ssed a vital point. In far too many ases, the days when everything is run- g smoothly in the water department few and far between. Either you have much water or not enough. If you ct have it you are washing out under- gs in bath water, then saving it to sh the floor. If you do have it, it's es- ing via a leaky faucet, or it isn't es- ing because the sewer is clogged with ce grounds, baby toys, mail-order cogues, grease. Or it may be gushing lik Niagara from the twisted and broken pi of a bowl just ripped from the wall lik hurricaned tree from the ground bes one of the children decided to stamp in it to wash his feet.

"ave never known an overscrupu- lou housekeeper who was fat," says our neighborhood philosopher. "It's always the skinny ones who worry families and them on edge."



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put the matter simply, and help her understand. Suddenly she looked at me with the eyes of a frightened little animal. It was an hour before we could quiet her completely. She promised to be a big girl for Mary's sake. We told her how much we loved her, and that we would do everything possible for her. We explained that someday, when she was much older, she could go to school because we had put aside money for her to use. And for Mary too.

Each day left was "special." There were picnics, trips to the zoo, dinners out at our favorite restaurant. All of us must learn how to "let go." It was not easy. We grieved that Grace and Mary must be *freed* from our love and reconciled to the move; yet there was no other course open to us. Soon they began to talk about seeing their real mommy again.

A spring storm blew over the countryside with terrific force. Miss Antonini called to say that the trip must be postponed because of the damage. We were torn between agony and relief. We would have Easter together! She came meanwhile to take the girls riding in her car, and spend a happy afternoon in the Wonderland. When she brought them back, the young social worker asked if we had told the girls. We said that we had. "I'm so grateful." There were tears in her eyes. "I just couldn't bring myself to say anything."

Easter came, with special services and our families for dinner. The day passed unmarred by mention of what lay ahead. It was enough to have *that* day. Later in the week Miss Antonini called to say she would come at six A.M. the following Monday.

We packed the girls' clothes, including the new outfits. I wrote a letter for Grace to open on her fourteenth birthday, explaining how very much she and her sister had meant to us when they were small, and that we could be reached through the Episcopal Church, if ever we could be of help to them. The mother had agreed to let us continue the educational policies, so their college careers were provided for. We also packed medical records, baptismal certificates, and an album of pictures for the girls to keep, which they could show to their mother as a record of their fifteen months with us.

We got them up at five, so that they could be fed properly before beginning the ten-hour drive to the city where their mother now lived as a parolee of the Federal women's prison, and so there would be time for a fitting good-by. But at five-thirty sharp Miss Antonini was there, with another worker. The girls had not completed their breakfast. Hastily we packed their playthings into the back of the borrowed station wagon. Grace began to cry, but we reminded her that she must help Mary and she got hold of herself. Mary did not cry or speak. She simply would not budge; she refused to put on her coat. Finally it was forced on her. We carried her to the car, said a quick good-by and shut the door.

We spent the day alternately talking the whole thing out and being silent for long stretches of time. By the end of that day I made a firm resolve. Tears, hand wringing and meek passivity were not the solution. There must be some means for a Christian and a father to look out for Mary and Grace, if not actually to regain their custody.

Karen had been discouraged by social workers, as well as the welfare director of another county who had tried earlier to help interest Mrs. Todd in allowing us to adopt the girls. She thought I was foolish to try, but she went along. So began a time of earnest and continual prayer; not ours alone, but our families', and parishioners', and those of priests in our diocese.

I wrote a letter to the probation department of the county to which the girls had been taken, explaining the situation as fully as possible, our readiness to adopt the girls, or even to take them permanently as foster children without remuneration. If neither move was possible, we wanted the mother's approval to become "aunt" and "uncle" to the girls, see them occasionally, and do for them.

The following Sunday a woman stopped me at the church door after service. "Father Simpson, my son-in-law is a state senator. I've told him, and my daughter, who's also a lawyer, about this business. They would be glad to help you. Write to them, put down every detail of the case, and see what they can do."

I addressed a letter to the senator. Two days later his administrative assistant replied that the case was under full investigation.

Then from Sacramento came an official-looking envelope. A high official, interested in Grace and Mary, to our surprise and pleasure, told us that the probation worker assigned to their case was "discussing with the mother whether or not she could ever give the girls the kind of home they need." Our hopes mounted. I reiterated our desire to adopt the girls, adding that we were also trying to adopt a baby through the county welfare (whose director had tried to help us with the girls). We did not want one action to interfere with or counteract the other.

We heard next from a Mrs. MacMahon, the foster mother now caring for Mary and Grace. "The girls talk about you constantly.... They spent a week in the Juvenile Hall before coming here." She thanked us for the detailed notebook regarding the habits, temperaments, likes and dislikes of the two. Her observations agreed with ours. We were relieved to find this woman was sincerely religious, and that the girls were attending Sunday school.

(The helpful county welfare director later wrote that the probation officials in the county to which the girls were removed had been horrified by the action of our county. They saw no necessity for the uprooting. The mother's attitude pointed up the futility of such a drastic step. As a result Mary and Grace spent that week in the unfriendly surroundings of a lockup-type juvenile hall, in which most of their clothes and toys were confiscated, as well as the letter referred to earlier; and then they had to make the adjustment to another foster home.)

Mrs. MacMahon mentioned Josephine Todd. "She married recently. She and her husband came once. Although the girls are usually so friendly, they would not make up to her at all and did not seem to recognize her. She promised to take them for a day's outing, but she called later and said the car was in for repairs. That was the middle of May. We have not seen nor heard from her since. She did not remember the girls' birthdays."

In succeeding letters Mrs. MacMahon revealed that the mother had not been at all curious to see the girls' room, had not kissed them, nor shown any more interest than she might have in a neighbor's children running through the house. She impressed Mrs. MacMahon as a "flashy blonde in her late thirties." Both the MacMahons offered to testify whenever necessary.

In the same month we took home from the county hospital our son Alec. He was four days old, bright red, lusty-lunged, alert and well formed. (Now legally adopted and over a year old, he is a handsome, delightful boy, full of fun, his eyes alive with mischief.) After we had had him a few weeks we visited the girls. At first they were shy, as though bewildered by our appearance. Mrs. MacMahon was surprised. "They have talked of nothing else but your visit since I told them about it yesterday." Soon, however, they were in our laps, happy, clinging, and we were a family again. We dressed them up and set off for our day of fun.

"Do you like me, mommy?" Mary wanted to know after a while, in a matter-of-fact little voice. And when it was time the girls bade us a stoical good-by.

Our minds were eased about their present welfare. They were in a happy home, where they found warmth and friendship. But only temporarily. The MacMahons' persuasiveness had halted the normal process of foster-home placement. Originally Mary and Grace were to be with them a maximum of six weeks, after which there would be another transplanting, if not to the mother's home, then to another foster home, which would be changed every few years. Most foster-home licensing is on an age basis.

According to the administration of the law in California, it was possible for a woman who had received two prison sentences, broken probation, deserted five children, borne these two

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out of wedlock by different lovers, to control the disposition of her children's future. The court was willing for her to regain entire custody. She was a "fit mother" when she could provide the right kind of bed. And even if she were declared unfit, she could successfully block the girls' establishment in a permanent home. Like countless thousands of others, they might go trudging from foster home to foster home, without ever knowing emotional security. Would this fate *really* be preferable to life with their mother?

Because of the interest of influential persons, every effort was being made, we later learned, to talk the mother into giving up her children. Mrs. Lundgren—her new married name—had finally agreed. The social worker wisely gave her several months in which to change her mind. By September, 1958, her decision to give up the children had been established sufficiently long for the probation department to contact us. A court hearing was scheduled for October, and we were told we could pick up the children immediately afterward.

The lawyer who was handling Alec's adoption got busy. He received a favorable letter from Mrs. Lundgren. We secured a foster-home license in the county to which we had moved a short time before. Then followed the usual medical examinations, tests, shots and home studies. We wasted no time in taking care of these proper and essential matters.

Another trip to see the girls. . . . We asked them if they would like us for their real daddy and mommy. We had to pry them out

Vanity is the quicksand of reason

GEORGE SAND

of our car, as they were determined to go home with us at once.

The day of the hearing we were waiting at the MacMahon home. Mrs. MacMahon had requested permission to accompany the girls to the Juvenile Court since, on their court visit several months earlier, they had been called without notice and taken off, hysterical with fear and foreboding, by a stranger. This must never happen again, she had decided, even though she could not attend the actual hearing or the girls see their mother.

We had been told by letter what the outcome would be. Mrs. Lundgren would tell the judge that she had agreed to give up the girls for adoption, he would continue them in the custody of the court and place them in our care as foster parents. Then we could begin adoption proceedings

It was several weeks before our relationship was on its old foundation of trust. Once Grace asked, "Mommy, how long can we stay before we have to go away again?" Another time she wanted to know, "Will Alec still be my brother when I grow up?" It was necessary to repeat the nightmare stage, but that has passed, and to overcome Mary's fright whenever we were out of her line of vision. Many reassurances had to be given. But even little Mary is now certain. "*You* are my real mommy . . . *you* are my real daddy," she has told us, patting us gently.

The girls love Alec, and he is delighted by their attentions, their antics. Grace and Mary had asked us repeatedly for a little brother; now they have him. The girls were much impressed by the brief ceremony in the judge's chambers which made Alec a permanent member of the family. Alec looks much like his adoptive father, and the girls are constantly asking us, "Which one do I look like?" Mary has Karen's coloring, my eyes. Grace's blue eyes are much like her adoptive mother's. At the suggestion of the probation worker, we have delayed any discussion of the *other* mother until the adoption is final.

This ceremony was to have taken place several months ago, but Josephine Lundgren disappeared the very day on which she was to have signed the final adoption papers. She left a note for her husband, with whom she was managing an apartment house: "Have gone downtown to the Bureau of Adoptions. Back soon Love, Jo."

Why did she disappear? Was it a feeling of guilt at voluntarily relinquishing these two children? Was it an unwillingness to be a party to the action, a feeling that society was pressing down upon her? That is logical, but there are other considerations: Ray Todd was due to be released from a Federal prison at about the time of her disappearance. Did he induce her once more to join him? Or, in the light of what was discovered soon after, did Josephine fear a charge of bigamy?

By the end of May, 1959, it had been a year since her last contact with her children (through Mrs. MacMahon). So abandonment proceedings were instituted by our lawyer. A copy of a warrant was sent to Mrs. Lundgren's address, and four successive weeks of public notice in the local paper followed giving her thirty days to get in touch with the court. She failed to appear, but one week from the date of the abandonment proceedings, again within sight of final action, we received a letter from our lawyer, forwarded to us while we were on vacation: ". . . Josephine Lundgren was married to a Mr. John E. Burr at the time both of the girls were born. Therefore, even though we know to the contrary, he must be considered the presumptive father. It will be necessary for us once more to give four weeks' public notice, citing Josephine Lundgren, John E. Burr, and all other interested parties. A hearing will be set for October of this year. . . ."

We are assured that this latest step is merely a legal technicality, a protection of both our interests and the girls'. It has necessitated more X rays, blood and tuberculin tests for the girls, and other heavy expenses, beyond the considerable cost of legal counsel.

Even now, in these last weeks, Josephine Lundgren could appear and wipe out all chance for Mary and Grace to have a secure and inviolable family life. Her refusal to sign final papers could end all our hopes. Perhaps we would be allowed to keep the girls indefinitely as foster children; perhaps not. It would depend upon the humanity of one or two people, or—even more chancy—on the amount of attention they gave to the case If she demanded it, there is little question that a judge could and probably would give her custody under present laws. And if she turns up at our house? We would not let her have the children but would require her to get a court order. Then we would begin a lengthy and expensive legal battle. For we believe that a higher will than ours has given us this child of grace and her little sister to love and protect, to nurture in the truths and values which make life beautiful and livable. We want for them the same deep security and sense of belonging which all children need for proper emotional and psychological growth.

We issue a direct challenge to all state governments now administering child-welfare laws like those of California: Can the interests of a mother like Josephine Lundgren be paramount over the welfare of children? One can appreciate the desirability of safeguarding parental rights. But is there not some point at which any person loses such rights?

Although there have been some mistakes made by welfare workers in handling Mary and Grace, they were understandable in view of present laws. Grace and Mary are not exceptions but typical. Caseworkers impressed us often with their sympathetic desire to help these thousands of American children who face the same dread uncertainties which were Mary's and Grace's, children who will not always encounter the same great need as ours, or someone's stubborn determination to give them a home. One postal card a year is enough to make it possible for thoughtless, callous self-seekers to "dump" their children on society and still control them.

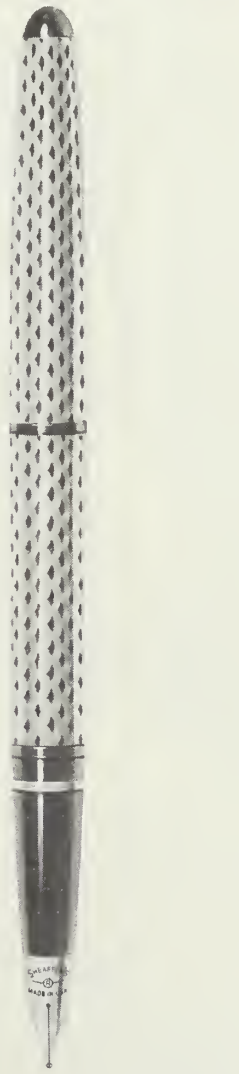
Karen and I are not experts on law. But we would like to know if there is not a more merciful justice, directed to a greater good, than present legislation allows.

Jesus taught that it was better to have a millstone tied round your neck and to be tossed headlong into the sea than for one of His little ones to perish. END

Since the above narrative was written, adoption proceedings have been completed and the girls now have a permanent home and "real" parents. —*The Editors*

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SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY UNLIMITED

MENU

Scalloped Oysters

*Virginia Christmas Ham** *Roast Turkey with Dressing* *Cranberry Sauce*

Whipped Sweet Potatoes with Walnuts in Orange Cups *Spinach Ring with Creamed Mushrooms**

*Potato Rolls**

Watermelon-Rind Pickles *Brandied Peaches* *Green-Tomato Pickles*

*Lemon-Chess Pie** *Christmas Cookies*

Coffee or Tea

By JEAN ANDERSON

Christmastime in Tidewater Virginia begins about now; at least it does at the Alfred Tylers' of Charles City County. December has blown a chill into the air, but indoors at Sherwood Forest and in other plantations up the James River toward Richmond you'll find a special warmth—of the home and of the heart. Soon the big ham will be brought up from the smokehouse, a wondrous mahogany-hued ham hung to hickory-smoked perfection. There will be "sweets" whipped until fluffy, then mounded high with a crunch of walnuts in orange cups, a smooth green ring of spinach with its mountainous ladling of fresh creamed mushrooms. From the pantry—pickles of green tomato and watermelon rind, brandied peaches and spicy cranberry sauce. For Christmas Day there must be a turkey, too, proud and plump. And a giant tureen of ocean-sweet oysters.

In the kitchens fragrant fruitcakes are now baking. Soon plum puddings will be set to steam, there'll be Christmas cookies by the dozen, feathery potato-yeast rolls and that most golden and irresistible of pies: lemon-chess. The children will be home to gather holly and groundberries, to fashion wreaths of greenery and red ribbon and gilded cones, to set a pine spray on the table for that most memorable of meals—Christmas dinner in the best Virginia tradition.

Virginia Christmas Ham

1 Virginia-smoked-type ham (about 10 lbs.)
1 cup soft fine bread crumbs
1 cup light brown sugar
2 tablespoons light corn syrup
Melted butter (about ½ cup)
Whole cloves

Scrub the ham well with a stiff brush in lukewarm water. Rinse well and then soak the ham overnight in cool water. In the morning, scrub the ham again and rinse. Now place the ham in a large, heavy oval kettle (you may have to saw off some of the hock to fit the ham into the kettle). Just cover ham with water and *simmer*, covered, until a fork will pierce the ham easily (this will take about 3 hours). Since Virginia hams are very salty, the ham will be much less salty if you change the cooking water twice. Never allow the water to boil; keep it at a slow simmer. When the ham is tender, remove from the cooking water and cool overnight. In the morning, remove hard rind and trim off excess fat—Virginia hams have a thick covering of fat. Now mix together the bread crumbs, brown sugar, light corn syrup and enough melted butter to hold the ingredients together. Pat well over the fat surface of the ham, score crisscross fashion and stud with cloves. Place ham in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 45 minutes or just until crumb coating is browned. Virginia hams are best served cold. Decorate the ham, if you like, with glacéed cherries and angelica in a poinsettia or holly motif. Makes 8 servings (with plenty of leftovers for good eating later).

Spinach Ring with Creamed Mushrooms

SPINACH RING:
10 (10-oz.) packages frozen chopped spinach
¼ cup butter
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper

CREAMED MUSHROOMS:
3 pounds small mushrooms
½ cup butter
1 cup heavy cream
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Wipe mushrooms with a damp cloth and remove stems (save them for soups or stews). Heat the ½ cup butter in a large skillet and saute the mushroom caps until golden. Remove about ⅓ of the mushrooms from the skillet and drain on paper toweling. Reduce the heat under the skillet to low, add cream, salt and pepper and heat, stirring, for 5–8 minutes. Thicken the sauce, if you like, with 1 tablespoon flour mixed with a little cold water. Add the flour-water paste to the hot sauce slowly, stirring. Continue to heat and stir until thickened and smooth. For the ring, cook the frozen spinach until just tender according to package directions. Then drain *very dry* in a strainer. Mix in the butter, salt and pepper. Now pack the hot spinach tightly into a lightly buttered 6-cup ring mold and invert at once on a hot platter. Fill the center of the mold with creamed mushrooms and arrange clusters of the sautéed mushrooms about the base. Makes 8 hearty servings.

Lemon-Chess Pie

1 unbaked pie shell (9″)
1½ cups sugar
⅓ cup melted butter
Juice and finely grated rind of 3 lemons
5 eggs, lightly beaten

Mix together thoroughly all filling ingredients. Pour into pie shell and bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 5 minutes. Reduce temperature to a moderately slow oven, 325° F., and bake for 35–40 minutes longer or until filling is golden brown and set. Remove pie from oven and cool well. Decorate the pie, if you like, with fluffs of whipped cream or meringue puffs and chopped pistachio nuts. (*To make the meringue puffs:* Beat 2 egg whites until frothy with a pinch each of salt and cream of tartar. Gradually add ½ cup superfine sugar, beating all the while until stiff peaks form. Put the mixture through a pastry tube to form puffs or drop from a tablespoon, swirling the mixture into peaks, onto lightly buttered heavy brown paper. Bake on the paper, on a baking sheet, in a very slow oven, 250° F., for about 15 minutes or until puffs are firm and just lightly golden.) Makes 8 servings.

Potato Rolls

1 package active dry yeast
½ cup lukewarm water
1 cup hot, smoothly mashed potatoes (you may use the instant, preparing them by package directions but omitting salt, pepper and butter)
½ cup hot water and ½ cup hot milk combined (if you make fresh mashed potatoes, substitute 1 cup of the cooking water)
1 cup butter
⅔ cup sugar
1 tablespoon salt
2 eggs, beaten
8 cups flour

Soften yeast in lukewarm water and set aside. Combine the hot mashed potatoes with the water-milk mixture, butter, sugar and salt and stir until butter is melted. When this mixture is lukewarm, add the yeast and the eggs. Now work in 4 cups flour, 1 cup at a time. When well mixed, work in 3½ cups more flour (the final ½ cup is for flouring the board). Knead the dough on a well-floured board or pastry cloth, working in the final ½ cup flour as you knead. When the dough is smooth and satiny, shape it into a ball, place in a buttered bowl, cover with a cloth, and set aside to rise in a warm spot. When the dough has doubled in bulk, punch it down. Now, working about ¼ of the dough at a time, roll it to a thickness of ¼″ on a well-floured pastry cloth. Cut into 2″ rounds, brush with melted butter and then fold round over, overlapping the top over the lower portion and pinching the edges well together. Place rolls on a baking sheet, cover with a cloth and allow to rise in a warm place until doubled in bulk. Then bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 10 minutes or until golden brown. Serve piping hot. Makes about 12 dozen small rolls (including second rolling).



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NEW! COUNTRY PIE

The crust

½ 8-oz. can (1½ cup) Hunt's Tomato Sauce
½ cup bread crumbs 1 lb. ground beef
¼ cup chopped onion ¼ cup chopped green pepper
1½ teaspoons salt ⅛ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon pepper

Combine these ingredients and mix well. Pat meat mixture into bottom and pinch 1-inch flutings around the edges of a greased 9-inch pie plate. Set aside.

The filling

1⅓ cups Minute Rice 1 cup water
1½ 8-oz. cans (1½ cups) Hunt's Tomato Sauce
1 cup grated Cheddar Cheese ½ teaspoon salt

Combine Minute Rice, Hunt's Tomato Sauce, salt, water and ¼ cup of the cheese. Spoon rice mixture into meat shell. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) 25 minutes. Uncover and sprinkle top with remaining cheese. Return to oven and bake uncovered 10 to 15 minutes longer. Cut into pie-shaped pieces. Makes 5 or 6 servings.

Hunt's Tomato Sauce is a product of Hunt Foods, Inc.

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THE NICE BOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

could care about pickled mushrooms! He bit his tongue.

"Mrs. Gogarty drinks," Billy said. He aimed directly at Mary Alice.

Tom snatched his gun. "Mrs. Gogarty's perfectly reliable," he said stiffly.

"Billy Hall, you're wild," Mary Alice laughed heartily. She laughed into Tom's eyes. Of course, he knew it was only out of politeness and the goodness of her heart that she had bothered to notice him.

"Don't fergit the stuff for Baby Kitten's diapers," Mimi reminded him loudly.

Let me die, he breathed inside himself. *Let me die soon before my life gets any worse.* He said something ignoble, trite, mundane. Mary Alice replied in her usual intelligent and witty fashion. Then she disappeared and he was left with the three gypsies before he could bring himself to mention this evening and the dance.

"She likes you," Mimi said. She held his hand, licked his thumb lightly and then bit his finger.

"Stop that."

"Well, she does like you."

"She does not. She doesn't know I'm alive."

"Ho! Why'd she belch, then?" Billy asked loudly.

"She did *not* belch," he said, at his wit's end. Baby Kitten began to cry, suggesting to everyone that he was abusing her. He bolted out of the market, piling all of them and the groceries into his old red heap. His mother had not asked him to do these errands, but he had wanted to help on a bad day when they were worried about his grandmother.

His mind was not on the family crisis, though. He was trying to decide why Mary Alice had not mentioned tonight. He decided that Bud had told her, but she had forgotten. She must have many more important matters to consider—a girl like that.

"Don't hang out the car window, Mimi, you'll fall on your head."

"Fall on your head, Mimi," Billy dared her.

"Mary Alice Farnum, Mary Alice Farnum," she sang loudly out the window. People turned to see her.

His mother said, "Were they good? You're a grand person, dear, to help out. Mrs. Gogarty can't shop. I don't think I could leave if I didn't know you'd keep an eye on things, Tom."

"The dance isn't so much. They have them every Saturday night, so if you want me to stay home ——" He was getting scared now.

"I should say *not!*" his mother insisted. "Mrs. Gogarty's perfectly reliable. We've been having her for ages and ——"

"She smokes. She keeps toads in her purse. *And* she makes you eat cold soup," Mimi said. She wrapped her arms hard around Tom's left leg.

He touched her forehead. She felt hot. "I thought you liked Gogarty."

She motioned for him to bend down to her. "I *smell* grandma dyin,'" she whispered hoarsely.

"You do not smell anything," he said, but he was surprised. "And stay out of the tree. You'll fall and kill yourself."

Billy chuckled. "She only bounces." He shot her in the head again.

Tom went upstairs to begin to get ready. He needed time tonight. He was not going to worry about anything, not even his grandmother—or Mimi. His sad, inhuman eyes looked back at him from the mirror. He was a failure, and he loathed himself sixteen years' worth of loathing. "I hate you—you blump," he said, sticking out his tongue.

Mimi heard him, as she heard everything, and she put her head around the door. His room was forbidden territory to her. "I *see* you! I *hear* you. I spy," she said in that hoarse falsetto which sent chills up his spine.

"Get out! You want to drive me out of my mind?" he shouted and made windmill gestures with his arms.

She stared up at him. Her face broke up, she clutched the doorway dramatically as she sobbed, and tears like huge grapes rolled down her flushed, freckled cheeks.

"Oh—what now?" he moaned.

"You don't *love* me," she accused.

"Ah-h-h, Mimi," he sighed. He gathered her, reeking of sweat and chocolate titbits, into his long, skinny embrace, knowing he would kill to protect her. He held her sheltered like that. "Sure, Tommy loves you." Love was a word that stuck in his throat like a hard, stale gumdrop. "Don't I give you things? Don't I let you pretend to read to me until I'm nuts? But you mustn't spy on a man. You've got to give him a little privacy. See?"

She sniffled and long-eyed him, pouting. "You love Mary Alice Farnum is who," she said. Her mouth trembled. Her eyes filled with the orange fires of jealousy.

He made a great effort at patience. Lately, he was often nearer suicide and murder than any of the adult virtues he admired. "You don't understand, Mimi. You and Billy and Baby Kitten are still too young." Well, it was all over town if Mimi knew. Here was a big part of his trouble—he had this big family thing as well as his own dreary self-hatred.

"Then lemme go with."

"It's not your kind of party." This would be the very worst night of his life. There was his mother downstairs, telling his father about the dance. Her voice rang with triumph. *She's brought her eldest into safe harbor*, he thought bitterly. This summer he was capable of sophisticated attitudes of mind. *No use letting them know any sooner than necessary I'm a big stupid failure in my life. They've got enough worries right now. Not that grandma isn't like Mimi—a real tough one.* He kissed Mimi's sweaty cheek.



"I wanna go. Mary Alice adores me."

"Yeah—I bet."

"She says I'm a doll. I heard her."

"This once, I can't take you. Don't I take you and Baby Kitten and Billy everywhere? Don't people say I'm a candy cane of a baby sitter? A mother's boy? And all of that? Isn't that what they all say about good old nice Tommy Hall?"

"No." She fixed him with her deadly cold stare. "You're a brother is all."

"Someday I'll be driven to—to robbing banks," he said and sent her out. Still, Mimi was often the smartest. She went down the hall with that heavy-bottomed amble she affected this summer, dragging her semirotten rag doll with the awful blue hair.

Had Mary Alice Farnum ever been like Mimi? He had known her more than eight years, and she must have been born wonderful—pretty and clean, with starchy white collars and nice long legs flashing over the tennis courts as she played with Bud Hickey. It was crazy that for a moment, as he was consoling Mimi, trying to help her with her jealousy and whims, he had seemed to come almost close to something that was also true of Mary Alice.

"Stop teasing your big brother," he heard his mother scold. He went downstairs. He saw the sheer, beautiful pride and hope for him in his mother's eyes. "Let me *look* at you, dear. . . . Close that suitcase for me, Billy, sit on it with both guns. . . . Oh, you look so—so handsome, Tom. So like your father."

"Lookit, Tom," Billy said, bouncing on the old suitcase.

"Got enough gas? And dough?" his father asked.

All this was because they believed he had a date with Mary Alice. He had not meant to deceive them. Somehow this had happened and he could not bring himself to explain. Bud Hickey's car was in hock to the Do-It-Urself Garage, and this time Tom had refused to lend Bud his own red heap. "I'll drive you and the others to the boat club, *if* you let me call for Mary Alice myself—first—alone. And I get four dances with her," he had bargained, not daring to look at Bud's face. He was coming to the end of being his family's nice boy. Where did niceness get you? Failure would not be too difficult to bear, if only his family and Mary Alice Farnum were not witnesses to it.

"I've got plenty of gas and money, dad."

But his father insisted on making a new, historic gesture. He handed him ten dollars. "A little extra never hurts when you're dating the best girl in town—hey? And don't *I* know!"

He was cheating them. They were too good to be cheated and shamed like this. Now his worst fear was that one day his mother might go wild over the telephone or at her bridge club, bragging that he had taken Mary Alice to the dance.

"You gonna *kiss* her?" Mimi asked.

"Stop that!" his mother commanded.

"Kiss her one fer me," Billy cackled. He was going on seven and, next to Mimi, the world's greatest spy.

Mimi was now studying his face with a grave, frowning, scared expression. "I love you," she said in her teeny-weeny voice. She clung to him. "Take me or I'll hold my breath till I turn black," she threatened, dragging on his arm. Usually she waved him off cheerfully.

Tom bolted from the house, unable to endure the circle of happiness and pride the family formed around him. According to them, even Mary Alice Farnum was not good enough for him. *They think I'm so much because my grades are good, and I don't stink or lie the way I used to when I was a kid*, he thought. No one shared their high opinion, except a few people like Mr. Feldman, the math teacher. You were nothing if you were an odd type without a crowd of your own or a steady girl, if the only people who admired you were adults. Like Mrs. Maudie Hegerty who kept calling him to start her crazy car. And Mr. Murtz, the lawyer, who liked to corner him downtown to talk politics. And the two owlish women who firmly believed he could foretell the weather. *I'm a crazy cupcake. The Faceless One. No one sees me or remembers me or wants me around much.* Wouldn't Mary Alice Farnum be right out of her mind to prefer him to Bud Hickey?

When he arrived at the Farnums', shaking and trying desperately to act worldly, Bud was already there waiting. He was spread over the living room in a handsome, casual disarray of arms, legs, black curly hair and winning smile. He seemed to own the place.

"Why—hello, Tom," Mr. Farnum said, shaking hands warmly.

Tom's bitterness knew no limits. *I'm the friendly neighborhood Airedale*, he thought.

Bud ignored his anger. He made suave, witty remarks, and Mrs. Farnum laughed every time. Mary Alice floated down the stairs in a mist of pale blue and gold sun tan and bright, clean hair.

Bud said, "Oh, I told you we had a chauffeur tonight, didn't I?"

"No, but I'm glad, Tom." She smiled at him and asked if his parents had got off on the night plane. This was Mimi's kind smile when she was being motherly to her limitless doll family.

"No one needs to worry with Tom driving," Mr. Farnum said in a hearty voice.

He felt much worse. He muttered something to Mrs. Farnum, his mother's good friend, and fell over himself. He had a light, feverish sensation, as though he had left his flappy hands and feet loose under the Farnums' gold sofa.

"Care if I drive, Tommy?" Bud asked.

"I'll drive," he said. If he couldn't do anything else for her, at least he would be the man at the wheel taking her where she wanted to go.

She was there beside him, scarcely touching him. He could not breathe well. *I'm the type that can be satisfied with crumbs*, he thought, loathing himself. He had been stupid again, trusting clever old Bud, that tricky operator. He was certain that Bud intended to rob him of even the smallest moment with Mary Alice. He deserved to lose her, but it was awful to realize that his whole life would be one failure after another. *Yah, peasant! Yah, stupid!* he called himself.

When they reached Lois Barker's house, the others were already waiting in the driveway. Lois was with Harry Howland, who was a great athlete like Bud but also very solid all around. There was this extra girl for him—Bud had arranged that without asking him—and he was shaking with rage as he got out of his car. This was Lois' Cousin Nancy, from Maine.

"I'll explain later—honest, pal," Bud muttered. Tom knew Bud would have a great explanation that would defy argument, but the strange girl beside him was not Mary Alice. As soon as they reached the boat club, in the pale, pinkish light of the dance floor with its red, white and blue tables, he knew the strange girl was like him. They were soul mates. They were doomed. She smiled and talked a lot—too much, too fast—and her big, sad eyes begged him to be nice.

He maneuvered so as to sit between her and Mary Alice, hoping people might think Mary Alice was with him. *You're out of your mind, boy*, he warned himself. Everyone in town would know Mary Alice was with Bud.

Momentarily, he was shocked by a sudden darkening in the strange girl's eyes. "Dance, Nancy?" he asked at once. He would give her a good time. None of this was her fault, and he was not going to give Bud the satisfaction of thinking the evening was a dead loss for him. Bud was all right. He had often been a good friend, but everything came to him too easily, so he had no real perspective.

"They dance different in Maine, I guess," she said.

"My fault. My feet are like snowshoes."

They both laughed too much and too loudly at this inane remark. He kept turning so that he could see Mary Alice. He had no chance to ask her for a dance, this strange girl stayed so close. She talked about life in Maine as though she spent days and nights, without interruption, dancing and partying and breaking hearts, but he knew, absolutely, that she was like him: a Faceless One.

He smiled into her eyes. Often, when Mimi was having a tantrum not even his mother could calm, he would hug her and look into her eyes like this, and she took the look to mean adoration—and was completely happy again. The girl, surprised, smiled back. "Bud says you're a big brain in town."

He blushed. His kind of brains were useless if he allowed Bud to outwit him so easily and take from him what he most prized—Mary Alice Farnum. "Oh—brains," he said, scarcely hearing her. Well, he was not going to think about Mimi and her queer mood—or his family or anything. Not tonight.

"Yes, who cares for brains?" she agreed. She made a quick nervous gesture as though she were throwing away his brain, and hers as well. After that, they no longer tried to entertain each other. Once he caught her staring dreamy-eyed at Bud, who was still dancing with Mary Alice. Bud danced as though he had been born dancing.

"Well, let's get out of this coffin," Bud suggested when the girls disappeared into the powder room.

"Band's still playing," Tom said.

"Who cares? We can go to Mick's. Might be a nice change from juke joints."

Tom moistened his lips. "You promised me four dances with Mary Alice. Then you asked this Nancy, and ——"

"Lois was the one. What could *I* do? Why can't you dance with her at Mick's?"

"Lois's folks would scalp me if I took her to Mick's, Bud," Harry said. "We can go to the Dance and Drive Inn out by the river."

"But we always go there. It's stale."

"Not Mick's," Tom said firmly. Last week Mick's had been raided. The second Pierce girl had been picked up in that raid, and Mrs. Pierce had come to cry in his mother's kitchen. He had left the house to get away from the sound of her painful crying.



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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

He ought to call home about Mimi, he thought, but she might know he was calling and make a scene for Gogarty. He wished she hadn't gone into one of her odd, witchy moods tonight.

Bud had no time to argue over where to go next because the girls returned, and in Mary Alice's presence he was everything a girl could ask for. They all piled into the car.

When they reached the long clear stretch of county road along the dark river, they began to sing. Tom singled out Mary Alice's voice. It surprised him because it was thin and off key, very like his mother's singing voice when she was doing dishes at night. *Women are . . . terrific*, he thought, though the word was inadequate when you considered that they started out like Mimi and developed into a Mary Alice Farnum.

For some time there was no traffic. The moon was fiery orange. He felt like driving on forever.

"Hey! Toot Magee's coming up behind you," Bud warned. "You know old Toot."

"Let him come." Tom knew he sounded grumpy, a real sour type. She would think he had no desire to compete and win. Bud would have given Toot a fair race, he knew.

Toot had a flashy new sport car and one of his flashy girls from the city. He beeped and pulled even with Tom, then passed on the right along the loose gravel shoulder. He sent up a fine spray of dirt as he skidded. The girls squealed. Beside Tom, Nancy shrieked with delight. Harry yelled at Toot, and Toot stuck his red, cocky face out of the car and jeered.

"Ignore him," Harry said. "Toot will get bored."

"You can pass him, Tommy," Bud urged. He was used to contests—and winning.

Tom felt a painful new sensation. He needed to show off. He had built the engine in his heap out of scraps, and it was fast and true. He kept it perfectly tuned. He would be happy and satisfied to show Mary Alice what he could do.

"You sure make old Toot happy," Bud said. "He brags nobody can pass him, but you could, Tom—you could!"

"Yeah." Why—right now—did strong, tender memories of Mimi suddenly claim him? It wasn't fair. She was perfectly all right back there with Gogarty. His mother had said so. Still, he could not forget that remark about his grandmother's death and her sudden dislike of Gogarty and the way she had acted when he was leaving.

"Lemme at her!" Bud shouted. He started to climb over from the back seat.

"No." He drove as slowly as possible. He had known all along this evening was bound to be a big mess, but he had continued to foster the faintest hope she might notice him. Now he had to admit everything was lost.

"Chicken!" Toot yelled, turning and coming toward them. His car skidded. There was a momentary impact against Tom's left front fender. Toot's flashy red car, glinting richly with heavy chrome, seemed to spin in the air and then, in a kind of lucky magic, to settle onto all fours. Tom, keeping his old heap upright and steady, let it slide a bit and take the shock. Slowly it settled into the roadside ditch, swaying precariously for only a moment. Toot was already roaring down the highway.

"That fool," Harry said.

Bud was helping the girls out of the car. "With Toot, Tommy, the thing to do is to race him and get him out of your hair. Otherwise, he'll murder you."

Tom held his tongue. They would think him a real knothead if he went into the dangers of racing with an overloaded old heap that had bad springing and an engine far too powerful for such a light chassis. That, he felt, was not their language at all, and so he did not look at them—at her—nor listen as he carefully maneuvered the car out of the damp, slippery ditch. The bent fender made a crazy clatter, and they did not sing again as he drove toward the blurred, cool lights of the roadhouse. He parked beside Toot's little car. There was only a slight dent in Toot's shiny red fender.

He was still sweating. He was at the end of this evening—at the end of himself too. "I'm sorry, Nancy," he said as they got out. "I have to go back to town."

"But it's—it's so gay here!" She fussed with her hair.

"Well, why don't you stay? Bud, you can pick up a ride here with someone, and ——"

"Sa-ay, you can't leave us stranded," Bud argued. "I know things didn't work out the way you expected, but gee, Tom ——"

"I'm sorry." He did not look at her, even now, and she said nothing.

"Why do you have to get back there?" Bud asked.

He did not care what they thought. "It's a family thing—my kid sister. I've got this feeling about her, and my folks never stayed away all night before. So I thought I'd make sure, Mimi—she's a crazy little girl."

"It's not eleven yet," Bud said.

"Oh, come on, Bud," Harry said. "Come along, Nancy. Tom knows what he's got to do."

Mary Alice said, climbing into the front seat of the car, "I'll drive back with you, Tom."

"Hey!" Bud shouted.

"Oh, Bud"—she laughed—"you take care of Nancy. Have some fun."

Quickly, before Bud could get into the car, too, Tom turned in a close, irregular circle. Bud was left shouting foolishly.

"Toot could have been killed. Or killed us," she said. She sat quietly, without fussing with her hair or talking senselessly. "Mimi's like me. When the boy next door died, I was scared I'd catch the same thing and die too."



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"Yeah." She was being polite and kind, driving back to town with him, and he must be careful not to twist her consideration into something more.

"Mimi thinks you're the greatest."

"Well—Mimi's a primitive," he said.

She leaned slightly toward him. The bright orange moon lit the world like a huge bonfire. Her face was changed—graver, older and more mysterious—and her full, babyish mouth looked almost severe. She said slowly, in wonder, "People ought to listen to children. They *know* things."

"What things?"

"About life. They have pure insight. Mimi's been trying to tell you about me for ages. I guess I've always known. A deep part of myself was sort of moving toward you, and you were standing there. Like in a dream. You know?"

Something marvelous, incredible and correct was happening to his dreadful life. The two parts, the wishing and the being, were moving together neatly, as a ball to its own true socket.

"I've been getting bored with the old things, I guess. They don't satisfy—I mean, things that used to be. Like crazy racing with Toot and all." She hesitated. She asked wistfully, "Is it true what Mimi says? You—you think about me, sometimes?"

"It's true."

She put her hand to her cheek. "I couldn't go with Bud after tonight. All of that with Toot—I don't know, but Bud belongs to the things that used to be. He seems so long ago—part of a time when I wore braces and rode a trike. I couldn't go with him again, after tonight, Tom."

"I'm glad," he said. For the first time since the third grade, when he got wise to himself, he was happy in his life, happy to be Thomas Hall, and he *liked* himself. He was no longer a Faceless One. END

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